



Mubarakah's Tale in Mubarakah's Words

May Allah be pleased with her

The blessed daughter of the Promised Messiah^{as}



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Mubarakah's Tale—in Mubarakah's Words

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Foreword

This remarkable book offers a deeply personal and heartwarming glimpse into the blessed household of the Promised Messiah, peace be upon him, as seen through the eyes of his beloved daughter, Hazrat Nawwab Mubarakah Begum^{ra}. With touching simplicity and vivid detail, she recounts cherished memories from her childhood—moments that beautifully capture the spiritual atmosphere and noble character that surrounded her family.

The Holy Quran exhorts us to seek the company of the righteous. Though the passage of time separates us from these saintly souls, this book becomes a bridge—inviting us to sit, if only briefly, in their luminous presence.

Originally penned in Urdu, this work has been lovingly brought to a wider audience through the efforts of many dedicated individuals.

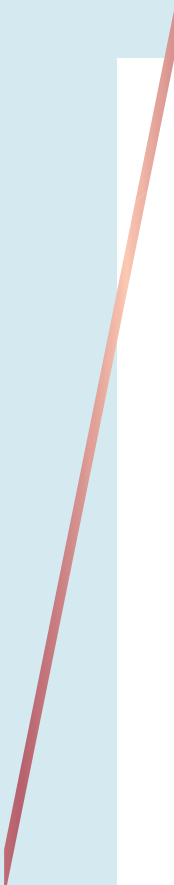
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July 2025



MUBARAKAH'S TALE
——— *in* ———
MUBARAKAH'S WORDS

May Allah be pleased with her

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Introduction

Hazrat Nawwab Mubarakah Begum^{ra}, cherished daughter of the Promised Messiah^{as}, was blessed with a very astute memory. Throughout her life, she shared countless heartwarming memories from her childhood, offering glimpses into her interactions with her family. This book delves into those memories, weaving together delightful stories of her relationships with her father (the Promised Messiah^{as}), her beloved mother (Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra}), and her dear brothers. Today, we narrate those stories as told by her.



My Childhood

I was fortunate enough to experience the first eleven years and twenty-four days of my life during the blessed lifetime of the Promised Messiah^{as}. Though most young children remember little, it is by the grace of Allah Almighty and His special favour that these early years remain remarkably vivid in my memory. While these memories might seem ordinary to others, they hold an immense value for me, like a very precious treasure. *Alhamdulillah*, they remain etched in my heart, as clear as if they are unfolding before my very eyes. I can still recall the sounds of my father's voice, his mannerisms, the way he carried himself while standing, sitting, his peaceful slumber, the way he shifted positions in his sleep, even the way he strolled around the house, and the way he wrote. Every detail is imprinted with remarkable clarity in my memory. While much of my childhood was spent in focused study and joyful play, whenever I had a free moment, I preferred to

spend it in the company of the Promised Messiah^{as}. I wish I had the opportunity to spend more time in his company. Now I am eager to share some of those treasured memories with you.

One evening, a vibrant rainbow appeared across the sky. All the kids were delighted to see such a colourful rainbow. The Promised Messiah^{as}, who happened to be strolling through the courtyard, paused to observe our fascination. I asked, 'This bow that you see, people call it the 'swing of the old lady' (in Punjabi). What do you call it in Arabic?' He replied, 'While the word for 'rainbow' in Arabic is *'Qaus-e-Qaza'*, which means, 'the bow of Satan', you should call it *'Qaus-e-Allah'*, meaning 'the bow of Allah'. This simple counsel has remained etched in my memory ever since.¹

During another childhood memory, a toy called 'Look and Laugh' was very popular. Shaped like a telescope, it distorted faces into comical expressions when looked at through the lens. When someone from Lahore gave me this toy as a present, I was filled with excitement and I rushed to show it to my father, the Promised Messiah^{as}. He observed it with

amusement and said, 'Go ahead, have fun looking and laughing through it, but remember, do not look at me through it.' Like many parents, the Promised Messiah^{as} emphasized the importance of courtesy and respect. While playful activities like the 'Look and Laugh' toy were fine, he gently guided me not to use it on him as it distorted reality and misrepresented his appearance. It is against the honour and respect of Prophets to distort or even present untrue images of their faces. The Promised Messiah^{as} was a Prophet chosen by Allah. The respect he talked about was not because he wanted people to admire him personally, but it was about teaching respect towards the chosen servants of Allah. The Promised Messiah^{as} wanted us to understand that the respect was for the status Allah had granted to him as a Prophet. It was really about respecting Allah by respecting him as Allah's chosen messenger.²

The Promised Messiah's words held remarkable power. Instead of admonishing us every time we did something wrong, or disciplining us for our childish behaviour, he would gently guide us away from making mistakes. His words, infused with kindness

and wisdom, left such a profound impact that we rarely needed correction twice. We learned readily from his gentle guidance, forever cherishing the positive influence he had on us.³

One day, the Promised Messiah^{as} found my younger brother Mubarak Ahmad and me playing with a pair of scissors. I, in the innocence of childhood, was holding the scissors with the sharp end pointed towards my brother. With a gentle but firm voice, he reminded us, 'Never point the sharp end of anything, be it scissors, knives, or daggers, towards another person. An accident can happen in an instant, causing harm and deep regret. Not only would you feel terrible, but the other person would also experience unnecessary pain.' This was a lifelong lesson for me which I would never forget.⁴

The Promised Messiah^{as} cautioned us against throwing rocks, highlighting the potential to harm delicate areas like the eyes or head. This message became one of my core values, and I have passed it on to my children.

Another time, while studying with Salihah Begum (who later became my aunt—Mumani Jaan), my brother Mubarak Ahmad interrupted, ‘*Aapaa* (sister), don’t study right now, come and play with me!’ I replied, ‘Not now’. Upset by my refusal to play, Mubarak threw a stone in our direction. The Promised Messiah^{as} was in his room at the time. Hoping to deter him, I said, ‘I’m telling Abbaa (father).’ With that, I marched towards the Promised Messiah’s room, calling out, ‘Look, Mubarak threw a rock at us!’ The Promised Messiah^{as} responded, ‘Bring him here.’ I went to Mubarak and said, ‘Come Mubarak, Abbaa wants to see you.’ He responded, ‘Okay! But Aapaa, you walk in front of me and I’ll follow behind.’ Each step I took towards the Promised Messiah^{as} was met by Mubarak sitting down on the floor. It made me laugh as I kept turning around to find him mimicking my movements. Soon, the earlier incident was forgotten. I told the Promised Messiah^{as} that everything was alright and Mubarak

would not do it again.

When we were kids, Mubarak and I were very close to each other. We would not fight. When he would lovingly embrace me, the Promised Messiah^{as} would remark on the similarity in our names, 'There is only the difference of 'ha' [the last letter in my name] between them, which is perhaps why they love each other so much.'⁵

Once, the late Sufi Ghulam Muhammad Sahib, who was perhaps a student at Aligarh University at the time, failed his B.A. exams. The news reached the Promised Messiah^{as} and he expressed his disappointment. I was sitting beside him at the time. When I heard that news, I immediately stood up. The Promised Messiah^{as} understood what I was about to do and asked me, 'Are you going to go and tell Ayesha?', referring to Sufi Ghulam Muhammad's betrothed. 'This is bad news, do not be the bearer of bad news. Someone else can inform her.' Since that day, I have avoided delivering bad news to others. The Promised Messiah's gentle handling of bad news left a deep impression on me.⁶

The Promised Messiah: An Affectionate Father

Though very loving and caring, our dear mother Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} held a firm belief in strong moral training. She would sometimes express concern over the excessive pampering of girls, fearing it would not prepare them for life's uncertainties. The Promised Messiah^{as}, however, would offer a reassuring counterpoint. 'Do not worry,' he would say, 'Allah gives sugar to those who love to eat sugar.' This meant that Allah grants blessings that align with one's nature. Just as those who love sweets receive them, so too would their daughter flourish.⁷

Often during bath time, I would cry and yell for Abbaa. The Promised Messiah^{as}, would patiently say, 'Do not trouble her.' Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} would worry and say, 'She is a girl, and she does not let me scrub her body, her elbows will remain unscrubbed.'

But the Promised Messiah^{as} would simply reply, 'They will not remain so, just let her go. After all, she is a girl, and is a guest with us for just a few days. What will she remember of her time with us?'⁸

The Promised Messiah^{as} referred to his daughter as a 'guest' because once she is married, she will move to her husband's house.

The Promised Messiah's special care and affection towards me influenced my brothers as well. Perhaps for this reason, I have no memory of any mistreatment from them. The atmosphere of respect permeated my childhood, leading me to naturally revere my elder brother—Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra}—just like I would respect the Promised Messiah^{as}. My brother, who always listened to my concerns, was a source of comfort for me in the absence of my father.⁹

When I was just a young child, the Promised Messiah^{as} constantly reminded me to recite prayers whenever changing sides in bed. This became a cherished ritual and even to this day, whenever I can not fall asleep due to illness or any other reason, I still do this. While praying and invoking *Durood*,

I eventually fall asleep. If I wake up while asleep, then I repeat the same thing. This is all due to the blessings of his words.

As a child, my brothers doted on me and fulfilled my every wish. On top of that, Hazrat Ammañ Jaan's love overflowed, and greatest of all was the indulgence and care of the Promised Messiah^{as}. Perhaps it was this pampering that turned a minor disagreement with a playmate into a full-blown tantrum. Once, a little girl that I used to play with did not do as I asked. I became angry with her and told my younger brother, Mirza Sharif Ahmad^{ra}, 'Do not talk to her because I am not talking to her.' However, he forgot and continued talking to the girl that I had the feud with. Fuelled by childish anger, I threw a tantrum, but in the process, I tripped and fell down. I was so distressed and cried so hard that I could not breathe. As tears streamed down my face, Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} rushed towards me. She took me in her lap and asked in a distressed voice what had happened. I told her, 'I was upset with a girl, and I told him not to talk to her! He is my brother, why did he talk to

her?’ I continued crying. Hearing this made Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} cry too. The Promised Messiah^{as} who had perhaps just finished his *Asr* prayer, came out. I still remember his voice, heavy with concern, ‘Did Mubarakah get hurt? Is she in pain? Tell me.’

Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} was holding me in her lap and reassured him, ‘She is not injured. I am crying because this little girl cannot even tolerate sharing the love of her brothers with anyone else. Sharif talked to a girl that Mubarakah told him not to talk to and that made her cry so hard that she lost her wits. What if her future husband takes a second wife, how will she tolerate that?’

The Promised Messiah’s response was swift and firm, as well as comforting: ‘Her future husband will not marry another wife after her. Do not worry about it,’ he declared.¹⁰

My father showered me with endless affection. As a very young child, whenever nighttime fears crept in, I would sneak into his bed to seek his comforting presence. When I was around five years old, he offered a gentle solution, ‘When children get older,

they cannot sneak into their parents' bed any longer. But remember, I am usually awake anyway, you are free to call me from your bed. Even if it's a hundred times, I will always respond to you. Then you will not feel scared.' These words instilled in me a deep sense of security. After that, I completely stopped jumping into his bed. Whenever fear gripped me, I would simply call him and he would immediately respond, and I would no longer feel scared.

My bed remained close to my father's bed, except for a few days when I had a cough. Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra}, fearing it might disturb him, suggested moving my bed further away. She said it would cause disturbance to my father. However, the Promised Messiah's love transcended such concerns. One night, he came to me while I was asleep, propped my head up and gave me some cough medicine. Right up until the last evening when he passed away, our beds were positioned just close enough for my comfort, yet allowing just enough space in between for one person to pass.¹¹

Once, my younger brother Sharif Ahmad

expressed a desire to sleep closer to the Promised Messiah^{as}. After all, he was also just a little boy, but my possessiveness made me resist giving up my spot. Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} gently intervened, suggesting that I should give up my spot for a day or two. The Promised Messiah^{as} said, 'No, she is a girl. It's important for us to honour her preference.'

So that night, to make my brother feel better, Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} also slept on the floor in the *Bait-ud-Du'aa* with him, but my bed remained in its place. However, this experience left a lasting impression, teaching me empathy and consideration for the feelings of others, as I remember feeling bad and regretting my stance later.¹²

Whenever I asked for money, the Promised Messiah^{as} would give me whatever was in his pocket, which was usually way more than what I had asked for. He would say, 'It seems your luck is unmatched. You ask for a little and I end up grabbing a lot more. Now take this, I will not put it back.'

Once I asked for two aanas (16 aanas were equal to one rupee) but when he reached into his pocket,

one rupee came out and he said, ‘You asked for two aanas but one rupee came out, this is your good luck.’¹³

When I was very little, we used to spend most of our time in the downstairs rooms during the scorching summer afternoons. Even winter nights found us snuggled down there. But everything changed when the plague spread throughout the country. To keep everyone safe, the Promised Messiah^{as} stopped living downstairs.

Once, I expressed a desire to eat lychees, but the fruit was not available in Qadian and had not been imported either. Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} teased me a little saying, ‘Listen to her. She’s demanding lychees now of all times!’ I got upset and stomped off to the other room, where I laid down and eventually fell asleep. When you enter the courtyard of our house in Qadian, there is a veranda on the left side, and this room is right behind it, next to the *Gol Kamrah* (Round room). I do not want to confuse you too much with the layout of the house. Anyway, I woke up from my slumber, only to find myself being

carried by the Promised Messiah^{as} in his arms and being taken somewhere. To my surprise, he placed me down next to a basket of lychees and told me to eat as much as I wanted! Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} said, 'See! She asks for something and Allah sends it.'¹⁴

It used to bring me great joy to massage the legs of the Promised Messiah^{as}. Once, he was feeling particularly tired, so he requested, 'Use my walking stick to help you to stand on my legs and apply pressure with your feet. I positioned myself accordingly and he gently adjusted the placement of my feet, explaining that when you stand on someone's legs to apply pressure on them, your feet should be placed horizontally. He clarified that by having my toes facing outwards, the pressure would be distributed evenly, therefore avoiding painful pressure to the person's legs.'¹⁵

The Promised Messiah's Moral & Religious Training

The Promised Messiah^{as} was known for his immense kindness and constant desire to help others. We had an elderly woman by the name of Maaee Taabi living with us, who frequently suffered from headaches. The Promised Messiah^{as} took a personal interest in her well-being, ensuring she received proper medication. He also told us to provide her with almond nectar. I would carefully crush the almonds to make the nectar for Maaee Taabi, who, in return, would shower me with heartfelt prayers. I knew that by doing so, I was fulfilling the wishes of the Promised Messiah^{as}, who was pleased with me because of this.¹⁶

The late Maulawi Abdul Kareem^{ra} was a dear friend of the Promised Messiah^{as}. After he passed away, the Promised Messiah^{as} showed great kindness and support to his widow, whom we called

Maulwiaani. As a young member of the household, I too developed a warm and respectful bond with her. The Promised Messiah^{as}, ever attentive to the needs of others, would inquire if I assisted her with tasks that might bring her comfort. Sometimes, he would ask me, 'Did you massage Maulwiaani's legs?' She used to have me stand on her legs to massage them while holding my hand to ensure that I did not fall down.¹⁷

One time, when I was still very little, Maulwiaani woke me up for *Tahajjud* Prayer. A little bit later she shook me again to wake me up for *Fajr*. I called out to the Promised Messiah^{as} in frustration, 'I have already offered my Prayers and she's waking me up again.' He admonished her by saying, 'Do not annoy such little kids to make them offer Prayers.' She responded, 'Hazrat, that was for *Tahajjud*.' Upon this, the Promised Messiah^{as} said, 'Let her sleep now, she has done her Prayers.'

Similarly, he did not like the idea of young children being pressured to Fast before the age of maturity. He felt that one or two Fasts were sufficient

for children to develop the habit. When I first attempted Fasting, Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} arranged a very elaborate *iftaar* gathering for the ladies of the community.

The next year, or perhaps two years later, when I was about ten years old, I continued my attempts at Fasting and informed the Promised Messiah^{as} about my intentions. He was sitting in the *Hujrah* (those of you who have seen our home in Qadian will understand which room I am talking about). Beside him was a stool on which two paans (sweet South Asian betel-leaf treats) were placed, most probably left there for him by Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra}. He gave me a paan, instructing me to break my Fast as I was too young. 'Here, eat this paan. You are weak, you should not be Fasting. Break your Fast.' I ate the paan, and mentioned that Salihah was also fasting and she should also break her Fast. He said, 'Call her here,' and so I invited her to join us. When she came, he offered her the other paan and said, 'Here, eat this. You should not Fast.'¹⁸

Precious Childhood Memories

Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} struggled with her health after the passing away of my brother Mubarak Ahmad, even though she had shown great patience. Mubarak Ahmad passed away at the age of eight. The prophecies of his death had caused her anxiety and sadness. She expressed the desire to travel to Lahore for a few days. However, the Promised Messiah^{as} was not particularly enthusiastic about travelling at the time.

One day, I went into his room and the topic of Lahore was being discussed there. My maternal grandfather and my elder brother Hazrat Mirza Bashir-ud-Deen Mahmud Ahmad^{ra}, were also present there. As there was reluctance in the Promised Messiah's heart, he gently put his hand on my head and said:

‘You all go and enjoy. My daughter will stay with me here.

Feeling a bit down due to another matter that day, his loving touch caused me to cry. He inquired, ‘Why are you crying? You don’t want to stay with me?’

Taking this opportunity to confide in him, I told him that I was crying because my sister-in-law told me earlier that I take too long to study, due to which she could not wait at mealtimes for me. He consoled me lovingly and said, ‘Why should you eat with them? You should eat with me. You can sit right here with me and read this mail (there were letters and newspapers).

I sat there for a while with him and read. Later in the evening, my sister-in-law, who had a very pure heart, came and called out to me from the door, ‘Aren’t you coming out today? Come on now.’

The Promised Messiah^{as} said to me, ‘Okay, why don’t you go and play now.’¹⁹

When in Lahore, the Promised Messiah^{as} regularly enjoyed taking evening horse-drawn carriage rides. One day, Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} suggested that since he was taking me along, he should also take

both his daughters-in-law along sometime. The Promised Messiah^{as} replied that he preferred to take his daughter along alone, and the other ladies are welcome to take separate carriage rides at their leisure. Sometimes, both Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} and I would accompany him on these outings. The Promised Messiah^{as} and Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} would sit in the front seat, facing forward toward the horses, and I would sit in the back seat.

Back then, Lahore was not that big, bustling city as it is now. Our carriage journeys took us along uninhabited paths. At those places, the Promised Messiah^{as} told us that wearing the veil was not necessary, explaining that no one could see us in the moving carriage. He mentioned that even if there are some poor farmers in the fields, they would likely be focused on their work.

Likewise, one day we were riding in the carriage and he advised us to put our veils back on. Smiling gently, he said, 'Mahmud is approaching us on his horse. Modesty is very important to him.' I curiously poked my head out and looked towards the bend of

the road but could not see his horse approaching. But, within a few minutes Hazrat Bhaai Sahib (Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra}) appeared and rode past us on his horse, giving me a stern look for peeking out of the carriage.²⁰

My Education

While I did not attend a formal school for my education, nor do I have a degree, I began learning at a very young age. Once Muhammadi Begum, the wife of Hazrat Pir Muhammad Manzoor, mentioned to Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} that her husband was using a new method to teach to Holy Quran to their daughter Salihah, (who later married my uncle Hazrat Mir Muhammad Ishaq). Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} then requested him to teach me using the same method. Thus began my educational journey.

I was about three years old when I started learning to read the Holy Quran from Pir Sahib. His approach resembled the methods used in English nurseries. He used colourful wooden blocks with Arabic alphabets on them, and gave us worksheets with dotted letters to trace before writing them fully. This method, which he later used to write the *Qaaidah Yassarnal-Quran*, remains effective in teaching children how

to read Arabic to this day.

By the age of four-and-a-half, I had already finished reading the Holy Quran twice. My younger brother Hazrat Mirza Sharif Ahmad^{ra}, who was learning the Holy Quran in school with another teacher, had not finished his recitation yet. That is why our *Aameen* Ceremony took place a few months later.²¹

Pir Sahib taught me Urdu and mathematics, but I was not very interested in maths. He also taught me a couple of Persian and English books. One day, I expressed an interest in writing poetry. He responded by offering to teach me the poetry basics that he knew. He taught me this one rule: verbs, verbs, verbs. I quickly said this line in Urdu, '*Eik larhki jis kaa naam Zainab tha*' (There was a girl whose name was Zainab). I learned very quickly, and this made him very happy.

Later, upon the guidance of the Promised Messiah^{as}, I began studying the translation of the Holy Quran with Maulawi Abdul Kareem^{ra}. This new pursuit involved first attending Holy Quran translation classes with Maulawi Sahib, followed by

studying other subjects with Pir Sahib.

Hazrat Maulawi Abdul Kareem^{ra} taught me with great dedication, but when he fell ill, I had no choice but to discontinue my studies with him. His illness deeply worried everyone in our household, including the Promised Messiah^{as}. We spent this time in agony. I had only been able to read three Parts and a few pages of the fourth Part of the Holy Quran with him.

After Hazrat Maulawi Abdul Kareem^{ra} passed away, I started learning the translation of the Holy Quran from Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih I^{ra}. He was a very kind teacher and used to teach me by breaking down the translation word by word. In addition to these lessons, I independently started studying *Tajreed-e-Bukhari* and other volumes of *Ahaadith*. Whenever I encountered difficulties understanding a word or two, I would ask Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} or my other brother Hazrat Mirza Bashir Ahmad^{ra}.

Pir Sahib continued to teach me other subjects, but when his wife became ill, the Promised Messiah^{as}

advised me to stop attending his classes. Pir Sahib used to live in Daarul-Barakaat at that time, and the Promised Messiah^{as} suggested alternative arrangements. ‘Since the courtyard is close by, meet with Salihah in the courtyard. Because the sick are resting in the rooms, avoid going in there. Your Urdu is strong enough now. I, myself, will teach you Farsi going forward.’

For a few fortunate days, I had the honour of learning Farsi directly from the Promised Messiah^{as}. We delved into *Gulistaan-e-Sa’di*, a landmark of Persian literature by the great medieval poet Sa’di. However, due to his heavy workload, the Promised Messiah^{as} one day advised, ‘I have a lot of work to do, and I do not want your studies to be disrupted. Ask Maulawi Sahib (Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih I^{ra}) to teach you Farsi as well.’

Following this instruction, I took the Promised Messiah’s message to Maulawi Sahib and took some books such as *Gulistaan* and *Bustaan* along. While he readily agreed, he confessed, ‘It is a command

from the Promised Messiah^{as}, so I will certainly teach you. However, my heart only finds joy in teaching the Holy Quran.'²²

I continued studying under Maulawi Sahib's supervision until the end of my stay in Lahore. Remarkably, even after assuming the role of the first Khalifah of Jama'at-e-Ahmadiyya after the demise of the Promised Messiah^{as}, he continued to teach me the Holy Quran. He would often tell me, 'This special series of women's Holy Quran classes started with you. You will continue to reap the rewards for this endeavour.' In fact, a few more girls and my sisters-in-law also joined the Holy Quran classes with me. I would attend the Holy Quran classes even after my marriage whenever visiting Qadian, and Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} would come along with me.

Now let me tell you about Arabic. Knowing that my younger brother Hazrat Mirza Sharif Ahmad Sahib^{ra} not only excelled in Arabic but also had a good teaching style, I approached him to learn Arabic. He graciously agreed and became my Arabic teacher. Through his daily lessons, I grasped concepts

of word usage, sentence structure, and everything in between. Thanks to his dedication, I developed a strong foundation that allowed me to read Arabic books very easily.

When Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} established a girls' school at his residence, offering religious knowledge, Arabic and Quranic studies he extended an invitation to me and suggested, 'Why not join us? You can come each morning, learn only Arabic, and return home.' I replied, 'I have been learning from Chote Bhaai (younger brother) and he has been my dedicated Arabic teacher.' Intrigued, he inquired, 'Would you be open to a test of your skills?' I readily agreed, confident in the knowledge I had gained.

To assess my Arabic proficiency, my elder brother (Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra}) presented me with a challenge: two Arabic novels which did not contain any diacritical marks and asked me to read them. Despite the lack of pronunciation guides, I confidently read them aloud and even recited their translations. Impressed by my performance, he commended both my skills and my younger brother's

excellent teaching.

Now let me share my journey of learning the English language, too. I was very keen to learn English, and I initially began with a teacher called Mubarak Ahmad who used to teach children and I believe might be the son-in-law of Haafiz Roshan Ali Sahib. However, after a short while, I transitioned to studying with Muhammad Hasan Taj. He was the son-in-law of a respected elder from Kala Pani, known for teaching Urdu to Englishmen. This elder also offered children's classes, and under his guidance, my English progressed rapidly.

I discovered a fascinating connection between idioms in various languages. When my teacher provided examples or idioms in English, I would readily translate them into Urdu. My notebooks were full of notes, but they were all left behind in Qadian or Malir Kotla. Through dedicated study of renowned authors and extensive reading, I became proficient in English, capable of reading any book.

Interestingly, a childhood couplet I wrote in praise of the Promised Messiah^{as} resurfaced in my

memory. I had kept it hidden from him, fearing my brothers' disapproval. Let me share this first attempt at poetry:

آج ایسا ہمیں سردار مُبارک ہووے خادمِ احمدِ مختار مُبارک ہووے

May we be blessed with such a leader today

May blessing be on the chosen servant of Ahmad

I wrote four or five similar couplets in an old notebook in which the Promised Messiah^{as} had also written small personal reflections and memories with his own hands. I am sorry to say that it got left behind in Qadian. I did not pay too much attention to improving my handwriting, despite Pir Sahib's advice to work on it. It was not that bad anyway.²³

My Respectable and Kind Parents

The Promised Messiah^{as} remains a vibrant presence in my memory. I can still see him in front of my eyes. I can still hear how he used to recite in his low voice:

سُبْحَانَ اللَّهِ وَبِحَمْدِهِ سُبْحَانَ اللَّهِ الْعَظِيمِ

as he changed sides while laying down. Every detail remains crystal clear, each memory a radiant beacon in the landscape of my mind. Perhaps it is because my heart, unwilling to forget, held onto them with such fierce devotion. After his passing, these memories became a constant, comforting presence.²⁴

My memories of the Promised Messiah^{as} also come from a time when, though his physical health was weak, his tireless work ethic remained unmatched. Despite frequent fainting spells, he persevered. He faithfully attended congregational Prayers, and

even during brief breaks, he continued his writing endeavours. Burdened by immense responsibilities, he still fulfilled both the rights of human beings and also his responsibilities to God with unwavering cheerfulness and grace.

His compassion extended far and wide. He showered Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} with a lot of respect and care. He revealed his gentle kindness and pampering towards the children too. He welcomed guests and devotees who had sacrificed everything to come close to him to seek his guidance, ensuring their needs were met with bountiful generosity.

Think about it! It is clear that there was a special spirit with boundless energy granted to him by God Himself that was working inside him. Due to this blessing, he managed to dedicate time to everyone, even when engrossed in work. He dispensed medicine while continuing his tasks, and his doors were open even to Hindu women seeking his help for medicine or his blessings for their children by putting his hand on their babies' heads.²⁵ My memories of his kindness are a treasure trove full of such examples.

His purity was a flawless sparkling crystal illuminated from within. Yet some people, blinded by veils of their own making could not perceive its brilliance. His physical form mirrored this inner light. Even in the throes of summer heat, his body exuded no unpleasant odour. Instead, like an invisible aura, a trace of musk emanated from his inner purity. After bathing, his damp form beneath his muslin shirt appeared impeccably clean. His soft, damp hair, with a few drops of water lingering behind after being wrung out, glistened with an almost otherworldly beauty.

His stature was neither imposing nor slight, and he possessed a perfect balance. Remarkably, his face and forehead were unmarred by a single wrinkle. While fine lines traced the delicate area beneath his eyes, that is a common feature even among the young.

He still did not show any signs of illness on his blessed face, despite the immense burdens he bore and the physical challenges he endured, such as constant headaches and a frequent urination disorder.²⁶

The Promised Messiah's Love for Allah & the Holy Prophet

As far back as I can remember, a deep belief, not taught but deeply felt, held strong: the Promised Messiah^{as} was a Prophet chosen by God and a man whose love for the Holy Prophet^{sas} was unparalleled. His heart was overflowing with love for his Lord, Allah the Almighty, and his master the Holy Prophet Muhammad^{sas}. There was not a single incident when he talked about the Holy Prophet^{sas} and his eyes did not fill up with tears. As he talked, he would wipe away the tears from the corners of his eyes with his fingers.

One day, Mubarak and I found the Promised Messiah^{as} resting on a charpoy (a wooden cot), in the garden. We excitedly approached him, a tortoise clutched in our hands. With a warm smile, he invited us closer, saying, 'Come, children, let me share a story of Muharram.' We settled beside him, eager to

hear his words. (This was during the first ten days of the month of Muharram). He started telling us the story of the martyrdom of Hazrat Imam Hussain^{ra}.

He said that Hazrat Imam Hussain^{ra} was the grandson of our beloved Holy Prophet^{sas} who was kept hungry and thirsty and eventually martyred in the field of Karbala by the hypocrites and cruel people. He said, 'That day the sky became red. Within forty days Allah's retribution caught up with the cruel people. Some died of leprosy, while others faced one form of God's wrath or another.' Whenever he mentioned Yazeed, he would say 'Yazeed Paleed (the filthy Yazeed).' He told us very long stories. Tears welled up in his eyes as he narrated the events and he would wipe his tears with his index finger. Even now, that image of him filled with sorrow remains etched in my memory.²⁷

I want you to consider this fact. His devotion and dedication to Allah the most High and Sublime, which was ingrained in every atom of his being, was evident from every word and action of his. Even beyond the formal Prayers, I saw him lost in the

remembrance of Allah, his voice a gentle murmur, 'My dear Allah, my dear Allah', his eyes glistening with tears.²⁸

The depth of the Promised Messiah's reverence for the honour of the Everlasting and Eternal God is unparalleled. One such instance stands out vividly in my memory. He was preparing to leave his room, and I was in there too. Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} was resting outside in the shade. A woman who served our aunt, the wife of the Promised Messiah's older brother, who had accepted Ahmadiyyat around the same time as her, approached Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra}. Now, this woman is buried in Bahashti Maqbarah. She intended to offer condolences to Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} on the passing of our other uncle Mirza Imam-ud-Deen, the younger brother of the Promised Messiah^{as}. As she was uttering the words, 'He was a very good man,' the Promised Messiah^{as} came outside, and his face turned red with anger. He slammed his staff on the floor and said, 'You unfortunate person. You are praising the enemy of my Lord in my house.'

He said it with such majesty that she immediately ran away from there. Mirza Imam-ud-Deen was an atheist. How could the Promised Messiah^{as} tolerate that an atheist could be praised in his house. However, he was empathetic towards other relatives facing hardships, even those with whom he had just had personal disagreements or who held different beliefs.

My middle brother once called an uncle by name without the proper courtesy title, 'Nizam-ud-Deen', and the Promised Messiah^{as} immediately corrected him by saying, 'Miyañ, he's your uncle.'

When the uncle's son, Mirza Dil Muhammad, who was older than Mirza Gul Muhammad, passed away, the Promised Messiah^{as} expressed his grief on that occasion. I remember that he said, 'He was a good boy. He had a sense of cheerfulness about him. I once saw him holding the hand of the blind Haafiz Mu'een-ud-Deen and helping him walk. He was saying that if you want to go to the Mosque of Hazrat Sahib, I will take you.'²⁹

At one time, a few Ahmadi women visited our

home. Among the guests was a woman heavily veiled. As evening fell, her words became more unsettling. One or two girls informed me that she was asking, 'Do prophets behave like this, eating rice pilaf, eggs, and chicken?' Feeling compelled to address the situation, I approached the Promised Messiah^{as} and said, 'Abbaa, a guest downstairs is making inappropriate comments about prophets and their food choices.'

He was resting and was deep in thought when I relayed the woman's comments. Upon hearing me, he sat up right away and said passionately, 'Do these unfortunate people think that Allah created all these pure things only for them and not for those who are His beloved?' The intensity etched on his face left an indelible mark on my heart. It was not about personal desires but a fierce defence of the prophets' honour. This sense of honour was for the status that Allah had bestowed on him and of course the status of his beloved, the Holy Prophet Muhammad^{sas}.³⁰

He must have also thought that these foods might not have existed during the Holy Prophet's time.

Had they been available, would we, his followers, have not gladly presented them to him?

Here is another example of the love he had for the Holy Prophet^{sas}. One time, Hazrat Naana Jaan^{ra}, my maternal grandfather, discussed the ease of performing Hajj compared to past times. He suggested that the Promised Messiah^{as} should first go to the Holy city of Makkah to perform Hajj of Baitullah, then proceed to Madinah Munawwarah [Enlightened City] and visit the blessed tomb of the Holy Prophet^{sas}. He went on to say that the journey beyond that has also become very easy etc.

The Promised Messiah^{as} listened intently to the suggestion of a pilgrimage. 'It all sounds well,' he finally responded as he was overcome with emotion, 'But the question that weighs heavily on my heart is – will I be able to see the blessed tomb of the Holy Prophet^{sas}?' His heart was so filled with love for the Holy Prophet^{sas} that the thought of seeing the blessed tomb of the Holy Prophet caused his eyes to well up with tears, which he was wiping away with his fingers. I was sitting on a pillow next to him. I

can never forget the way he uttered those words with so much pain in his voice, inducing tears from his eyes. This was also one of my memories that remains forever imprinted on my heart.³¹

Let me narrate a memory where I witnessed the Promised Messiah^{as} in the state of receiving a revelation and deep spiritual immersion.

One afternoon, the Promised Messiah^{as} was resting in his room, the exact time is lost to my memory, but it may be around lunch time. Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} sat with some Ahmadi women outside. I went to his room and sat on his bed. You can consider this to be foolishness on my part or my good luck, that I put my hand on his ankles to press them. He was laying straight on his back at that moment. Suddenly, he descended into a strange state that I cannot even describe. His ankles started trembling. A special glow and redness appeared on his face. Drops of sweat froze on his forehead. His lips started moving as if an unseen force was making them move. He did not seem in any pain or agony, but it appeared that another force had overtaken him, and there was a

special spiritual ritual happening. His blessed face appeared so innocent like an infant's face. After he came out of this state he opened his eyes and wrote down something on a piece of paper. Then, he said to me, 'Go get your Naana Jaan (maternal grandfather) and your Ammañ.' They were close by, so I fetched them very quickly. The Promised Messiah^{as} handed that piece of paper over to Naana Jaan^{ra}. He read it out loud. It was a revelation:

‘There will be progress accompanied by incredible signs.’

I bore witness to the inscription of this extraordinary message that was given to him in the clear light of day.³²

Blessed Family Life

Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} held a lot of value and importance in the eyes of the Promised Messiah^{as}. He used to show such deep love and care towards her that it has left a lasting impression on my heart. But, I once witnessed an incident in which he felt the need to gently guide her, so he did so.

I will narrate that incident. I only witnessed something like this just that one time, and never again. Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} was an exemplary person, hence there was no need for continuous guidance after that.

I still remember that scene clearly. One time, a female housemaid did not obey Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} and said something that created a misunderstanding. This led to my grandmother becoming upset with Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra}. My grandmother angrily said, 'Girl! [She used to call Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} 'Girl'], she is after all my daughter. Yes, my Hazrat is

the crown of my head.' She meant that even though Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} was wed to the Promised Messiah^{as}—and she held him to the highest esteem—Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} was still her daughter, and she felt entitled to be upset with her.

Right then, I observed the Promised Messiah^{as} walking in with Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} walking in front of him while both of his hands were placed on her shoulders, and tears were flowing from Hazrat Ammañ Jaan's eyes. He guided Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} towards her mother and made Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} lower her head at my grandmother's feet. That made her lovingly reach out to Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} and she probably hugged her too. Then, the Promised Messiah^{as} left the scene.

The Promised Messiah^{as}, a champion of faith and a man who respected and cared a lot for his wife, Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra}, who was divinely bestowed the name 'Khadijah,' went to extraordinary lengths to honour his mother-in-law. Even though Hazrat Ammañ Jaan's status was of a higher rank, with utmost humility, he brought his wife before her mother and encouraged her to show reverence. This act served as

a powerful lesson, reminding Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} that respect for one's mother supersedes all else, for 'She is your mother, and paradise is found under her feet.'³³

Just like with his own daughters, he showered his daughters-in-law with love. Once, news spread among the women in our household that Hazrat Musleh Mauood^{ra} might be considering a second marriage. That news deeply saddened my elder sister-in-law, and I heard from someone that she cried.

At *Maghrib* time, as the Promised Messiah^{as} got ready to perform his Prayer, my elder sister-in-law stepped forward to assist him, pouring water for ablution. I was standing nearby observing. The Promised Messiah^{as}, with a gentle smile, reassured her, 'Do not worry Mahmoodah! As long as I live, you will not have to deal with another wife of your husband.' His words came true. It was God's will, and therefore it had to happen.³⁴

After my elder sister-in-law passed away, Hazrat Musleh Mauood^{ra} married my middle sister-in-law (may she rest in peace), who was a spirited woman. We had an elderly woman named Maaee Taabi living

with us. The Promised Messiah^{as} treated her with great kindness, providing her with medicine and even delicacies like almond nectar.

One day, Maaee Taabi was downstairs while my middle sister-in-law was upstairs. As my middle sister-in-law enjoyed a melon, she tossed the rind downwards, accidentally striking Maaee Taabi on the head. Easily flustered, Maaee Taabi looked up in annoyance and uttered a sharp remark towards my middle sister-in-law, 'May you go this way as well.' While I do not recall the exact Punjabi words, someone relayed them to the Promised Messiah^{as}.

He was very sad to hear what Maaee Taabi had said. Though he did not say anything to her, he sent for my middle sister-in-law and told her that Maaee Taabi should not have said that. He further said that she did not just curse him, the Promised Messiah^{as}, but she cursed his progeny, and that had caused him a lot of pain. He must have prayed at that time as well. It is the result of these prayers of the Promised Messiah^{as} that with the grace of Allah, my second elder brother's bloodline is advancing through the children born to this middle sister-in-law.³⁵

Ah! That Extremely Beautiful and Kind Person

One night, I dreamt of myself wandering through the downstairs courtyard. Emerging from the Round Room (the *Gol Kamrah*), Maulawi Abdul Kareem Sahib^{ra} came out and addressed me, ‘Young lady, please inform your father that the Holy Prophet^{sas} has arrived. He is awaited by his Companions who beckon your father to join them.’ A glimpse into the Round Room revealed a blessed gathering, though the faces remained indistinct. I hurried upstairs, entering the Promised Messiah’s room through the doorway that once connected to Hazrat Ammañ Jaan’s quarters. ‘The Holy Prophet^{sas} and his companions are here and are asking for you,’ I delivered this message to the Promised Messiah^{as}. The Promised Messiah^{as}, engrossed in rapid writing, glanced up. ‘I am almost finished with this composition,’ he replied, ‘I’ll be right there.’

Later, during his illness in Lahore, the night before his passing, around *Maghrib* time, I saw him seated on his bed and writing down something very quickly. His face had flushed red, his pen working furiously across the page with urgent haste. When I saw him writing like that on his bed with his face all red, I immediately remembered the long-ago dream of mine. I thought to myself that the way he was writing was exactly the same in the dream, and other circumstances were similar too. I was sitting on a cot in front of his bed. This scene impacted my heart so much that I became worried and got up immediately.³⁶

When we were about to journey to Lahore, we had already offered *sadaqah* (charity) too. At night, I remember we stayed at a house in Batala. We planned to leave early the next morning. The food was supposed to come either from the Jama'at or one particular person. It had gotten really late and Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} was not feeling well due to hunger.

When the Promised Messiah^{as} came out after

finishing his Prayer, Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} said to him, 'I'm so famished, I could even eat dirt! The food still has not arrived.'

Upon hearing this the Promised Messiah^{as} told my eldest brother Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra}, 'Miyañ Mahmud, go and get some food from any shop you can find. Your mother is very hungry.' He went and got something, and in the meantime, the food arrived as well. Everyone who was inside had something to eat and all the companions outside were also able to eat.

When we arrived in Lahore, Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih I^{ra} and his family were accompanying us. Pir Manzoor Sahib was there with us too. Everyone stayed in different parts of the same house. Prayer in congregation used to take place in the downstairs portion of the house and many meetings also used to be held there. A lot of activity was taking place. In the evening the Promised Messiah^{as} would manage to take a break and go out.³⁷

One day Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} was downstairs in Khawajah Sahib's courtyard and I was there

with her. Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} had invited a cloth merchant over, and she was buying some fabric from him for my dowry. The Promised Messiah^{as} came close to me and said, 'Your mother is buying silk for you. However, I like Banarsi fabric. Whichever of these Banarsi bolts you put your hand on, I will personally buy it for you.' I understood that Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} was shopping for my wedding. But I was so bashful that I could not say anything to him. I regret it to this day. It would have been a special gift and *Tabarruk*. Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} must have understood the Promised Messiah's preference and must have bought some Banarsi fabric for me too, but it is not the same as the Promised Messiah^{as} buying it for me himself.

Two or four days before the demise of the Promised Messiah^{as}, a man brought a car and asked the Promised Messiah^{as}, 'This is my new car, would you like to ride in it.' The Promised Messiah^{as} did not go but he did send all of us including the children and my sisters-in-law. That same night he led the *Isha* (or combined *Maghrib* and *Isha*) Prayer

in congregation. That was the last time I offered Prayer behind him and near him.

I have already told you that my bed always used to be very close to his bed, so close that there was room for only one person to walk between them. Our beds were set up the same way in the courtyard of the house in which we stayed in Lahore. I woke up in the middle of the night and saw the Promised Messiah^{as} going to answer the call of nature, and he returned to his bed and laid down. Then, I woke up again to the sound of the agonizing prayers of Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} saying, يَا حَيُّ يَا قَيُّوْمُ [*Yaa Hayyu Yaa Qayyum*—the Living, the Self-Subsisting and All-Sustaining].

At that time, the Promised Messiah^{as} was outside. It seemed like the Day of Judgment. I did not know what to do. We brought the Promised Messiah^{as} inside. He was lying on the bed, and many people were gathered around him including Doctor Yaqoob Baig Sahib. Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih I^{ra} was also there with his head bowed. Everyone was trying to think of ways to help but the Promised Messiah's condition

kept worsening. Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra}, in a state of distress, sent our helper Noor Muhammad to fetch my husband-to-be Nawwab Sahib. Our *Nikaah* had been announced at that time but *rukhsati* happened after the passing of the Promised Messiah^{as}. I was extremely worried at that time. I wore my shawl over my head and would go in to see him, and then would come back out. My elder brother Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} had also gone out to fetch someone. He came back soon, but the Promised Messiah's condition kept worsening. At that point, he could not even speak. He tried to write something, but could not write either.

My elder brother Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} was crying and praying and so was Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra}. I heard my brother say these words, 'May I leave this world, and May this valuable being stay here.'

At last, everybody's heads bowed down, and they all started crying. It seemed as if Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih I's back had been broken. He came out and sat down on a charpoy (cot), head bowed. It appeared

from his sad face that he had lost everything.

I ran inside. My dear elder brother put his hand on the back of my neck and lowered my head towards the Promised Messiah^{as} informing me that Allah the Almighty had called our father to Him. Then my elder brother said, 'Now give him a kiss on his forehead.' I did just that, otherwise I would have stayed in that bowing position. It was a huge favour from my elder brother.

Then he stood next to the bed of the Promised Messiah^{as} and offered so many prayers and promises with so much passion that they will always be etched into my mind. I have put those in a poem of few words:

میں کروں گا عمر بھر تکمیل تیرے کام کی میں تیری تبلیغ پھیلاؤں گا برزخ و زمیں

I will work for the rest of my life to complete your work

I will spread your message all over the world

I still remember that voice filled with sorrow, that determination, and incredible way of speaking. It seemed as if, after the passing of Allah's decree he

was trying to suppress his sorrow, making a promise to serve the religion and disseminate Ahmadiyyat, and taking all responsibilities on his shoulders. He said something like, 'If no one is with me, and I am alone, even then I'll spend my life doing your work.' Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} kept sitting on the same bed until arrangements were made for the final bathing to begin. Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} said one thing, which my middle brother had also already written about while praying at that time, she said, 'Oh Lord! He has left us, but don't You ever leave us.'

And there is one more thing I heard her say, which I still remember, and she said it sitting close to his blessed body, while I was sitting close by on the floor. She said this with so much pain and passion:

'My children, do not ever think that your father did not leave you anything. He has left a huge treasure of prayers for you in heaven, which will continue to be given to you from time to time.' These are the exact words of Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra}, which I remember verbatim.

Then we had to prepare to return home, pack our

luggage, and travel. But the leader of our caravan—the Promised Messiah^{as}—had left us and had reunited with his most Beloved. His orphan children, his blessed and holy wife, and his loving followers were in a state of complete shock, feeling helpless and unprepared. But then we would remember the things he had said, his prayers, his consoling words, the special love for Allah that he had established in our hearts, that firm belief that he had infused in us. Remembering all those things granted us comfort. We were certain that his God, Who had made true promises to him, was still with us. Other than the sorrow of separation from a loved one, we should not let any other sorrow or anxiety come near us. That is how we truly felt. The state of anguish that Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} felt all night, had now transformed into prayers filled with patience and forbearance.

While she was packing, I was standing next to her. She said to me as she closed the trunk, ‘He used to say that I will go through three trials. (The first one being the death of Mubarak Ahmad. The second is the death of the Promised Messiah^{as}.) Now

the third trial is left to come.' At that time, she was packing the clothes of my younger brother. I had the ominous feeling that it could be bad news, having something to do with him.

But, at last, the time for the third trial came in the form of migration from Qadian, which caused a lot of pain to Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra}. That's when I remembered the saying of the Promised Messiah^{as} and I was convinced that the third trial that he mentioned was this.³⁸

I do not know exactly when we arrived in Batala, but we spent the night at the train station. Through a portion of the night or maybe the entire night, Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} had me lying in her embrace. When the morning arrived, the caravan picked up their most precious cargo and made its way towards Qadian. At that time the body of the Promised Messiah^{as} was lying on a *charpoy*, not in a coffin. I remember seeing that the ice placed next to him was melting and his loving followers would take that melted water into their palms and rub it on their heads and eyes.

We arrived at the garden and then went inside the house. The body was placed on a raised structure or maybe next to it. Anyway, it was there in that direction. Afterward, they may have taken it somewhere else at Prayer time.

Then what happened after that was exactly what should have happened. My eldest brother came inside and said to Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} that Khawajah Sahib had sent him with the message that before the burial, we need to elect a Khalifah, and that everyone was inclined towards Hazrat Maulawi Sahib (Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih I^{ra}). Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} responded, 'It is best for him to be the Khalifah. This is most appropriate.'³⁹

Hence, the first Khalifatul-Masih was elected and everyone took *Bai'at* (the Pledge of Allegiance).

The Promised Messiah^{as} used to ask me to pray, not because I was very pious or holy, he did it to teach us the manner and importance of prayers and imbibe it in our hearts. Once, he asked me to pray for a special matter that was in his heart and instructed me to perform two *nawaafil* at night and

pray so that maybe a Sign would be provided.

Hence, I prayed, and that same night I had a dream which I narrated to the Promised Messiah^{as}. I have written about it before too. I saw in the dream that Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih I^{ra} was sitting very devoutly on the terrace and there was a book in his hands. Then he said that in the book there is a revelation which is about him. Then he raised his head and looked at me and said, 'I am Abu Bakr.' (This dream has been published).

The next morning the Promised Messiah^{as} asked me about my dream as he was taking a walk. I told him that I saw Maulawi Sahib in this condition and he said in the dream, 'I am Abu Bakr.' The Promised Messiah^{as} responded by saying that this was the response to my prayer. He seemed very relieved.⁴⁰

Memorable Journeys with the Promised Messiah

I still remember a few of the journeys I took with the Promised Messiah^{as}. Some of those memories and feelings are still preserved in my mind.⁴¹

The very first journey I took with him was our journey to Gurdaspur. The Promised Messiah^{as} had to travel again and again to Gurdaspur because of a court case regarding Karam Deen.* Hazrat Ammañ

* The Promised Messiah as writes in his book, *Ḥaqīqatul-Wahī*:

...A *maulawī* named Karam Dīn filed criminal charges against me in Gurdaspur and the *maulawīs* opposed to me appeared as witnesses in his support in the court of Ātma Rām, the Extra Assistant Commissioner, and they spared no effort [to implicate me]. They had high hopes that they would succeed this time. To give them false pleasure, it so happened that Ātma Rām, lacking as he was in discernment, did not thoroughly consider this case and resolved to sentence me to imprisonment. Thereupon God revealed to me that He would chastise Ātma Rām with the death of his children. I communicated this vision to the members of my Jamā'at. Then it so happened that within the span of 20 or 25 days two of his sons died. In the end, Ātma Rām could not sentence me to imprisonment despite the fact that he laid the foundation for imprisonment in writing his judgment, but God held him back from that design, yet he imposed a fine of 700 rupees. Subsequently, I was honourably acquitted by the court of the Divisional Judge. [The Divisional Judge of

Jaan^{ra} was either about to give birth or had just given birth. I am talking about the birth of my sister Amatul-Haafiz Begum. Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} used to get very lonely whenever the Promised Messiah^{as} travelled out of town. I have observed her on many occasions secretly shedding tears and reciting some couplet in his absences. But every time he returned home, he seemed very happy and stress-free. There was never a trace of worry in him because of the court cases.

So, the Promised Messiah^{as} took us with him to Gurdaspur, and we were staying in quite a big house which had two levels. Everyone in our group was staying there. The Promised Messiah^{as} stayed on the top floor. Others used to get worried about the court case dragging on, but I remember that the Promised

Amritsar, who was an Englishman, carried out a thorough investigation into this litigation, and in accordance with the requirements of justice, delivered the judgment that was required by comprehensive inquiry and the norms of justice. He wrote in his judgment in his own words that the words used by the defendant-appellant regarding Karam Dīn, the respondent-plaintiff—words of ‘liar and malicious’—were supposed to have warranted the defamation suit, but even if the appellant had used harsher words about Karam Dīn, he would still have been deserving of them.] Karam Dīn’s sentence was maintained and my fine was remitted but Ātma Rām’s two sons did not come back. (*Ḥaqīqatul-Wahī*, English translation, Edition 1, Print 2, published by Islam International Publications Ltd. p. 144–145, 2023)

Messiah^{as} never appeared worried about it. His face would always remain illuminated and fresh. But he did miss Qadian and would say that he wanted to return to Qadian soon.

I used to stay very close to the Promised Messiah^{as} whenever he was home. One day he was walking around and Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} joined him. I also joined them and started walking with them. That day the Promised Messiah^{as} recited a couplet that either a deposed king of Awadh or some other poet from Lucknow wrote expressing his yearning for Lucknow:

یا تو ہم بھرتے تھے ان میں یا ہوا یہ انقلاب
پھرتے ہیں آنکھوں کے آگے کوچہ ہائے لکھنؤ
I used to stroll around in them, and now a change has happened

Now I see streets of Lucknow passing before my eyes

But since we were missing Qadian, we changed this couplet to:

یا تو ہم بھرتے تھے ان میں یا ہوا یہ انقلاب
پھرتے ہیں آنکھوں کے آگے کوچہ ہائے قادیان
I used to stroll around in them, and now a change has happened

Now I see streets of Qadian passing before my eyes

I have remembered this couplet since then. Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} included this couplet in his poem *Yearning for Qadian* while he was travelling in England.

Remember that this couplet was originally written by Wajid Ali Shah, the king of Awadh, or some other poet from Lucknow. Although the Promised Messiah^{as} changed the subject of the poem to reference Qadian because he missed it, he gave credit to the original poet. If someone objects, then all of you remember this response and this testimony.

Thus, there was never an atmosphere of gloom in our house in Gurdaspur. He used to have conversations with us in his free time and also used to send us out for excursions.⁴²

I just remembered a short anecdote; think of it as a funny story. I might as well narrate it to you.

The Promised Messiah^{as} had written to an Ahmadi brother to arrange for a nanny for my sister Amatul-Haafiz. Some brother in Rawalpindi had thus sent an intelligent woman who was also very neat and clean. She seemed very fit for the job. Her

name was Wafaa Begum ('wafaa' means loyal). We got her commitment that she would not leave the child and go anywhere and would help us raise her until she's old enough. Wafaa Begum had made those promises with conviction, that she would never leave her position, etc. She did good work too. But one morning we discovered that overnight Wafaa Begum had left the little girl unattended and disappeared somewhere. When this news reached the Promised Messiah^{as} upstairs he said this couplet immediately:

عجب ہے رنگ دنیا کا وفائے بے وفائی کی بہت وعدے کئے اس نے پر آخر میں بُرائی کی

How strange is the colour of the world. Wafaa [loyal] committed a disloyal act

She made many promises, but at the end committed a wrong deed

I still remember the Promised Messiah^{as} reciting this couplet.⁴³

Hazrat Amman Jaan

While the Promised Messiah^{as} was alive, our love for him held a greater place in our hearts compared to our love for our mother. But, after he passed away, I found my mother to be the most loving in the world, and I continue to feel that affection to this day.

She always tried her best, especially for us daughters, to not let us feel the absence of our kind father. She felt the need for it because she knew very well the love and affection that the Promised Messiah^{as} showed us. Despite being the best mother ever, she still felt that we were missing out on our father's love. So she could not help but be even more kind and loving to us.⁴⁴

After the Promised Messiah's passing, I felt a surge of immense love radiating from her towards me. It was a clear expression of her grief, and she used to say repeatedly to me that my father used to agree to all my whims and fancies, and when she objected, he

would say, 'Girls are guests in their parents' home for a few days. How do you want her to remember us? Do as she says.' Hence the love that she felt for me in her heart was a continuation of the love that the Promised Messiah^{as} had for me.

Then another trial in my life was the death of my husband. At that time, I saw this torrent of my mother's love pour forth for me once again. It was like when rain suddenly starts pouring down hard. It was that blessed being, the epitome of love and kindness, who proved to be a pillar of strength for me in this world, after of course the best Companion, the Gracious and Merciful, Allah the Almighty. It was this blessed person whose love was like an ointment for my wounded heart, who made me forget that I was a widow. I felt as if I had returned back to the lap of my mother as a child. Now, I have no one who can understand what I am feeling or feel my pain as their own.⁴⁵

Although I do not remember her ever being strict with us, she still had a dominating presence. Contrary to the ways of the world, we were more

carefree and casual with the Promised Messiah^{as} than we were with her. And I do remember that because the Promised Messiah^{as} loved and cherished her so much, I also developed respect for her in my heart. Even though the Promised Messiah^{as} indulged her and took care of her a lot, she was still respectful of his holy status. Even when she was casual with him, she still had firm belief in him and recognized his blessed status and it showed from the way she talked to him, which I still remember. At the end there were many revelations regarding his death, and because of that she became very sad.

I remember, once my mother said to the Promised Messiah^{as} (she was about to offer her Prayer by herself, and before reciting *Niyyah*), ‘I always pray that may Allah never make me experience the sorrow of losing you, and may He call me to Him before you.’

Upon this the Promised Messiah^{as} responded with: ‘And I always pray that you live after me, and when I leave you, you’re well.’⁴⁶

Reflect on these words of the Promised Messiah^{as}.

Consider the depth of the Promised Messiah's love for her. After his passing, a profound change settled upon her. The tranquillity, contentment, and serenity that once graced her presence seemed forever lost. In spite of her capacity for patience, a restlessness and habit of worrying developed in her because of the responsibility of taking care of us. It seemed like she was here in this world, but not so much at the same time, and there was a state of restlessness that overcame her, like one feels when they lose something.

I am not telling you this just because Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} was an extraordinarily loving person, nor because she's no longer with us and we feel compelled to write her a eulogy to praise her, nor simply because I loved her deeply (only Allah knows how I am enduring her absence). But I am telling you all of this because she truly was an exceptional person that Allah chose to be the companion of his chosen Prophet and granted her to His Prophet as His special favour on him.

She was extremely patient and thankful. Her heart was extraordinarily pure and vast. She had no malice in her heart for even those who had caused her a lot of pain. She would process any sad news with so much patience that it surprised us. And she would treat one in a manner that they never dared repeating something bad again.⁴⁷

She always refrained from complaining, backbiting and slandering, and never liked it in others either. She was extremely kind to the servants. She raised and nurtured many boys and girls, treating them all with a lot of love and kindness. She would personally do things for them, and went above and beyond to make sure they were well fed and comfortable.

She would usually travel and keep herself busy. She would take women with her to go visit some garden or village, oversee various projects in the house, supervise the cooking of the food, often distributing it among the poor (which she liked to do immensely). She also loved entertaining visitors and indulging her children. She did it all.

But she did not feel that perfect state of

tranquillity after the death of the Promised Messiah^{as}. It was clear she was simply passing the rest of her days. Despite being a pillar of patience, she had a sort of constant restlessness about her. But for our sake, she had hidden all of her sadness in her heart. The separation from the Promised Messiah^{as} was creating storms of sadness within her, but she would suppress her emotions and cheer others up instead. I remember that whenever a new baby was born in the household, she would feel happy but it would also reignite sadness in her due to the absence of the Promised Messiah^{as}. She would remember him especially at the birth of every new baby.⁴⁸

She offered her *Salaat* with a lot of passion and fervour and in the most beautiful manner. She prayed so much, and I never saw her hurrying along her *Salaat*. She offered *Tahajjud*, as well as *Ishraaq* Prayers (voluntary *nawaafil* offered early in the day after the sun has risen) regularly for as long as her physical health permitted. Often, she would involuntarily say a prayer out loud as if letting out a deep breath after not being able to breathe.

She would remember all the Ahmadi children in her prayers. She would partake with all her heart in the happiness or sadness of all types of people, old or young. She would often visit people's homes. I remember many such incidents where a baby was born to someone and she would go help them during their difficult time and stay with the infant. If she had a special dish cooked, she would make sure to distribute it among all the people. Since there were fewer people during the time of the Promised Messiah^{as} she would invite them all and feed them meals personally. She donated to charity and loved feeding the poor, especially serving them the favourite foods of the Promised Messiah^{as}.

She never felt opposed to doing work with her own hands. When she moved from Qadian, she still did a lot of work herself. She would go into the kitchen and cook something herself, or get something out from a suitcase herself; she hardly ever asked anyone for help. She would help herself.⁴⁹

Golden Advice of Hazrat Amman Jaan on my Wedding

I think that it'll be very beneficial for me to write down some pieces of advice that she gave on the occasion of my wedding. She said:

- ✧ Never do anything without your husband's knowledge or do anything that you feel a need to hide from him. Even if the husband is not watching, God is. And later if it comes out in the open, then the woman can lose respect in her husband's eyes.⁵⁰
- ✧ If you end up doing something that is against his wishes, then do not ever keep it a secret from him. Be honest and tell him. That will bring you honour. Hiding it will eventually lead to your dishonour and disrespect.
- ✧ Never retaliate when he's angry with you, or with a child or house helper. Even if you know

you are in the right at that moment, stay quiet. When his anger subsides then gently make him understand what was right and that he was in the wrong. A woman who argues with a man in anger ends up being humiliated. If he ends up saying something too harsh in anger, then imagine how much humiliation it will cause the woman.

- ✧ Treat the children of his loved ones as yours. Do not think ill of others, even if they are not nice to you. You always want the best for everyone. And never respond to evil with your actions. Then you'll see that Allah will always make things work well for you.

She also added, 'I have prayed for your half-brothers and have always hoped for their well-being. I never thought of them as outsiders, even though the circumstances caused them to live separately. My heart has always hoped for the best for them.'⁵¹

She was the best mother. Her loving heart was filled with pure, tender, motherly sentiments. I do not think any child received this much love and care

from its mother in her old age.

Other than that, I will never forget how she cared for our emotions and discomfort, paying attention to minute things to make sure that nothing was wrong. She was able to recognize when something was amiss just by looking at our faces and would then become anxious about it. No one can take the place of that blessing that was present in my life.

Once, we went shopping in Lahore and on our way back, I just happened to mention, 'I really liked the fabric of that shirt, especially the colour, but I could not afford it so I showed patience and left it there.' She fell silent. Then she asked for the description of the fabric and which shop I saw it at. But these questions seemed inconsequential. She stayed quiet the entire afternoon. Then later in the day, she arranged for a ride and went out. She came back a little bit later and put that piece of fabric in front of me and said, 'Take it and have it tailored. The whole afternoon my heart was anxious, as if someone was pinching it. I could not bear that my little girl had to suppress her wishes just because she

did not have enough money.’⁵²

After the death of my husband, and when we had moved to Lahore just after the partition of India and Pakistan, whenever my daughter, Baby Asifah Begum, asked me for anything, Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} would say to her, ‘Baby, do not bother my daughter. Whatever your heart desires, come ask me for it, and I’ll give it to you. Do not say anything to her.’

In those days, my financial circumstances were a bit difficult. I had not made it known to her. But she would quietly leave some money with me saying, keep it, so that you do not have to struggle for your basic needs since you currently do not have a source of income.⁵³

Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra}, my elder brother, was also very close with Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} since childhood. Even after he had children of his own, he would still come to her with small complaints or problems, and it was a habit of his to gather a lot of tranquillity through her love, empathy and guidance.

Here is just a small anecdote, but it conveys the love of a mother. There is a sweet, stringy candy

sold in our Punjab called ‘Old Woman’s Hair,’ and the children loved eating it. Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} must have also liked it when he was little. Once she saw children eating it and she immediately bought more and said ‘Miyañ loves it, go give it to him.’ Likewise, at every meal she was so caring and would say, ‘My Bushra (my second elder brother, Hazrat Sahibzada Mirza Bashir Ahmad) loves this dish, someone should go deliver this to him.’ And she would especially get the foods that he liked cooked and would have them delivered to him.⁵⁴

Whenever she noticed that we were quiet, she would get worried. In April of 1952, two or three days before her demise, I noticed a lot of weakness in her when she spoke. The women would stay inside to serve her, while my second elder brother and other men of the family would gather in the veranda outside.

It was my second elder brother’s desire to see Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} while she was awake. Once, I noticed that she was awake, I immediately called

him inside. He sat down with her holding her hand. He asked her how she was, and she said as usual, 'I am well.' When he got up and left, she said to me quietly, 'Send some tea for Sharif. Otherwise, he may develop a headache.' She either mistook my second elder brother for my younger brother (Hazrat Mirza Sharif Ahmad Sahib^{ra}) because of her illness, or maybe she wished to see him too and thought that he might have come and was outside. He was in Lahore at that time and was also ill. He could not be there at that time. Just imagine the extent of her motherly love. There she was in her last moments, and yet she was worried about her son Sharif's headache and his tea.⁵⁵

Regarding the training of children, she used to say that one should pay a lot of attention to the training of the oldest child. If you get the oldest child on the right track, then you will not have to work too hard in the future. The younger ones automatically start following in the footsteps of the oldest one. It was the practice of the Promised Messiah^{as} to trust his children while raising them, and she also adhered

to that practice. For example, when something happened during our childhood, she would say with conviction, ‘My children do not lie.’ This statement became embedded into our hearts. I still remember that as kids we did not lie at all. We believed lying was something we should never do. Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} also advised us not to constantly tell your child what to do, but when you do tell them to do something, then make sure they do it so that they develop a habit of obedience. But do not nag them all the time.⁵⁶

My Eldest Brother, Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II

‘He was born a brother but was like a father in this world.’

By the grace and mercy of Allah, my brothers possessed a perfect outer self, and their inner self was also crystal clear. Observing them without bias, despite my relation and love for them, I found their hearts to be even better than their outer self. There was no hypocrisy, pretence, deception, backbiting, jealousy, anger over worldly matters, and no desire for revenge in them. Their hearts always remained absolutely pure.⁵⁷

Elder Brother's Hobbies

Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} was an avid reader. He studied outside and even inside the house. But he did not become obsessed like boys tend to do. Allah the Almighty Himself taught him with His mercy and grace.

He would often suffer from eye infections, and because of physical weakness he would also develop a fever. His body was not too strong either. The Promised Messiah^{as} never pushed him too much when it came to studying. But from the beginning, he studied religious literature like the Holy Quran, books of *Ahaadith* and other religious books, and apart from that he would read other stories too. He read small English books and even *Arabian Nights*. He would also tell me little stories from *Arabian Nights*. He also owned the works of Ghalib and Jalal Lukhnavi from whom he took some guidance regarding poetry.⁵⁸

Ever since I gained consciousness, I saw that my eldest brother had a separate room and there were many books kept in there on his table. I would also go in there. He played with a bat and ball inside the house whenever he had spare time and if the courtyard was empty. Other than that, outside the house he liked to target practice with a slingshot, wrestle, go swimming, etc. We all used to take part in making projectiles for his slingshot out of clay, but he never shot them inside the house. This was always done outside. Inside the house, he would just target practice with his slingshot. When he became a little older, he learned how to ride a horse, and he really enjoyed horse riding.⁵⁹

His Love For Us

We felt his love deeply through his constant care and attention. He gave me a lot of love and showed me great affection. I do not remember ever being upset with him. Once, I was playing with some girls. They were playing a game that involved clapping, so I started clapping with them too. He said to me, 'Play, but don't you clap your hands. Let them clap.'⁶⁰

He also loved Mubarak very much. In a letter, the Promised Messiah^{as} wrote to my husband, 'Mahmud is very close to his mother, and he still plays with Mubarak as a child.' I never saw him fighting or being strict with our other brothers. He used to often have long conversations with the middle brother on very useful topics. My brothers and my maternal uncles used to talk a lot, but I never heard them indulge in any frivolous talk. Many times, he would say to me teasingly:

A girl is she who plays with girls. Not she who frolics around with boys.⁶¹

A sense of trust and openness existed between us ever since I was a child. He trusted me with his thoughts and feelings, and I felt equally comfortable expressing myself to him. It was either the Promised Messiah^{as} or the elder brother, the Promised Reformer^{ra}, with whom I could talk without any hesitation. Even the Promised Messiah^{as} noticed that the two of us were very loving and frank with each other. He asked me three or four times, 'Mahmud is very shy. He never reveals his needs and never asks for anything. Why don't you ask if there's anything he wants.'

I asked him and he told me. Once he asked for all the volumes of *Sahih al-Bukhari*—the entire set. Another time he asked for a subscription to the civil newspaper. Yet another time my sister-in-law had gone to Lahore for too many days, and he said, 'I do not like her going to Lahore for too long. Please ask her to come back.'

I found my elder brother to be as loving as the Promised Messiah^{as}. As we grew a little older, this love transformed into a friendship. He used to seek my advice in all family matters like marriage. When I was far away, I would receive registered letters from him.⁶²

After I got married, he would visit me almost every day at Darus-Salaam. When my husband and I travelled, he would find time to see us in Maler Kotla and even in Shimla. If he was travelling somewhere, he would insist that I join him. One time he insisted so much that I had to leave Shimla immediately, go back to Qadian, and travel to Manali and other places with him. I cannot recall a single planned trip where he did not extend an invitation to me. Sometimes I could not join him because of my other obligations, but I still travelled a lot with him.⁶³

Once, after meeting with Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} and my brother, I was going back to Darus-Salaam, but got stuck in traffic on the way. I asked the driver to take the other route that went through the slums and was also where people coming from Batala entered Qadian. However, there was a shop owner who refused to let our car pass. I do not know why he was so angry. I told the driver to turn the car around and went back home. I went upstairs and saw that my elder brother was still sitting with Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra}. I told them that this certain

gentleman (whose name I will not mention) is not letting my car pass in front of his shop. My brother got up immediately, his eyes red with anger. He said, 'Who dares to stop your car.' He took me with him and helped to resolve that matter.⁶⁴

He had been very close to Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} from childhood, loving and respecting her immensely. He went to great lengths to ensure her comfort, and his efforts increased even more after the death of the Promised Messiah^{as}. When Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} fell ill, he took me aside and he requested my prayers for her recovery with deep concern. He added his own fervent plea, expressing his prayers to Allah that she would never have to endure any sadness concerning any of us.⁶⁵

He also took great care of Hazrat Ammañ Jaan's relatives from Delhi and was very hospitable to them. Whenever he went to Delhi, he would personally call them and meet with them. When he went to Hyderabad Dakkan, his whole time was spent in visiting and attending receptions thrown by Hazrat Ammañ Jaan's maternal family. He used to

say that they are Hazrat Ammañ Jaan's loved ones and have rights over us. After the partition, when these relatives migrated, he extended a helping hand by offering assistance whenever they needed it.⁶⁶

His affection extended beyond his siblings to their children. He held a particularly warm place for his middle brother's eldest daughter, Amatus-Salaam. He showered her with kindness and affection, and any news of her discomfort would spark concern in him.

Someone spread the rumour that Mirza Rasheed Ahmad wanted to get married again. This made Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} very angry and he said, 'I could not sleep all night. Tell Rasheed that Salaam is not an orphan. I am still alive. Her father and brothers are all alive with the grace of Allah. I had agreed to this marriage upon the insistence of my elder brother (Hazrat Mirza Sultan Ahmad). Miyañ Bashir had nothing to do with it. I will not let Salaam suffer any pain.'⁶⁷

He also expressed a great deal of love for my daughter Mansoorah Begum from childhood. He

was very affectionate. I believe it was after giving birth to her third child, that Mansoorah became very ill. It was in 1941-42, he sent her to Delhi for medical treatment and took care of all the expenses. The treatment went on for a long time. Mansoorah Begum felt bad that she had become a burden on her uncle. She wrote to him saying 'I am so embarrassed that you have to spend so much money because of me.' He responded to her saying, 'Your life is dearer to me than money. You're concerned about thousands; I would not hesitate to spend even hundreds of thousands in order to get you the best treatment and restore your health.'

He was not only an affectionate father, but also very far-sighted and kept a close eye on his sons. He was seemingly more gentle with his daughters, but with sons he naturally had different expectations. It was his heartfelt desire to see them become the true servants of faith and determined soldiers of Islam. Whenever he heard someone praise any of his sons, he would become very happy.⁶⁸

Hazrat Mirza

Nasir Ahmad

When my dear nephew Nasir Ahmad (Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih III^{ra}) was arrested in 1953, we were in Ratan Bagh at that time. When I saw dear Nasir Ahmad, he had this strange glory and light and a special dignity emanating from his face. It did not seem like it was Nasir Ahmad. He did not look like an inmate, but instead he looked like a victorious king, sitting proudly after a great victory. When I saw that face, those features, that special light, that glory, I was convinced that it was not just an effect of his determination, (meaning always being ready to happily sacrifice himself, or just an effect of the spirit of patience and strength. But here a very special phenomenon is being revealed).

I mentioned this later to Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} that at that time there was this special aura around Nasir Ahmad exuding light and glory.

I was surprised that he appeared to be a completely changed man in that moment. This made Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} so happy that he immediately said, 'Very well.' His whole blessed face was glowing with happiness.⁶⁹

I just remembered another story. Dear Nasir Ahmad memorized the entire Quran which was the first priority. His other education was also happening simultaneously but only as a formality. One day Muhammad Ahmad, Mansoor Ahmad, and Nasir Ahmad were sitting with Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra}. I was there too. The children said that Nasir Ahmad was as good at Math and English as they were. As they said it my elder brother, Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} came in.

Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} said to him, 'Miyañ, please do have him memorize the Holy Quran, but also make sure that his other education is being taken care of. I am afraid Nasir may get left behind all the other children.'

I remember to this day the way he smiled in response and the answer he gave still echoes in my

ears. He said, 'Ammañ Jaan, don't you worry about it. One day he'll be ahead of everyone. Insha'Allah Ta'Allah.' Now I see how Allah made those words come true. He granted Nasir Ahmad ordinary education and special religious education and granted him the mantle of Khilaafat, and thus put him ahead of everyone.⁷⁰

My stay in Maler Kotla lasted a long time from 1923 to 1943. I would often visit Qadian and my brother would take very good care of me. He would get special food cooked for me or buy fruit for me and bring them to me himself. During the hot summer nights, whenever he took a break from his work, he would come to Hazrat Ammañ Jaan's veranda, wake me up to give a cold plum or peach to eat, and eat some himself as well. Sometimes when he was upstairs, he would call me from the balcony and hand the fruit down to me.

He really liked perfumes and scents. He would often have the ingredients delivered to him and then would make the perfume himself. Whenever I visited, he would prepare a special sample for me

and would present the old ones to me too. There was so much perfume at that time that I did not even have to order any. He liked scents and I liked them too. Whenever we met, he would always mention the perfumes and bring me some too.

It had been five to seven days since my husband had passed away. I was resting on a bed. Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} was sitting close to me. He came in and as usual, opened a vial of perfume and applied it on me. Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} panicked and said ‘Miyañ what did you do, it’s not appropriate to wear perfume during these days (the days of *Iddat*)’. He looked at me in such a grief-stricken manner, turned his back and left the room. I still cannot forget those eyes filled with sadness. He did not return to the room after that and just left.

My sweet brother was a special person because of his high status and being a beloved of God, but as a brother he was also a precious diamond and there is no one like him.

I had some financial troubles many times before and even after the partition. Whenever I expressed

this to him, he would immediately send financial assistance above and beyond the requirements of the prescribed rates. Later on, Allah blessed me with improved circumstances, I was no longer reliant on financial support.⁷¹

He used to tell jokes too. Whenever he saw me, he seemed to overflow with new jokes or stories about his children's latest escapades. It was a delightful reminder that even amidst the weight of his work, he found joy in the simple things. Sharing something about perfumes, a funny anecdote from his travels, or a new joke – these were his ways of lightening the mood when things felt overwhelming.

He also teased me by telling me only half of a joke, or saying half of a couplet, and then he would say, 'I cannot remember the rest.' I did not like hearing only half of things. He always joked around with me like this, but then he would tell me the rest.

Once or twice I frankly changed around a few lines in his poetry and said that it sounded better that way. I did not mean to be disrespectful and he did not show any displeasure upon it. He responded

by saying that now nothing can be done because they are published! He really enjoyed reciting his new poetry to me. One time he asked me which couplet I like the best from *Kalaam-e-Mahmud* (the first edition). I said:

حقیقی عشق گر ہوتا تو سچی جستجو ہوتی تلاش یار ہر درہ میں ہوتی کوکبو ہوتی

If true love was present, then there would be true quest for it

*If search for the loved one was in every heart then it would
be on every street*

He was happy to hear my answer.⁷²

I just remembered a joke. One day I told him that my daughter Mansoorah was talking about a poem he had written.

میاں اسحاق کی شادی ہوئی ہے آج اے لوگو

O People, Miyañ Ishaaq got married today.

She said, 'what kind of poem has Maamoo Jaan written for the wedding of Hazrat Mir Muhammad Ishaaq (my younger maternal uncle). It sounds as if it is a proclamation, come people, let's run.' He

laughed hard at this and said, 'I will deal with her, she's gotten very cheeky.'

One time I told him that I read his poem in *Al-Fazl* and one couplet which read like this:

ہم انہیں دیکھ کے حیران ہوئے جاتے ہیں خود بخود چاک گریبان ہوئے جاتے ہیں

*We keep growing more and more astonished just by seeing
them —*

The collars tear open by the force of love alone

I told him if he made a few changes then it would sound better and changed it to:

جذبہ عشق نہیں دستِ جنوں کا محتاج خود بخود چاک گریباں ہوئے جاتے ہیں

The passion for love does not need the hand of madness

The collars tear open by the force of love alone

On this he said that it's too late, because the verse is published now. I said that I will still read it like this. It was, after all, his poetry, but he did like the change that I suggested. Similar incidents happened one or two more times.⁷³

My Middle Brother:

Hazrat Mirza Bashir Ahmad

After Hazrat Promised Messiah^{as} passed away, Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} took the role of a caring father for the Jama'at. However, a father is also a disciplinarian for proper training of his children. On the other hand, a mother sometimes covers the faults of her children, and secretly admonishes them, and if she disciplines them then she immediately takes them in her arms with affection.

Hence this role of the mother of the Jama'at was naturally undertaken by my second elder brother. He played that role with excellence. He was well-intentioned, pleasant, and had a very friendly personality. He was very sensitive himself, but was also very careful towards others' sentiments. He was immersed in the love for God Almighty and the Holy Prophet^{sas}, but also had fear of God all the time.⁷⁴

He was also a good brother, son, husband, leader, relative, neighbour, friend, companion, and advisor. He gave pious advice and always wanted the best for everyone.⁷⁵

I do not remember, even at a very young age, any of my brothers ever looking at me with revulsion or quarrelling with me. Of course, Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} was the oldest and I got the most love from him, but my second elder brother was also very kind, compassionate, and loving towards me from an early age.

Since I gained awareness of my surroundings, the earliest incident from my second elder brother's childhood that I remember is as follows.

The Promised Messiah^{as} came home from outside. The whole house started buzzing with happiness. He came and sat down, and I sat down close to him. Everyone else, including Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra}, were also gathered around him. A happy boy with a broad chest and wide face, who was wearing a square red velvet hat, stood up in front of the Promised Messiah^{as} to show his extreme happiness and started

jumping up and down. That was my dear second elder brother. The Promised Messiah^{as} was smiling with happiness while watching him and was saying, 'He's a *Jat*, a *Jat*.' (meaning he is brave, courageous, and fearless)

Hazrat Mirza Bashir Ahmad Sahib^{ra} used to address the Promised Messiah^{as} as 'tu' (a less formal version of the word 'you'). Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} would stop him from addressing the Promised Messiah^{as} with 'tu' but the Promised Messiah^{as} would say, 'Do not stop him. 'Tu' sounds sweet coming from his mouth.'

When he grew a little older, he stopped saying 'tu' on his own. But then he developed such shyness that he would not even say 'tum' or 'aap,' (formal word for 'you') and did not use any words in place of 'tu.'

He developed seriousness and shyness in his personality. He spoke very little and did not get too frank either. But he also had a humorous side to him which had been there since childhood. He would quietly say something funny and make everyone laugh, but his face would remain serious.

Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} used to say, ‘Firstly, I never strike my children. But sometimes upon a mischief, if I tried to scare them with the threat of a beating, then my Bushra (nickname for Mirza Bashir Ahmad^{ra} that Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} called him by) would say something funny that would make me laugh, and I did not feel a need to be angry anymore.’

One time, perhaps upon getting his clothes all wet, she raised her hand to scare him, he said, ‘Don’t do it Ammañ. You might break your bangles.’ That made Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} smile and she lowered her hand.⁷⁶

He loved Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} immensely, and his respect and reverence for her also increased with his age. Apart from visiting her daily, he would also stop by on his way to and from the mosque to ask about her well-being and talk with her. He used to tell Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} about all that was ailing his heart, and in return he would find solace through Hazrat Ammañ Jaan’s prayers, love, and support. He even respected Hazrat Ammañ Jaan’s maid and took good care of her. Whenever he indulged in

light humour with some old lady or a frank maid, he would do it with such humility that everyone would laugh and she would feel a bit embarrassed.

In the early days, while his income was modest and supporting himself was not always easy, he would still discreetly and respectfully hand Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} a monthly stipend even though she had no need for it. But she kept it so his feelings would not be hurt. He was always looking out for her comfort, and when it came to serving her, he followed in the exact footsteps of our eldest brother.⁷⁷

Despite significant differences in social background, customs, and even language upon their marriage, Hazrat Mirza Bashir Ahmad Sahib^{ra} and his wife navigated these challenges admirably. Though she was young and perhaps unaccustomed to certain social norms, his dedication to a happy and peaceful marriage was a constant source of strength for her.

Adding to the challenges, his wife's health remained a concern for many years. She suffered from years of illness. In such a situation, a man burdened by immense work, often exceeding his

physical capacity, and battling his ailments, could easily become neglectful. Yet, he never faltered in his service and care for her. Even when his own health faltered and his legs trembled, he would visit her room to inquire about her well-being.

His unwavering dedication to her comfort and well-being, regardless of his own limitations, spoke volumes about his character. His unwavering commitment to the values instilled in him by the Promised Messiah^{as} during his childhood was evident in his actions throughout his life.

He was an incredibly affectionate father to his children. Even when admonishing, his voice remained gentle. If a situation called for a more nuanced approach, he would not hesitate to seek the help of trusted family members, requesting, 'Please talk to my child about this.' He even extended this approach to me on occasion.

Every aspect of his family life reflected his exemplary character. It was a picture of harmony, like a scene of gentle rain falling on a beautiful day. The cool breeze carries the refreshing drops, a reminder of the blessings that surround us.⁷⁸

My Third Elder Brother: Hazrat Mirza Sharif Ahmad

Hazrat Mirza Sharif Ahmad Sahib^{ra} possessed superior intellect, exceptional qualities, and was a source of guidance, but sadly, his life was often overcast by the clouds of illness. This unfortunately limited the world from fully benefitting from his profound light and God-given talents.

Just like Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra}, he did not receive his secular education from any formal college or university. Allah the Almighty had blessed him with vast and rich knowledge that no one could understand how he gained. He had expertise in all aspects of religious knowledge. He could teach Arabic so well that his students would become experts within a few days. His advice was always sound and his guidance was always honest. Allah the Almighty had gifted him with the knowledge to interpret dreams. He would offer such superior interpretation

and would give such detailed explanations of all the aspects of the dreams that it would satisfy all curiosity. Because of this talent, I used to tell him about my dreams.

One time he expressed a desire to publish a new book on interpretation of dreams in which he wanted to include interpretation of new things and things that were local to our country. But sadly, his illness did not allow him to do so. He was only two years older than me.

The two of us and Mubarak Ahmad used to play together a lot, and both of them studied together too. But because of his loving behaviour, his casual and simple attitude, and his extreme piety, the respect and reverence I had for him in my heart kept increasing. Other than his intellect, he was very *sharif*—just like his name, pure-hearted, humble, big-hearted, courageous, patient, and tolerant.⁷⁹

I am not saying this just because he was my brother. Putting that aside, if I am asked as a witness to give testimony about his character, then I would declare insistently that he was a rare precious diamond;

he was absolute gentleness, he was a moon that remained mostly hidden and left this world quietly while in the state of hiding.

Close in age, we were constant companions in our childhood. My younger brother, despite his vibrant personality, was always relaxed. We never seemed to clash and he readily joined in my games. His willingness to follow my lead speaks not just to his temperament but to the strong bond we shared.

When he got married, our relationship doubled because he became my husband's son-in-law (he was married to my stepdaughter Bu Zainab) and for many years he lived with us to look after his ailing wife, Bu Zainab. In this way, we lived in the same house. It was possible that, as often happens when living together, things between us could have become sour and our sibling relationship could have been ruined, but that never happened. My brother always remained my brother.⁸⁰

We did not fight when we were little and fighting with sisters was forbidden in our house. Mubarak Ahmad and I were little and our three older brothers

never said anything to us. However, the middle brother and younger brother used to have pretend pillow fights with each other. Sometimes the second elder brother would tease the younger brother and he would get annoyed, but nothing more than this. No fighting and no beating each other up. One time, they were playing with a whip and the younger brother accidentally ended up hitting Mubarak with the whip. He was a very delicate child, so he started crying. I still feel so bad to this day because I immediately went to the Promised Messiah^{as} to tell on my younger brother and said to him, 'Younger brother hit Mubarak with a whip.' The Promised Messiah^{as} became very upset with my younger brother.⁸¹

My Husband: Hazrat Nawsab Muhammad Ali Khan

A deep sense of peacefulness radiated from him and his every interaction was marked by thoughtful courtesy. He never spoke ill of others, nor tolerated gossip. Genuine happiness seemed to emanate from him and he always celebrated the successes of those around him. Kindness flowed from his heart and his honesty was refreshing. He possessed a deep sense of morality and an unwavering optimism. These qualities were woven into the fabric of his being, evident in every interaction.

Throughout our time together, I never witnessed a flicker of disinterest. Instead, I saw these virtues flourish within him. Yet his most defining characteristic was his faith. It permeated every action, a silent testament to his devotion. I can say with absolute conviction that his faith was of the

highest calibre, a gift from God himself. For such profound devotion cannot be cultivated solely by human effort.

My mother entrusted me to him and he welcomed me with open arms. May Allah grant him eternal peace. He played a beautiful role in my life and was a constant source of guidance and support. We shared a truly fulfilling marriage. Throughout the years, his love and kindness were unwavering. He forgave my shortcomings with grace, never allowing them to cast a shadow. His generosity knew no bounds, and the time I had to care for him in return feels heartbreakingly brief.⁸²

He preached to his relatives all his life. Even during his last days, he wrote them all letters preaching Islam Ahmadiyyat to them, saying,

‘I am fulfilling this last responsibility of mine because now my days are numbered.’⁸³

Allah had granted him extreme patience and fortitude. He possessed extraordinary patience. What a strange heart he possessed! Because of his financial circumstances, he had to take out loans and

usually worried about them, but he never lost hope and let it spoil his mood. He was always so cheerful that it seemed that there was nobody happier than him.

Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} used to say that ‘I am astounded by his open-heartedness, he has so much patience.’

Sometimes he would write letters to Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} asking him, in painful words, to pray. Then at other times he would talk to him so cheerfully. I used to say to him, ‘You have so much patience and keep yourself so cheerful, and you’re talking happily right now, so why do you write such painful letters to him? They will sadden and worry him.’

Upon this, he would say, ‘He is my spiritual father, if not him, then who else am I supposed to ask to understand my pain?’

He also used to say, ‘It is my personality that I do not let extreme sorrow overcome me. The thought of it comes for a little bit and then it goes away.’

Now that I think back, I cannot comprehend how

we lived so happily under the dire circumstances that we were going through. I am so astounded as to what kind of heart he was born with. You cannot find this kind of zest for life and cheerfulness even in a young man with a tenth of the worries that he had.⁸⁴

He was very concerned about cleanliness all his life. He was always in a state of ablution. He disliked filth. During his last illness, Allah the Almighty gave him reassurances in visions. He told me, 'When they help me with *Tayyamum*, it feels as if a spell is being cast. I feel that after I am done with *Tayyamum*, they make me get up from the bed and then I offer my Prayers and as soon as I say '*Salaam*,' I am back in this bed and surrounded by you all.'

He told me this while fully alert. At first, I thought he was just imagining things because of his illness. But one day, he narrated the whole vision in his full senses. And then he also said, 'I tried telling you a couple of times before, but you did not hear me attentively, you probably thought I was hallucinating. But this is the truth. I am experiencing this strange situation. As soon as I put my hand on the bag for

Tayammum, I disappear from here, and as soon as I say '*Salaam*,' I am transported back to my bed here.' Allah knows best what that was all about.⁸⁵

It was two or three days before he passed away, we were all sitting around him. He was not feeling well and he said, 'Why did you hit Maudood?' We said, 'No one hit Maudood.' He responded, 'Bring him to me.' Upon his request, we brought Maudood to him. Then we found out that Maudood's mother had actually hit him just earlier. He showed the child some affection and then said to our son Masood Ahmad, 'Please do not beat him.'

One day Miyañ Muhammad Ahmad, our other son, had a cold, and he stayed away from my husband and did not come close to him all day because he did not want to inconvenience him. My husband asked, 'I have not seen Miyañ Muhammad Ahmad,' and then he added, 'He has back pain.' Then, Amatul-Hameed Begum came by and informed us that Muhammad Ahmad was suffering from back pain. I did not know about this. All he had told me was that he had a cold.

About six or seven days before he passed away, he kept saying ‘I’m very worried that a calamity is about to happen, many schemes are being plotted. It is going to be a big calamity. Please inform Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} and Sahibzada Mirza Nasir Ahmad^{rta} that they should be prepared.’ And every time he woke up from his nap, he would ask the same question, ‘Did you inform Hazrat Sahib and Miyañ Nasir Ahmad?’ He would worriedly mention this many times with a lot of emphasis. Later this calamity happened in the form of the Partition (of Pakistan and India).⁸⁶

A Few Fragments of Dreams

While I have had experiences of what some might call true dreams or visions, I do not like drawing attention to them. I mentioned a few of my dreams in front of dear Nasir Ahmad^{rta}. He insisted on having them written down. I had said I had two or four dreams in the form of questions and answers; I am writing down whatever I can remember. I have never written down my dreams before this:

1. Three days after the demise of the Promised Messiah^{as}, I saw him in my dream, standing on a wooden bench in the courtyard. His face appears very illuminated and reddish in colour. However, the bench is trembling. The Promised Messiah^{as} says passionately that tell my Jama'at that they should recite this prayer a lot:

رَبَّنَا لَا تُزِغْ قُلُوبَنَا بَعْدَ إِذْ هَدَيْتَنَا وَهَبْ لَنَا مِنْ لَدُنْكَ رَحْمَةً إِنَّكَ أَنْتَ
الْوَهَّابُ⁸⁷..

Our Lord, let not our hearts become perverse after You have guided us; and bestow on us mercy from Yourself; surely, You alone are the Bestower.

I narrated this dream to Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih I^{ra}. He was very moved to hear it and said that he will start saying this prayer a lot more from now on.

2. I was perhaps 12 or 13 years old when I saw the Promised Messiah^{as} in my dream. I saw that he is sitting on a chair in the courtyard. One man comes in front of him and asks, ‘Huzoor, what is the guidance regarding girls?’

The Promised Messiah^{as} responds with a lot of passion, ‘Until you do not put your daughters in the foundations, the building of Ahmadiyyat cannot be constructed.’

3. I saw the Promised Messiah^{as} standing at the door of the *Hujrah* (the room in which he spent a lot of his time during his last few years). I am there with him too. One man comes from outside and stands on the right side and asks, ‘Huzoor,

what is the difference between *Buroozi* and *Zilli* prophet?’

The Promised Messiah^{as} pointed toward the ground with his index finger, and said ‘Look there.’

I looked down too, and instead of the tiled floor, I saw that there was a very clear pond of water, in which you could see the perfect reflection of the entire moon. The same moon which was shining in the sky right above the pond. After pointing, he said, ‘This is the same thing.’

4. In another dream, perhaps it was the *Hujrah* again, I saw a broom sitting in a corner. One man says, ‘If there’s unity in Jama‘at, then that is enough.’ Meaning that there is no need for Khilaafat.

At that time a voice emerged from one part of the room, ‘This broom tied together also cannot be of any use if there is not a hand to operate it.’ I did not see the Promised Messiah’s face clearly there, but in my heart, I felt that it was his voice.

5. Here is the first ever dream that I remember since my childhood: I saw that there was a moon and it was circling around me and talking to me. The moon says 'Have faith in Allah.' In the morning, I told Mubarak Ahmad that the moon talked to me. One day, Mubarak was playing with his toys and was talking to them too. The Promised Messiah^{as} came and said, 'Why are you talking to them, they cannot hear you.' Mubarak replied, 'But the moon talks to Aapaa.'

The Promised Messiah^{as} asked me about it so I narrated my dream to him. He immediately took out his small notebook of revelations and dreams and wrote it down.⁸⁸

6. I saw in another dream that I was standing on the balcony and looking down at the courtyard. I see that our water well is filled with water to the brim and a young man, who from the back looks like my elder brother, is circling it really fast. He is saying some words very loudly. His voice is echoing and emanating from the walls and doors. The words are: **وَجَاعِلُ الَّذِينَ اتَّبَعُوكَ فَوْقَ**
الَّذِينَ كَفَرُوا إِلَى يَوْمِ الْقِيَامَةِ [I will place those who

follow you above those who disbelieve until the Day of Resurrection].

When I woke up, I saw the head of my elder brother on my pillow. At first, I just kept looking at him. But then, when I came out of the trance, I got a little scared and called out to the Promised Messiah^{as} and told him what I saw. He told me not to be scared because it was a vision, and a very blessed dream.⁸⁹

The Life of Hazrat Nawwab Mubarakah Begum

We have just heard Hazrat Nawwab Mubarakah Begum's own account of her remarkable life. Her story offers a glimpse into her character, her unwavering faith, and the depth of her kindness. It's particularly impressive how she retained vivid memories from her childhood, allowing us to experience her journey first-hand. Now, let us delve a little deeper into her life.

As you already know, Hazrat Nawwab Mubarakah Begum^{ra} is part of the blessed progeny of the Promised Messiah^{as}. She had three older brothers and a younger brother, Sahibzada Mubarak Ahmad, who passed away at a young age. Then she had a younger sister Sahibzadi Amatul-Hafeez Begum.

Allah the Almighty had given the Promised Messiah^{as} the glad tiding through a revelation:

‘Your house will be filled with blessings. And I will complete my favours on you. And from the blessed women, whom you will find after this, your progeny will thrive.’

According to this revelation, Hazrat Nawwab Mubarakah Begum^{ra} was born on March 2, 1897, and according to the Lunar calendar, on the 27th of Ramadan, in the first part of the night. She told us that Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} mentioned several times that the Promised Messiah^{as} used to say that he prayed a lot all night long. And when raindrops fell from the sky, he thought that it was time for *Lailatul-Qadr*, a special time for acceptance of prayers, and he prayed even more fervently.

Before her birth, a mistake happened in the counting in estimating the due date, so the Promised Messiah^{as} says, ‘When my daughter Mubarakah was in her mother’s womb, then because of a mistake in the calculation, I became very worried and it made me so sad thinking that maybe it is some other illness. Then I prayed to Allah and received the good news: ‘It will be concluded on that day.’

And I understood that a girl will be born. Hence, accordingly, on 27th Ramadan 1314 Hijri, a girl was born whom we named Mubarakah.’

There is another revelation about her. It means that she will grow up in jewels.

Then another revelation came in 1901 which was:

‘Nawwab Mubarakah Begum.’

Hence, the Promised Messiah^{as} saw in a dream that Mubarakah^{ra} is speaking in Punjabi, ‘Nobody can say about me that I came and brought misfortune with me.’ This means that her existence was very blessed. The Promised Messiah^{as} wrote this about her in his poem at the occasion of her *Aameen*:

ہوا اک خواب میں مجھ پر یہ اظہر لقب عزت کا پاوے وہ مقرر

This was shown unto me in a dream

That she, too, will find an excellent fortune.

کہ اس کو بھی ملے گا بخت برتر یہی روزِ ازل سے ہے مقرر

She will undoubtedly receive a title of great respect;

This has been destined from the very beginning.

خدا نے چار لڑکے اور یہ دختر
عطا کی پس یہ احساں ہے سراسر

God has bestowed four sons and this daughter,

Thus, this is a bounty through and through.⁹⁰

Having completed her first recitation of the Holy Quran at the young age of four and a half, Hazrat Mubarakah Begum^{ra} earned the honour of an *Aameen* ceremony alongside her siblings, presided over by the Promised Messiah^{as}.

Talking about that *Aameen* ceremony, Hazrat Mubarakah Begum^{ra} said, 'I still remember my *Aameen* very well. I was wearing very fancy clothes. On my one side was sitting my second elder brother (Hazrat Mirza Bashir Ahmad^{ra}), and on my other side was my third elder brother (Hazrat Mirza Sharif Ahmad^{ra}). And, in front of us sat Miyañ Abdur Rahman Khan with his legs crisscrossed.

After I got married, my husband (Hazrat Nawwab Muhammad Ali Khan Sahib^{ra}) used to joke with me that he was first introduced to me through Miyañ Abdur Rahman.'

You have already read about her education. We already know about her formal education, but now let us explore how she acquired other practical skills expected of a young women. She learned some sewing and stitching from Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} and some from Salihah Begum (Hazrat Sayyeda Umme Daud). She says that Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} had arranged for the wife of the editor of *al-Badr* to teach Mubarakah knitting. However, she confessed, 'My heart was only in studying. I was not particularly fond of stitching and knitting.'

Despite not having formal lessons, she mastered the art of cooking through observing the food being cooked in her house. She describes a funny incident, 'The newspaper called *Tehzeeb-e-Niswan* published a cookbook. Inspired, I attempted to cook potato pudding by following a recipe in that book. But the pot I used was made of aluminium and caused the pudding to turn black. My brothers teased me for a long time saying that I cooked black pudding!'

While marriage brought new responsibilities, she diligently learned countless recipes. She amassed

a collection of cookbooks as well. It was common to have housemaids in those days. Inside her own courtyard, she would have a coal burning stove on which she would have her maids cook while she gave them instructions. She also learned, while fully observing the veil, how to make many different desserts from a confectioner.

Her passion extended beyond culinary delights. She even possessed a book in which there were many recipes on how to make different coloured dyes. She would create her own dyes to colour her scarves. In those days, muslin scarves, tunics, and cotton pants were in fashion, and the art of dyeing clothes at home and adorning them with embellishments was a cherished tradition.

She possessed a keen eye for household administration, a skill that became invaluable after her husband's passing. With all the responsibilities for the work on her shoulders, she navigated the complexities of managing a home with grace and resilience, no matter the circumstances.

Her *Nikah* [Islamic marriage] was performed

during the lifetime of the Promised Messiah^{as}. He had personally approved of her match. On February 17, 1908, in Aqsa Mosque, Hazrat Haafiz Hakeem Noor-ud-deen^{ra} officiated her *Nikah* with Nawwab Muhammad Ali Khan (Chief of Maler Kotla) at the dower amount of fifty-six thousand rupees. The Promised Messiah^{as} was also present there. Her wedding (*Rukhstaanaah*) took place after the demise of the Promised Messiah^{as} in the year 1909.

Nawwab Mubarakah Begum^{ra} narrates about her wedding, ‘My *Rukhstaanaah* took place under very humble circumstances on March 14, 1909. My respected mother oversaw it and Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih I^{ra} blessed it with his prayers. By then my husband’s new home had been built in the inner city, and he had been living there for quite some time. It is almost a part of Daarul-Masih because it is on the land which is very close to the gate of the home of Promised Messiah^{as} and there is a passageway connecting the two homes. My mother escorted me to his house and left me there. Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih I^{ra} also accompanied us up to the door.’

Nawwab Muhammad Ali Khan writes in his diary:

Rukhstaanaah was a very simple and modest affair. Before Mubarakah Begum arrived, Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} had sent over to me the list of all the things included in her dowry. Then, at 2 pm, Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} herself brought Mubarakah Begum to my house, through the stairway that connected my house and the house of the Promised Messiah^{as}. Since I was in the mosque at that time, she had to wait a while for me. When I came home after *Salat*, she called for Mubarakah Begum, and overcome with emotions, she said, 'I am entrusting my orphan daughter to you.' After this, she said '*Assalaamo Alaikum*' and quickly left.

Nawwab Sahib was grateful for this favour of Allah the Almighty upon him. He wrote praising his wife in his diary, 'I found outer as well as inner beauty in her. Her level of education is also good.'

Allah the Almighty blessed them with five children; they had two sons and three daughters.

These are their names:

Nawwab Muhammad Ahmad Khan Sahib (his wife was Amatul-Hameed Begum, daughter of Hazrat Mirza Bashir Ahmad^{ra}).

Hazrat Sayyedah Mansoorah Begum (wife of Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih III^{ra})

Nawwab Masood Ahmad Khan (his wife was Tayyaba Begum, daughter of Hazrat Doctor Mir Muhammad Isma'eel Sahib)

Mahmoodah Begum (wife of Doctor Mirza Munnawar Ahmad Sahib, son of Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra}).

Asifah Masoodah Begum (wife of Doctor Mirza Mubashar Ahmad Sahib, son of Hazrat Mirza Bashir Ahmad^{ra})

Blessed with a long life, she witnessed the development of several generations of her family. She not only had the pleasure of seeing her grandchildren flourish, but she lived to see her great-grandchildren blossom as well. She even named most of them herself.

A woman of immense stature and profound

respect, her life was steeped in devotion. She was always prayerful and had a lot of fear of Allah. She loved the Promised Messiah^{as} and Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} immensely. She also had a lot of reverence for the Holy Prophet Muhammad^{sas} and the Holy Quran. She had inherited this reverence from the Promised Messiah^{as}.

All the qualities of her brothers that she wrote about above in her autobiography were also present in her to the highest degree. Hence, her outer self was obviously pure, but her inner self was also extremely pious. There was no hypocrisy, pretence, treachery, malice, or envy in her heart. She remained unfazed by worldly trifles, harbouring no vengeful desires. Her character was a haven of purity, untouched by vices such as backbiting or gossiping.

She was truthful and just. Just like her brothers, she was a wonderful sister, daughter, and wife. She was very kind to the house helpers. She was a good neighbour, friend, relative, companion, and advisor. Her advice was always pious. She genuinely wanted the best for everyone and she was a very sweet

grandmother, who was almost like a friend to her grandchildren.

She was so approachable that anyone could easily talk to her about their problems. Yet she never ever let off any steam and she was an excellent confidante.

She loved all her relatives and loved ones, and loved all of them individually, and never differentiated between her biological and non-biological children. At the time of her wedding, she was very young, a little above the age of 12. In her new home, she received three step children who were about her age as a wedding gift. But she gave them a lot of love and affection from day one and maintained a friendship with them. Nawwab Sahib's older daughter Bu Zainab (who later became her sister-in-law) has borne witness to this fact. Bu Zainab used to call her stepmother 'Begum Sahibah'. Bu Zainab used to say, 'Begum Sahibah was very loving. I was ill for quite some time, which is why I stayed with her for a while. But I do not remember a single incident where she hurt my feelings. Instead, she always took care of me like a mother.'

Likewise, she always maintained a loving relationship with all her in-laws. The children of her brother-in-law, Nawwab Zulfikar Ali Khan, always remember her with lot of affection and respect. Moreover, his two daughters considered their *Taaee Jee* (aunt) as their best friend. Their bond was unshakeable, and they used to share their secrets and problems with *Taaee Jee*. Many other in-laws also respected her a lot because of her pure qualities and would seek her guidance regarding their personal issues, even though they were not Ahmadi Muslim.

Her way of providing advice was also very unique and lovely. Whenever she gave advice, she mentioned the Promised Messiah^{as} and Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} as the inspiration for it.

One day, she said that ‘When you people get upset with your parents, you do not make up with them, even when they try to mend things with you. I used to get upset too, but would mend things immediately after the first time the Promised Messiah^{as} tried to make up with me.’

Then she narrated this story:

‘Once (in my childhood) I got upset with Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra}, because I was asking her to get a *paratha* (flatbread fried in oil) with cream and powdered sugar cooked for me. At that time, Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} was supervising her maid to cook food for the Promised Messiah^{as}. She said to me, ‘Be patient. Right now, neither the stove nor the maid is free. When your father’s food is cooked, then I’ll have your *paratha* made.’ I became upset, went inside and lay down with my head under the covers. The Promised Messiah^{as} happened to come by and when he saw me lying down at an unusual time, he asked Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} what was wrong. When Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} told him the reason, he immediately made them take down the pot and had my *paratha* made in front of his eyes, complete with cream and powdered sugar all over it, exactly as I wanted. Then, he brought it to me in a tray and said to me, ‘Mubarakah, wake up, see I have brought food for you.’

I got up right away, because such a sacred

person, my respected father, had brought me food. I immediately put the tray in front of me and started eating. He waited there by my side as long as I ate, his joy radiating as he watched me savour each bite.'

There is another similar story that she told Hazrat Choti Aapaa, Hazrat Syedah Maryam Siddiqah Sahiba (wife of Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} and daughter of Hazrat Dr. Syed Meer Muhammad Ismael Sahib^{ra}, brother in law of the Promised Messiah^{as}):

'There was no sliced bread available in Qadian back then. We used to have milk with sweets or *paratha* for breakfast. Tea was not served regularly either. Sometimes, someone would send bread from Lahore as a gift. One morning, the Promised Messiah^{as} had gone out for a walk with some other men. Asghari's mother, who diligently performed the duty of cooking the Promised Messiah's food for 11 years, was busy preparing the meal. Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} was also with her in the kitchen, which used to be situated in a corner of our courtyard. She

was trying to have something special cooked, or to cook it herself.

Asghari's mother brought me two pieces of toast and milk and said to me, 'Here baby, have some breakfast.' Because I liked fried toast, I said to her, 'Fry the toast for me.' She tried to dissuade me in the most beseeching tone and tried to tell me that she was busy with other work. Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} also explained that there was a lot that needed to be done, suggesting I eat it the way it was and perhaps have fried toast another time.

I immediately went to the room that is now known as Hazrat Ammañ Jaan's room and sat on a bed with my feet hanging down, facing the window (that window does not exist anymore and now there's a bathroom there). I was sure in my heart that my father should be coming home soon and everything would be alright. I will see how they refuse to fry my toast! *Abbaa* came back from the walk and entered the room. When he saw my back towards him, he figured out that I was upset. He turned around quietly and went to the

courtyard. He must have asked outside and received a detailed response. In a little while, I saw him coming in with a stool in his sacred hands. He put that stool down in front of me. Then he went back out and brought back a dish and put it on the stool in front of me. It contained fried toast, exactly as I like it, with a cup of milk. Then he said to me, 'Here, now eat.' I was not so disrespectful that even after everything that just happened, I would stay upset. I immediately started eating.

Even now when I reminisce about that incident and remember how he quietly put the stool in front of me and put the dish on top of it. Thinking about it, I realize my unworthiness and my eyes fill with tears. As you grow, your taste changes too, but in memory of that incident, I really enjoy eating fried toast sometimes to this day.

Likewise, Hazrat Nawwab Mubarakah Begum^{ra} expressed her love for Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} by always talking about her. Sometimes she would give Hazrat Ammañ Jaan's example while giving advice or would

just tell a little anecdote about her. One time, a girl in the house was telling her son not to play in the mud. Upon hearing that, Hazrat Mubarakah Begum^{ra} said to her, ‘Let him play. Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} used to say, ‘Those who eat dirt become strong.’”

One time, while she was teaching her granddaughter some household tips and tricks, she told her not to make a budget for her house, meaning do not count your money all the time. She recounted that Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} used to say, ‘Counting money too much does not lead to prosperity. God gives to us without measure. Why do you limit yourself by making budgets?’

She loved her brothers beyond measure, so much so that we doubt that any other sister loved her brothers as much as she did. When one after the other, all her brothers passed away, she often used to feel very sad. She describes her state in these words:

‘While writing a response to a letter sent by a very old friend who is also a relative (my husband’s niece), I wrote a Misri Aakhri (the final verse) and then it turned into four couplets.

ان کی فرقت میں وہ تصویر کہاں سے لاؤں جو مجھے چاہتے تھے چاہ کو پہچانتے تھے

Those who loved me, recognized love

In their separation, where can I find that illumination

کاغذی عکس بھی ہیں دل پر میرے نقش بھی ہیں بولتی ہستی وہ تصویر کہاں سے لاؤں

There are reflections on paper, and also engravings on my heart

Where can I find that picture that talked and laughed

وہ کہاں پیار وہ آپس میں دلوں کی باتیں آہ اس خواب کی تعبیر کہاں سے لاؤں

Where is that love, and those heart-to-heart talks

Oh, where am I supposed to find the fulfilment of this dream

دل پڑمردہ میں باقی نہ رہی زندہ دلی اب میں وہ شوخی تحریر کہاں سے لاؤں

In the heart which is like dead there is no zest for life

Now where am I to find that joyful style of writing

She had written to me that my letters were missing that special something. They did not have that cheerfulness, shine or glee, and those funny

anecdotes. What had happened? What is wrong? Her concern jolted me awake and made me realize this change in me. I remembered my brothers, especially that brother of mine who loved me the most and took the best care of me, Hazrat Musleh Ma'uood^{ra}. I remember he poured his heart out to me, a constant exchange of secrets and stories, new and old. All three brothers were the same—overflowing with love, kindness, respect, and warmth. Thinking back about all of them filled me with sadness. But I especially missed the special love of that one extraordinary person (Hazrat Musleh Mau'ood^{ra}) who would carry me in his arms when I was little. Whenever he went out of town, to Lahore etc., he would bring back toys or nice crackers which contained fun knick-knacks. I used to take all my complaints and concerns to either the Promised Messiah^{as} or him. Hence, he was a combination of a loving brother and a father, and later in life he also became a special friend.'

While Hazrat Mubarakah Begum^{ra} fulfilled her role as a devoted daughter and a caring sister, she was also an exceptionally loving and obliging wife. Hazrat Nawwab Sahib held her in the highest esteem,

recognizing her as the daughter of the Promised Messiah^{as}. This reverence is evident in his diary entry where he described her as *tabarruk* (blessing). He wrote in his diary:

She has a very respectable disposition when it comes to her demeanour and her spirituality. As for her character, she is her father's daughter. Hence, she has a beautiful style and a uniquely attractive personality. She is a loving wife, so why wouldn't she be dear to me?

This is why he fulfilled her every wish. But even though he indulged her a lot, giving her a lot of love and respect, and they got married when she was twelve, which is a very young age, her character shone through. She never used her situation to her advantage. Rather she gave her husband a lot of respect and reverence. She did not do any of those things that he disliked, neither in his presence, nor in his absence.

She would frequently tell her kids 'Look! Your Abbaa Miyañ does not like this thing, be mindful of it.' She obeyed all of his instructions and fulfilled his

wishes. She used to say that she had learned a lot of things from Miyañ. He never found flaws in things, and he would explain things politely and in a kind manner.

She was a very faithful and helpful wife. Especially during the final illness of her husband, Nawwab Sahib, she served him so much that a better example cannot be found elsewhere. She served him day and night, and did not rest for a minute.

She had full belief in the existence of Allah the Almighty. She used to remember the favours of Allah upon her with a lot of love and devotion. She used to say:

کوئی اس کو نہ جب تک چھوڑے کسی کو خود نہیں وہ چھوڑتا ہے

Unless someone lets Him go,

He does not let go of anyone

یہ کیوں سو جان سے دل اس پر فدا ہو کہ وہ محبوب ہی جان و فاءے

Why shouldn't the heart be devoted to Him a hundred times,

That this Beloved is the life and faith

Whenever she raised her hands to pray, her eyes would fill up with tears as she praised her Beloved God. And she said in a most earnest and emotional way:

اے محسن و محبوب خدا اے میرے پیارے اے قوتِ جاں اے دلِ محروں کے سہارے

Oh, Beneficent and Beloved Lord, Oh my Dear

Oh, the Sustainer of life and Supporter of dejected heart

اے شاہِ جہاں نُورِ زمانِ خالقِ باری ہر نعمتِ کونینِ تیرے نام پہ داری

Oh, King of the world, Light of the world, the Creator, the Maker

I sacrifice all good things of this world upon your Name

She also loved the Holy Prophet^{sas} immensely and tried her best to follow in his footsteps. She said about him:

تیری تعریف اور میں ناچیز گنگ ہوتی ہے یاں زبانِ حکیم

Your praise and I am unworthy

The wise tongue becomes mute

کیا کہیں ہم کہ کیا دیا تُو نے ہر بلا سے چھڑا دیا تُو نے

What can I say about what have you given us

Gave us freedom from all evils

Then to remember the favours of her master and beloved Prophet ^{sas}, Mercy for all the Worlds, and to make others remember his favours, she said:

بھیج درود اُس محسن پر تو دن میں سو سو بار پاک محمد مصطفیٰ نبیوں کا سردار

Invoke durood on that benefactor hundreds of times a day

Pure Muhammad the Chosen, Chief of all the Prophets

کیا التجا کروں کہ مجھم دُعا ہوں میں سرتابہ پاسوال ہوں، سائل نہیں ہوں میں

What plea can I make, I am embodiment of prayer

From head to toe, I am a question, not a questioner

She was very prayerful and spent her time in worship. She would take care to perform her *salat* with most humility and submission and her Prayers used to be so long that *Maghrib* would last until *Isha* time. Following *Isha*, her dedication continued with extended Prayers (*nawaafil*) that stretched

late into the night. She would pray for the family of the Promised Messiah^{as} and the entire Jama'at. She had dedicated one prostration to those people who could not write letters to her requesting prayers. She would even pray for their relief from worries.

Love For Khilaafat

She had tremendous respect for the high rank of *Khilaafat*, and it was her practice to always be loyal and obedient to *Khilaafat*. She saw the era of three *Khulafaa* in her lifetime, and she loved and respected all three immensely, remaining loyal and obedient to all three throughout her life.

She loved Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih I^{ra} immensely. She lovingly and respectfully used to talk about her interactions with him throughout her life, so much so that the listener would also become overwhelmed with love and devotion to him.

Despite the lifelong bond of siblings, her exemplary reverence for Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} transcended all other relationships. It always stood as a unique example of unwavering respect. And when this beloved Khalifah and brother separated from her, she became overwhelmed with sorrow. But even then, she displayed amazing patience and

forbearance. All the children and relatives were gathered around Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} when he passed away. They were all feeling the pangs of sorrow and were crying. Among those cries and sighs, a formidable voice emerged and said,

Listen! Be quiet! Listen to me. I still remember that time, this is that person who had made this promise at the death of the Promised Messiah^{as}, saying, ‘Even if everyone leaves me, and I am left all alone, even then I promise that I will complete the mission for which the Promised Messiah^{as} was sent.’ Look! My eyes witnessed him fulfil this promise in every manner. He stayed true to his promise till his last breath. He gave his life in the service of faith. This is not the time to wail. Instead, pray, and make a promise with God that you will follow in his footsteps and will fulfil all his obligations.’

Then, this same person who was overcome with sorrow took the *Bai’at* of her son-in-law and nephew, Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih III^{rta} with complete

conviction and approval and went on to spend the rest of her life obeying him. She would consult him for advice in all matters. If she had to travel out of town, she would first obtain his permission. She respected him tremendously.

Her deep respect and consideration for him was exemplified on a vacation to Bhurban with Huzoor^{ra}. One day during the vacation, he was out having meetings, which took a very a long time. Everyone was waiting for him to come back so that they could all eat together. She was also very hungry. While they waited, they received a message that the meal should be served, and Huzoor would be in soon. Mirza Fareed Ahmad (Huzoor's son) brought Mubarakah Begum^{ra} to the dining table. However, they all ended up having to wait longer because Huzoor's return was delayed. She said that she started to feel weak because of hunger. Everyone suggested to her that she should eat and not wait for Huzoor. But she responded by saying, 'No! That would be disrespectful. Let me do this. I'll go back to my room and you can have my food sent there.'

This meant that she did not think it to be appropriate to eat at the table before the arrival of Huzoor. This is seemingly a small incident, but it showed her respect and reverence for the Khalifah.

Kindness to Others

We cannot praise her enough. She was an amalgamation of all of the best qualities. There are not enough words to explain her beautiful personality. Above all, she was the complete embodiment of love. She received love from people of all ages and all her relatives. People usually get used to receiving love but do not like to give it back. Not Hazrat Mubarakah Begum^{ra}. Instead, she became the epitome of love for all the people of Jama'at, including her children, her house helpers, and her relatives. Everyone benefitted from her love. She not only gave love to her siblings' children but also to their grandchildren and so on. She also prayed for them, and they all benefitted from her prayers. Whenever she came to know of anyone who was ill or in pain, she would immediately pray for them, and not only would she pray but she would involve all the Jama'at in it. She would write to *al-Fazl* Magazine requesting prayers for them.

Following in the footsteps of Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra}, she raised many orphaned girls and also other girls of affluent families who were left with her as her wards for the purpose of their moral training. She raised and trained them all in the best manner, taught them cooking and other useful skills, and then arranged for their marriages in suitable families. They all went on to live happily in their homes.

Intellectual Talents

Hazrat Nawwab Mubarakah Begum^{ra} was also a great writer and a poet. There was a lot of spontaneity in her poetry, and it flowed seamlessly like a waterfall. When you read her poetry, you feel like you are floating in an ocean, completely in harmony with its waves. Once, the weather was cloudy and it was drizzling a little bit. A soft breeze was blowing. This weather made her miss her loved ones terribly and spontaneously, these verses flowed from her lips:

درد کہتا ہے بہا دو خونِ دل آنکھوں سے تم ضبط کہتا ہے نہیں آہ و فغاں بے سود ہے

Agony says that let the blood of your heart flow through your eyes

Patience says that no, crying and wailing is useless

خوف ہے مجھ کو کہ لگ جائے نہ اشکوں کی تھڑی آج میرا مطلعِ دل پھر غبارِ آلود ہے

I am afraid of starting a downpour of tears

Today my well knowing heart is again filled with dust

She was also an incredible writer. Her writings were simple, spontaneous, and engaging. She was very good at writing letters and wrote very interesting and fun-filled letters which also gave us a glimpse into her writing prowess.

She narrated a dream she once had:

The Promised Messiah^{as} is sitting on the floor, and next to him is his wooden inkstand. He says that whoever has even one piece of my inkstand, Allah the Almighty will increase his knowledge. I was standing next to him. I said to him in the same way I used to talk to him in my childhood, '*Abbaa*, I want one.' He handed me a piece of the inkstand with his own hands, and said 'Take it.' When I held it, it turned white like milk, and broke into many pieces like pieces of a coconut which I could not handle all at once. But I did not let them fall and secured them in my lap. I was very happy, and that was when I woke up.

She loved to read. She enjoyed reading Urdu and English literature. She was so regular in her reading

that she would always have some volume of a series next to her pillow. She would read some pages very carefully, and then she would pick up and start reading more casually.

She used to read the Holy Quran regularly and would always deliberate on its meaning. When she did not understand something, she would read it again and again until its meaning became clear to her.

In essence, she was like a bouquet of diversely coloured flowers representing beauty and pious qualities. However, she possessed a very humble personality. She never saw herself as exceptional, and her selflessness was evident in her constant reflections on her perceived imperfections.

In the following verses that she wrote, she called out to her God in this state of utter humility:

نہ روک راہ میں مولیٰ شباب جانے دے کھلا تو ہے تیری جنت کا باب جانے دے

Do not stop me on my way, Lord, let me go hastily

The door to your heaven is open, let me go

مجھے تُو دامنِ رحمت میں ڈھانپ لے یُو نہی حساب مجھ سے نہ لے، بے حساب جانوے

Cover me under Your cloak of mercy

Do not hold me accountable, let me go without accountability

At last, on May 23, 1977, at midnight around 12:05 am, this beautiful person left this world forever. May Allah continue to elevate her status in heaven beyond measure, and may He grant her a special place close to Him in heaven. *Aameen.*





Reflection Questions

1. What valuable lesson did Mubarakah Begum^{ra} learn from the Promised Messiah^{as} after her brother Mubarak Ahmad^{ra} threw a stone at her?
2. How did the Promised Messiah^{as} reassure Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} about Mubarakah Begum's future husband after her childhood tantrum?
3. Describe the miraculous way in which the Promised Messiah^{as} fulfilled Mubarakah Begum's^{ra} desire for lychees.
4. What was Hazrat Ammañ Jaan's^{ra} concern regarding the Promised Messiah's^{as} "excessive pampering" of Mubarakah Begum^{ra} during bath time, and how did he respond?
5. What instruction did the Promised Messiah^{as} give regarding breaking fast to Mubarakah Begum^{ra} and Salihah when they were young?
6. How did the Promised Messiah^{as} demonstrate his intense reverence for God's honor when a woman praised his deceased uncle, Mirza Imam-ud-Deen?

7. Describe the reaction of Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih II^{ra} when Mubarakah Begum^{ra} told him about the shop owner blocking her car.
8. What special quality did Mubarakah Begum^{ra} notice about her nephew, Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih III^{ra}, during his arrest in 1953?
9. How did Hazrat Ammañ Jaan^{ra} advise against making a budget, and what was her reasoning?
10. What unique quality did Mubarakah Begum^{ra} observe in her husband, Hazrat Nawwab Muhammad Ali Khan^{ra}, regarding his cheerfulness despite financial difficulties?

Endnotes

1. *Tahreeraat-e-Mubarakah, Hazrat Sayyidah Nawwab Mubarakah Begum Sahibah ki Tahreeraat, Taqaareer, Mazaameen aur Khutoot kaa Majmoo'ah*, published by Lajnah Ima'illah, p. 285-286
2. *Ibid.*, p. 286
3. *Ibid.*, p. 286
4. *Ibid.*, p. 228-229, p. 287
5. *Ibid.*, p. 287-288
6. *Ibid.*, p. 288
7. *Ibid.*, p. 218, p. 289
8. *Ibid.*, p. 289
9. *Ibid.*, p. 289
10. *Ibid.*, p. 294-295
11. *Ibid.*, p. 215
12. *Ibid.*, p. 216
13. *Ibid.*, p. 218
14. *Ibid.*, p. 218-219
15. *Ibid.*, p. 217
16. *Ibid.*, p. 217
17. *Ibid.*, p. 217-218
18. *Ibid.*, p. 227-228
19. *Ibid.*, p. 274-275
20. *Ibid.*, p. 275-276
21. *Ibid.*, p. 314-315
22. *Ibid.*, p. 316-317
23. *Ibid.*, p. 317-319
24. *Ibid.*, p. 290-291

25. *Ibid.*, p. 290
26. *Ibid.*, p. 219-221
27. *Ibid.*, p. 222
28. *Ibid.*, p. 223
29. *Ibid.*, p. 224-225
30. *Ibid.*, p. 113-114
31. *Ibid.*, p. 155-156
32. *Ibid.*, p. 291-292
33. *Ibid.*, p. 229-230
34. *Ibid.*, p. 293
35. *Ibid.*, p. 293
36. *Ibid.*, p. 273-274
37. *Ibid.*, p. 275
38. *Ibid.*, p. 247
39. *Ibid.*, p. 244
40. *Ibid.*, p. 276-281
41. *Ibid.*, p. 260
42. *Ibid.*, p. 262-263
43. *Ibid.*, p. 263-264
44. *Ibid.*, p. 6
45. *Ibid.*, p. 17
46. *Ibid.*, p. 6-7
47. *Ibid.*, p. 14-15
48. *Ibid.*, p. 7
49. *Ibid.*, p. 19-21
50. *Ibid.*, p. 10
51. *Ibid.*, p. 10-11
52. *Ibid.*, p. 36-37
53. *Ibid.*, p. 37
54. *Ibid.*, p. 35-37
55. *Ibid.*, p. 38
56. *Ibid.*, p. 62-63

57. *Ibid.*, p. 130
58. *Ibid.*, p. 238
59. *Ibid.*, p. 239
60. *Ibid.*, p. 238
61. *Ibid.*, p. 239-240
62. *Ibid.*, p. 240
63. *Ibid.*, p. 241
64. *Ibid.*, p. 241-242
65. *Ibid.*, p. 247
66. *Ibid.*, p. 249-250
67. *Ibid.*, p. 248
68. *Ibid.*, p. 253-254
69. *Ibid.*, p. 254
70. *Ibid.*, p. 255
71. *Ibid.*, p. 256-257
72. *Ibid.*, p. 257
73. *Ibid.*, p. 257-258
74. *Ibid.*, p. 126
75. *Ibid.*, p. 130
76. *Ibid.*, p. 130-131
77. *Ibid.*, p. 132-133
78. *Ibid.*, p. 133-135
79. *Ibid.*, p. 92
80. *Ibid.*, p. 65-66
81. *Ibid.*, p. 240-241
82. *Ibid.*, p. 106-107
83. *Ibid.*, p. 97
84. *Ibid.*, p. 97-98
85. *Ibid.*, p. 100-101
86. *Ibid.*, p. 101-102
87. *Sūrah Āl-e-ʿImrān*, 3:9
88. *Tahreeraat-e-Mubarakah*, Hazrat Sayyidah Nawwab

Mubarakah Begum Sahibah ki Tahreeraat, Taqaareer, Mazaameen aur Khutoot kaa Majmo'ah, published by Lajnah Ima'illah, p. 58

89. *Ibid.*, p. 59

90. *Precious Pearls* (English translation of *Durr-e Sameen*), Islam International Publications, Ltd. 2017, p. 50

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