

The Night of Longing



**Hazrat Qasim and Abdullah
Sons of Imam Hassan (PBUH)**

كَبِيرٌ
عَسِينٌ

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

أَمْ لَمْ تَرَ كَيْفَ ضَرَبَ اللَّهُ مَثَلًا كَلِمَةً طَيِّبَةً كَشَجَرَةٍ طَيِّبَةٍ
أَصْلُهَا ثَابِتٌ وَفَرْعُهَا فِي السَّمَاءِ* تُؤْتِي أُكْلَهَا كُلَّ حِينٍ
بِإِذْنِ رَبِّهَا وَ يُضْرِبُ اللَّهُ الْأَمْثَالَ لِلنَّاسِ لَعَلَّهُمْ يَتَذَكَّرُونَ

(Surat Ibrahim, Verses 24–25)

It was a night of longing...



لبیک حسین

Longing to enter the battlefield...
a yearning that originated from
a will entrusted on that final night...
An armband left behind as a legacy...
And ultimately...
a burning desire to reunite with his father...





Only moments had passed since the heartbreaking
martyrdom of Ali Akbar,
when the blessed son of Hassan,
Sayyid al-Sadat Qasim ibn al-Hassan (PBUH),
could wait no longer.

He walked toward his uncle's tent...
To a Hussein who was both uncle and Imam—
his embrace now carrying the scent of a father...



لبیک حسین

—“My Master, grant me permission to fight...”

And it was his master, his beloved Hussein, who gazed tearfully upon the youthful son of his brother from head to toe...

—“Hassan... your son is going without armor... Hussain is dying from sorrow...”

—“O the memory of my brother... How can I grant your request? You are the peace of my heart... Do not ask this of me...”

But Qasim insisted, and his uncle wept softly.

Then Qasim’s weeping filled the air as he dropped to the ground, overwhelmed...

But in that moment, his father’s words on the last night echoed in his mind—

The armband...

—“My Qasim... whenever sorrow surrounds you, open this armband, read what is written, understand it, and act upon it...”



لبیک حسین

Now the time had come... the armband was opened... and the handwriting of a father—one that carried the scent of the dusty alley and the wall—was revealed...

—“My son, I advise you: if you see your uncle in Karbala surrounded by the enemy, never abandon the battle against the enemies of God and His Messenger. Do not hold back from sacrificing your life in support of your uncle.

And if he withholds permission, insist until you receive it.”

And when the brother saw the handwriting of his brother, his knees trembled...

Within moments, uncle and nephew fell into each other's arms, weeping—tears that broke the heart of Zaynab...



لبیک حسین

Hussain then brought Qasim into the tent,
dressed him in his father Hasan's robe,
and wrapped his brother's cloak around his head...

And with that scene, once again,
the women's cries of sorrow filled the tent...
Some hours later, the desert echoed with a final cry:
—"O uncle!"

And Hussain, unable to bear it, rushed to Qasim...
The embrace of a father was opened to him once more...
And Qasim smiled with joy...



لبیک حسین

And Qasim had reached his union...
but someone was still left behind...
A spear rose... it trembled...
the sound of a sword was heard... it wept...
The pit was stirred... no! Just one look was enough—
he was the son of Hassan!
▫My breath is fading...
my tears are coming out...
from the battlefield...
listen, aunt, I hear my father's voice...



لبیک حسین

So it was 'Abdullah, dragging himself forward
so his aunt would not stop him...

And it was Hussain:
"Sister, hold him back!"

But how could one stop the lion-born son of Hassan?
— "No, by God, I will not leave you alone, uncle..."



لبیک حسین

Then the heart reached its beloved...
— “O you evil ones! You want to kill my uncle?
Then you must first kill Abdullah!”
A sword was raised to strike Hussain...
But in the end, it was met by a shield—
Abdullah himself stood before his uncle.
▫ “After Abal-Fadl, I am now Hussain’s flag-bearer...”
His hand hung by a strip of skin...
and his uncle’s arms were wide open for him...
And thus, Abdullah ibn al-Hassan found peace.



کبیر حسین

One must become like Qasim for the Imam...
like Abdullah ibn al-Hssain for the Imam ...

In Karbala, age does not matter—
only love for the Master is your identity...
To support the Imam, anything must be done...
One must desire, rise, cry out for permission...

And in the end, it is the Imam himself who comes to your grave...

O Master, O Sahib al-Zaman—what greater request could we
have in these mourning gatherings than your reappearance...
and your permission to support you?



لَا إِلَهَ إِلَّا أَنْتَ يَا رَبِّ الْعَالَمِينَ
وَمَا تَشَاءُ إِلَّا أَنْتَ عَالِمُ الْغُيُوبِ