

The Night of the Witness



**Imam Ali ibn al-Husayn,
Imam al-Sajjad (PBUH)**

لبیک حسین

The one who watched, moment by moment,
the most witnessed day in history.
*"There is no power nor strength except with God,
the Most High, the Almighty."*

This was the dhikr flowing on his blessed lips—
at a time when no aid remained...

He passed by the tents of his brothers,
then the tents of the sons of Aqil,
then the companions...

No one was left.

Only the tent of the women remained—
The tent of Imam al-Sajjad shone in the eyes of his father.
He saw his son resting in illness,
and an aunt who had become
both nurse and companion everywhere...





Imam al-Sajjad (PBUH) asked:

"O my father, where is my uncle Abbas?"

And it was as if once again, the soul departed the father...

Tears welled up in the eyes of the sister as she stared at her Imam.

Lady Zaynab had not told him of the standard-bearer's
martyrdom—

for she feared the collapse of her ill nephew...

*"My son, your uncle has been killed. His hands were severed near
the Euphrates..."*

Not even a second passed before Imam al-Sajjad's
weeping filled the skies...

He fainted on the lap of his aunt.

When he regained consciousness,
he asked about his other uncles...

His heart trembled.

They had all been martyred.





Tears flowed again from his blessed eyes.

He asked once more:

*"What of my brother Ali Akbar? Habib ibn Madhahir?
Muslim ibn Awsaja? Zuhayr ibn Qayn...?"*

The voices of the youth of Bani Hashim echoed in his mind...

And the cloak...

*"My son, know only this:
in the tents, no man remains but you and I.
All have fallen... all have been martyred..."*



لبیک حسین

The weeping resumed and a cry of heartbreak arose:

"Dear Aunt! Bring me my sword and cane!"

The painful moment they had feared had arrived...

"Why do you ask for them, my son?"

With a firm voice he replied:

*"That I may lean on my cane and fight with my sword for
the son of the Messenger of God—
for life after him has no meaning."*



لبیک حسین

Farewell had to come to an end.
And the father embraced his son...

But it was only the beginning of separation.

— "My son, you are the purest of my lineage, the finest of my family.

You are my successor among these women and children.

They are alone, surrounded by grief, orphanhood, the scorn of
enemies, and the trials of time.

When they cry, comfort them.

When they tremble in fear, be their companion.

Speak softly and kindly to comfort them—

for none of their men remain to hear their sorrows but you.

Let them smell you and you smell them.

Let them weep for you and you for them." —



لبیک حسین

Then, like the day of Ghadir, the father grasped his son's hands:

"O Zaynab, O my daughters—

Hear my words and know: this son of mine is my successor
among you.

He is an Imam whose obedience is obligatory."

Then, casting one last look at the blessed face of his son,
he smiled and said:

"My son, give my greetings to my Shia.

Tell them:

My father was martyred in a state of loneliness—
so shed tears for him..."

And the cry of the women rose...





O the One Who Was Witnessed! O Sahib al-Zaman!

We must let our eyes weep again—

For Husayn's sorrow,

For Zaynab's patience,

For the captivity of Ali ibn al-Hussain...

That perhaps the darkness of our hearts may be washed away...

And perhaps our eyes may be made worthy to witness Your Beauty...

We take Imam al-Sajjad (PBUH) as our role model—

He who was among the great weepers for the tragedy of Karbala,

The one who witnessed each moment of the Karbala,

The captivity of his aunt Zaynab,

And the martyrdom of his sister Ruqayyah...

