

The Night of Reunion



مِصْبَاح
MISBAH

Lady Ruqayyah (PBUH)

كَبِيرِينَ

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

وَالَّذِينَ يَصِلُونَ مَا أَمَرَ اللَّهُ بِهِ أَنْ يُوصَلَ وَ
يَخْشَوْنَ رَبَّهُمْ وَيَخَافُونَ سُوءَ الْحِسَابِ؛

*“And those who maintain the ties which God has
commanded to be joined, and fear their Lord, and
dread an evil reckoning.”*

(Surah al-Ra'd, Verse 21)

It was the noon of thirst and separation...

عَجَابُكَ لَوْ كَانَتْ

الْحَيَاةُ مِثْلَ نَفْسٍ



Lady Sukayna said:
*"My sister Ruqayyah, come, let us cling to our
father's cloak and stop him from leaving..."*

And oh, the tears of a sorrowful father
upon hearing this...

But Lady Ruqayyah replied:
*"Father, I won't stop you. Just sit with me a little so I
can look at you. Do you want to leave us so soon?"*

And the daughter's cry filled the
father's heart with pain...



لبیک حسین

A little while after that heart-wrenching farewell
between brother and sister,
Dhuljanah stood ready, waiting for his rider...

Imam Husayn (PBUH) mounted the horse,
but no matter what he did,
the horse did not move.

And his heart trembled when he saw what lay
beneath the horse...

A crying girl had wrapped herself around the
horse's leg and held on tightly...





Then the father's soul trembled, and he opened his arms to embrace his daughter...

"My daughter! Endure patiently with your aunt. Your patience in the face of immense grief and the torment of captivity shall raise you to the station of intercession."

And then the wailing of the women rose from the tents...



لبیک حسین

Not many nights had passed when the cries of the women now echoed in the ruins of Sham...

That night, she had dreamt of her father—
and what a night it was for the Lady of Karbala,
whose heart was torn once more...

It was the night of reunion...

The head of her father had been brought to rest
beside the girl, and a three-year-old child, whose
hair had turned white and back had bent from grief,
held him close in sorrow...

Grief and pain embraced her—
and shortly thereafter,
her pure soul departed...
and Alas for Zaynab's heart...



لبیک حسین

And today, here we are, longing for reunion...
Maybe we must take inspiration from the little girl
who wept for forty days over the loss of her Imam—
and drowned the deception
of Yazid's palace in her tears...

O Aunt of the Imam of Our Time!
Here we are, with our hands stretched in
supplication to you,
asking permission to shed tears over
the absence of our Master,
so that—like you—
we may strive in this path...



سَلَامٌ مِّن قَلْبِي بِمُضَاهَاكَ مَسْرُوحٌ وَكُنْفِي عِنْدَكَ وَكَرَّكَ مَسْرُوحٌ