

The Night of Perfection



مِصْبَاح
MISBAH

Hazrat Ali Akbar (PBUH)

كَبِيرِينَ

بَيْنَهُمَا الْحَرَمُ الْحَرَامُ

وَأَذَانٌ مِّنَ اللَّهِ وَرَسُولِهِ إِلَى النَّاسِ يَوْمَ الْحَجِّ الْأَكْبَرِ أَنَّ اللَّهَ
بَرِيءٌ مِّنَ الْمُشْرِكِينَ وَرَسُولُهُ فَإِنْ تُبْتُمْ فَهُوَ خَيْرٌ لَّكُمْ؛

“And [this is] a proclamation from God and His Messenger to all people on the day of the Greater Pilgrimage that God is free from [obligation to] the polytheists—and [so is] His Messenger. So if you repent, it is better for you.”

(Surah at-Tawbah, Verses 3)



لبیک حسین

**It was the Night of Perfection...
the night of the completion of religion.**

Ali Akbar was calling the Adhan, so that
"Ḥayya 'ala Khayr al-'Amal" would manifest in its truest form—
through connection to Ḥusayn.

And that was the Greater Ḥajj taking place—so that the noble
'Alawi call of Adhan from Ali al-Kabir would echo through time,
until it reaches the Day of Reappearance...



لبیک حسین

One by one, the companions had given their lives...
and only the sons of Bani Hashim were left.
The young man picked up his sword and put on his armor. Then,
with a face shining like the Prophet's, he came forward—
just like Ali.

He hadn't even finished asking before his father gave him
permission to go to the battlefield... because how could Ali ask
for something and his father say no?

But what pain was hiding behind that "yes"?

What was the father going through,
as his eyes filled with tears and his chest ached—
just to give a permission that broke his heart?



لبیک حسین

My son, before you go—say goodbye to the women in the tents...

Then the noble voice of Ali Akbar, son of Husayn, rose in the faithless desert: Peace be upon you, my brother... and upon you,

O people of my household. This is my final farewell, my last word. Our next meeting will be in Paradise.” The women circled around Akbar, weeping and crying out in sorrow—until some fainted from the pain. “Have mercy on us in our loneliness... we

cannot bear this separation!” Then the moment to leave arrived... “Dear Zaynab, my sister... bring a riding outfit for my Ali Akbar.” So the bundle was opened. With tears in her eyes, she tied the turban of the Prophet (PBUH&HF).

With a heavy sigh, she gave the armor of Dawud and the shield of Hamzah. With her head bowed low, she handed him the sword of Haydar. Then Zaynab softly whispered to her nephew:

“My Ali Akbar... in your face and figure, you are like my grandfather, the Messenger of God (PBUH&HF). In your riding, you are like my father Ali. In your words and manners, you are the most like my brother, Hasan al-Mujtaba.”

As he stepped toward his horse, a voice called out:

“O light of my eyes, Ali Akbar... say goodbye to your lonely mother too.” So he held his mother in a warm embrace... said farewell... and set out for the battlefield.



لبیک حسین

And the father watched with his own eyes
as his very soul walked away...

“O ‘Umar ibn Sa’d! May God cut off your lineage, for you have
cut off mine! You ignored the ties of kinship
between me and the Prophet (PBUH&HF)...

” Tears flowed down his blessed cheeks as he lifted his head
toward the sky and cried out:

“O God, be my witness... this young man going toward them is
the one who most resembles Your Messenger (PBUH&HF) in
appearance, character, and speech...”

أشبهُ النَّاسَ خَلْقًا وَخُلُقًا وَمَنْطِقًا بِرَسُولِ اللَّهِ (صلى الله عليه وآله)...



لبیک حسین

Then a fierce and unforgettable battle took place—so intense that one cursed man said: “Let the sin of the Arabs be on me, if I allow this youth to pass me... and do not burn his loss into his father’s heart...” And so, a wound was struck that pierced all the way to Ḥusayn’s chest... He gave his soul while Ḥusayn stood over his fallen Ali Akbar. At the very moment the iron mace struck Ali’s head, the blood gushed so heavily that the horse’s eyes were covered in red—blinded, it galloped not toward the tents, but into the enemy’s camp... And oh, the pain of a father who watched it all unfold! Ḥusayn rode out, crying “Ya Ali!”—rushing to reach his son. But it was as if there were narrow alleys, walls, and crushing doors in the way... Another flower from the garden of Dhulfiqar had been shattered. And then, for the last time, the voice of Ali Akbar called out: “O my father... come to me...”



كبير حسين

Husayn held Ali's head in his lap...
He gently wiped the blood from his blessed teeth and
whispered: "Ali, speak to your father once more!"
But no voice came... So the father called out three times, full
of pain: "Ali... Ali..." Ali's body,
torn into pieces, lay on the plain...
and Husayn no longer had the strength to lift him into his
arms. He pressed his face against Ali's...
His soul was slipping away—
but a voice was calling him back. It was his sister...
She was giving life back to a Husayn whose heart had
shattered across the desert. With one hand on his back,
Husayn walked slowly toward the tents, softly calling out:
O young men of Bani Hashim, come now,
Carry Ali to the door of the tent. God knows I no longer have
the strength to carry him myself to the tent.
The grief of your death has burned my soul...
Why did you leave me to be alone?



لبیحین
عسین

It is the Night of Perfection...

A perfection that can only be reached by following the path of
Imam al-Mahdi (AJTF)

The Greater Hajj is that Day of Reappearance—

when minds will reach their full maturity,

and when hearts that answered the call of

Hayya 'ala Khayr al-'Amal in the mourning of Husayn,
will be ready—worthy to stand beside the Master of Mourning,
the Awaited Savior,

Imam al-'Asr (may our souls be sacrificed for him).

