

# Al-Hilal



*Hadrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad, Khalifatul-Masih III, rahimahullahu ta'ala, in his younger years.*

## Message from Editorial Staff

Assalamu ‘alaikum, Dear Nasirat and Atfal,

The year 2003 has been full of all kinds of challenges. When we look at the world around us everything seems to be constantly changing, if not a bit out of control. However, we should all derive great strength and hope from the recent historical events in our jama‘at. Our beloved fourth Khalifah Hadrat Mirza Tahir Ahmad, rahimahullah, has passed away and our jama‘at grieves the loss but we are all ready, willing, and obedient in welcoming our new Khalifatul-Masih. Change is a part of life and it is beautiful to know that we are a part of something timeless and permanent. Our community will be protected so long as we work diligently to safeguard and protect it. This issue of Al-Hilal is borne out of our love for the institution of Khilafat. Read the feelings and experiences of your peers and commit yourselves to the future of Islam. It is the best investment you could ever make. Unlike our past issues that included games, jokes and puzzles, this issue is solely dedicated to the memory and respect we all have for our beloved fourth khalifah (rahimahullah).

Wassalām, Aliya Latif, Al-Hilal Editorial Staff

*Quarterly Al-Hilāl. A magazine for children, by children, that provides them with a creative opportunity to learn about the world around them, and how to apply the teachings of Islam and Ahmadiyyat to their daily lives.*

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Al-Hilal Editorial Staff: Tahir Ahmed (Khuddam), Rabia Chaudhry (Lajna),  
Sumera Chaudhry (Lajna), Aliya Latif (Lajna)





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# *Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV* *The Only Khalifa I've Ever Known*

*Nadia Qazi*

*O you love-you light  
You delight of Heaven  
We mourn for you  
And your energy  
Your Saladin-like qualities  
Your strength in times of adversity  
Is the example we cling to  
As you leave us—left us  
Your soul no longer among us  
Dear Hazoor  
I can see  
Allah must have missed thee  
He has called you back  
The delight of you that we had clung to  
Will now be the coolness of His eyes.  
Inna lillahi wa inna ilaihi raji'oon.  
To Allah we belong and to Him do we return*

# Hadrat Mirza Tahir Ahmad rahimahullah

*Softa Dard*

I would like to share some information with you about our beloved Khalifatul-Masih IV, Hadrat Mirza Tahir Ahmad (rahimahullah), who recently passed away.

Fortunately I had the opportunity to meet him three times and I will always remember the chocolates he gave to me. Hadrat Mirza Tahir Ahmad, Khalifatul-Masih, was the fourth successor of the Ahmadiyya Muslim Community.

He was born in Qadian, India on December 18, 1928 and he was the grandson of Hadrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad, 'alahissalam. He studied in Qadian, at the Government College Lahore, and at the School of Oriental and African Studies at the University of London.

In 1957 he married Asifa Begum, with whom he had four daughters. During the second and third Khalifat, he served the community with great devotion and skill in various administrative capacities. He was elected Khalifatul-Masih the Fourth on June 10, 1982.

Here are some of his achievements during his Khalifat:

In 1982 he opened two new missions in England and established Majalis Shura in a number of countries.



In Spain he opened the new Masjid Basharat and in 1983 during his visit to Australia, he laid the foundation stone of the first Ahmadiyya mosque at Sydney, Australia.

In 1984 he emigrated to England. On April 3, 1987 he announced a grand scheme named Waqf-i-Nau.

On October 16, 1992, Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV inaugurated the Bait-ul-Islam Mosque in Canada. On October 14 1994 another historic events took place. Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih, IV, rahimahullah, simultaneously inaugurated Bait-ur-Rahman Mosque in Washington D.C. and the Jama'at's first satellite earth station.

On April 1, 1996, 24 hour worldwide M.T.A. (Muslim Television Ahmadiyya) service was started, al-hamdu lillah.

He enjoyed teaching and talking to children. Also he had an active interest in the game squash. He wrote many books. He enjoyed poetry. Under his direction, the Holy Quran was translated in more than 50 languages. Hadrat Mirza Tahir Ahmad passed away on April 19, 2003 after a brief illness. May Allah bless his soul.

# Our Leader

Everyone has someone in mind called as an ideal or leader and he wants to follow the footsteps of that leader. People's leaders can be their religious leaders, their nation's heroes, their parents and so on. In our religion, after the Prophet Muhammad (sallallahu 'alaihi wa sallam) and the Promised Messiah ('alaihissalam), our Khalifas are our leaders. My leader is Hazrat Mirza Tahir Ahmad (rahimahullah), the fourth Khalifa of the Ahmadiyya Muslim Jama'at, as I was born in his time. I met him many times in England where I was born. My first Mulaqat (meeting) with him took place when I was hardly one month old. My last meeting with him happened when I was three years old.

Although I do not remember those days, family photos remind me that I have seen him. I also watched him on MTA almost every single day. I like the way he used to treat children and give them chocolates. So many people used to travel to England and see him and to watch his programs. He had so many good qualities





that I cannot describe them all in this piece. We used to write to him, too. I remember taking endless hours writing a letter to him on my computer. Hadrat Mirza Tahir Ahmad was a great man but sadly died on April 19, 2003 at age 74. Many people gathered for his funeral. He was buried in Islamabad, Tilford, Surrey.

We elected a new Khalifa. His name is *Hadrat* Mirza Masroor Ahmad (ayyadahullah binasrihil-‘aziz) and he is the fifth Khalifa. I pray that I love the new Khalifa as much as I used to love Hadrat Mirza Tahir Ahmad (rahimahullah).



# MY TOUR OF LONDON

Danial A. Chowdhry



On Thursday, February 20, 2003, I was visiting my cousins in Grantham, U.K. We woke up at 6:30 a.m. in the morning, because we were going to visit Hadrat Mirza Tahir Ahmad, Khalifat-ul-Masih, IV. We visited him almost every year. The people going with me were my Uncle (mamuñ), my Auntie (khala), Tania baji, Taha and Ayra (my cousins), my Mom and Dad plus my younger brother, Zane.

I woke up, took a bath, ate breakfast and played with Taha a little. Then it was time to go and we left for the train station. We got on a train to London's King Cross. We played Hangman on the way. We were on the train for about two hours, and then we got off and got on another train, this time just for five minutes.

We walked to a double-decker bus stop and on the way we bought some phonies (paper flowers for charity), one for me and one for Taha. We got on top of the bus and saw quite a few famous sights, which were Queen Elizabeth's castle, the London Dungeon, London Bridge, Millennium Wheel, etc.

After the sight-seeing, we got on another train and got off at the Southfield Station and walked the rest of the way to the London Mosque. While we waited for our turn to visit Hazoor, we met some other children and watched them play Beyblades and played hide and seek with them. Then it was time to see Hazoor. Only me and my family and Auntie with Tania baji were going. We went inside Hazoor's office and performed Musafiha (exchanged the greetings of salam and shook hands). Hazoor

talked to us for a little while, then we had our picture taken with him. He was very kind and gave Zane and me two candy bars. I shared mine with Taha. After offering the Maghrib Prayers, it was time to go back to Grantham.

We walked back and bought some stuff from the little store at the train station and rode for thirty minutes. The other train took us two hours. We played a game to guess which side

the station would come and Ayra won. We got on another train and reached Grantham and rode home, where my Grandmother, Grandfather and little cousin were waiting for us. We had our dinner and went to sleep.

That was the end of a memorable day of meeting Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV rahimahullah and the tour of London.



# Memories of Ahmad Khalid Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV rahimahullah

I wrap my small hands around hands that seem to be almost 3 times the size of mine. The hands belong to a person who has a handshake that seems to be firm, but not too firm every time you shake hands with him. These hands belong to one of the wisest people I have met in my lifetime, Hadrat Mirza Tahir Ahmad (rahimahullah). I have been incredibly blessed to have had met him many times in my life.

One of the most memorable moments I had with him occurred last April, when my family and I were in London. The whole trip was blessed as I was in London when Khalifa Rabi' (rahimahullah) passed away and was able to see his funeral. Also, I was fortunate enough to have a meeting with Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih the day before he passed away. In this Mulaqat, the first thing he asked was the reason why we came to London, and when we said, to meet him, he was surprised and asked if there was any other reason, and we answered honestly and repeated that meeting him was the only reason we had come to London. After this he gave my sisters and me chocolate. Immediately after Hazoor had stopped talking, my mom asked that he pray for our whole family and for us in general, and Hazoor said that he would. Hazoor seemed busy so we stayed quiet after this, which we would later regret. Hazoor told the cameraman to take a picture of our family with him and the cameraman did as Hazoor had asked. Immediately after the picture my family had to rush out for the next family to enter. There were only about three families waiting after us at the time.

Another time I was with Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV was when he came to New Jersey and I was only 2 or 3. Someone was about to take a picture and my mother had dropped me off by Hazoor. She had not intended that Hazoor lift me, but he did anyway, and the picture was taken while I was playing with Hazoor's ear. Although I do not remember this, I have seen the picture many times, as it is hung up in a hallway in my house.

These are some of the times I have met Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV in person, but it seems like I had a closer relationship with him on MTA, as I watched him a lot using this valuable resource. Although, he may not have known me in person, I still feel blessed to have at least met Hazoor many times.

### **We want to hear from you!**

Children are encouraged to send their writings for publication in this magazine. Please mention your full name, age, city and state. If you want to send a picture or artwork, please send the original. If you want the original back, please write your address on the back of the artwork with the note: "Please send this back to" followed by your address. The Children's Magazine Committee, under the supervision of the Amir, Jama'at Ahmadiyya, U.S.A., will review and approve all submissions before publication.

#### **Atfal Contact:**

Tahir Ahmed, 951 Ellsworth Dr., Grayslake, IL 60030 847-548-4175  
Ph: 847-362-2157 email: tahahmed60061@yahoo.com

#### **Nasirat Contact:**

Rabia Chaudhry, 55 Lester Avenue # 12, San Jose, CA 95125,  
Ph: 408-971-2652 e-mail: rabia@macrha.com

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**National HQ: Al-Hilal, 15000 Good Hope Road,  
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# Hadrat Mirza Tahir Ahmad, Rahimahullah— His Relationship with Allah and Some Miracles of his Khilafat

Mabroor Khan

I strongly believe Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV (rahimahullah) had a deep relationship with Allah and here are some reasons why. General Zia-ul-Haq was in a prayer duel with Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV (rahimahullah) because the General had refused to end the persecution of Ahmadis in Pakistan. This was called a Mubahala. That prayer duel was started on June 10, 1988. Allah informed Hadrat Khalifahtul-Masih IV (rahimahullah) by a dream that a very bad event for Zia would occur soon. He narrated his dream in his Friday sermon on August 12, 1988. On August 17, 1988 news all over the world was “ZIA BLOWN OUT OF THE SKY” because his plane crashed. Zia, the persecutor of Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV (rahimahullah) and countless Ahmadis, had passed away. This incident shows a very close relationship of Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV (rahimahullah) with Allah because Allah informed him about that news and he informed Ahmadis that something severe was going to happen to Zia.

Another major miracle was when Hadrat Mirza Tahir

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Ahmad (rahimahullah) traveled for three months in every year, visiting jama'ats all over the world. During his Khilafat his personal missionary efforts brought countless people into the fold of Ahmadiyyat. The Promised Messiah ('alaihissalam) had received a revelation from Allah saying, "I will give you a large party of Islam." That revelation was fulfilled during the Khilafat of Hadrat Mirza Tahir Ahmad (rahimahullah). This was a great miracle, which shows his relationship with Allah.

Yet another miracle is that everyday Khalifatul-Masih IV (rahimahullah) received hundreds of letters from people describing their physical illnesses. Mostly they were Ahmadis who wrote but others wrote, too. He prescribed homeopathic medicines, which were a more natural cure for a person's symptoms and disorders and they were not expensive. Now homeopathy is very popular around the whole world. All of our mission houses all over the world have the ability to provide homeopathic medicines to needy people free of cost. This is also a miracle of his Khilafat.

Another example of Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih's relationship with Allah is that Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih II (radiyallahu 'anhu) chose him to study in London to learn English. He instructed him to practice speaking English because Allah knew that he would be the Khalifa of the jama'at and would have to migrate from Rabwah, Pakistan to London, UK. Then on June 10, 1982 he was elected the fourth Khalifa after the demise of Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih III (rahimahullah).

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Still another incident of Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih's relationship with Allah was his migration from Rabwah to London. General Zia made an ordinance on April 26, 1984 against Ahmadis, declaring that they could not act or behave like Muslims. It was not possible for Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV (rahimahullah) to live under those kinds of circumstances and be able to discharge his responsibilities as a Khalifa. Zia's intentions were to try to arrest him and to destroy Ahmadiyyat in Pakistan. Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih (rahimahullah) decided to leave Pakistan but there was very tight security against Ahmadis in Rabwah. Intelligence agencies were monitoring Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih rahimahullah's movements. Zia gave strict orders at all airports and other ports of exit with his own handwriting that Mirza Nasir Ahmad, Khalifa of Jama'at Ahmadiyya, should not leave Pakistan by any means. Allah made him to make this mistake because the Khalifa's name was Mirza Tahir Ahmad, not Mirza Nasir Ahmad. Immigration officers at Karachi airport tried to contact intelligence agencies by phone when they came to know that he (rahimahullah) was leaving Pakistan on a KLM flight but no one picked up the phone; they tried for almost two hours. Finally Hazoor left Pakistan successfully and reached London safely on April 30, 1984.

There are many more miraculous incidents that show his relationship and love for Allah and the miracles of his Khilafat. I pray that may Allah make us like Khalifatul-Masih IV (rahimahullah). Ameen.



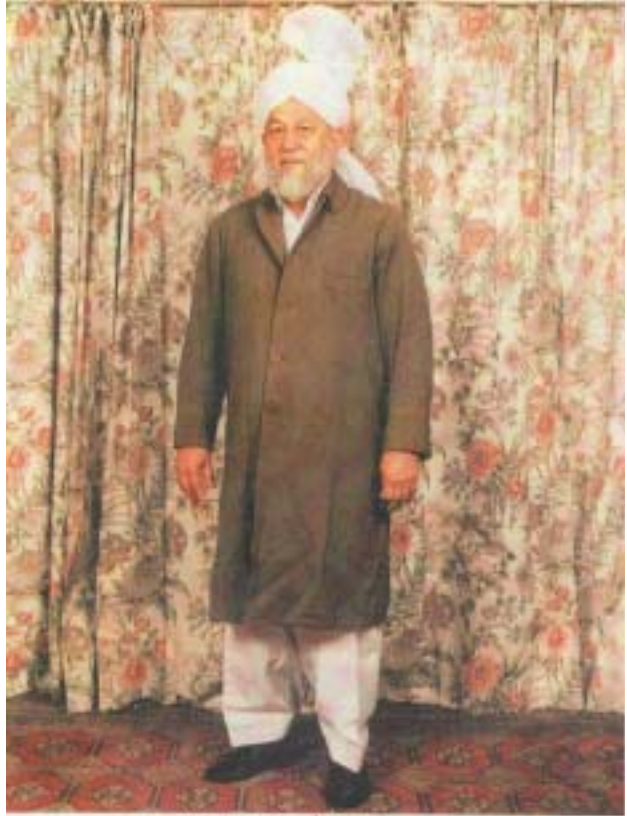
# My Memories of Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV

**Momin A Bajwa**

I first saw Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV (rahimahullah) in person when I was eleven months old. He very kindly came to the home of my Nanajan, Professor Abdus Salam, in Putney, London to offer congratulations after the Valimah celebration of my Ahmad Mamooñ (mother's brother) in 1993. Naturally I do not remember too much about this visit except I am told I clung to my mother because I was a little scared by him due to my young age.

Although I was honored to meet him again in 1994 at the opening ceremony of Baitur-Rahman, the first occasion that I actually remember was in 1995. We were in London again and Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih was kind enough to visit my Nanajan during his illness. I am told I was a rather precocious three-year old. This time there was no fear of Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih and my mother could not hold me to keep me away from the tea tray. I kept going back and forth from my seat to look at the plates of food, stretching a hand toward them, and then looking towards my Ammi. The look in her eyes told me that I better stop. But there was nothing else to do! Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih had carried on talking to my Nanajan as if all was well. Finally he turned to me and asked me what I wanted. For some reason the only thing I thought of saying was, "French Fries," even though there were none around at the time! Hazoor laughed and laughed and asked my Ammi if that was all "this American child" ate. Then he himself served me from whatever was there and made me feel special.

The other occasion that I remember well also involves food; those famous bars of chocolate that Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih would give to children who visited him. This occurred when Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih came to the USA Jalsa Salana in 1997 and we were blessed with an audience. As always, my parents



reminded all four children, but especially me, about behavior and about taking the chocolate with our right hand and saying “Jazakumullah” loudly and clearly. Little did they know that once I was in front of Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih, all I could think about was the chocolate. When it seemed his chat with my parents and older brothers and sister was never going to be over, I could not hold it in any longer. I blurted out, “Where’s the candy?” All I can remember is that hearty and happy laugh from across the desk. I understood later Hazoor used to save that laugh just for children. “Oh dear,” he said, “didn’t I give you any chocolate? Come here to me.” And I went around the desk to where his soft hands handed the treasured candy to me. And I even remembered to say, “Jazakumullah.” We were so fortunate that he had such a special way with children.

# The Era of Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV rahimahullah

Lubna Malik



*The Ahmadiyya Khilafat is the second manifestation and Allah has assured Ahmadi Muslims that this Khilafat will endure to the end of time. Khilafat provides unity, security and progress for the Jama'at Ahmadiyya. No other sect in Islam has such a strong leadership, nor enjoys such unity and devotion among its followers. (Ahmadiyya Gazette, USA, May 2003, pp. 11-12)*

*Hazrat Khalifatul-Masih IV, Mirza Tahir Ahmad (rahimahullah), was truly a memorable man. Having never experienced the khilafat of any other until April, his brilliance and compassion were all I knew. So blessed am I and all other people in this world who had the blessing of Allah Ta'ala to be alive during his time.*

I remember once when *Hazoor (rahimahullah)* was in America for *Jalsa Salana*. He was having a Children's Class with the young people who were present at the *Jalsa*. At that event he requested for someone to translate *Surah Fatiha*. Volunteering (because no one else had), I went and stood next to *Hazoor*. I was nervous beyond all measures, yet I stated the memorized translation of verses. So strong was *Hazoor's* intellect that, recognizing that I had simply





done as told and had learned from what was available by the *Jama'at*, he stated that the books needed to be corrected as the last verse's translation was incorrect. In such a compassionate and loving way did he say this that I did not feel rebuked, rather I was proud that I had been the one to bring forward the overlook by the *Jama'at* to my beloved *Hazoor's* attention.

I remember the two hour-long wait that took place in the basement of *Masjid Bait-ur-Rahman* as *Hazoor* was holding his *Mulaqats*. The wait seemed much longer, but I saw no child complain. Everyone knew that they were going to meet an incredible and amazing man. Had I been required to wait a week to meet with him, I would have gladly done so—and not just to get the candy, though this was an added bonus which I am sure many adults wish they could partake in.

Two summers ago I was blessed to go to London where I had *Mulaqat* with *Hazoor (rahimahullah)*. I remember the excitement in my blood as I waited outside *Hazoor's* office. Sitting in that small office of such a grand man, I was in awe by every single one of his facets—his benevolent beard, his rosy cheeks, his firm stature, his twinkling eyes; everything. I distinctly remember the smell of his cologne as I stood next to him for the family photograph. My tongue can still attest to the delicious morsels of chocolate that I was blessed enough to have tasted and savored.

Perhaps the most memories of *Hazoor* are those of him on MTA—Children's Class, Urdu Class, *Liqā*





*Ma'al-Arab, Khutba,  
Jalsa Salanas.*

Seeing *Hazoor* laugh made one laugh. Seeing *Hazoor* eat some sweets made one wish that he/she were in *Hazoor's* company eating. So strong were these feelings that I often felt envious of the boys and girls who had the good fortune of living in London and attending all of the aforementioned activities with *Hazoor (rahimahullah)*.



I also remember *Hazoor* as he became ill and his *Khutbas* were cut ever-increasingly short. Though painful, this still struck me with awe—how great of a man *Hazoor (rahimahullah)* must be to be able to perform all of his infinite duties while not feeling well.

I will forever remember the jolly, rosy, compassionate and loving *Hazoor (rahimahullah)*; but in my brain, the lasting memory will be of *Hazoor* resting in his coffin, eyes closed, in a deep and never ending slumber, fully relaxed after a lifetime of accomplishment after accomplishment, having finally reached the ultimate destination of life—the Beloved Creator.



# HOW CAN WE BECOME BETTER WAQIFIN-I-NAU

**Sister Sadiqa Mian**

Our beloved late Khalifa, Hadrat Mirza Tahir Ahmad rahimahullah started the scheme of Waqf-i-Nau on April 3, 1987. This year we witnessed the tragic demise of this great leader. One way to establish his legacy is to follow his instructions and make the schemes he initiated a success. As Waqf-i-Nau children we have an enormous responsibility to make the dream of our beloved Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV rahimahullah come true.

We should always remember that we are Waqifeen-i-Nau and that we are the Mujahideen and leaders of the new century of Islam. As a first step to being a good Waqf-i-Nau child we should learn to take pride in our Waqf. We should feel honored and

grateful that Allah chose us to be the children of this blessed and holy scheme. Only if we understand the significance of being a Waqf-i-Nau child and take pride in being a Waqf-i-Nau child, will we be able to transform ourselves into the children that Hazoor rahimahullah had envisioned us to be. It is our responsibility to pray all the time for our Waqf to be accepted by Allah. We should also pray that Allah guides us on the right path and makes us worthy of the leadership for the next era in the glory of Islam.

As a Waqf-i-Nau child, it is required that we follow our syllabus regularly. Jama'at has printed books for Waqf-i-Nau children called the *Nisab* or syllabus. They are for different age groups. We should learn all that is needed for our age group and keep up with the syllabus. It is our own obligation to be responsible about learning all the material in the *nisab*. This is what being a Waqif-i-Nau is all about. We should also read the five sermons of our late Khalifa Hadrat Mirza Tahir Ahmad rahimahullah about Waqf-i-Nau. They offer enormous guidelines about how to be a good and responsible Waqif-i-Nau.

We should keep a close contact with the Jama'at. We belong to the Jama'at of Promised Messiah 'alaihissalam which is a divinely created Jama'at. We should become active, committed and devoted Ahmadis, taking part in every Jama'at activity. As we become of age, that is, seven years, we should join the *Nasirat-ul-Ahmadiyya* or *Atfal-ul-Ahmadiyya*, and regularly participate in its activities.

It is also very important to write to our beloved Khalifa. Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV rahimahullah once said that it made him very happy when he received letters from Waqf-i-Nau children. In one of his sermons he said, "*Some times I get letters (from Waqf-i-Nau children) that are a few lines from start to the*



*end. The young child thinks he is writing a letter to me. I really enjoy such letters, because they are one way to create the love of Khalifa in the hearts of these children right from their childhood.”*

We should write letters to our beloved Khalifa requesting him to pray for us as well as asking him for guidance in various matters of our life.

In our own lives we should strive to be good Ahmadi Muslims. We should offer five daily Prayers, read Quran and pray regularly to Allah. We should learn Quranic prayers as well as the prayers offered by Hadrat Muhammad sallallahu 'alaihi wa sallam and Promised Messiah 'alaihissalam and try to offer them regularly.

We should strive to get a good, solid and vast religious knowledge. We should learn how to recite Quran in a beautiful way. We should learn Quran, Hadith, Islamic rules and regulations as well as the history of Islam and Ahmadiyat.

In addition to getting religious education, it is essential that we try to be the best in our secular (non-religious) education. Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV rahimahullah had great expectations from us. We should try to be the best students in our class, keeping up with studies and aiming for the highest grades.

In addition to education from school, we should try to increase our general knowledge by reading books and magazines.

We should be in the habit of reading good books and ask our parents and teachers to choose good books for us.

It is important to participate in sports as well. Exercise is good for our physical health. We should also try to participate in extracurricular activities in our school. Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV rahimahullah wanted the Waqf-i-Nau children to have the

*akhlaq fadila* or highest moral standards. We should follow our Imam's instructions and try to be truthful, loyal, honest, generous and patient. We should be pleasant in our manners and attitudes.

Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV rahimahullah had laid great emphasis on learning three languages... Arabic, Urdu and a local language. We should keep this in mind and try to learn these languages. If our school offers other languages, we should take advantage of the opportunity. If our parents are Urdu speaking, we should learn reading and writing Urdu from them. Otherwise, we can make Urdu-speaking friends in Jama'at and practice speaking Urdu with them.

It is important to participate in different Jama'at chanda schemes and we should try to give some money from our own allowance. This act would definitely please Allah and He will send more blessings upon us.

We should watch programs on MTA about Waqifin-i-Nau children and watch Friday sermons regularly. MTA is a blessing for us and we should try to reap maximum benefit from it.

These are some of the ways in which we can strive to be a good Waqfeen-i-Nau. It is up to Allah to guide and keep us on the straight path. We should all pray that Allah makes us good Ahmadi Muslims and Waqifeen-i-Nau and through us make the vision of Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV rahimahullah come true. Amin.



# A Loss and A Gain

Wajeeha Choudhary

I was awakened by the sound of my sister's voice whispering dreadful news to me. It was an early Saturday morning and I rushed down the stairs to see if it was true.

It was. My mother had MTA on and was watching with tears streaming down her cheeks. As I heard it too, my eyes watered and my mouth opened with shock. Soon I realized it was true: my beloved Khalifa had passed on. An empty hole in my heart was now being filled with a flood of tears and sorrow. Everyone in my family was in awe. They sat gloomily, emptying their minds of any other thoughts.

That day passed by very slowly. We would weep for our loss, and then look back on all the memories he left behind. All the times in Children's Class when he would laugh and play with the children, freeing his mind of all worries. All that we had learned from him through his books and classes. Oh! How much I miss him! My heart is feeling heavy as I write this. But those memories will live with me forever and ever.

It was a Tuesday when I came home from school to find my mother and sister sitting on the couch with their eyes glued to the T.V. screen. After seeing what they were watching, I joined them. Again, I was speechless. My eyes couldn't believe what they were seeing, but my heart knew it was true. "*A picture is worth a thousand words.*" Not only did this picture express a thousand words but a thousand people. Ahmadis from all over the world lined up by rows on the small road outside of Fazl Mosque, London; the road I had walked only a little over a year ago. They watched in utter silence; praying and shedding tears quietly as the night wore on.



Young Sahibzadah  
Mirza Tahir Ahmad,  
later to be the  
Khalifatul-Masih IV,  
rahimahullah,  
seated on the left.

At last an uproar of cheers exploded after many long and wearisome hours. But those hours were all worth it: our Khalifa was chosen. Oh, how happy we were! Tears of joy dripped from our faces as his name was announced: *Hadrat* Mirza Masroor Ahmad, the fifth successor of the Promised Messiah (‘alaihiassalam).

As my mother phoned my father at work to tell him about the joyous news, I felt a sense of relief. A khalifa is like a father to us all, a spiritual father. Not knowing whom our next khalifa would be created a fear inside me, a fear I hoped not to have to feel again. My fear turned into relief and I thanked my Allah for answering my prayers for a new father, a new spiritual father. I had lost a man of God, but gained another. I had lost a father but gained another.

# An Experience of Catharsis

Khullat Munir

“Experience is not what happens to a man; it is what a man does with what happens to him.” So says Aldous Huxley, a man held in great reverence in the field of science. I find his words very fitting, as God has not only granted me the most consecrated of experiences, I have also been allowed to manifest my gratitude by relaying my experience to our Nasirat and Atfal across the nation.

The news of the bereavement of our beloved Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih Rabi (rahimahullah), no doubt, startled everyone into a state of shock on Saturday morning. Similarly, my encounter on this knowledge occurred in a dire situation. My family and I were on our way back from a camping trip when we stopped over at McDonald’s, where we checked our messages. There we were given the news, and to put it lightly, we won’t ever forget that McDonald’s. Some of you may be familiar with George Henry Lewis and his axiom, “The only cure for grief is action.” True to his words, we felt helpless. Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV had left behind in his legacy MTA, enabling us to watch all the events in London through live television, but what paths of action were open to us? My father left for London on Sunday morning. By that time, many of our jama’at members had left. It had never occurred to me to pursue

my own fleeting thoughts of going to London myself until I heard that another teenager from my jama'at also went to London on his own. At that point in time, I became enraged at myself for letting this opportunity out of my grasp, saying that I would never forgive myself for not taking this chance and even asking my parents if I could go. Praying that all hope was not lost, I asked my parents if they would allow me to go to London. On the argument that the Janaza (Funeral Services) had been scheduled for Wednesday the 23rd, that this was a once in a lifetime opportunity, and that I happened to be on spring break for the week, my parents consented. Overjoyed at my good fortune, I altogether forgot why I was even going to London. It was only when I was on my way to the airport that the magnitude of my action hit me. I, a fifteen-year-old Nasirah, was going to London to witness the dawn of a new era. I felt very blessed, indeed, that I had the God-given opportunity to be one of the many Ahmadis united in London for such an excellent cause. Not only would this be a time for personal growth, I would be representing my dear mother's and grandfather's presence, for they were not able to accompany me on this sojourn.

I left on Monday night, and reached my destination on Tuesday night, right before the commencement of the election. The London jama'at had provided transport straight to the Fazl Masjid, where the elections were taking

place. Upon our disembarkment from the final segment of our journey, our driver took us as close to the masjid as possible, for, to our astonishment, waves of people had concentrated right out on the street. The number of women present was so magnanimous in itself that, not only was there not sufficient room in the masjid, but we were leaking out of the entrance to the sizable tennis courts off Gressenhall Road. All these women with their children sacrificed personal comfort, and were there in the bitter cold of the night to take place in this historical moment.

After about a hiatus of an hour and a half, at around 11:40 PM, the speakers statically crackled into life. Without warning, there was a mad rush of bodies to gather around the speakers, anxiously awaiting the results of this venerated election that would alter the rest of their lives. Imam Rashed Sahib made the announcement in highly formal Urdu, thereby making it incomprehensible to people like me. Disappointed in my failure to make the most of this event, I tried to talk with the surrounding people about the announcement. However, we were given little time to converse, as mobs of women were pushing towards the entrance of the courts, in effort to get out on the streets. Adrenaline pumping, we quickly found our way out among the throng of people in the street. Awaiting instruction, I looked around myself and realized that I was completely trapped in a sea of women and children. Everywhere I



looked, there were circles of people, facing towards the lighted green masjid that looked so beautiful in the pitch black of night. In due time, our already beloved Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih Khamis (ayyadahullah)'s voice graced the speakers, and we heard his voice for the first time, saying, "Assalamu Alaikum." Then, taking all the power God had bestowed upon him, he said one word: "Baith ja'eeye" (sit down). Though we later found out that this command was meant for the people inside the masjid, everyone outside felt the incessant urge to heed his request. Disregarding the dirty black pavement of the street that we were standing upon, we all sat down. It mattered not whether we were uncomfortable; it mattered not whether we were fatigued; we sat down in awe of this majestic voice that we all had unconditional love for. Thus, we took bai'at at Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih Khamis (ayyadahullah)'s hands. As I repeated the words in reflective obedience, I could hear heart felt cries and moans from the women around me.

Moved by such a display of love for a man that no one even knew, and overwhelmed by the magnanimity of the situation, I felt compelled to cry myself: if not for our beloved khalifa, simply for the fact that everyone else was crying. Upon reflecting back on this experience, I remember one of the children's classes, in which Hadrat Mirza Tahir Ahmad (rahimahullah) stated that even if you don't hold the element of the emotion at hand, you should try to cry

anyway for the love of God. From the bai'at on Tuesday night, I feel as if I now understand the quintessence of that message. The display of love that night put even Steinbeck's phalanx theory into a palatable light. A person doesn't have to inherently have charisma, grace, or a favorable complexion when God is with them—because God, in his great bounty, bestows His grace upon His men. When Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih V, ayyadahullah, gave the one command to sit, it was continuing the story started by Hadrat Musleh Mau'ud (radiyallahu 'anhu), who gave the same request at the time of his election. An uncle of mine who was on duty told me afterwards that he was trying to get all the men on the streets to settle down when Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih V, ayyadahullah, delivered his address. While all on duty failed to quiet the men, Huzoor's one word of commandment tamed everyone without question. Such miracles are only seen when God is at work.

The following day, Wednesday the 23rd, the international bai'at and Janaza prayer took place in Islamabad. A local jamaat member told me that it normally takes 2 to 3 months to prepare the tents in Islamabad for jalsa. But now, with less than a week's notice, and with the eager willingness shown by all the jama'at members, accommodation was ready for all 28,000 people present. With tenacious unity guided by Allah, the London jama'at was able to achieve nothing short of a miracle.

From outside the women’s tent, I was able to see the crane in the air from which the MTA crew was recording the historical event. A sense of pride built up within me as I observed all this. Once again, I realized what a fortunate situation I was in, and was very thankful.

Later the same day, the American and Canadian jama’ats had their mulaqats with Huzoor. The women all crowded around the proportionately small masjid in Islamabad. Aunty Shanaz Butt was present, once again fulfilling her dutiful role as leader, organizing and directing the women. Whereas most people had had the opportunity to watch MTA and see Huzoor, my stay in the hotel had proved imprudent in one way—I had no TV to watch from. Therefore, I hadn’t actually seen Huzoor until the time of my mulaqat. After a brief interval of waiting in the main hall of the Islamabad masjid, the women were allowed to have our “viewing,” as they called it. Aunty Shanaz requested for us to say “Salam” and move on in the line. My anticipation grew, as my turn to enter into the tiny room approached. When I was finally in the doorway, the first thing I had a glimpse of was his turban. My chachu (paternal uncle) had said the previous night, “Pagri un ko sajti hai” (his turban looks good on him). Indeed, it was very fitting. A few steps more, and I saw Huzoor—all of him. One glance was all that was needed—so overcome was I by his grandeur, I cast my gaze downward. His presence seemed to fill the

entirety of the small room. I was just about to reach him, when the woman ahead of me stopped the line and started talking to Huzoor about her daughter. A surge of anger rose through me—she was going to take the only second I'd have with Huzoor. I passed swiftly behind her, and gave my Salam to Huzoor in a rather loud voice—much louder than I intended.

Ashamed of my impertinence, I paused briefly and dared to lift my head again, to see if he had noticed. He slowly turned away from the woman and looked at me straight in the face and said, "Wa 'alaikumussalam." His voice was benevolent and giving, and despite the obvious fatigue that was written in his body, a light smile played on his face. With that, I was satisfied, and my meaning was fulfilled. I walked out of the room in a content and at peace.

On Thursday, the next day, I went to the site of Baitul-Futuh, another masjid being built in London. Masha'allah, it seems to be mostly complete, and indeed very grand. There were numerous offices in the recesses of the building, which was used during the construction of Baitul-Futuh. I had the honor of viewing the various halls, as well as the vast homeopathy treasury and architecture plans of the new masjid.

The same evening, I went to see Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih Rabi (rahimahullah)'s grave, on the grounds of Islamabad. It was past midnight, and the usual crowd of

bystanders was gone, leaving only the security guards outside the gate. Because I had arrived on late Tuesday night, I had missed the viewing of his coffin. After saying a short prayer, I stood in tranquil silence, lost in thought. Everyone would have to face a point of closure at some time; for me, that time was now. The Huzoor who had met the tribulation of persecution in Pakistan, the Huzoor who had challenged Zia-ul-Haq, the Huzoor who had seen the Quran translated into 50 languages, the Huzoor who had seen five million converts only in the past year, the Huzoor who had established MTA, the Huzoor who had named me, my siblings, and thousands of others worldwide—he was gone from this world, leaving a magnificent legacy that would be absolutely immutable in our memories, and will be integrated into the education of the generations to come. Chapter 55, verse 27 of the Quran states, “Kullu man ‘alaiha fan.” (All that is on the earth will pass away.) In his place, however, we have Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih Khamis (ayyadahullah). May his khilafat be filled with many years of peace and prosperity.

Like many of our jama‘at members, I stayed for the first Jumu‘a with our new khalifa. Once again, the Fazl Masjid was simply overflowing with people. This predicament was foreseen, as I was informed later that the local London jama‘at was asked not to attend this Jumu‘a, so that they would be able to accommodate the guests. As

I'm sure all of you heard that day, the sermon was based on Al-Mujeeb, or the answerer of prayers.

Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih Khamis, ayyadahullah, commenced by referring to Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih



Rabi (rahimahullah), and his first sermon, which was on the same topic. At hearing this, many older women started sobbing. They were content, and, all doubt, if there was ever any, had been removed from their hearts, that, indeed, Hadrat Mirza Masroor Ahmad (ayyadahullah) was the beloved khalifa that Allah had chosen for us.

By the grace of Allah, I came home safely on Sunday night. It was an arduous journey, but the week-long experience is forever emblazoned in my memory. I still don't fully understand what my purpose was to be there, but I am grateful, nonetheless. Though my experience can be described as spiritual, to say the least, I also saw the dexterity of human nature. Our hearts may be burdened with sadness, but only then may we truly feel happiness and appreciation for the gifts we are given from God.

## What does your name mean?

The articles in the this issue show our love and compassion for our Khulafa who followed the Promised Messiah, ‘alaihiissalam. We respect them, honor them, and obey them because of the status and honor bestowed on them by the Almighty. Our parents want their children to be like them. The parents also see blessings in giving their children the blessed names of our Khulafa. Many of us have names after our Khulafa and want to know the meanings of these names.

The word Nur or Noor means light, brightness, illumination. So Nur al-Din means, light of the faith. It also is written as Nuruddin, Nooruddin, Nooruddeen, Nuruddeen, Nur-ud-Din, Noor-ud-Din, Noor-ud-Deen, and Nur-ud-Deen. This was the name of our first Khalifa who lead the Jama‘at from 1908 to 1914 in difficult times after the demise of the Promised Messiah, ‘alaihiissalm.

Mahmud (or Mahmood) stands for praised, commended, lauded. Bashir or Basheer represents bearer of glad tidings, bringer of good news. These were the names of our second Khalifa who lead the community for more than half a century from 1914 to 1965.

Nāsir means helper, supporter, defender, protector. This was the name of our third Khalifa from 1965 to 1982 who expanded our Jama‘at’s medical and educational services in Africa. He was the first Khalifa to visit the US.

Tāhir stands for clean, pure, immaculate. This was the name of our fourth Khalifa from 1982 to 2003. His accomplishments and character are mentioned in the previous pages of this issue.

Masroor (or Masrur) represents happy, glad, delighted, pleased, cheerful, joyful, joyous. This is the name of our present Khalifa who took office this year. May he be the most joyous person on the face of the earth. Āmīn.



## There is Wisdom in All Creation

*By Hadrat Mirza Bashiruddin Mahmud Ahmad,  
Khalifatul-Masih II, radiyallahu ‘anhu  
(1889-1965)*

Whatever is in the heavens and in the earth glorifies Him, the Lord and the Creator.

Every atom in the world bears witness that there cannot be an objection to whatever He does. Though some things may appear to be objectionable during a superficial view, but whenever they are researched, man will have to accept that every action of Allah the Almighty is flawless and filled with wisdom.

A joke is well known that a mulla-minded person visited a garden once. He observed that a tall mango tree bore small fruit while a large pumpkin was attached to a delicate vine crawling on the ground.

He lied down to take a nap under the same mango tree. He was asleep that suddenly a mango broke of a branch and struck his head with force. He got up all perplexed and said, Forgive me God, now I understand your wisdom. If the pumpkin had fallen on me from a tall tree, I would have died.

(From Sochnai ki batain, 1981, p. 62)

Presented in English by Syed Sajid Ahmad

# Hundred Years Ago

*Syed Sajid Ahmad*

About a hundred years ago, Hadrat Mirza Bashiruddin Mahmud Ahmad, radiyallahu 'anhu, saw a beautiful dream. He was just fourteen to fifteen years old when he saw this dream in 1902 or 1903. Hadrat Mirza Bashiruddin Mahmud Ahmad, radiyallahu 'anhu, later came to be our second khalifa from 1914 to 1965.

In his dream, he saw a statue like the ones we see in parks or city squares. He saw that there was a child on the pedestal. The child was extending his hands towards the skies. It seemed as if the child was calling someone.

Then a beautiful lady descended from the skies. She was wearing colorful clothes whose colors were unfamiliar to the dreamer. The lady descended on the pedestal and spread her wings. She bowed towards the child. The child too bowed towards her like children scramble towards their mothers to seek their affection. She started caressing the child like a mother.

At that moment, the following English words occupied the tongue of the young Hadrat Mirza Bashiruddin Mahmud Ahmad,

***Love Creates Love.***

Hadrat Mirza Bashiruddin Mahmud Ahmad at that time, during his dream, felt that the child was Jesus (Hadrat Isa, 'alaihissalam) and the lady was Mary (Hadrat Maryam, 'alaihassalam).

This dream shows his piety and spiritual excellence at a very young age. Also it has a beautiful message for all humanity to follow to attain peace and harmony among individuals, families, communities, and nations. The message is, *love creates love*.

(From Ru'ya-o-Kushuf Sayyidina Mahmud, pp. 5-6.)

## Glossary

Aḥmadiyyat احمديت : Muslim sect believing Ḥaḍrat Mirzā Ghulām Aḥmad to be the Promised Messiah and Maḥdi, peace be on him

Aḥmadi احمدى : A follower of Ḥaḍrat Mirzā Ghulām Aḥmad, the Promised Messiah, peace be on him.

‘alaihissalam: peace be on him

Amīr, Ameer: امير Commander, Head

Assalamu 'alaikum: peace be on you

Bukhārī: بخارى : The most reliable source of the sayings of the Holy Prophet Muhammad, peace and blessings of Allah be on him.

Hadith حديث : Saying of the Holy Prophet Mohammad, sallallahu alaihi wasallam.

Ḥaḍrat, Hazrat, Hadhrat: حضرت : His Holiness

inshā'allah: God willing

Khalifatul-Masih خليفة المسيح : Successor to the Promised Messiah, ‘alaihissalam.

Majlis مجلس : Society, organization. Plural: Majalis.

raḍiyallāhu 'anhu: رضى الله عنه : May Allah be pleased with him.

Şadr صدر : President.

Şāḥibzādah: صاحبزاده Son of a respected person, respected gentleman.

Şallallāhu ‘alaihi wasallam صلى الله عليه وسلم : peace and blessings of Allah be upon him.

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Hadrat Khalifatul-Masih IV rahimahullah with children.

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