

The Night of Patience

لَيْلَةُ الصَّبْرِ
السَّامِعُ عَلَيْكَ

مِصْبَاحُ
MISBAH

The Noble, Wise Lady of
Arabia, Lady Zaynab (PBUH)

كَبِيرَاتِ عُسَيْنَ

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

فَاصْبِرْ صَبْرًا جَمِيلًا

"So endure patiently with a beautiful patience."

(Surah al-Ma'ārij, verse 5)

"Peace be upon the patient heart of Zaynab."



كبير



On the Day of Ashura, when Lady Zaynab al-Kubra (PBUH),
arrived at the site of Imam Hussain's (PBUH) martyrdom,
she spoke in a heartbroken voice:

"O Mohammad! Your daughters are captives, and your offspring
are slain, their bodies exposed to the breeze of dawn as it casts dust
upon them. This is Hussain—his noble head has been..."

"My father be sacrificed for the one who has not traveled so there
may be hope of return; nor is he merely wounded
so that he might be healed.

My father be sacrificed for the one for whom my soul is sacrificed.

My father be sacrificed for the sorrowful one who was martyred,
the thirsty one who left with dry lips.

My father be sacrificed for the one
whose blood dripped from his blessed beard.

My father be sacrificed for the one
whose grandfather is the Messenger of God.

My father be sacrificed for the one
who is the grandson of the Prophet..."



It was a night of patience...
A word so familiar to her —
one that had accompanied her since birth.
They [Imam Hussain and Hazrat Zainab] had stood
by the door watching[Bibi Fatima PBUH].
They had stayed by the bed of the wounded head
[Amir al-Mu'minin PBUH].
They had stood by watching their brother's blood...
[Imam Hassan PBUH]

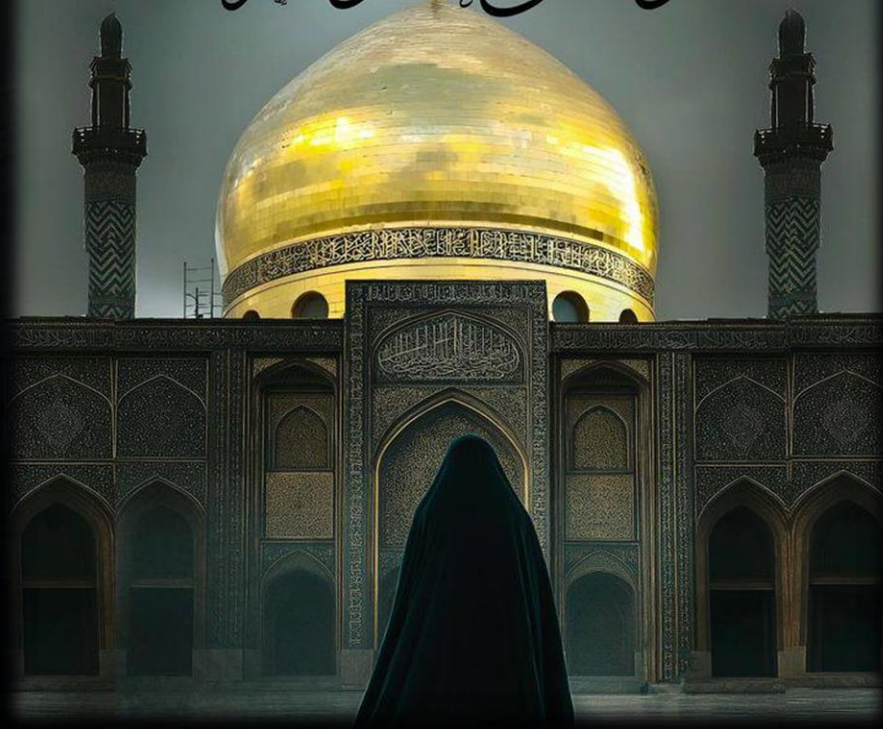
But there came a moment when she stood alone. Truly alone.
It was that moment — when she kissed her brother's severed vein...
That moment when only Hussain remained,
and she had no one left, only her Hussain...



لبیحه عسین

Zaynab was the mountain of patience —
from the afternoon of 'Āshūrā',
through the forty stations, until she returned to
the grave of her brother on the Day of Arbaʿīn...

فَوَاللَّهِ لَنْ تَجِدَ نَوَازِكَنَا



لبیک حسین

The time had come...
Zaynab and the other daughters gathered.
The women of Banī Hāshim came out of their tents.
The sound of their crying and wailing
shook the heart of the Master...



لبیکِ حسین

Then the hand of the sister was taken,
and she was called to patience.
With tearful eyes, they gazed into one another's eyes...



لبیک حسین

And there was another gaze...
But this time, Zaynab's hands were bound,
and her Hussain was mounted upon a spear...
Her blessed forehead struck the saddle, and blood flowed —
Blood that still boils in the heart of the Master of the time
(may God hasten his reappearance)
every morning and evening...
And from atop the spear,
the brother calmed the heart of his sister:
"O sister, be patient, for indeed God is with us."





Kāf–Hā–Yā–‘Ayn–Şād

And the sunset...

It reached the **Şād**...

To love stories...

To Zaynab's (Sabr) patience...

**A patience that reaches all the way to
the Day of Reappearance...**

