

Muhammad, son of Abdullah

Muhammad son of Abdullah, the Love of Allah Most High, the prophet who brought the true religion of Islam, our Last Prophet (and Allah shall dispense no other prophet after him), had endowed us with a special gift—the Al-Qur’an. Allah chose Muhammad to impart this precious gift as he was the most noble amongst all the previous prophets. If Moses was the Friend of God, then Muhammad was the Love of Allah.

He was born on the 12th of Rabiul Awal, in the Year of the Elephant. So named because that was when the angry King of Yemen, Abrahah, and his Army mounted on elephants tried to destroy the Kaabah. Why he wanted to do that is a long story that began even longer before the prophet’s birth. The King wanted to make his country famous by building a grandiose church that could compete with the Kaaba in attracting visitors and pilgrims. The country’s best architects and builders were thus deployed and tens of thousands of dinars poured into the project. The days turned into months, and the months to years, and the expensive edifice was finally built. Alas, that beautiful monument attracted no one. Even migratory birds did not stop there. Soon it was defiled by vagrants as people continued to visit and trade in Mecca instead. That made the king angry and he vowed to destroy the Kaaba in Mecca.

So the King dispatched his army of thousands mounted on elephants to destroy that shrine in Mecca. They were met at the Kaaba by its custodian, one Abu Mutalib. The King told him that he wanted to destroy it. Mutalib replied in a calm manner that the Kaaba belong to God and that He will protect and save what is His. Whereupon the King marched his army to destroy the place where Prophet Ismail had grown up.

Built by Prophet Ibrahim and his son, the Ka’aba faced the prospect of being destroyed, with only the memories remaining in the history books. But God protects what is His. So at the very moment of the attack, God sent forth a huge flock of *ababil* birds, each carrying in its beak a pebble that had been plucked from Hell, while carrying two more, clutched in each claw. The birds pelted those pebbles onto the invading army. God in His Miraculous Power had made those pebbles light and not hot while they were being ferried by the

birds. However, once released they regained their original properties of being hot and heavy. Thus was the invading army destroyed, like leaves eaten by pests. Such was Allah's power! What He commands, will be so!

That was the year our great prophet was born. He was orphaned at a very young age, his father died before he was born. Alas all that lived must die! What impressed me about our prophet was his steely endurance considering that he was only four when his mother, Siti Aminah Binti Wahab, too died, in Abuah. She died after taking Muhammad to visit his father's grave in Medina.

Muhammad involved himself in trading during his youth. He never cheated, be involved in corrupt practices, or sold haram goods. By age 30 he married his employer, Siti Khadijah Binti Khuwalid. She was impressed by his honesty when conducting trading. They were blessed with eight children. Allah however, had chosen Muhammad to be His Last Prophet. There will be no more prophets following him. There may be a prophet when he was alive but none after he died. It was said that after The Last Prophet died, one Musailamah Al-Kazzab (may the curse of Allah be upon him!) proclaimed himself Prophet. That triggered the gruesome War of Yamamah, pitting the followers of Khalid Al Walid and the non-believers under the command of Musailamah himself.

Early in his prophethood, Muhammad, *s.a.w.*, went to Taif to preach and proselytize. He was hoping to convert the majority of the population there but instead he was met with hostility by their leaders. Nonetheless he never lost hope and continued his preaching with the masses despite their hurling stones, excrements, and other assorted rubbish at him. They encouraged their kids to chase and humiliate the Prophet, *s.a.w.*, such that his shoes were filled with blood. The angels came to his help, telling the Prophet, *s.a.w.*, that they could make the mountains swallow the whole city to avenge the cruelty of its citizens upon him. The Prophet, *s.a.w.*, did not want that to happen. The Angels repeated their offer of help and promised that the earth would swallow the city should the prophet's blood drop to the ground. The Prophet, *s.a.w.*, pondered the offer and then prayed that the city instead give birth to a Muslim in their midst. Thus was born one Muhammad Bin Harith. He grew up to be a great Muslim military commander.

I am proud of my prophet's bravery in war. One day I hope to be like him. It was reported that once the Prophet, *s.a.w.*, heard news of the movements of the Roman army and thus readied himself for war. His military commander at the time was Ibnu Zahid Al-Harithah, who was only 16 at the time. Despite his youth the qualities of his leadership was high and thus the Prophet, *s.a.w.*, entrusted him with the leadership of the Muslim army. The Romans had a force of over 100,000 while the Muslims, only 3,000. Nonetheless the Prophet, *s.a.w.*, never wavered in his courage. Likewise his companions; they too willingly sacrificed their lives in the cause of Islam.

If we Malaysians were to be blessed with such individuals, the Portuguese, Dutch, British and others would never have colonized us. As such we should emulate the leadership principles of our Prophet, *s.a.w.*, to govern our country. That is the formula that would protect our sovereignty . Our Prophet, *s.a.w.*, was not intimidated by an enemy of 100,000. What he feared was Allah, and only Him!

One hundred thousand enemies? Can Malays face that? I have watched the movie "Mat Kilau" many times but I still do not understand the story. Am I watching it out of boredom? We had been colonized for over 500 years, yet our people have yet to understand what colonialism is. Merdeka! Freedom! What is the meaning of freedom? To have fun? No! That is not the meaning of freedom. If the late Tengku Abdul Rahman had not negotiated for our independence, what would be our fate now? Like the Palestinians? A bleeding Gaza? Instead, what are Muslims doing? Playing Tik Tok? That is not our culture. That is not the culture of Muslims. So let us emulate our great Prophet, *s.a.w.*, in leading our nation.

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