

Pictures of reality

A story of affection

Undoubtedly, one of the significant elements in absorbing hearts to islam, and the revelation happens in its light, was the holy prophet's virtues and his successors in the case that if someone claims his morality can guide people better than miracles even, does not exaggerated.

A story to clear this more:

Imam sadiq, "one of jewish youth loved holy prophet very much and came to see him a lot, in this way their friendship grew. When the holy prophet needed someone to do s.th for him, he asked the jewish man to do it or when he would like to send a letter, he sent him. Once, several days passed and the youth did not come to him, the holy prophet asked, "where is he?" one of his companions replied, "he was sick and he is in the death bed now." the holy prophet came to see him accompanying a group of his fellows.

One of the characteristics of the holy prophet was that he called no one unless they answered. Besides the youth sick bed he called the youth, he opened his eyes and said, "yes o abul ghasem". He said, "say I witness there is no God but the only God and I am his messenger."

The youth took a look at his father and said nothing. The holy prophet called him twice and said it again. Again he took a look at his father and kept silence. Finally the youth looked at his father and said, "if you want to say it, you are free, and if you don't you are free again, "the youth with no hesitation said the sentence and passed away. Then the holy prophet ordered to get him to take ablution and covered and then he said a prayer for him.

A free man

Allameh helli narrated once imam mosa ibn jafar was passing by the house of boshir hafi in baghdad and he heard singing and playing music from inside. At this very time a maid came out of that home, taking out garbage.

Mosa ibn jafar asked her "is the house lord free or a servant?"

She answered: "he is free"

Imam replied: "you're right! If he was a servant, he was afraid and embarrassed of his master.

When the maid came back home, boshir was drinking alcohol, he asked: "why are you so late?"

Kaniz explained what happened. Boshir uncovered his head, ran out of home bare-foot, followed imam, reached him, cried and apologized. He came back to his home, collected what music instruments that he had, broke them and walked bare free since then.⁹

And let's think! Those who are entering training themselves with forbidden music or videos, Are free or servant? If they know themselves free, let them alone. But if they still know them servant of God and follower of infallible imams so according to this verse "asra" there are responsible and should be accountable to God.

The familiar voice of yunus¹⁰

The woman was kneading the dough, squeezing a piece of it in her hand, and murmuring, "last night I had a dread. Sea was stormy and our boat on it. Boatman's back was to us. We were going on to the darkness and a familiar voice was calling us from our behind. When I returned, moon was sinking in the huge waves. I was afraid. We were afraid."

The man, now, was sinking in thoughts. It was about for weeks a black cloud was over the city. It was for days no plant has been grown. No trees carry leaves and it was only owls who were singing.

⁹ . Montahi Al-Amal, Mohaddes Qumi, chap. 2, topic. 7

¹⁰ MojganKalhor

The woman cried, "oh, our Gods do not see this misfortune? Do not hear our pleads?" the man was still thinking. One dark night, on his way home, he heard a voice saying, " oh God! It is for years i've been advised people but they didn't take my advice, did not believe me and did take my order and continued worshipping their idols. They have no belief in you; let them alone to stay in their ignorance. .. They worship things which bring them no benefit and no harm. They say these are our savor in front of God. I told them for years God is pure, and far from having any partner... "

The man has felt that suffered man, like a lonely tree in desert, was withered. The next day, when the shining sun hanging from the sky, invited people to start their day, and uproar of passengers overpasses the silence of "neinava", he saw that lonely man again who was walking so exhausted it seemed his feet are not his. He stepped in the crowd street. A sarcastic laughter hindered his way, "huh! Yunus! Do you come again to prohibit us from sticking to our fathers' beliefs? Huh! But we will not come to believe you."

And yunus pointing to the far horizon, saying, "will you believe in God if God sends his torture to you? If my reminding of God bothers you, I will abandon you. So the torture that you are waiting for and calling upon will come to you. "

The man, the exhausted man, yunus, turned his back to neinava and went away. He returned from the same path once he walked through toward the city.

- When he left us, the sun lost as well.

The man took a look at his wife. She said something upon piercing her nail into the cloth. Then he stood up, kneeling in front of his stone God.

The woman said, "the more they search for him, the less they could find news of him. I guess he is nearby"

The man extended his hand and touched the knees of the idol. It was cold. His hand shivered. The nail pierced the woman's finger. Sucking her injured finger, she saw the man picked up the figure; the woman stood up terrified. "shame on you! No, have mercy on us..." the woman cried.

And he, with his shaking hands, put the stone God down. He was scared to death.

Neinava was still replete with darkness. The new arrival, standing among people, was telling stories; stories of wonders of the world: "i myself saw a huge fish swallowed him."

-how?

- who was he?

And the man perceiving their eager spoke aloud, the shades of some birds fell on the ship. The dismal look of all on board was fixed on the raged waves. The shipman shouted, for sure there is a sinful person among us!

The sun hides behind clouds. An old man grasped the deck and stood up. Putting his hand on his head, he made a shade over his eyes and shouted, lets draw lots! It seems there is a sinful person among us for whom we are going to this torture.

Then they took lots seven times but each time it was him.

They asked, what's your name?

He answered, yunus ibn matti.

The shipman said, oh yunus! There is no way left. You know you commit a sin and life of these innocent people depends on you. In your death there is their life. But if you stay they will die. Yunus! All of them, all!

Yunus stared to the sky; to the sun which ran away; to the lightening tearing the hearts of the clouds; to a big fish nearby; to the people whose life was at his hand. He murmured, I gave them good news of their high place in his realm but they said I am a wizard. I told them if God desires you torture as fast as you desire goodness for yourself your death was imminent.

I told them to put your idols down. God is your lord. Why don't you take my advice? And they sarcastically called me a liar. Should I keep being patient? Should I advice them more? Advice the ones who hang to their stone Gods? Like earrings to the ears?

And the ship man ordered to throw him to the sea. The people on board calm down, their heads down. The huge waves stopped and sky became blue. The sun started to appear slowly from behind the clouds.

When the narrator of this story halted an old man said, he was yunus. The one who hide from us.

Another man said, and this dark cloud is a punishment he desired for us.

The flames of fire raised their heads to the sky. The residence of neinava was staring at the fire, burning their idols. Their hand-made idols, made of wood, stone... the fire reflecting in the ruler's eyes was tremendous. He turned to people and said, if yunus left us, his God still remains. For years we called upon Gods who had no ears to hear no eyes to see. Let's call that God who is the one. In this way maybe the punishment finishes.

Then the people all kneeled down, their back to the fire, and called God, oh! God! If yunus ibn mata left us alone, you who are our God and yunus's God are still remain. We repent and come to you and believe you who are pure and above all thoughts.

They sustained their prayers for a long time. Then the dark cloud little by little passed over their city. The sun rise and day became light.

The woman dropped the straws, addressing the man entering home, look at the sunlight! Dark nesses left, it seems our home is cleaner now. I wish a guest arrives; a guest from afar.

The man looked at the sky. A kid was running in the street and shouted, he returned! The one whom we waited for.

The man involuntarily runs after him. "where is he now? Did you see him personally?" the man asked.

An old man walking with its cane, asked, how did you know him?

The kid answered, how can't I know him? I fall asleep with his words every night and wake up remembering him every morning.

And the man runs. His feet were not carrying him but the road took him; to the place which his patience would finish. He heard a familiar voice. The familiar voice remaining from years ago.

My eyes were heavy and the feet so weak unable to carry me to a shade. The sunlight was like a flame of fire on hitting my face and it seemed night, a thousand miles away, was not decided to come. I wished a drop of water and a shade to protect me from this scorching sunlight. Once I opened my eyes I found a shade over my head and a dear who donated me her milk. Due to my loneliness I paid attention to a single bush which I sat in its shade every day to use its coldness. But it dried. It was a breaking point and I was so sad. I raised my hands up to pray and said oh God! How your majesty did deprive me from this bush even when I am like this alone? Then it was a heavenly voice saying, yunus! You became so sad because of one dried bush but you asked for punishing thousands of my servants and ran away from them? How are you so sad over this petty thing? Stand up right now and return to your tribe whom are waiting for you." now, I am among you.

The man was kept listening to him with his eyes closed that the woman touched his shoulder, "this is the voice that I heard in my dream; the voice which was behind us; the voice which was calling us.", she said.

The people of neinava, eventually, cleared the way for him, gathered around him, and valued him like an ornament.