

March 10, 2014
Vol. 1, No. 4

What Prayers Can Do

Sarjo Trawalley, Boston

In October 2008, my wife was expecting our fourth child. I was at work when I received a call from the hospital telling me that the blood test of my wife showed that our unborn daughter had Down syndrome. We were called to the hospital to discuss our options with the doctor. The doctor explained to us the seriousness of the situation and advised us that we needed to make a decision whether to abort the pregnancy. She said that we had a window of only about a week to abort. She explained that if we decided not to abort the pregnancy, our child would be dependent on others for her entire life. She offered to abort the pregnancy on that same day.



My wife asked me what to do. I said, “We need to contact our spiritual leader, our dear Khalifah, to seek his advice.” The doctor said, “Your spiritual leader has nothing to do with the decision about your child.” I retorted, “Yes, he does.” I explained to her, “We are Ahmadi Muslims. We seek God's guidance on everything we want to do in our life. The Khalifah is a successor to God's prophet so we seek his advice in important matters such as this one.” The doctor asked, “Where does your Khalifah live?” Having learned that Huzoor (may Allah be his helper) lived in London, she explained that we did not have enough time to consult someone in another country. I insisted that we still had one week to decide. The doctor then said that she wanted to do another test and that we would know the result of that test in a week at which time we would see her again. She gave us her business card with her direct line and cell phone number and said that she could explain to the Khalifah how serious the matter was.

Later that day, I faxed a letter to our beloved Huzoor explaining everything and also attached a scanned copy of the doctor's business card. The next day, I called Huzoor's Private Secretary inquiring whether my fax had been received. He said that there were more than 500 faxes at the fax machine that had not yet been sorted. He suggested that if I could fax it again he would give it to Huzoor. He also mentioned that Huzoor was to travel to Germany the next day. I sent the fax again and called him. He confirmed that he had received the fax and promised to give it to Huzoor after Zuhr Prayer.

When a couple of days passed and I did not hear from Huzoor's office, I felt discouraged. I contemplated as to what we would do when we see the doctor in a few days. The sixth day, as I was en route to my home from work, I received a call from the in charge of English Correspondence in London. She said that she had a letter for me from Huzoor. She said what she was about to tell me were Huzoor's own words. Huzoor had said, “Your unborn child is as healthy as other children. Do not abort this pregnancy if you are a true Ahmadi.” She said she would fax the letter to me. I rushed back to my work to collect the fax. As the fax landed in my hands, I felt extremely elated and joyous and said to myself that there was nothing as powerful as a sincere prayer. I realized that Huzoor's prayer had been accepted. I wanted to reach home as soon as possible to share this blessed news with my wife.

Allah Will Send Angels to This Place

Nasir Bukhari, Detroit

Mubarak Khan's tears shed with ease. They are ever ready to depart from him even in normal daily conversation let alone when he is fully engrossed in Salat and face to face with his Creator.

From the 50s through the 70s, most members of the Detroit Jama'at were African American. During the 70s, the Jama'at began to take shape and members started congregating for Prayers. The need for Jama'at members to gather became eminent. Why am I telling you this?—trust me, there is a connection.

Brothers Fazil, Hanif, Aleem, Wahab, and Mubarak were regulars at Jumu'ah Prayer in the 70s. They would pray in the Ahmadiyya Masjid on Wyoming Avenue near downtown Detroit. Brother Hanif would drive all the way from Chicago to join in, and lead. Mubarak Khan and his tears were also regulars at Jumu'ah. He would travel over an hour using two buses from downtown Detroit to get to the mosque. By the time he was done praying he would dry his eyes and look around as if waiting for more worshippers to enter the mosque. He did not lose hope—only tears—even when nothing changed for many weeks. Brother Hanif from Chicago had sensed this agitation in Mubarak Khan for many Jumu'ahs now. He came near one day and whispered in his ear, “Don't worry Mubarak; Allah will send angels to this place.”

As I completed my Sunnah Prayer after Jumu'ah one day, I looked around. The mosque was filled with worshippers. There was a dignified, solemn, and elegant gathering around me. Just before getting up to meet and greet, I reminisced for a moment and thought of what Brother Hanif had whispered over 20 years ago, “....Allah will send angels to this place.” —“ain't that the truth,” I thought to myself.

Today, the Ahmadiyya mosque in Detroit is known as Baitul Muzaffar and since then Allah has blessed the Jama'at with Masjid Mahmood in the suburbs of Detroit. As I look back, I do not disagree with what Brother Hanif had said—I would, however add, “He already did.”



Brother Aleem and Mubarak Khan



Brothers Hasan Abdullah and Hanif



Muzaffar Ahmad Zafar with friends