

The Night of Repentance



الليلة
التي
تبتغي

مِصْبَاح
MISBAH

Hurr ibn Yazīd al-Riyāhī

كَبِيرِينَ

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

ثُمَّ تَابَ عَلَيْهِمْ لِيَتُوبُوا إِنَّ اللَّهَ هُوَ التَّوَّابُ الرَّحِيمُ

"Then God turned to them so that they might repent. Indeed, God is the Accepting of Repentance, the Merciful."

(Surah At-Tawbah, verse 118)

It was a time for repentance...





The blessed voice of Abā ʿAbdillāh al-Ḥusayn (PBUH)
echoed across the desert:

*"Is there anyone who will defend the sanctuary of
the Messenger of God?!"*



لبیک حسین

And in a corner of the army of disbelief, a heart
trembled...

Perhaps it was a grace from heavens...
Just ten days earlier, he had said to Husayn:

*"Had anyone else among the Arabs said these
words to me—'May your mother mourn for you'—
I would have said the same thing to them. But I
can say nothing but good about your Mother..."*

And that one sentence became destiny-shaping for
a man lost between Heaven and Hell...





And so it was Hurr ibn Yazīd al-Riyāḥī—
He could bear it no longer...

He set out, his spear turned upside down,
his shield lowered,

and his head bowed in shame—
For he could not lift his eyes to face Ḥusayn,
the son of Fāṭimah...

Mounted on his horse, he moved toward Ḥusayn,
trembling in every limb...



لبیک حسین

Then he placed his hand upon his head and said:

"O Lord, I come to You... accept my repentance..."





And what voice is more beautiful than
that of the Beloved:

*"God has accepted your repentance —
dismount and join us..."*





And as for today...
O our Imam, Hujjat ibn al-Hasan
(may God hasten his reappearance)...

Today, we are the sinful Hurrs.
We have prayed... We strive... We rise from our
slumber and begin to move —
seeking to gain understanding, hoping for the
blessing of true repentance.

We repent and walk toward the Imam of our time,
placing our hands on our heads and saying:
Peace be upon you, O Baqiyyat Allah al-A'zam —
may our souls be sacrificed for you...

