

Prof.

AHMAD RAFIQUE AKHTAR

Mystery Behind the Mystic

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Dedicated

TO MY MOTHER AFZAAL BEGUM
The only aim of her life was
to get us educated.

THE DECLINING DAY

In the name of Allah,
the Beneficent, the Merciful.

1. By the declining day,
2. Lo! Man is in a state of loss,
3. Some those who believe and do good works and exhort one another to truth and exhort one another to endurance.

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I am deeply thankful to the encouragement of my mother. Without her co-operation, understanding, freedom and care it was impossible for me to write the book.

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CONTENTS

Preface

Part One Life. 14

Part Two Knowledge 39

Part Three Sufism 67

Part Four Personalities 103

Part Five Prof. Ahmad Rafique Akhtar 131

Preface

Professor unified all diversities, he solved all confusing puzzles, he unveiled the mystery, he showed me the truth behind the veil.

“The Most Beautiful and Bounteous Allah”

I never thought of writing upon sufism. It was not my interest but I was interested in life and people. Studying people and thus life is my hobby. So questions about life took me to Professor, an answer in himself.

There is no other Truth but God. Prof. Rafique will not live for ever, and I'll also die, but this Truth will live because it is Eternal, it is Infinite all bodies will decay but spirit will grow

My approach has been to relate my discovery as honestly as I can.

Impressions and Inspiration is all we get, first through mind then through heart.

Impressions and Inspirations we receive,

Impressions and Inspirations we leave-

**And TRUTH NEEDS NO PROJECTION
IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.**

Time is the best test.

I and my book will be lost (may be)

But footsteps of Professor will never

because they are not his

they were already made

centuries ago,
when Adam stepped on this earth
and started to move towards God.

Professor's footsteps will always remain for coming
generations to follow.

I've one special thanks to professor sahib, for tolerating
me and my questions.

I am thankful to you as well my dear reader
and so minute I am
and minutest is my thanks to Allah,

but I know when it comes down it expands
So when it comes down to me
It is the Biggest Blessing
So to Allah,
All the thanks

Farrah

1st October-99.

Part One

LIFE

THE TEACHER

I was beautiful, successful, independent, free and highly appreciated but I was not happy, infact I was dead. Yes! I had buried myself in books, studies, creative writing, sometimes painting, fashion parties, lipsticks, styles and all that, but I knew I was dead. I wasn't alive. But I had to live. Hamlet had a course of avenging but I had none. Life was without any purpose. I agreed with Macbeth life was a tale told by a stupid . I had read minds, emotions, thoughts, passions, love, I had been practically in all this but there was no clarity, or order, complete obscurity and chaos. I kept on dragging my deadself, I put some order by praying five times a day and in extreme depressions when I was in a state of complete horror at the emptiness of life and nothingness of human being, I read Quran the only medicine which was keeping me in the society. I was afraid I knew some day I will end in some mental hospital, electric shocks and pincers , nobody will listen. I was horrified at the core of my being. I was all alone, isolated, with almost no communication because I knew I will end in there, in the hospital. There were people everywhere but they were skeletons, instead of seeing their faces and dresses I always had a vision of their skeletons, all were dead bodies like me clad in beautiful textile designs and expensive make-ups. I felt I don't belong to this country . I don't belong to Islam I wanted to be a nun in a convent, or I wanted to run away in search of peace like Buddha, or I

wanted to run away to New York, where I had no identity , a lot of work, roaming like vagabonds perhaps drinking sometimes or taking hashish, totally lost, no recognition of self. But I could do nothing out of this. Because I was scared and afraid so I pretended to be sane. Though my mother was quite suspicious of me, when at one o'clock of night I recited Holy Quran, and kept doing that till morning. I had extreme feelings of hollowness and to find some purpose in life. I had a string of Quran and prayer of five times to find order and peace of mind.

I asked non-sense questions, obscure, chaotic. How could anyone understand or answer my chaotic questions, asked out of obscurity of life? . To my all questions he had one answer "call my teacher". I damn cared about the teacher. I had met so many writers, poets, educationists, my own teachers, they were my intellectual friends but nobody could satisfy me . I wanted to discover the magic and he was referring me to another person again and again. He insisted so much that I thought of making a call to that man. What good a person can do on a telephone . Idea seemed quite stupid to me. Mr.Bilal was so confident and so sure, "Just make a call and it will be a three minute call and you will see". I liked one thing about his teacher. He was a man of literature, a professor. I liked it. I was looking forward to discuss nothingness of Sartre with him. The man, his teacher lived somewhere near Pindi.

I called him three times but he was not available. After few days I called Mr. Bilal. He told that his teacher was here and I should talk to him. In a few seconds the teacher was on the line.

Hello! I heard a sparkling voice.

I : Aslam-o-Alikom

Teacher : Walaikom Aslam

THE TEACHER.

(a pause, he waited for me to speak)

I : Sir! I am Farrah Karamat and I've done masters in English Literature and (long silence) Mr. Bilal gave me your number, and asked me to call you .

He : Yes! then

I : Sir, then you are suppose to talk.

He : What? (There was a surprise).

I : Sir, Mr. Bilal said that I will just have to tell you my name and you will do the rest of the talking.

He : This time a cheerful laughter was heard and then all at once he said seriously, "There is no point talking to you Farrah, you are so strong minded and stubborn. You think so much and you never consider any suggestions. You do whatever you think is right. You have strong likings and dislikings. When you have got some idea then it almost appears in your dream and you feel you are right your digestive system is highly sensitive, you 've less appetite, sometimes you sleep less even".

I wanted to interrupt him in the middle but he gave me no space. Finally he recommended me Tasbehat, as Mr. Bilal did also, and said these will bring peace to you:

ya Salaam, ya Mumin, ya Allah,	300 times
ya Rahman, ya Rahim, ya Karim,	300 times
ya Walli , ya Nasir	300 times

"God bless you" , and the phone ended

I kept staring at the telephone. His voice and words were fresh and alive in my mind. The very first idea that hit my mind was that Bilal would have briefed him about me. I

immediately called Bilal and said him so. I couldn't understand it. I kept on thinking the whole night. In the morning I was definite the man is an expert of examining personalities out of voices.

It was so surprising, how could he do this, he has some jin or what? I kept on thinking I discussed it with my colleagues and when I returned home I called my friends but the thing which perplexed me most was how could he knew the colour of my dreams, my fantasias, shadows of my thoughts, but how come he understand, knots of pain in my stomach, or my revenges and how can he understand my digestive system and all that in a second. He spoke to me for two minute only and he described me, "myself"

I was determined to see this person. I went there with my friend. It was a nice place, women and men were sitting in separate rooms. All of them had an educated, sophisticated and modern look.

Mr. Bilal had a long list of appointments, the teacher seemed quite a busy and sophisticated person, and he was inside the closed room. Mr. Bilal had a cordless telephone in his hand, which kept ringing again and again. He had printed appointment papers on which he was writing schedule and fixing time. Teacher was too much busy. We waited almost for two hours.

I was too much anxious to see the person, I was restless, and impatient I had no problem, or issue to discuss but I wanted to discover him. Finally our turn came of seeing him but he got up for namaz.

I said to my friend I think this man hates my chemistry that's why he ignored me so much on telephone and now he is delaying the meeting. My friend couldn't understand this cosmic connection, chemistry and delay. She only gave me a vague look and said, you are very impatient. He is a big thing that's why so many people are here. He is so

THE TEACHER.

busy". "Yes! how much big ? I want to discover", was my determined answer.

A man came out from the room tall, fair, well built with a beard and he went to offer namaz in the room. I impatiently asked Mr. Bilal, is he the teacher? He said, "No". Another man came simple, ordinary, this time I didn't bother to have a look at him. He said, "Aslam-o-Alaikom" and went to another room. Bilal told me he was the teacher. I blinked my eyes, so ordinary and simple, he doesn't seem to belong to this aristocratic place. But there was something in the air around him, which commanded grace.

Finally we got the turn. Mr. Bilal told us to go inside, we could go separately or together as we would like to. We went together. I don't know why I put off my shoes outside the door may be because of his respect, he was a spiritual teacher, but I was not sure then. But when I went inside the room I was bewildered, he was sitting behind - a big modern, sophisticated table, burgundy in colour with cordless telephone sets, white curtains, room was carpeted, sofas, luxury office seats and he was sitting in an expensive, revolving comfortable office chair. Office did not give the look of a Sufi or a mystic. It was rather an office of a big businessman. To me the place seemed to be a room of psychological clinic with complete privacy, a proud doctor sitting on the other side of a large table, which had expensive mirror on it. But there was harmony and calm and peace, it had a soothing effect. I thought he is going to play some hypnosis now but I was speechless, my brain was clear. I had nothing to say to him. He asked me my name. I told him Farrah. He told me that I am suffering from deep depression and almost the same things he told me yesterday on telephone. I said to him, "Sir, I called you yesterday". There was another surprise for me, his memory was excellent, and I heard a brilliant chuckle.

“Oh! so that was you”: He called Mr. Bilal and asked him to bring his pen and paper, he wrote my name on that. The things he said were absolutely right but I had a disgust, so he is just a man of numerology. Now he was attentive to my friend. Her name is also Farha, she started to describe her problem, she thought she had a jin, or black magic after her in the half way she broke into tears and sobs, rest of her story was completed by Sir Rafique Yet the analysis he made of her was excellent, true facts, the root causes of her personal complexes, her personality clashes, her personality roit, and confusion, he was speaking and she was saying, yes! yes! yes! yes! you are right, absolutely right, correct, Yes! yes! yes! and yes! and I was bewildered. Then he gave her Tasbehat as well and said “God bless you”. We got up to leave, “Listen” then all of a sudden he said, my hand was at the door knob, we turned round to face him, he said, (Aurat wali hou sakti hai) “woman can be a complete mystic”. I was stunned - this question was in my conscious but I had no intention to discuss it with him. But I had a long debate on the topic with my literature friends, and I had convinced them that there is a biological hindrance and woman cannot be a complete mystic.

He was able to scan the mind and thoughts of past.

And we came out. We looked at each other in surprise, but there was sure trust, deep trust, confidence and high hope - she was lost in the analysis because for the first time she had discovered the truth about herself, of her problems, she discovered her innerself and the artificiality of the so called warm security and love, for the first time she had got a formula to understand herself. But to me the matter was different, I was not sure about the man, however I was extremely happy. I had a big smile for no reason and I was impressed by his excellent memory.

THE TEACHER.

He had a spell in his personality. That commanded respect, and obedience yet gave the freedom, to think and to blink. There was friendliness and trust in the air. I discovered all this at least after twelve hours before that I was convincing myself he is some ordinary palmist, who knows numerology.

The man was indigestible, I talked to him thrice as well but I don't remember the talk, it was made out of so much excitement and confusion. I discussed with my colleagues and friends again. There was something in the man, I was trusting him but I didn't want to trust him. I decided to see him once again. And my question on the very outset was, I want to know why I am trusting you? Give me the reason. He laughed and said, "You don't know the answer to this simple question?" You are trusting me because you are at a point in your life where you need to trust some one either in me or some one else. It's not that I am trustworthy, it's your need that is making you trust me. We went under a covenant, covenant of friendship, or student - teacher relationship, he was listening like a grandfather listens to the story of his little grandchild. He was not investigating, he was not interested in any thing more than I said, he put no questions. I spoke to him with complete ease, he understood all the matters, I said less but he understood more. His view and angle of looking at things was very objective and scientific. His approach to myself destruction, or to my clash with the society and myself was so harmonizing, in that very meeting he tied the wires to right switches, the contradictions, clashes and conflicts which I had in my very own self and among and between my own thoughts, mind and heart were resolved. He was speaking with full ease and comfort, he had extensive knowledge regarding history, humanity, psychology, myth, literature, art, religion, God, human beings, he knew me

individually and fully, I must confess. He knew me better than I knew myself.

There were no surprises now because I was ready for them. He was subjective yet scientific, he was abstract yet concrete, he was ordinary and common, yet uncommon and special. The rarest person I have ever discovered.

Things begin to ease between us, I was light hearted, free spirited rather cheered up. His presence was like a soothing fragrance of some flowering tree in a city polluted with petrol. While talking he took out his Tusbeeh and laid that on table, it was not the ordinary one, something struck to my mind. I had seen that somewhere before, it was of wood, disc shaped heavy beads, I remembered my dream and I hurriedly searched for a thick mole on his right cheek but it was not that thick as in my dream, it was not at the cheek, it was near the lips, mole of Venus. I related my dream to him but he paid less attention. When I came out the first thing I said to Mr. Bilal was, he is the man I saw in my dream. When I saw the dream in those days. I was doing the Tusbehaat, which Mr. Bilal had recommended. It was about a week when I saw a man in my dream, roaming along with people in a simple room of a village house. I want to see him but there is another person who says, "time is over" and he tries to close the door. I am standing there in distress when the man says, "No, let her in," and the person opens the door for me. He doesn't speak to me much, he is saying some words on his Tusbeeh, it was clear and the mole was clear. He asks the servant to serve me with food and send me to some of his assistants. He retires in another room for his rest and prayer. I go to his assistant along with people. The man blows on a paper and it flies away with fire, I feel so pleased and I say to myself. "Yes! I knew he will make me get rid off my dilemmas". I related this dream to my Pir Sahib as well. After listening to it he smiled and gave me his personal Tasbeeh. When I asked

THE TEACHER.

him about the significance of dream he said, soon you will meet dear one's of Allah". I had not met professor Ahmad Rafique then. What else a person can do other than showing a surprize that he gave me his Tasbeeh as a due because he knew professor Ahmed Rafique will recommend me Tasbeehat to do.

Well in that very meeting I was bound with him, I accepted him as my spiritual teacher, but I was not that much convinced. I told myself I will speak less and listen more. He told me, always to be at a distance, never try to be close to him or look for a father or a brother, a beloved or a teacher in him. It is just a simple relationship between two human beings. He said, "Never be involved in me - I 've no involvement's other than God, always guard yourself against me. I am a man and you are a woman. Turn your love towards God, He alone is worthy of love and worship, but don't make His faces or create His hands or feet. Obey the laws of Shariah and rest of the things are fine. If you want to come for knowledge you are welcome as a student".

My answer was, "Had I been a boy, I would never have left your place".

His immediate reply was, nobody did, have a look in the next room. That was filled with young students.

I came back home alive and fresh full of thoughts, ideas and ambitions. I felt if this is a process of regeneration. He was source of energy, zest and power.

For Sir Rafique I don't have any degrees or words, for what he is. He is concrete but his deed abstract, his body is of matter but his mind metaphysical, his language scientific, thought subjective, lives in common beings, serves common beings but he is not existing in this time alone, present, past, future are one entity for him, he is centuries ahead, his heart made of flesh but not red, it is absolute purity achieved by killing the desires, wishes,

ambitions of heart, he is alive for the duties assigned to him, he is disinterested in human beings but interested in their problems. In desires and aspirations he is a statue, Statue of peace.

Yes, he looks like a statue of peace. Simple and ordinary man. He can sit in a room and no one will notice him, not more than a statue. He is a doctor. Yes, he examines ailing spirits, wounded hearts, wrecked brains, he scans them masterly and expertly, his patients are haunted human beings, haunted by air-conditioned bed rooms, painted nails and lips, haunted by the colour of money and model of cars, sophisticated tones of telephones and mobiles, tired of the luxury voyages and honey moon spots, frustrated from their own success, distort, faithless, people trying to escape their roots, identities, sick from relatives, bounds, husbands hating wives, wives hating husbands, yet forced to live together, wives want men to lick their feet and husbands want them to be true, honest, sincere maids rather pets, yet both betraying, young folks, not trusting their parents, parents without having any trust in their own off springs, men of management, officials, students, teachers, writers, rich, poor, middle class all were there, one thing was common in all of them, may be they had over confidence and trust in themselves as I had or they had no confidence in themselves, may be they did not trust the family, friends and society around but they had trust and confidence in one person, Sir Ahmad Rafique.

One by one they pass by him, he examines and prescribes, his memory is excellent, yet his senses par excellence. He was visiting Lahore after six months yet he remembered every individual, with individual problems.

His sixth sense is so sharp and miraculous, in Dec' 95 my cousin visited me, he was extremely depressed over a lost love. I suggested him to speak to Sir, Rafique. Light

THE TEACHER.

was off at that time, so we were sitting in a candlelight. It was about 9.30. I made a call to him. He was sounding very fresh, cheerful, carefree and alive, at the very moment light came, I put off the candle with my hand.

He said : I am smelling a very strange and a smoky smell.

I : (I was surprised at his sharp sense but I wanted to test him further, I instead of saying I had just put out the candle) I said, what Sir?, what smell?

He : A very sharp and strange smell with a little smoke in air.

I : What Sir? (in surprise) I insisted again?
(I think he didn't like my pretence, he changed the topic)

He : How are you?

I : Fine Sir, I just wanted to say Asalam-o-Alaikum, How are you?

He : "Allah ka shukr hai", I am fine and God bless you. The telephone was out.

I looked at my mother and my cousin asking for their opinions, they were surprised too. My mother said he is a man of God. Such people can know of such things, my cousin said, "Though it will do no good to me, I know such tricks but if you insist so much, instead of speaking to him on telephone, I would see him".

FIRE BATH

(1) Life———So impossible, so impossible I am sure if God had to live this life, He won't have been able to. I was in the middle of a party, infact middle of death, I was looking at a beautiful chandelier, there I could see myself hanging with a rope. I was beautiful, vibrant and successful yet hanging there, that dead body was mine, I was going to be an Assistant Commissioner, people were giving me their cards, invitations, extra smiles. I could see myself hanging out there from a chandelier. Suddenly a child tumbled, he held my leg tiny sweet little hands. OH! It was life, I hurriedly kissed the sweet little hand with moist eyes.

(2) I came home lonelier — telephone, friends, sisters, brothers, father, mother, dogs, cats, goats, pigeons — yet my loneliness increases. What can fill the emptiness after a beloved like empty grave smiling at you?

(3) Does life remains life after a beloved. No that is not life where there is no happiness, there is no hope, and ones heart is dead,..... then how do we force ourselves to eat, to meet people and how come we are forced to hug those bodies who are the looters of our love, how come we laugh with them the betrayers of our hearts, how impossible it is to share a-life with those who have sliced your heart and happiness — it is impossible. Yet man lives

FIRE BATH.

but if God had to live this life, surely he can't. This life he bestowed upon us.

(4) Sometimes in certain moments there is so much uncertainty, you are not sure that you will be able to read the next page, or even blink your eye, or this dead life you are living will continue tomorrow, with all the dreams shattered with all the being what should I do, What? What? What?

I don't know exactly how! but four days of life have been undone, so badly that if I keep sewing them throughout my life with the thread of my love, I can never. Four days, four resurrections, four nights, multi million pieces of body turned into clots and vapoured away in pain. Those were four days or four thousands years long resurrection night.

How sky will become as molten copper, and will come down with heavy smoke and will fall on earth, and how the earth will tremble, and erupt and how the hills will become a heap of running sand. That was the day of resurrection. I felt bombs blasting here and there, mountains of my trust, my faith, were flakes of wool.

I know how we the mortal beings will die, and how Allah, Almighty will assemble the bones, how He will create us again, in forms to die again. I know that resurrection night when sight will be confounded, and the sun and the moon will be united.

I know I am through, yet I fear it will come again, and again.

(5) I am a body burnt in the kitchen, third degree burns, respiration is slow and suphocating, in a government hospital, oxygen mask full of germs, arms pinned with needles. White curtains are the only view to a dying person, who wants to see the beloved for the last time, last hope and a promise to meet in the next world, but he dies hopeless in vacant room, why do people deliver him to the grave?

(6) I wanted to cross the desert on a camel back but all deserts are inside me, inside my heart, thirsty, barren desert. There are peaceful nights lightening with prayers like stars but the desert is unlimited. It swallows me, it swallows my past and future, thoughts, and you but it grows, it grows and it grows thirsty.

(7) You were the beloved how beautiful you were, but there is another beloved as well, who created you, who created me, but why does He come after you ----?

No! here is the sin for which I lost you. He comes first, The Creator. I needed someone wise, intelligent, and patient, out of all these dead relations. I tried another dead relation, I dialed a number, I did not know I was dialing a number of my life. His very "Hello" gives you the hope, this hello makes 'unseen' God seen. I said, "I am hollow, I am empty, there is no pioussness, I don't believe in anything, there is no God".

Professor Ahmad Rafique chuckled: ready-made believe is no belief, disbelief is greater, belief after that is lasting. To believe in God is not great, greatness is to sustain that belief, and advance further and further in this belief. This is spiritualism. It will take time, keep trying

FIRE BATH.

and don't worry a good teacher will never let you slip. God bless you.

(8) I was free I wanted to buy balloons, and eat ice, lollies. I was a free-spirited child who could smile and fly like a bird.

A MIRROR

That was a beautiful morning, I was sitting among flowers, reading Browning. A polite knock at the door. I opened it, he was standing there. He was wearing black Shalwar Kameez that of school uniform, he had a begging pot "Kashkol". OH! These habitual beggars! I slammed the door at his face. I turned round but I was immobile with a deep, deep hurt that raised guilt in my conscience for slamming the door, I was impatient. I went inside: "Mother! there was a beggar at the door and without even listening to him I slammed the door at his face, there was something on the face which is the cause of my great discomfort and restlessness. What should I do?" Hurriedly I ran after him, I opened the door with utmost urgency. I almost tumbled, he was still standing there, with a quietness of a grave, the face was expressionless like a statue, tears were spreading in deep silence at the inside of the eyes, the eyes were quite expressionless. He was so strange, "Do you want money?" Are you hungry, he stood in the same posture, with the wall? He was standing there silent and quite, with tears. I didn't know what to do. I put a rupee in his bowl, he glanced at me, which meant No! He was like a statue carved out of stone, there was gloom on the face. I touched his hand with a fear, "come inside". He came in without hesitation. I picked up Browning and

offered him a seat, he preferred to sit down on earth and soil. "Would you like to drink water?" His eyes said, "yes". In what should I present him water? I was hesitating giving him in our own utensil. There was an old bowl of clay, I filled that with water, he drank it and drank it all, but with a calmness he looked for more. I gave him more. I asked for food, his eyes dropped. I knew it meant yes! I don't know what was it, I made fresh chapatees for him an omlette and gave that to him in plates. He picked up the chapatees put an omlette on them and started eating. There was a sparkle in his eyes, he was eating with decency. I sat on chair observing him. He had a square face, small intense eyes, thick curly hairs, almost my height, tough hands, and black chadder wrapped round his shoulders. I uttered "take it off and eat at ease". He propored his chadder and to my surprise he was a woman. I looked at him with opened mouth in astonishment, he was a woman. I inquired, he was a woman, a "proper" woman. She trusted in me, there was friendliness in her eyes. I asked her questions, she smiled.

After finishing food she said thanks to me. For the first time I came to know what does the word "thanks" mean.

She looked up towards the sky. "Who are you? You seem to belong to a good family? Why in disguise? I inquired. She said, "I 'm a daughter of Chaudhris. I am from a distant village of Punjab, but I will not disclose its name.

I with my family went to the shrine of Shahbaz Qalander in my childhood. There the saints tempted upon me 'Nazar ho gayee'. We came back, I grew up, got married and I got the order, left my home, my children, my parents and in-laws. They want to murder me. I can't stay

FIRE BATH.

anywhere. I got the order of the saint to roam, I am not a beggar, and I don't have to question or ask for the food. I 've to walk and cover miles all day. Someone like you gives the food at his / her on will. I don't beg and I had eaten after four days I am going to mazaar for an Urs procession". I wanted to ask her more questions, but she said ' I spoke too much because you are a friend,' and she left.

MOMENTS OF REALIZATION.

I told my mother, " I am having a stomachache, I think I should go upstairs to have a sun". I was living inside old Lahore. There she was already waiting for me, her lips were generous and sweet and I was hungry, I felt firm hand at my shoulder and turned round. My mother was standing there, "Son, I thought you have some serious problem, such things happened a lot of times". I loved to play hide and seek, my cousins called me Raja Inder my friends were jealous women right from the beginning came to me easily. My childhood sports were kite flying and keeping the pigeons, actually they gave me the excuses to peep into other houses or enter the rooms of young maidens during days and nights as well. Was I notorious, no I was playful? I grew up and became a doctor at King Edward. My charm was fatal for the girls; the doors of their hearts as well as of rooms were always open for me. Sometimes I did not have to knock even. I was an expert seducer, yet more proud to be intelligent, and fair. It was all splendid and beautiful. Beauties surrounded me, women are the most delicate and beautiful creatures, so much different from one another. I don't know about others but to me they were dustbins where I threw away my fatigues of study and profession until I saw her at red area I imagined the curves of her

body, the price was high, but I hired her. One day, she said, "I want to conceive your child".

"My child, My child! I never thought about that and from a prostitute, and if she be a daughter? —————This question was a nightmare. My daughter, being sold and bought in bazaar, used as a tissue paper. My daughter, strangers will enjoy her, look at her, they will touch her. Will other men use her as I used other men's daughter? My car was standing outside but I ran, I ran and I reached a graveyard. I felt all the girls, who were tissue papers to me, were murdered. They were buried there, I was a murderer. I ran, until a car hit me, when I retained conscious I was in the hospital.

The bed was sandpit, I was drowning in. I had hallucinations of fire hell, I could not open my eyes for there were lips, eyes, bodies, faces, tears, carved on the walls, and out of fear when I shut my eyes, the figures were there, their voices, pleadings in my ears, I was an Evil from head to toe. I could not lay in my bed, yet I could not sit. I could not eat. Each second was like a lash at my back. I was a sinner, I disgraced God, by disgracing His most beautiful comfort and creation, His graceful piece of art, and I was condemned. There was no peace, the very bed was of fire and Satan laughed at me. My conscience was a fire hell and I was burning. Where should I go? Where will I find peace? As I started to walk the first place to which I went was a Mosque. There on my knees, I bent and I wept heart fully. I said:

OH! Most Merciful, my Creator,
Save me, I did wrong to myself,
No doubt man himself is a great

FIRE BATH.

Wrong doer. Oh! Allah, most
 Merciful, the Rehman and Rahim I
 Seek pardon and forgiveness, I
 Never realized You, I never used
 My ear and listened, to you I never
 Recognized You. Oh! Allah! My Allah
 today I 've got no one, but
 You. No one can help me. No one
 can save me but you. In You
 alone is my trust save me. Forgive
 me, show me guidance and the
 right path, save my off springs and
 myself from the wrong doers.
 I continued until peace came to my heart.

I raised my head, Jainamez and my face was wet with
 tears, my body drowned in sweat. I wanted to stand but I
 couldn't, I had no energy left. Some one brought a glass of
 water for me. I took few sips, my eyes were burning, and I
 requested him to take me out. I splashed water on my face,
 on each splash I felt a new relief, a new life. I went back
 inside with trembling hands I opened Quran I recieved
 solace:

"Solace"

1. Have we not caused thy bosom to dilate?
2. And eased thee of the burden.
3. Which weighed down thy back;
4. And exalted thy fame?
5. But lo! with hardship goeth ease,
6. lo! with hardship goeth ease;
7. So when thou art relived, still toil
8. And strive to please thy lord.

I felt ecstatic joy and happiness. I got up and I offered two "Shukrana Nafil" Then I sat down and reopened Quran, this time it was " Banning ". "O ye who believe! Turn unto Allah in sincere repentance! It may be that your lord will remit from you your evil deeds and bring you into gardens underneath which river flow, on the day when Allah will not abase the Prophet and those who believe him. Their light will run before them and on their right hands: they will say: our lord! Perfect our light, forgive us! lo ! Thou art able to do all the things ".

I tried to find peace in daily life, I studied the Quran and the Hadith. Then I became normal when I met Rafique Sahib. He recommended me some Tusbehat. They were names of God, but they worked like medicine, I was free of depression and guilt. Allah! says in Quran:

Those who seeked my guidance,
no fear come upon them,
neither shall they grieve.

We were separate entities, I he, she, you and others-who visited Sir Rafique, we all were united in one unit, we all were tied to one rope that was God.

It was about six months since I was doing his Tasbehat. And my life was changing, I was changing. It was difficult, I felt the things I did, I never wanted to do, and I roamed everywhere, now I was at right place. It is very difficult to hold a heart when personality is shattering, when idols are breaking. When aspirations change it is very hurting and painful. I never knew that wrong books, bewildered thoughts and idle ideas corrupt the soul. My all thoughts were diseased, my all actions were dangerous riots. Nobody did wrong to me but I myself. Am I right or

FIRE BATH.

wrong? It is a Great War, yet I am changing day by day and it is beautiful like newly born child coming out of darkness All the things have meanings. My self is growing, my vision is enlightened. I can see the path, clear and tidy where I can progress and discover. It is unbelievable.

I realized I am in the pain of existence, I could not dispense that off because I wanted to live, because I believed to be weak is greater curse than to be evil. A lot of times guiltiness, complains, fears and false ideals polluted me, but Sir Rafique was always there to listen, to share and to suggest something.

LIGHT OF LIGHTS.

It was an evening, I was sitting in the backyard, darkness was falling, and I looked inside me it was like I was watching some film. I could see my character, my performance, my role, my doings, undoing, my passions, my thoughts and emotions. I was a self-destructive riot, my passions were not controlled and guided.

I looked at the screen. I was standing a beautiful mould of clay. Passions dreams, desires, deeds and actions were like bats, snakes, webs, smoke, dust, spiders, cockroaches, lizards, fluttering and flying in my soul. I looked up, I saw a light.

God is the light of earth and sky according to Zaid Bin, Ali and Abdull Aziz Makki. Light is one of the names of Allah. God is light of lights, God enlightened earth with prophets, and skies with angles. Light of God means that which guides and purifies the hearts of a believer. Hazart

Ibne -Abbas (R.A) is of the opinion that a lot of interpreters think that light is Quran and Prophet (P.B.U.H) Now under this light emotions are not in disciplined, feelings are strong and deep but they are controlled. guided and directed by the light of Allah. We should learn to tame the best emotions, it is a mistake to suppress all emotion. Emotion is the great driving power of life. When emotions, mind and heart are one, only then man can achieve purity, and purity is light.

In Quran we are told that,

“Allah is the light of the heavens and the earth. The similitude of His light is as a niche, wherein is a lamp, Lamp is in glass. The glass is as it were a shining star. (This lamp is) kindled from a blessed tree, an olive neither of the East nor of the West, whose oil would almost glow forth (of itself) though no fire touched, its light upon light. Allah guideth unto His light whom He will, and Allah speaks to mankind in allegories, for Allah is Knower of all things.

Now olive tree is a tree of its own kind. It has countless benefits but only few and surprising out of it is: its oil gives most pure, crystal clear and clean light. It is used for skin beauty and also for hair care, for cooking foods. It is also used as a gravy to eat with loaf, it is used as a medicine and for cure. No other oil have got this much benefits, and it is a particularly unique tree because its leaves never fall off. It is neither of East nor of West instead of middle parts. In eating also its effect is always moderate. It is unaffected by the change in weather.

Sufis serve God only, they are pure and have disciplined self-desires. If they have contradictions, or

FIRE BATH.

passions they are tightly concealed inside them somewhere. Their leaves never fall.

I can identify sir Rafique to an "olive tree "He listens, he watches and he speaks like a tree, unharmed by seasons, yet growing more and more, standing with concrete roots, always growing towards light. His company is like fruit of an Olive tree, If you want to get rid of your wounds, his company and counseling can heal you, if you want to get rid of spiritual diseases you can. It depends upon you what you want to extract out of him. He is always soft, polite and moderate but indifferent in the temper.

Part Two

KNOWLEDGE

THE QUEST OF KNOWING

I was perspired from head to toe, my heart was beating in the throat. It was about midnight, stars were shining, they seemed very close, and they were clear and bright. The moon was in the last days, perhaps there was no light, but a lot of lamps were glowing. I began to meditate about God. God is in every thing. They say every thing is God, that old oak tree is God, the flowing stream is God, the stars, the earth, the darkness is God.

Suddenly the darkness turned into something with heavy pressure, force and weight. It was thick darkness in the valley. I was lying flat on the "Charpoy" with "Razai". Darkness was on the mountains, I was afraid and scared, it was pressing, yet there was no pressure. I looked under the "Charpoy" to wear "Chappals" but I could see nothing. There was darkness underneath, up above, in my eyes, nostrils, my heart was jumping in the throat. I just jumped on the next "Charpoy" of my mother, I clang to her and thought of some prince instead. That was another beautiful day in Kashmir. I was sitting all alone Words worth's cuckoo was in my mind, grassy fields. It was August. Grass was high on mountains, and I felt wild flowers were like daffodils. I was first year student. I sat in a posture of Sidhartha and started meditating about God, listening to my inside. For five minutes at least, nothing happened, there

was darkness before eyes, eyes were closed I could listen or got no message from inside, heart beat was also not there, I could have sat there in that situation for more time but I was scared of creepers. I opened my eyes, the wind the wild grass bowed saying Allah, and it stood again saying Allah to be bowed again. I looked at plum tree in front of me the leaves were saying Allah, the currents in the brook were saying Allah, forming and deforming than reforming Allah, I listened to the heart beat it said Allah, everything had one unity, one knot but brain had not perceived it.

I opened "Wuthring Heights" and started reading it. I wanted to be a journalist, I left science. I wanted to be an artist, a painter, or a sculpturer, a creative writer, to be a Marxist, or Archeologist, I tried my best to understand everything except my inner self.

I was an atheist, but even in those days also I offered Morning Prayer, because of my mother, her harsh words. Quran was the first book I read. I never intended to understand it. I had learnt so many Surrahs by heart, not understanding or knowing the meaning. I offered Namaz without knowing Allah.

I read many books declaring Islam a religion of inequality, barbarism and injustice with woman. I agreed with them and advocated them.

Finally I chose English literature. I was too much interested in ideas and thoughts. I took pains to find books of Russian, Indian, European writers from second hand book stalls. I was not myself aware of the questions the answer of which I was seeking. Obscurity was the main hurdle.

The Quest Of Knowing

Studying literature was my cherished and beloved dream. I read it, I drank it, I ate it, I digested it, I slept and I woke with it. Not the stories, not the chronology, events but thoughts, minds of writers, of giants, of masters, of intensity, of passion of life, of waves, I drank deep, so much so that the conflict of Dr. Faustus became my conflict with god, turning, into war.

Ideas were scattered and many, they were growing and I was no where I could not find any solution, or answer. I was searching for something. My mind was in agony and pain I wanted to know, but what? Where should I look? I was lost. I was pathless.

There were powerful ideas, great and magnificent and I could not make any choice because I gave no one any rights on me or my thought, but I could not choose, I had no criteria. All of them seemed right to me.

A friend presented me Marmaduke Pickthal's translation I opened it, it appealed to me God was talking direct to me, there was no medium in between He was so Merciful and Beautiful, so impressive, that all ideas diluted. God's speech was so powerful, forceful and sweet, tears came to my eyes, and God was speaking to me.

No one can ignore God when He speaks. I read Quran and I understood it a bit that being a woman is an honour, a respect, a dignity, a grace, a beauty. I have rights of choice and knowing. Now when I stood to offer Namaz it was not blind. I was offering and bowing before my Allah. But I had too many gods still, of ideas and thoughts in my mind. My heart was impatient, there was no peace. I said to Pir Sahib, I am no where, my heart is a wild, wild bird of keats,

what should I do? He said, "Heart is for God, direct it towards Him alone, instead you have directed it to gods."

I heard him, I listened to him, but for me my gods were beautiful and precious. I myself had created them. How could Pir Sahib, another person, could value my creation?

After a month I went again to see him : "I want to read books, recommend me some". He listened, smiled, and said, "go and eat some food from kitchen."

I went after two months, I was seeking knowledge, I am scared while offering Tahajjat, to knowledge he did not answer but about scared thing he said, "You will be scared no more". And yes ! I was scared no more.

I could not communicate with him too well. I thought he understood everything. I could not question him much, and Mureeds always surrounded him.

I tried to compose myself, but failed when I met professor. He gave a new approach, a new thought, a new direction to my bewildering mind a new strong and willful approach towards God, I started thinking positively about God; and God made me think of hope, future, life, happiness, love and success. This was a progress on a road toward peace.

But how did have I this direction.

The Quest Of Knowing

GLIMPSES OF A SAINT

1. He was standing in the middle of a group of boys. Holding a cigarette in his hand. His eyes were fixed at the tree trunk. It seemed he was seeing something behind that bark. I looked, and I kept looking at his golden delicate skin, sparkling with intelligence, he was different, the boys stopped talking, and asked him to comment, he had meditative but fresh and bright eyes, he raised his face, there was a brooding indifference on it. He spoke with the power of knowledge but he was not proud. I remember there were traces of knowledge, wisdom, and success on that face. That face was not of a complexed intellectual. He had something, in his personality with definite features, sparkling meditative eyes, delicate red lips, smiling, he was Ahmed Rafique.

2. I wished to be his friend. He moved in society with rich and famous people. I came to know he is in English Department doing M. A. I met him and I found him warm, friendly, jolly highly intelligent rather "ultravirus" but self possessed and self composed.

Every body seemed to get along with him easily, he was the only male student, and girls were friendly with him. They spoke to him with such ease and comfort as to one of their friend from there own sex and all the boys kept on pondering and asking what is the trick? What is the skill? But I had found his real friends were teachers and Principal of the college with whom he could communicate. Whenever he spoke to him his face was always shining, he felt pleased and relaxed and successful. No doubt! I was so much impressed because he was an intellectual, conqueror

of all the debates in hostel rooms, G. C. grounds, at Pak tea house.

PROF. RAFIQUE

“Girls were sweet temptations but I was afraid of them. In fact I was afraid of my genes of Awan, I had studied those genes and I knew once I saw a woman I will turn it to a profession as every man does. Secondly women, sex and love were easy things, they do not resolve, anything instead they spoil I don't know but, I was not after those things. I was searching for knowledge. I wanted answers, greater and bigger and more satisfying than sex and woman.

“I was in search of ‘something’ sometimes I wondered what made me compose poetry in class second? Why I was always so shy and lonely? I remember those grass fields and the clouds of thoughts, and I recall even in childhood during the class timings my mind was somewhere else. I was searching for something in the books, may be because unconsciously my surroundings taught me that answers to all questions are in the books.

“Today also I have walked all alone miles, from Government College to R. A. Bazar but, mind travelled many more centuries,

“I listened to the sound of decaying leaves colours turning into soil, spiders, wasps, ants in my way, crows, sparrows, nightingales, fruit trees, rich shady trees, dark green, light green, olive green, sea green how many greens have God really created? how many shapes are really there How many species, varieties? Oh ! Keats was wonderful, so was Shelly so was Browning. What does Shakespeare say about life? -What is -life? Is there really some God? Questions were hovering around my thoughts -----

The Quest Of Knowing

“I think I am not normal like other boys. I should have passionate, romantic, ambitions, dreams. What are these fantasies? I am lost in them. These are romances about life, perhaps-----

‘I came back to hostel. Some boys passed usual remarks. ‘Yar! Can you ever be tired of thinking and walking, I said “No”. There were other non-sense jokes and remarks, on few I laughed, on some I gave more laughable reply, few I ignored.

“My legs were tired, feet were aching with so much walking blood was boiling. I could feel each nerve, each tissue, each blood vessel, tired to the very end, rather breaking. I missed mother, I wanted to have a hot cup of tea, a warm bath with salt, but these were the luxuries of a prince and I was at a hostel.

“Lids were heavy with sleep, but thoughts were not letting me sleep. I put fingers on my forehead it was all jammed ----- but I was thinking. I even thought in my sleep, and I thought with my mind, with my stomach and heart.

“I was so tired I could not get up even to put off the light. My stomach was empty but my weariness was greater. I didn ‘t help my self to take some food.

“I rested my head on the pillow. I tried hypnosis for sleep but it did not work. I composed a few lines. I did not know when I went to sleep.

“I had explored all the literature, philosophers, histories, mythologies. I was clear in my thoughts but was alone in this process. I had friends and companions but I was alone in myself. I had one privilege that I had listeners in abundance. Sometimes I really felt proud that no body could challenge my opinions, and if they did I could convince them easily. There was no one to defeat me or prove me wrong.

“I had resolved human conflicts, I knew them. I had resolved social laws I knew them. I had discovered my self.”

Only one thing was left: God. I was thinking about Him. My parents, my family and society had a blind faith in God. Right from my childhood I was listening about some creator and that was God, rather a escape goat for every misfortune or mishap. For people there was a God for every doing and undoing, there was a God because He existed for all of them. He existed for me as well.

I started thinking about God What He actually is? I observed people do believe in God but not the real God. He never stood in my way, I never saw Him physically, I could not touch Him, I never bothered to give him a serious thinking.

“People talked about Him incessantly in the daily routine of life. I listened to His name repeating so many times, does He effect us? Why do all these people including my parents, brothers and sisters, friends and teachers, neighbours, and relatives, have such an absolute belief? Why they repeatedly recommend Him? Does He really exist?

The Quest Of Knowing

“I was attracted from all those people around, I discussed things with them, I questioned them and really wanted to know the knowledge and basis of their belief. I found them hollow and empty; their belief was rootless.

“Thinking about God, one question formed its firm root inside my mind: that was, Am I free or slave? Is there any God or no God? If there is a God then I am not free, I have to obey Him. If there is no God then I have no morals to obey. Then I will make my own laws.

“Then I wanted to be definite, to be sure, I desperately wanted to be free. But my pride in knowledge was greatest obstacle. So I took this quest to be free. I started from European Philosophers I thought, and I thought, I grappled with them, fiercely, face to face in a friendly way, hands in hands. My fellows often spoke to me from side ways; I just answered them absent-mindedly. They started calling me jogi, but I never cared. I was searching for another dimension. I was critically analyzing the facts behind the writings, theories, philosophies and methodologies.

“Once again I started searching the books. At first I was searching for knowledge which they imparted but now I was critically assessing them. I tried to discover the ‘ truth of life ‘. I penetrated deep, but each time I come to a new thought or point, after some time I felt that it was a limited achievement. Soon I out grew all the ideas.

“I developed a great irritation to the minds meter. There were no intellectuals around; they were simply well informed people but not real intellectuals. There was high veracity and high thoughtfulness but no solutions or answers. And I was seeking answers -----

“I was weary of walking but more tired of thinking. I looked around and smiled, My nerves eased. Roses were red and beautiful.

It was spring around in Lawrence garden lush green grass, delicate colors and odour of flowers, greenery and lofty trees; every thing seemed perfect in bright sun of March.

“Why? I cursed myself? Why Ahmed Rafique? Why do you chose this way? If you found no one there? If there will be no answer, then? Then, I will be a new and great philosopher, a knower of truth.

“I was looking for a book. I saw a delicate, trembling hand on a book and strong, firm hand resting upon that fair hand. I wondered for a second how is it to hold a hand of a beauty some body daunted me from my inside. No, nonsense. He is wasting his talent after a mortal being and mortal moments. This non-sense will totally be a waste, he will spend the rest of his life building status, making money and forgetting his ownself. He will sell himself away for nothing. But myself was precious to me; I was not studying for status, money or any other value, but for myself and for my mind.

“I was walking again and thinking. Old set of values was rejected, society was changing, but not on firm basis. I was all-alone, no body could answer my arguements, but the problem was: are my arguements right? Is my thought right? When man thinks alone, this is the greatest pain and this is the greatest sufferance. It was an evening of June and it was hot. I looked up, there was a smell of rain in the air but I was thirsty.—I drank water from a pitcher. I

The Quest Of Knowing

remembered there was taste and smell of earth in it. It was perfectly all right.....

“I wanted to sleep but I could not, I had to walk back to the hostel. People in the society were lost, most religious people were most corrupt ones, praying five times a day, but drinking and bribing as well, going to Haj and at the same time visiting red light area. All the miseries, pains, sufferings, misfortunes, grave, hell and punishment was annexed with God, if there is a God, and if He is so much cruel, how can he make such a beautiful world, with roses, flowers, odours and butterflies.

“I realized that weaker minds with few thoughts and less knowledge were turning towards God, without reasoning, without logic, How non- sense was a Pir. And Pirs were clever. They had invented mannerism, Mureed, crying, bitterly with sobs putting foreheads at Pir’s feet, and Pirs never spoke. Pirs were intelligent; they knew how guilt could make a man so weak. Pir spoke less in the frenzy of man, and the poor wretched soul took it, as Pir is a hand of God. Pir had adopted a successful technique. They wished that every person, who comes to them, should first and fully surrender themselves in front of him most wonderfully they had closed all the doors of inquiry as well. It was well presupposed that Pir knows everything, there is no need to tell any thing because if Pir does not know about you, he is no more a Pir. Infact pir never knew no thing and people never told them anything. Pir was stupid, so was the man.

“There were debates about religion but the boring ones. As far as the so-called teachers of religion were concerned I met almost all of them but received not even a single

thought-provoking sentence about God. But if God does exist, than how can humans remain unaffected by him. In reality and practice God seemed to have no influence upon human behaviours.

“Depressed and failed in practical field, I once again turned towards books, Parapsychology surprised me, but was it really a spiritualizing out of physical experiences, transcendentalism -----

“We had hot debates at Pak Tea house on all these topics. There was so much excitement and thrill. After few debates when one day I stepped out walking on the Mall, I thought it was limited, too much limited, and I started laughing at the emptiness of the things.

“In the mist and fog of night I lighted a cigarette I started thinking about history of man, my first ideas began to grow and get stronger. Whenever a common or intelligent man tried to do something great, he achieved that but for a very limited time period. Revolutions like of France was the biggest revolution but it ended at the dictatorship of Napoleon, and the greatest revolution of communism also failed to achieve its highest ideals.

Now I was sure how can really something finite and mortal bear something immortal and infinite.

Once again I turned towards Pir, and religious preachers. It was more frustrating, the ill, and the sick approaches, people fooling them selves with open eyes. People were equally crowded at the door of black magicians and the ones who had spirits under control, the one who had jins, the one who knew numerology, the one

The Quest Of Knowing

who were excellent palmist and the one who were good face reader they were all cheaters.

People were living in a fool's paradise. I turned towards books and started studying Muslim writers, and one sentence of Imam Muslim Bin Hijaj gave me pleasure and satisfaction: "Pleaders of virtue speak a lot of lies", and I did not want to tell a lie in knowledge, I wanted to seek truth but the most important conclusion was: "Faith is the enemy of knowledge. I was getting convinced that God was no where, neither east nor west. I was free.

Europeans materialists thought man has created the idea of God. It was counted once again, all fruitless. What is mind? Why is it given to man? I found that European writers have exploited mind at lesser degree, real cause is not human being himself. All these philosophers had given more importance to lesser priority and less importance to top priority. But if there is no Top priority? God exists or not? I will confirm but most importantly, why I was doing all this, for self-projection? My all concentrations were in favour of self. For my self's will and desire I entered into spiritualism and found mysticism against self.

"In my begging bowl I got some coins of gold, of knowledge. Who was he, Syed Ali Usman Hijveri? To other he was Data of food, to me he was Data of knowledge. I found him a great researcher, methodical and scientific in his approach. His book convinced me that spiritualism is a way to God and there is God. This way is scientific and realistic, man can seek Him.

"After reading Kashf-ul-Mahjoob I searched spiritualism I read all the great Sufis. There were rays of truth,

sun dawned, darkness was shuttering, few birds were chirping, there was dew on the roses and grass blades, there were sweet warming and tender rays reflecting through the beads of dew reflecting and diverging again towards the great sun, there was so much light I could not look at the sun.

“My senses were fainting with joy. I read and understood the Quran; it was now dawn, Quran my first book of childhood, my daily recitation book in youth. How much long and a painful journey I had made to understand it.

“I explored all the Sufis, all of them; Hazrat Ba Yazeed, Hazarat Rabia Bashree, Hazrat Zunoon Misree. But all of them had tough regularities, their principle were very hard. I was looking for some moderate ones with superior thought and I found Hazrat Junaid Bughdadai, Hazrat Sheikh Abdul Qadir Gilani, and Hazrat Usman Ali Hajwari. They had moderate temperament, which I could adopt and follow easily. They had avoided extremities. I felt by following them I will get maximum advantage in minimum circumstances.

“I traveled back and I reached Prophet (P. B. U. H.), Christ, Moses and Adam. I found all these Prophets have same symbols, their approach is one, their knowledge is one, their source is one, they have regular knowledge, and practical posture. Night was over and I could smile with fresh dew and pleasant breeze.

“At last I was the conqueror, it was my first conquest in the realm of knowledge. There were tears of joy in my eyes. That painful, miserable and pathetic journey in utter darkness was not fruitless. European libraries could give me nothing, and I was a beggar in the streets of Baghdad

The Quest Of Knowing

reading and studying all the books, knocking and knocking at the doors, standing in the squares, wandering in the streets but no one gave me even a single coin. I was that miserable beggar who even could not walk with exertion, whose eyes were heavy because of sleep, but thirst and hunger keeps him awake. And at the end he had to go and search for some piece of bread in the heap outside the city.

“No alive man have any claim in the quest of knowledge on me. yes! no alive man helped or showed me the way or pointed a finger in the right direction. I was blind and the night was dark. I was alone with my stick; the path was unsteady, filled with muddle, pools, ponds, hills, sharp stones, thorns. I had no shoes and here at the steps of “Datta” I got food and shoes, light and sight, there was morning, there were pigeons flying, there was “azan” from the mosque of “Datta”.

“I was living in the time of Rajal. Every body was a fraud. I made no compromise at knowledge. I was an impatient beggar with an unquenchable thirst of knowledge. I had human curiosity not for status in society which is measured by money, or dress or by love or marriage. Instead I had human curiosity for knowledge, truth and God.

“Here I was at the right door, door of Datta. The first Mosque built many years ago in the right direction, of Kabba. The direction was so perfect that most of the Mosques of the time were demolished and were rebuilt. I south that direction straight away towards Kabba, towards Allah.

“Now I was exploring the world of spiritualism through books, I was reading, it was a torture, same round things were written again and again, in the same round way. It was an unbearable torture. I got up, lit a cigarette, I looked out of the window then stood in front of the mirror. and said to myself, “From now onwards I will observe and read life”.

At F. C. C. the principal came to a Literature class he was preoccupied with a thought, he picked up the piece of chalk to write on the blackboard, but then he dropped his hand, in the same lost thought, he went into the woods, no one knows, what was the question, what was the thought, what was the quest, where he went, he was never seen again.

“I could have joined civil services but I hated that monotonous job and I definitely needed minds to think with me, to explore with me, I joined Lectureship, I was appointed at M. A. O. College, Lahore.

Boys were all the same like all the students. No thought provoking and questioning mind. It was their exam today, I stood in verandah and had a look, some were cracking jokes, and some were pleading, “please tell me the point”, some were learning books by heart, like parrots, some were discussing sitting arrangement.

I stood and thought, I was not made to stand in this verandah and to look at these carefree boys, I was not made to teach Wordsworth or Why boys fail in college? I was made to teach something else, I was made to work in some

The Quest Of Knowing

other way, I was wasting myself, my knowledge, and my quest was in a tussle with this bread-earning job. Yes I was not earning anything neither mind nor thought, I was wasting my time.

Every knowledge demands practical aspect. Projection evolves from self-anxiety: I was lost in a moment:

Metaphysical pangs of pain I could feel them if it is a process of regeneration, current cycle of life, recurrence identity of Neitzhe. Is there any destination?

Somewhere truth is wrong and somewhere wrong is truth. People are dying for the possession of things. And there is no data of God. But there is one book that claims there is one God, who has descended this book and who, claims that Quran is infallible.

With full zest and energy, I was determined to prove or to find a flaw that this is not of God. There is no God. I wanted to be absolute clear and absolute surety.

I approached the Holy Quran first through worldly aspect but I felt I have got little. For the second time day and night I read the whole of translation, once again, once more. It can not be absolute, there must be some flaw, there should be, nothing is flawless.

I was nervous, I was pale, I was white, I was death stricken, my all pulses fainted, my heart sunk, my breath stopped and blood froze.

REALISATION OF GOD

I discovered there is God! But I did not know; had I discovered God or not?

I told myself, you are a fool and a stupid, but don't make such a fool of yourself. There is no way of escape. After absolute surety about the existence of God, I thought about second step the way towards God is Sufism. Only source of knowledge, which leads you to God.

Hazrat Usman Ali Hajveri was great guide and I learned:

1. Commitment is top priority and God is the sole priority of intellectual pursuit.
2. Remembrance of God not for concentration but only for maintaining these priorities.
3. And the achievement of balance in instincts.

But still God was far, far away.

Day by day, moment after moment death was approaching fast. Without achievement, without, realisation of God, I never wanted to die:

I thought possessions are God or God is a possession of people.

I felt God is a powerful existence for self justification of people, "I am a thief because God made me so, and he wants me to remain a thief. Whatever change will come in life, good or bad, will be because of God." I was stunned at

The Quest Of Knowing

the selfishness of human being using concept of God, in such a way.

I sympathized with God, I deeply felt sympathetic for a God, who was helpless. I was interested in this God who regretted people. At least I was successful in finding weakness in God. He wanted to be known and worshipped by His people. I looked around in the world and found chaos all over His book or, His prophet. There was crises of identity between God and man.

I was an exploiter; I wanted to exploit this weakness of God.

I wanted to have an exemplary friendship with God.
I wanted to be one of His milestones.

I said to Him, I want to have the flag of your recognition,
I want people to say,
"Yes there is a man,
Who confirms there is a God".

There were parameter standards of past mystics before me but I said "No!"

I will have my own way.

And at this point, I decided, "No desire is more important Than desire for God". I began writing a poem.

I discussed self-problems, weaknesses, and desires of man. With pain and fear I cried bitterly I gave up my poetry for the desire of God, I was walking and crying bitterly, I was trimming my desires and carefully pruning my weaknesses, I was weeping bitterly and I walked and

walked and walked miles, miles and miles, unaware of my direction, of my destination. Mind, heart, soul, body, all were aching, perishing in pain. I was withering away in humility before God; I was not even equal to the worth of a sand grain on the shore of cosmic ocean I prayed:

“OH! God, forgive me for my ignorance, give me light, show me the path, path of those whom you bless. Save me from going astray! I know my sins, I know my dark soul, I know I am not worthy of standing before you, but OH Allah! Where should I go! For all the wrong doings of my proud brain, so foolish, so stupid, so hellish, Oh! Allah! I repent; I was a fool, please save me. Here I am before you, there is no escape. Please keep me, I have no other door. There is no other door, it was a jungle, it was a road, it was a ground, it was dust, it was water, it was thirst, it was weariness, it was a thorn, I know not. I know, I was begging before my God. I was calling Him, The Truthful, The Merciful. You love me, You love me my Creator, I am your creation, and I am in your way, save me, save me. I want to be saved, and I received a minute bit of wisdom by my Allah. I remembered Ba yazeed, “I was in search of God since forty years and when I got Him, I found He was already searching for me before I set out for Him”.

I considered God and I declared him the only choice of my life, the Top priority. And I left my job for good.

RAFIQUE A “WALLIALLAH”

New year was at hand; I was a successful businessman now making a lot of money. At new year's night I was planning to go to Murree for celebration. All the friends were gathering there. There will be a lot of snow, music,

The Quest Of Knowing

lights and a lot of alcohol. New Year night was fabulous at Murree. I was a habitual drunkard, the habit I picked up since my youth days at G. C. The sum of my pocket money was greater than the pay of the commissioner of Lahore at that time. Drinking and smoking was a natural result.

I was at Karachi in the evening. Servant told me one of my closest friends at G. C. had come to see me from Lahore. I was overwhelmed. We hugged, we smiled, and we laughed. We talked and talked. I took him out for dinner and on the beach we drank and recalled old days at G.C. Those girls! How much mad I was after one, our old romances, our gossips and secrets and I recollected jogi. His golden skin, his glowing face and bright eyes, his cigarette and his intelligence and I realized, I respected him. I tried to be sober, I asked: "Yes, yar! What about jogi! that Rafique jogi?"

He was also stunned for a second, then he smiled, he jerked his head and he also tried to be more sober and said;

"Yes that Rafique jogi, he had become a Walli Ullah"!

"No, yar! No! It is impossible", and I started laughing with great chuckle. He would have become some great palmist, parapsychologist or master of telepathy but not a Walli Ullah".

He said "No! He is", and his voice was firm. The seriousness of his tone surprised me. I looked into his eyes and on his face, he was sure, of what he was saying. In disbelief I murmured, "No!" He said "yes!" I again started

laughing, "No yar!" But with serious look he confirmed again: "Yes" — a confirm "Yes".

"It was twenty years back when I saw jogi at G. C. I still could remember that man with a cigarette in a firm hand of an athlete, thinking and staring at the tree.

My friend got up and dusted sand from his dress and started walking towards the sea. Few moments later I joined him. My friend told me that jogi had left his job at M. A. O. college and went back to his village, Gujar Khan. He teaches Quran to little children without charging any money, saying it is his duty. He says, that his duty is to serve God by telling people about Him, and it is God's duty to take care of his living and food, etc.

I was surprised. My friend insisted that I must see him. What a change has taken place over that intellectual. I had some of work at Lahore. I went there. It was about 26th of December. I thought of going to Murree, on the way, I will stop for an hour or two, will meet jogi and then I will go to Murree.

"I had mixed feelings about jogi. At the same time I wanted to avoid him. Instead of staying at Lahore for one day I stayed for two days. I started travelling but I was not sure. Do I really want to see him? I remembered my wish to be his friend, I had respect for him. I remembered his gestures and his strong voice and arguments finally I was at Gujar Khan. I was wandering in the bazaar, looking for his shop. I heard a polite and friendly call; he called me from my back and by first name.

"-----Come here, I am waiting for you since two days. What took you so long?"

The Quest Of Knowing

I turned and he was standing there. His hair was short, the skin and face was same but there were lines on the forehead and under the eyes. He had same wit, friendliness, grace and power of knowledge.

In my heart I was sure he had mastered telepathy. We sat in the shop of a goldsmith, he ordered for tea; there was casual talking. I talked, about myself, my business, my family, my prosperity He said, "I think you did not like the tea. Let me entertain you with the tea, the one we had at college canteen", He took me towards a local shop. The tea was great and it was really like the one we used to have at G. C.

We started talking and we took three, four cups of tea. Time was passing but I did not want to get up. Suddenly jogi asked:

"Where is God in the priorities of your life?"

I paused and then I said, "Of course on No. 1"

He said, "The things you have told me, according to them God is surely not on No. 1".

Jogi started speaking about Allah and the prophet (P. B. U. H) and I started weeping. He kept on speaking and I kept on weeping. I had reached at jogi's place at about 3 o'clock and now it was seven, I had forgotten New year night 's celebration, and the snow, I had forgotten that I had to pick up two friends from Pindi, I had forgotten everything except listening to jogi and weeping. I got up at 7: 30A. M I got up with a thought. I had questions ----- My friends, my wealth, my business- these were my gods:

God was not at my top priority. I showed willingness to stop drinking, but it was a twenty-six year's old habit. How could I get rid of that? But jogi said, "Avoid it only for three days, just for three days."

I said to him, jogi you are right, absolutely right, for me, God is not on number one. What should I do? And how can I remain away from alcohol?

He wrote down Tasbeeh for me, "Ya Rehman, Ya Rahim, Ya Karim", and said, continue this you will get rid of this and God will become your top priority". I laughed in my heart because I did pray five times a day, and also I was doing a lot of Tasbeeh of "Chaharam Kalma". I said to myself that this would do no good and left Gujar Khan for Muree. I was thinking about his words and I realized that God had taken the place of philosophies in his life. I picked up my friends from Pindi. I told them the entire story, they laughed and cracked jokes when I said to them, that I am not going to smell, touch, and taste the alcohol they all laughed at me. At the party I was a laughing stock. Everybody cracked jokes, they laughed and jeered, but I had words of jogi with me. And I strongly said "No". That was my last presence at "New Year's Night". Thenceforth, I never smelled or touched alcohol. I was surprised that my continuous habit of twenty-six years was left. Words of Jogi made God my top priority. He saved my life and he saved me. That is what he is doing—saving souls of people, making God their top priority. Today I am a rich businessman but I am more proud to be a good Muslim, and for this I am thankful to Jogi. Sometimes I wondered how minute is Ahmed Rafique like a small dot on a plane page of practical life in the notebook of Biology, a minute dot, but a huge cloud of mind. How can that small dot hold

The Quest Of Knowing

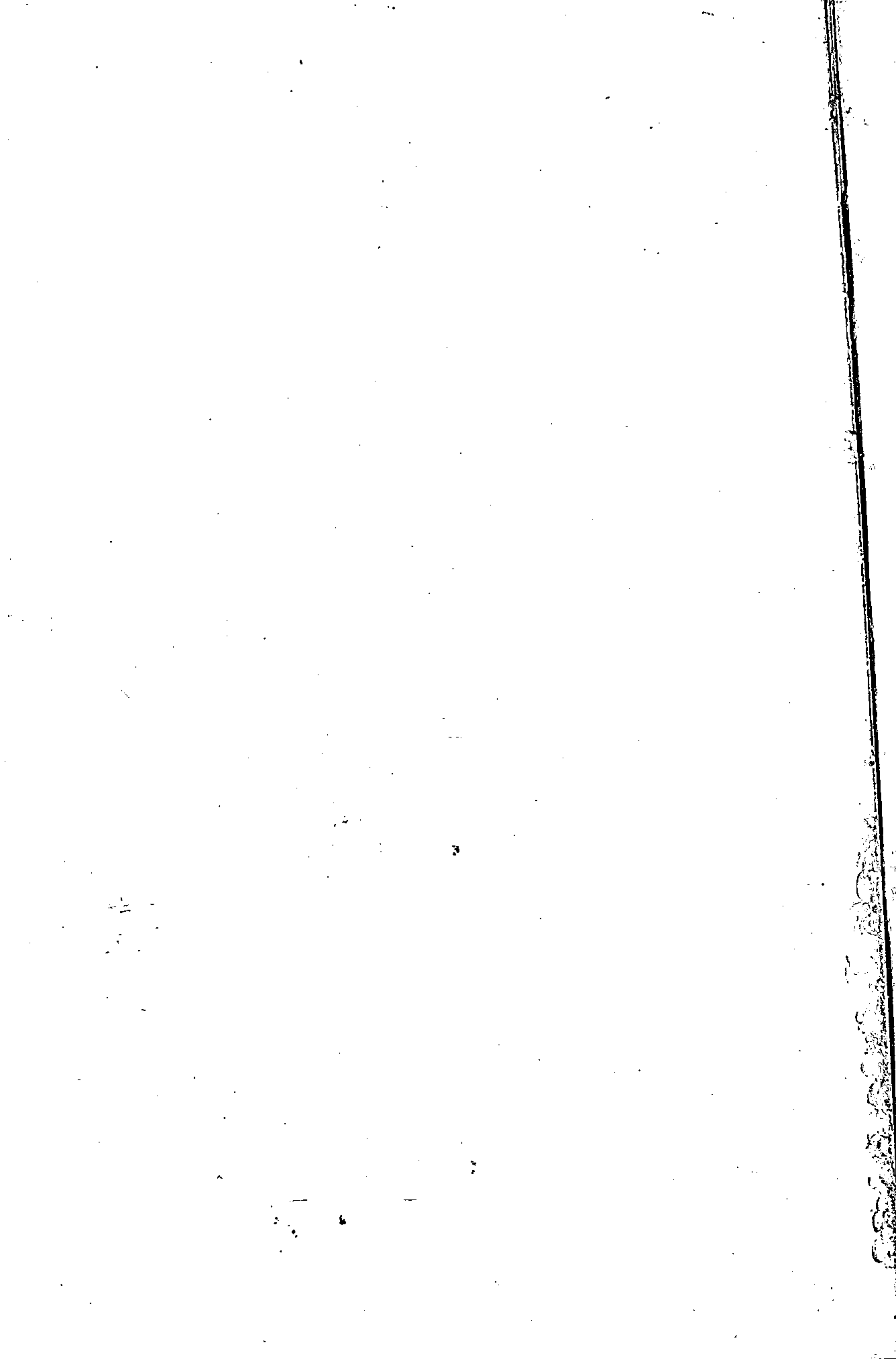
it? He holds God in his mind; not in his heart. God cannot be enclosed in mind.

Jogi gave me the beginning of commitment with God. The commitment which ends the anarchy of self. Within fifteen days I got responses, I felt balance in my personality. I felt, I have better grip on my self. My age old frustration ended in fifteen days with those Tasbeehs.

I called jogi from Karachi. I asked about the miracle. He said, "Stop non-sense! I don't believe in miracles. I am just a simple and ordinary, only humble before God, it is greatness of God and His Mercy and only His absolute act of kindness that He grant's my prayer, and not I but only He helped you. Thank Him".

I insisted, "No jogi, you are but a Walli Allah". He said, "No! I am but a normal ordinary man, and believe me, though I have got a stream of clear water, there is a thin line of dark water mixed in it.

I kept silence in respect and he said, "God bless you". The phone was disconnected jogi 's words were in my ear but the voice of my heart was saying "He is pious and righteous, as the men of God, who hold the legacy of His Prophet (P. B. U. H.) on this earth"



Part Three

SUFISM

THE CONQUEST OF KNOWLEDGE

“It was not God Who injured (or oppressed) them they injured (and oppressed) their own souls...” (Ankabut 40)
Man is the architect of his own fortune, and if there is some misfortune it is generally the result of his own disbalance or lapses.

Allah lays a stress on equilibrium in human conduct because; it is only the character of the people that decides their destiny in the next world but importantly in present life.

There is also mention of time which emphasises on discipline of universe. Time is stressed too much as the Quran states about time of creation: “We created the heavens and the earth and all between them in six days,”

(Qaf 38.)

There is a design pattern and a balance behind the creation of universe, which can in no way be termed as a haphazard formation. “It is He who created the night and the day and the sun and the moon; All (the celestial bodies) swim along, each in its rounded course...”

(Anbiyya 33)

Even the balance of reward and punishment will also be based on exact proportion. In measure of reward or punishment a beneficent principle will be followed. Good deeds will receive proportionately better rewards, but in case of evil deeds the punishment will strictly commensurate to the wrong committed. So importance of deeds is stressed with the final hour; Quran also holds an assurance that no good deeds would go unrewarded.

Balanced and proportioned people are all those who believe and work righteousness, whatever faith they may have believed in.

Thus every man trying to keep this balance and to maintain the proportion of believe and righteousness, for him salvation has been assured in the Holy Quran. Righteous conduct is thus the only requisites for salvation, the supreme achievement of man. Besides the above two basic and indispensable requirements, a number of other qualifying factors, e. g. the humbling of one's self before God, submission of one's wholeself to God and repentance from sin, etc, also find mention in the Holy Quran, as leading to salvation.

Quran testifies to the existence of an accurate record, of all our actions. But what are these "actions"? Actions are deeds of good and bad in ratio, and proportion.

After finding the basics and importance of ratio proportion, balance, discipline and time in Quran, now we will elaborate such rational ethics which Holy Quran, places on our disposal. By behaving accordingly we can raise the human conduct to a level which will make our life on this earth worth living.

The Conquest Of Knowledge

What is man but management, self-control self-renunciation, intellect, knowing and abstinence of evil? One should know the difference between right and wrong and then he should neglect wrong strongly. We find nothing is wrong, everything is good if used with balance and proportion. We find purity is nothing but a percentage of good and bad. Man has made much progress since the 19th century because he invented scientific formulas. Only knowledge and investigation helps man. Knowledge, directed by Allah and demonstrated by the Prophet.

After discovering the world of God we understand that man is not for this world but he has to conquer other worlds, other spheres, other dimensions. If human beings are ascending mentally, they must ascend spiritually or they will be lost. Mind can rule matter only if it has spiritual support.

All we can take away is purity based on balance in behavior. Sins can never be heavier than good deeds and yes we should adopt the flow and rhythm of nature. We should never go against it. We should not go for contradictions instead go for complementary things, so that we find harmony, balance and peace.

We should keep on thinking, pondering, wondering and meditating. We should start from ourselves and expand it to other spheres, other universe, we discover more and more; it is an infinite voyage.

Now as God's sub-ordinate, it is man's duty to correct this disbalance of ratio and proportion in other people. This seems to me the greatest duty. Can any person be able to set right again this balance exactly on the formula as Allah formulated? This mathematical calculation and this

scientific imbalance in human psychology, mind, mood and personality varies from individual to individual. How much close Professor's approach is to Allah. That He guides him to this knowledge yet getting more closer, traveler of infinite voyage, traveler on the path towards eternal flight of lights.

There are other beautiful worlds within this world, but we don't know them. The travelers of infinite voyage transcend time, limitation, and knowledge. But in that voyage there are other stages, there are other trials, there are other tests. They exist in this world yet they are aliens, aliens of Noor in the disguise of man on this earth. Living here is a mess for them. Worldly things and momentary people, they don't exist in this material frame of reference. They never die, because they conquer matter, they defeat matter, this clay melts, or deforms or decomposes but the ever-lasting spirit frees itself and finally meets the supreme Noor. That is why all the Sufi poets and saints are never afraid of death. For them death is a bridge which takes them to the One whom they desired.

Sufi never dies, because he dies when he is alive. During his life, when Sufi steps into Sufism he dies.

What is this strange death? Sheikh Abdul Qadir Gilani, in his book "Fathul-Ghaib" describes that the basic three principle of working or concrete foundation on which a true Muslim stands, are: firstly he follows the orders of God, principles of Islam, secondly he avoids forbidden things, thirdly he should be a complete sub-ordinate of God, whatever God throws in his way he should accept that. This is the highest form of an ordinary Muslim but lowest form of a Sufi.

The Conquest Of Knowledge

After this he states the suggested syllabus for a Sufi, "Quran, Prophet (P. B. U. H.) and his exemplary life".

SIN AND PARDON

To Allah a person who seeks pardon and forgiveness is like a man who in the middle of a desert lays for a rest and his only camel full of riches, his all possessions, is lost. He is all alone, in desert, barren deserts. He is lost and he knows he is going to die there without water, thirsty and all alone. At such moment all of a sudden that camel returns to him, the happiness and joy of that man on finding his lost camel, riches and lost life, the happiness of that man can be compared to that of God when His lost man repents, seeks for pardon and returns to Him. Further in "Fuwa'id-ul-Fawad" (gathering no 61.) discussion on pardon is interesting. No doubt, seeking for pardon in youth has no match. Hazrat Abdullah Ansari says, "There are two things for forgiveness and they are less obtained: firstly man remains untouched by sin or he seeks pardon afterwards."

Then there is discussion on pious one and a repenting one. Pious is one who has never committed a sin, but a pardon seeker is one, who committed a sin repenting on it. There is a long discussion on the two views.

Some hold the opinion that a repenting person and the pious one, both are at an equal footing. Few say that repenting person is better than the pious one, because he knows the luxury, taste and joy of sin but returns after that. He is stronger than a person who has never tasted a sin.

Once two men had a debate on the issue that whether the pious one or the repenting one is better. They went to

the prophet of that time with the argument. The prophet said, I couldn't say anything, let's wait for the revelation from above. The order came to the prophet that send them back and tell them to stay together at a place. Early in the morning when you will come out, you will meet a person ask him about this. The men went back. Next morning, when they came out of the house they met a person. He asked, what is the problem? They put the question that we want to know, who is better, the one who has never committed a sin, or the one who repents after committing sin?

The man said, "Dears I am but a weaver. I've not learnt any knowledge, how can I solve this problem? But I know this much when I weave a cloth. Sometimes, some thread breaks and I knot that. This knotted thread becomes stronger than the broken one. Both the men came back to the prophet and related the whole story to him. He said, this is the answer to your question.

One should never take a time, not even a second to ask God's forgiveness, one should never think if, these and then...

“Curse be on that life oh! Allah when I begged thee for everything, but never asked for Thee, THYSELF.”

He never gives little things. He gives what is worthy of prayers, worships, quests, perishable pains, He gives His Light to the true seekers. Man fights God, he wants to have his pleasures, his dreams, his love, his success, but he fails. Then, he thinks: God is not mine, He is cruel, hostile, and indifferent, defeats this strong fighter who asserts, "I will."

God says, "You Can't"

The Conquest Of Knowledge

Man wills to destroy himself

God wills to save him”

God disappoints his lovers in the worldly test, but they get double permotion with exalted percentage in His tests.

“Yes! But Mans Struggle Is Success, “

His Will is Success.”

Because in his so doing he is attaining spiritual elevation, when this human being fights all the hostile forces, outside, and all his desires and his own making of innerself, when he fights that, then this is the biggest struggle. If he loses, then it is not a Shakespearean or Greek Tragedy, but he is a successful and immortal being, a super human being, a Sufi. He may be a failure in this materialistic world but his rewards, his ranks, his measures are infinite like himself, like God. After knocking at all worldly doors after tasting love, marriage, and relations with brothers, sisters, relatives, colleagues, friend, he realises, he is all alone - no sons, no daughters are his. This is not tragedy. “Tragedy is when people don't realise this truth. “No doubt! The situation into which man is thrown to live in is very cruel. First, he receives, love and faith, then kicks and bullies, a lot of soul piercing acts. After that he losses all desires, then he makes a house with his wife and little children, tries to live but one day everything is ruined in some disaster, he is left empty handed in the desert of loneliness.

God says, at this time even he doesn't have to lose hope or faith. This is the litmus test. He has no choice, but he has

to live, and he has to continue, he has to rebuild, because he is life, he is here to channelise and save life, not to end it.

Discipline and sub-ordination is something great. If all the seasons, if all the weathers, if sun, moon, stars, day, night, rain, snow, sunshine, if they can't alter or distract from their path, if migrating birds never migrate out of season, if there is season of mating in different species and that doesn't alter, if ant never forgets it's way if honey-bee can never act as housefly, even if human being can't guess exactly which sperm will fertilise where does he stand? He realises he is not more than a software of computer. Programmed and designed to perform and function marvellous miracles.

SUFI: A COMPLETE SUB-ORDINATE

So you 've to follow the instructions of Allah. Then the man turns into Sufi a complete sub-ordinate. Then he tries to understand all the matters, under the guidance of Allah.

- (1) Then he dies of people.
- (2) Then he dies of his desires.
- (3) Then he dies of his wills and wishes in obedience to Allah.

These are the stages after crossing them, man defeats matter, and he himself becomes unconquerable. It is the beginning of an infinite life the life about which God Promises, "No fear shall come to them, nor shall they grieve".

But again the cruellest compulsion is that he has to live in this flesh and blood. He has to carry out the deeds of

The Conquest Of Knowledge

flesh and blood; this is the real test. He cannot renounce this world. Has to live in it and keep the nature's will alive but without getting involved into any worldly or material thing.

He does everything, he has got the children, a house, wife, job, everything, but he does all of this only because God says. God orders him so. If God says no home, no marriage, no sex, he says, "yes, sir". If God says, "you've to go and preach in a brothel but don't have to even look, with a look of tempt, to any he says, "Yes Sir".

To do anything without the order of God or at the desire of one's personal self is going astray. But instead of a personal desire accepting anything in order to obey the God's will and fulfilling it, is what God really Wills.

The greatest hurdle standing between man and God is firstly selflove, then love of a woman for man, or a man for woman, love of a mother for children, or of children for parents, love of riches and then sub-division. All of these are distractions.

All the temptations are shops, decorated beautifully with things available at certain prices, discounts and sometimes at sale. Devil never let's go any buyer empty hand from his shop of temptations.

Surely God puts the man to test. Satan insists on these tests. He is damn sure that he will attract man to sell his soul to him and God guides His men and He tries His best to save them, and man says, "We listen not, we hear not but we believe in what we see and they see evil"

Hazrat Abdul Qadir Gillani relates: Once he was praying at night when suddenly he saw an illuminating light that covered the sky from one corner to the other end. And a voice addressed him thus, "I am your Lord so pleased with you that all forbidden things are allowed to you."

Hazrat Abdul Qadir Gillani said, "get lost you devil, you can't astray me". People asked him, Hazrat, how come you know that he was a Satan not Allah. He replied because he made all "Haram" (forbidden) things "Hilal" (to do) for me.

LOVE

All the writers, poets, philosophers, intellectuals and common men, all agree that love is the greatest force. Yes surely it is. But the love of people, of ordinary worldly things, like social status, beautiful wife, love for children, all these are false love.

When your aspiration is worldly or earthly how can you see beyond the stars? How can you conquer other worlds? Low aiming is sin.

Temptation and desires of heart are like sea-water, everywhere all around. But greatness of a man lies in managing to keep them out of heart, for once they enter through a hole, we all know it sinks the ship along with the man.

God once in a life of every man outstrips him of all his desires. Sometimes you want to be a great-cricketer. He makes you that but you don't feel pleased. You want to be

The Conquest Of Knowledge

a movie -star, He lets you to be that, but you are still not pleased. You want to be prime- minister He makes you that but you are still not happy, Now all yours desires are fulfilled but you are still not happy.

BECAUSE HAPPINESS LIES IN REMEMBRANCE OF GOD ALONE.

And sometimes He makes you lose all the things, in your graduation degree, you are failed, your beloved betrayed, your father died, you need money but your pockets are empty. At that time also you can be most satisfied and peaceful: because **SATISFACTION AND PEACE COMES FROM GOD ALONE, NOT FROM WORLDLY THINGS.**

Sufi is one who knows these truths and facts and follows them. They can have women or gold or riches but not from their heart. Their hearts are always occupied in remembrance of God. But they have this thing because God wishes them to, because God sends these things in their ways for comfort and joy. Sufis can never dare to say no to them only if: God wills so.

So when God blesses one with riches and gold; and beauties, man should not forget God but he should be more thankful so that God blesses him more. But if one forgets God , He takes away His blessings or He gives more and more of it so that if man has forgotten his Giver, he should be more forgetful of God, and lost in blessing is actually getting someone else in partnership of God.

So it is clear that any man who surrenders before God, he actually doesn't surrender physically alone but, he

surrenders his heart as well as his desires, his wishes, his aspirations. Man can only achieve purity when he remains away from bodily desires and their fulfilment. When one controls these desires then only he can achieve purity. Because all bodily desires are actually like octopus, they entangle man. One desire leads to another one, it is a chain reaction of desires, which are interlinked so that man is locked and lost in them.

When a person becomes pious, then he can attain peace. Actually these desires are so strong that they make us forget God, we don't rely upon Him. Instead of achieving God we aspire for worldly things, which are uncountable, we can never achieve all of them, we run one after another and we become tired and still our hands remain empty.

A man after deserting this world of desires he should desert the life of after worlds as well. He should not love God for any blessing of heaven or for a reward; instead it should only and only be for God's sake.

Top priority in love is only God above. No earthly being deserves it, because they can never understand it but only God knows the hearts. Man should love God only, and then the things He created and always should ask for His guidance and help.

Now the important question arises how can man get rid of desires, lusts, passions, love and especially sex. No doubt man has to take the initial step. He really has to fight his own self, his own desires, which man himself had made so huge and impossible to kill. He has to have a great determination and strong will no doubt in so doing man is renouncing devil in his self and trying to achieve good things so God helps man a great deal.

The Conquest Of Knowledge

Any one, who desires or wishes to be near to God, God shows him His own way and secondly He makes His man to approach the person who is saint and holy. By sitting in the company of such saints the person achieves purity or at least he is not the only one, and also he can see the scale and target and can work harder.

Now by living in the company of pious saints he leaves a lot of bad things. He learns to rely upon one God, his faith is more strengthened, avoids all those things, which are forbidden and doubtful. He even avoids such food, which is obtained by doubtful means. He obeys the basics of religion.

BASIC STEPS OF A SUFI

God is one and top priority.

Obey all the orders of God.

Should give up all forbidden things by God.

Should always accept whatever God sends in his way and behave accordingly.

His heart should be clear of all desires.

He should only wish God and His ways.

He should always teach his body these principles.

He should always act accordingly to Quran and life of Prophet. (P.B.U.H.)

Patience and wait in sufferance.

Ask for the help of God in any difficulty.

Always be hopeful and wait for the help of God.

Treat each other with friendliness, love and kindness.

No jealousy.

Avoiding sinful acts.

Be always punctual and particular in namaz, tasbehat, ziker, rizk-i-hilal, tahajat, recitation of Quran, fasting and generosity.

But first and the foremost his body has got some rights. He himself have got the rights as a human being, he should carry them out as directed and carried out by the Prophet (P.B.U.H.).

He should also care for the people associated with him. They are his responsibility. The basis of whole of Sufism lies in:

A complete sub-missive being in front of God.

A harmless person to all creation.

Being of service to all the creation.

Human being is made out of ratio and proportion, in equal amounts of matter (body) and spirit (purity) matter is decaying pulling man towards negativity while purity or spirit leading man towards skies and God.

There are other religions as well like Christianity, Buddhism or Hinduism but from my Point of view Islam is the most challenging of all. Because other religions renounce body, they just hate it and suppress it, but Muhammadans live in complete blessings and in constant war and conflict. This is the real test of Muhammadans. They don't have to renounce the world, or flesh, or wealth, but they've to live in them, use them but not lost in them at the same time. They have to lift their spirit upto God and they don't have to deny their physical being. This is real balance and control. This is the mastery of human mind this is the skill necessary for success.

279861

The Conquest Of Knowledge

In modern times people believe that mysticism is independent of any particular religion and that it has always existed.

There is clear cut difference of path among Brahmins, Buddha's Nirvana, and Sufism, It is said that since Islam established itself in the sub-continent there have been intellectual exchanges between Muslim Sufis and Brahmins, and Sufism eventually came to adopt certain terms and notions from them, which is false.

Rest of the mysticism or mystics may be one in their approach but not the Sufi's. There is hell and heaven of a difference between the two. The two are opposite of each other. Mysticism is non - Islamic term while Sufism is Islamic. Sufism in itself is based on a clear way and path, there is a clear document in the form of Quran and then there is true and predictable practical demonstration on Sufism, through the personality of Prophet Muhammad (P.B.U.H.) there is nothing vague or untrue in it.

Things, which Muslims could only learn from Hindu Mysticism, were very superficial like palmistry, magic or controlling the other spirits. These things like parapsychology are only worldly knowledge through them no one can be a Sufi saint.

Sufism is totally dependent upon one particular revelation and it is independent of every thing else. Sufism is to realise what is the truth? Sufism is mirror of the truth contained in the Quranic scripture.

Religion is objective reality subjectively realised in personal experience. What I feel religion is rational and intellectual reasoning.

This is the first and basic difference between "Mysticism and Sufism". Non Muslim mysticism is subjective reality, which is objectively realised in personal experience. A mystic makes his own way, finds his own peace and his realisation, that is why there is difference in the way of mysticism or knowledge and interpretation of Hinduism, Buddhism, Pythagorians, agnosticism, Scrotums, Platonism and Russell etc... They discovered and mentioned their subjective truths. All mysticism is equally universal in the greater sense i.e., they all lead to the One Truth.

But on the other hand, Sufism is a way which does not originate from inside of a man but it is a way which is descended from God.

According to the most popular "Holy Tradition" or Hadith-i-Qudsi God says: "I was a Hidden Treasure and, I wished to be known, and so I created the world."

So it was His desire to be known by man that He created man. But unfortunately man forgot Him. He sent His apostles and prophets from time to time. There were at least One lakh and twenty four thousand apostles appointed by God on this earth, but man is the greatest wrong doer and forgetful of God.

Sufism originated with Adam when he was descended on this earth to toil, bow and pray before God. Those one lakh and twenty four thousand apostles were but the continuation of this chain of Truth. Some of them are mentioned in Quran. Noah, Moses, Christ....

The Conquest Of Knowledge

All are but one chain. It was God's desire to make himself known and be identified as such, which prompted Him to undertake this venture, and more especially so was the creation of Man. Man has been given a chance of life in order that he may live a life of righteousness and adore his Lord. To know Him and follow His principles seems to be the primary purpose behind the entire creation:

It was all about the righteousness and fair people of God. But still there is a distinction between an ordinary individual and a prophet. All prophets got a normal birth, with the exception of Jesus, who was an immediate conception.

These prophets were equipped with ordinary senses like all other individuals, and have nothing extraordinary about them, except that they had an exemplary moral character since their early age. They received Divine message at appropriate moments of their life, especially when their purity of soul had attained a prescribed standard. Some like Jesus were born prophets. On others this dignity was conferred at later stages in their lives. But the fact remained that they were just ordinary type of individuals and lived a life of humility among ordinary men of their age.

Inspiration from God is a phenomenon, which almost all individuals experience, to a greater or lesser extent. The degree of this inspiration, however, depends on the degree of purification of the receptive soul. Poets, for example get some sort of inspiration and their spirit soars so high at that time. But immediately this inspiration goes, they stand reduced to the position, in which they originally were.

The message sent through the Prophet Mohammed (PBUH) was first a continuity of the previous revelation and contained nothing, which may distinguish it from the past.

This Quran is not such
As can be produced
By other than God,
On the contrary it is
A confirmation of (revelations)
That went before it,
And a fuller explanation.
Of the Book...
Yunus 37

In the same strain, it was observed.

This day have I
Perfected your religion...
For you, completed
My favour upon you...
(Maida 4)

With completion of this message Prophet Muhammad has been held to be the last of series, in the Holy Quran itself.

Muhammad is not
The father of any
Of your men, but (he is)
The Apostle of God.
And the seal of the Prophets:
Ahzab 40

The Conquest Of Knowledge

So the continuation of the chain of truth from Prophet (P.B.U.H.) to Christ, then to Moses, to Ibrahim and Adam and then to God Himself proves one way and One Truth, "Allah". The Islamic credo is expressed by the Quran as belief:

In God and His Angels
And His Books and His
Messengers.

Sufism is special and different from other mysticisms. As prophets are special and different from common righteous or virtuous, men, so among prophets Muhammad (P.B.U.H.) is the seal of Prophets and the Quran is the last Holy Book in which God addresses directly to man. There is no need to convince anyone about Prophet Mohammed's (P.U.B.H.) "truthfulness" and his exalted character, what, Quran says, history itself speaks for his truthfulness, a spotless character, in morals, and aspirations the best specimen of humanity even the non believers of God and opponents of Islam and Prophet Muhammad (P.B.U.H.) can never deny the fact of his truthful life.

The truth told by such a person is most rational and intellectual because through historical documents and literature fables, we know he always spoke the truth and people never questioned his truth, there is no doubt about his truth. What ever he said was truth, Quran itself is truth, truth that is still in its original form and original shape and original words. Only, Eternal Truth can sustain and maintain itself as a distinct feature otherwise it would have mingled and mixed in other ways of finding the truths.

So we can conclude that Sufism is realization of the Truth as contained in the Holy Quran and Scriptures.

Being finite in nature we can only get the glimpse of infinite, so for Sufi's the recitation of the Quran throughout their life is must and meditation about God, who is the essence of every spiritual path.

The theme of Quran is above all Allah Himself. Its secondary theme is that it comes from Him by way of Revelation and that it leads back to Him through guidance along the straight path. So in the very opening of Quran in Surrah Fateh the prayer is "Guide us along the straight path". And what is that path? As directed by Quran and Prophet (P.B.U.H.) the straightest path and most direct approach to God. This path or way is "Shariat" or "Tariqat" of Sufism towards Allah.

Once someone asked Hazrat Junaid Bughdadi about "Tuhaeed". He said that "with extreme belief one believes in oneness of God". Hazrat Shah Wali Ullah says, as all the Sufis; Saints do agree that "The Way" or "Tariqat" of all the ways is one, in the same way all "Saliks" first action should be that he should correct his beliefs. In this context he should follow the beliefs of "Sahaba".

After correcting his beliefs it is must for a man that he should carry out all the fundamental principles of Islam, abstination from sins, and from things, which are forbidden or declared evil.

This is first of the "Tariqat" and its real name is submission. It is real base of Sufism and Islam.

Without it Tariqh (way) or Saluk (travel) can never be correct.

The Conquest Of Knowledge

So Sufiism is a continuous way, which began with Hazrat Adam and through Prophet Muhammad, (P.U.B.H.) is the seal of Prophet but still this voyage of searching the infinite in finite continues.

Allah says in Quran that my most righteous and virtuous people are the inheritors of truth. So Sufism originated out of True Originator and One source. That is God sent His Prophets or apostles from time to time, but here is one major difference between Prophets and Sufi saints are those men or people who aspire and toil in the way of God, they are saved from sins. Prophets are higher than Sufis are. The end of sainthood is beginning of Prophet hood. All prophets are Sufis but no Sufi can be Prophet.

Prophets are those which are appointed by God and who are born innocents. When they are descended to this earth they are descended with some miracles. They are born prophets. They already have the knowledge of the Creator and so the Creator sends them in this world to preach Him.

Where as Sufis are those people who are righteous and virtuous and through their Tariqah (way) and Saluk (travel) Istirja (Seeking to return) recognize God and travel towards God. They lift themselves from this earth towards the sky and after being one with God is the highest step of sufism and beginning of Prophethood he descends back again in this world to preach God.

The travel towards God is of an ordinary person, but when he returns back to earth his soul is not ordinary than, he had perceived the truth. They are not aware of any miracles, they don't have one, but by the will of God, such

sayings, happenings or actions take place of which Sufis are unaware but God let's these happenings to take place and people associate these happenings with sufis as miracles of Sufis.

There is continuous spiritual chain of these from Prophet (P.B.U.H.)

We don't find any such continuity or chain in any other history of philosophy, mysticism or religion.

Muslim Sufi Saints believe that it is must to participate in all righteous deeds. At the same time they don't like to be involved in the world so that it enslaves and entangles them. They follow the path of Prophet (P.B.U.H.); and by strictly practicing his ways they can gain the ideal lifestyle. In this regard Hazrat Datta Gunj Bakhsh says: "In fact (bond of) Nikah is essential for all males and females and is a must for one who can't save himself from wrong doing; and it is sunnah for those who fulfill the rights of their family and it's members. Some saints and Shaikhs say that Nikah is a must to get rid of lust and earning is must to turn one's heart towards ultimate direction."

Shaikh Zia-du-din Suharwardi says that: Saints do agree that trade and work, industry and business is essential so that it helps in achieving goodness and piousness but it should not only be focused upon to get money.

Sufi saints believe that marriage should not be for the world and neither with rich woman but only for to follow Sunnah and to remain away from ignorance.

He further says that the basic principal of Sufi saints is that whatever dress they get, in whatever form, at whatever

The Conquest Of Knowledge

time, they wear it without any hesitation and without their own choice and they do so only for carrying out the orders, so that they don't remain nude and to save themselves from cold and hot weathers. This is something which, Prophet (P.B.U.H.) has said, is not included in world rather this is excluded. God says in Quran, "Women are your dress and you are theirs". (Baqra 187)

Further Prophet (P.B.U.H.) said that; "Marry for four reasons wealth, health, beauty and religion. To marry a pious woman is must for you because after Islam the best blessing is that Mumin's heart is pleased by the company of his favorite wife."

About dress Hazrat Data Gunj Bukhsh in his book Kashf-ul-Mahjoob writes that saints don't take any special pain in adopting dress. If God had blessed them with shawl they wore that, and if dress is available, they will be pleased in that as well. I (Ali Usman Bin Al-Jalabi) also like this style and this has been my pattern also in the context of dress".

Hazrat Sheikh Nizam-ud-Din Auliah said "That renunciation of world doesn't mean that one should keep himself nude or sit in a corner in Naikacs, but in fact renunciation of world means that he should wear a dress and eat as well and use every Halal thing that reaches him but takes no interest in collecting it and neither desires it from heart. This is renunciation of world". (Fawaid-ul-Fawad)

In another sitting he said, "For sometime we talked about the origin of "Saluk" and it's essence. In the mean time he narrated that once a person visited Khawaja Ajmal Shirazi, he had his bait and he waited that Kahwaja gets

some time and preaches him about prayer, fasting and the basics of religion. But Khawaja only said that never wish anything for other person, which you can't wish for your ownself and always desire the same thing for others, which you desire for yourself. That man returned after a long time and requested that last time when I came I was expecting that you would guide me about prayer and other basics but you did not. I am still expecting such guidance. Khawaja said, what was your lesson that day? Murid was surprised and remained silent. Khawaja smiled and said on that day I had told you that never wish anything for other person which you can't wish for your ownself and always desire the same thing for them which you desire for yourself, "You have not remembered that first lesson then how can I give you second lesson". Khawaja said.

Hazrat Abu-al-Hasan Noori says: "Sufis are such class that their lives are freed from human desires, are saved from this disaster of soul and are freed from lusts and desire. They are at the foremost and highest place in peace with Allah and are farthest from the thoughts of non-Allah." Further he says: "Sufism is not a tradition, neither knowledge but it is entirely moral. If it had been a Tariqah" (way then it could be achieved by trying, if it had been a knowledge it could be achieved through reading but it is moral. Produce this moral in yourself. And those love God the most, who are in companionship with Him". (Baqra 3-5)

Further Prophet (P.B.U.H.) said that:

"I heard Gabriel reporting that God says that the one who insults my (wali) he declares war with me, and nothing bothers me so-much as at the time when the spirit of a Mumin is being captured. He dislikes it and I also dislike

The Conquest Of Knowledge

causing him pain. Though death is compulsion and when my men obey my merits and musts (Faraiz) then they achieve my intimacy and when he wants to near me through "Nuwafil" then I keep him that I become his eyes, ears, hands and feet from which he sees, listens, works, walks, and whatever he asks for I grant him and when he asks for safety I grant him safety." At one other place Prophet (P.B.U.H.) said:

"When God keeps friend out, of His men then he orders Gabriel that I keep that person as friend you should also keep him as a friend. Then Gabriel keeps him as a friend then Gabriel announces in front of all angels that God loves this man, so you should also love him then all angles love him, then God makes that person popular on this earth and people of earth also love him."

So in my opinion, the reality behind the phenomenon of Sufism is completely different from mysticism. Infact the practices of mystics; in various religions may appear to be alike in some traditions or ways of prayers to Sufism. Like fasting, patience contemplation, renunciation, etc. but the basis are entirely different. It is not true to claim that Muslim Sufis adopted things from Christianity, Hinduism or Buddhism etc. Muslims have richest source of Saints, Suhabis, Caliphs, Prophet (P.B.U.H) Quran and Allah. They don't have to rely on other things.

Hazrat Shah Wali-Ullah had in a complete and comprehensive way described the qualities of Islamic Sufism in his book "Humaat".

He writes that

“Further more this should be known that religion of Prophet (P.B.U.H.) has two places. Firstly external and secondly internal. As far as external place of religion is concerned, its achievement lies in maintaining and looking after the common understanding and it includes all those order and matters which are ways and causes for this common understanding to work upon these and to help in publishing them. And the things, which cause misunderstanding in common understanding, should be stopped strictly. This is external form of religion and as far as the internal form is concerned moral and good practices leave good impressions upon heart. To attain these goals of heart are the principle target of achievement of this internal form.

When Prophet (P.B.U.H.) died, it was promised that his religion would be protected. After his death the fulfillment of the promise was carried out in two ways: those people who could by the will of God could safeguard the shariah they saved the external form and they became the external guardians. These were (Fuqha, Muhadiseen, Ghazi and Qaree). So in every decade of every century these courageous classes of people are at work. If someone tries to change religion they get up and fight for it. The second group of protectors is a class of people whom Allah has assigned the duty of protecting the internal of religion, the second name of which is “Ahsan”. In every era people surrounded the Sufi saints of this group. The good and pious impressions achieved by the obedience and good deeds at the internal of human body peace hearts receive. These saints invite people to join those deeds and also they tell them to adopt good morals and pious ways.

Hazrat Data Gunj Bakhsh says that Sufi's are those people who have purified their hearts of worldly desires.

The Conquest Of Knowledge

Hazrat Zunun Misri was once asked who are Sufi's? He replied; those people who leave everything and who purely love God and God likes them more than other things.

Hazarat Junaid Baghdadi says that:

“This way is only for this person who holds Quran firmly in his right hand and sunnah of Prophet (P.B.U.H.) in his left hand and covers the stance of life in the light of these two candles, so that he is not lost in the thorns of uncertainty and neither he loses his way in the darkness of Bidat”

“Sufi is a person whose heart, like the heart of Hazrat Abraham's heart had been purified from worldly desires and which carries out the order of God. His sub-ordination is like Hazrat Ismail his repentance is like Hazrat Dawood, his sainthood is like Christ, his patience like Hazrat Ayub, his emotional aspiration is like Hazrat Musa, and while praying his “ikhlas” (sincere) is like Prophet Muhammad (P.B.U.H)

Sufism is to expurgate heart from the wishes of celebrity people (because it creates pride), and to separate ones ownself from physical habits and to shunt away the material qualities and to obstinate from bodily desires and to build spiritual qualities in one's self and through real knowledge achieve spiritual alleviation (real knowledge is Quran). And always to busy oneself in good deeds and talk to people about good deeds.. To keep reality at the place of reality and to follow Prophet (P.B.U.H.) in Shariah: Sheikh Shahab-ud-din Suharwardi said “Sufi saints are that group of people who are most successful in following Prophet (P.B.U.H.) because they completely carry out the sayings of Prophet (P.B.U.H.). They worked upon every order of

Prophet (P.B.U.H.) and they avoid the things from which Prophet (P.B.U.H.) abstained” Abdullah Tasterree says: “Every single emotion or ecstatic state which cannot be verified from Quran and Sunnah is false”. Hazrat Shah Wali Allah says that: “As all Sufi saints agree that the basis of all the chains of “Tariqaat” is one in the same way they agree that the voyager (Salik) of the ways (Tariqaat) first step should be that he should right his beliefs. In this context he should follow the lighting. Sahabaa, Tabeen and Salheen’s belief. After correcting the beliefs it is must for him that he fulfills all the fundamental teachings of Islam. He should avoid sins. This is first place in the way of Tariqaat and its name is “Ata’ at” (obedience) Ata’ at is Infact root of Sufism and Ahsan, without it Tariqaat and Salook can never be corrected”.

Hazrat Sheikh Nizam-ud-Din says:

“Pir should be one who knows exactly the orders of Shariah, Tariqaat and Haqiqat and when this will be the state then Pir will never order anything which is against Shariah: Another Sufi saint Shah Kalim Ullah Jihan Abdai in his letters very clearly asserts that following of Shariah is the only standard for saints. He says: “Oh Brother! If you want to know what is the difference between the placing of Fuqra. You should see the difference in their action upon Shariah because real standard is Shariah. Shariah is the only thing which tells the worth of Fuqra”.

“The real minaret of Haqiqat is Tariqaat, and the minaret of Tariqaat is Shariah. The person who beholds the beauty of Shariah more, that much the person will be complete and master in Haqeeqat. The symbol of the standard of Haqiqat is that minute by minute saliks foot gathers and more strength in Sariah”.

The Conquest Of Knowledge

Hazrat Sheikh Ali Hagvari in Kahsf-ul-Mahjoob writes: "If someone desires Sufism, ask the basis of his world, if he denies the name only then it doesn't matter but if he denies the actual meaning then he denies Prophet Mohammed's (P.B.U.H.) whole Shariah and his all deeds."

Prophet Muhammad (P.B.U.H) is the Sufi of highest order.

I was a "hidden treasure" and I wanted to be known, thus I created the light of Muhammad".

According to this Holy Tradition (Hadis-e-Qudsi) God is speaking directly about Himself that He was a Hidden Treasure and He wanted to be known then He created Light of Muhammad (P.B.U.H)

And in Quran Allah describes Himself thus: "Allah is the Light of the heavens and the earth. The similitude of His light is as a niche wherein is a lamp. The lamp is in a glass. The glass is as it were a shining star. (This lamp is) kindled from a blessed tree, an olive neither of the East nor of the West, whose oil would almost glow forth (of itself) though no fire touched it. Light upon light, Allah guideth unto His Light whom He will. And Allah speaketh to mankind in allegories, for Allah is knower of all things" (Light 3.5)

So Allah was a "Hidden Treasure" and He wanted to be known and He is Light, of course. When the treasure is of matter like gold, pearls, rubies and diamonds etc., the lock outside the door is also of matter, which is also opened by some key made of matter. When Allah is Light, like of a star, in a glass and the glass is placed in a lamp, and that

lamp is in a niche, and it glows forth of itself, when it is neither of east, nor of west, when it is of no extreme or concrete, when it is light upon light, then what can touch Allah, then what can open or unfold this treasure?

Allah further says, "Allah guideth to His light, whom He will".

His will was to guide the Prophet (P.B.U.H).

Prophet (P.B.U.H) himself was a light but only a key, that opens a huge door of a fort or walled city.

"God made all the spirits, before creating anything material God questioned the spirits, who am I? One spirit speaketh immediately, "Thou Art, Our God". God chose that very spirit at that very moment as to be the seal of Prophet as to be Muhammad (P.B.U.H.) and God placed His own Noor in his forehead. God loved him so much, the beloved of God. About whom God says, people chant Darood on my beloved, in return my angels will bless. So much that this "Darood" becomes compulsion in Namaz as well. Allah who is Alone, who is so readily jealous of sharing Himself with someone, gave part of ritual prayer to His beloved, and His Qalimah is also not complete without the mention of Prophet (P.B.U.H.)

"There is no god but God and Prophet Muhammad (P. B. U. H.) is the Prophet of Allah."

When Moses demanded of God that I would prefer, better to be perished, but I die to see you. God's simple answer to the plight of Moses was "It is but a right of an orphan".

The Conquest Of Knowledge

And yes! God tells us in His book Moses couldn't sustain His very Presence.

Allah further in Al-Ahzab declared "O Prophet! We have sent thee as a witness and a bringer of good sending and Warner. And as summoned unto Allah by His permission, and as a lamp that giveth light" (Al-Ahzab 45-46)

First of all it shows that Prophet (P.B.U.H.) is not so ordinary that he should be taken as granted. He is someone special he is the part of Kalima, part of Namaz and part of Quran, and also Allah praised him thus in Quran. "And Lo! Art of a tremendous nature" (Al-Qalm 4)

How can any art be of a tremendous nature if it is not very close to God, as only a hand can touch hand so does a light touches light.

Prophet (P.B.U.H.) is so special to God that He made special introductions for him: "Those who follow the messenger the Prophet (P.B.U.H.) who can neither read nor write, whom they will find described in the Torah and the Gospel (which are with them.) He will enjoin on them which is right and forbid that which is wrong. He will make lawful for them all good things and prohibit for them only the foul; and he will relieve them of their burden and the fetters that they used to wear. Then those who believe in him and honour him and help him and follow the light which is sent down with him, they are the successful. (Al-Airaf 157)

God describes that his prophet can neither read nor write but he is same person whom He has described repeatedly in Torah and Gospel. Why he is so important

that special measures were taken in the past to send clues so that people identify the right man?. Because he will be the one who will make humankind free of the fetters, which they use to wear. According to Quran the meanings of fetters are not of Physical slavery., but slavery of mind and heart, slavery of man's own ideals, slavery of man's own shadows. God stresses that though Prophet can't read, can't write but you've to follow him. Why such insistence on following an 'illiterate' person? Because that illiterate person has light of Allah in his forehead and in his heart, because he will tell us the difference between the right and wrong, because he will see us and will get us free, he will make all good things a law and forbid all the bad things. And his followers will walk towards Allah, towards righteous path.

“And follow the light which is sent down with him, they are the successful”.

The difference between a Sufi and a prophet is that prophet is chosen even before birth. He comes on this earth with purity and light of Allah in his heart whereas a Sufi is an ordinary human being after being in the way of Allah and his desire to have Allah he is lighted to alleviation by following the path and blessings of prophet (P.B.U.H) and then again he is placed among the common men but with purity and light of Allah.

In “Al Fatah” Allah Himself describes the purpose of sending His prophet: “Lo! We have sent thee (O Muhammad) as a witness and a bearer of good tidings and a Warner. That ye (mankind) may believe in Allah and His messenger, and may Honour Him, and may revere Him, and may glorify Him at early dawn and at the close of day” (8-9)

The Conquest Of Knowledge

Now the most important aspect is that all the messengers of Allah, including Prophet Muhammad (P.B.U.H.), were mortals, like all other beings.

So all the prophets were essentially human beings, but they all exalted that they had special blessings of God in the form of revelations. They were absolutely human beings in all aspects.

Prophet had exalted character, pious and purer heart, he had tremendous nature. Allah describes humanly aspects of prophet: "There hath come unto you a messenger, (one) of yourselves, unto whom ought that ye are overburdened is grievous, full of concern for you, for the believers full of pity, merciful". (128 Al-Tauba)

So the most important function of Prophet Muhammad (P.B.U.H.) is also to get mercy to those who obey Allah. He is the mediator between man and God.

As there were prophets and books of God before Prophet (P.B.U.H.) and Quran. A special distinction is forwarded to Quran by Allah:

"This Quran is not such as can be produced by other than God; On the contrary it is a Confirmation of (revelations) that Went before it, and a fuller Explanation of the Book"
(Yunus 37)

What was the fuller explanation of the Book of course Prophet Muhammad who practically evaluated and

demonstrated Quran. But with-Islam, Quran and Prophet Muhammad (P.B.U.H.). Allah's message was complete, such as Magnificent, Majestic, Marvelous Allah was satisfied with the job done by Prophet Muhammad, so God declares.

“This day have I perfected your religion upto you.”

Part Four

PERSONALITIES

PIR SAHIB

Anees was standing by the bed side, looking deeply into the face of old saint. Saint was ill since so many days and Anees had not slept since so many nights. He had hopes but people all around were also hurt and quite, they all had prayers in their hearts. Anees was quite hopeful. He asked him most obediently, may be he would like to go for an outing, since the saint was very ill and very weak so Anees used to carry him on his back and take him out for a walk. Saint smiled and said, "Yes! Only this horse can bear and carry my weight".

But he had grown too weak; he refused to go for an outing. Anees remembered how one day while getting him on his back he thought how much thin and fragile are the arms of saint and how much strong is my body, he wanted to get up, but he couldn't, he tried but he couldn't, he cursed the pride in his heart and said, "God help me" and God granted him the power, he raised up and took the saint out for an outing.

Anees restlessly went inside the mosque built by the saint, he offered Nuafil and prayed with tears, "Oh Allah! Keep this light, alight, who had built this mosque in thy name, and who has served thy people in thy house, who had preached thy name. Keep this light, alight."

A murid hurriedly called Anees; Pir Sahib is not well. Anees got up and hurriedly went in, it was about to be maghrib and Anees lit the light, the saint said, "It will come into your hands". No body understood it then.

All the people were in the room and saint was not even taking a single drop of water. Anees moved forward, Saint's eyes were closed, he said, "Sir, I am Anees, at least accept few drops of water from my hands". The saint accepted five, six drops of water, and then went on a journey for which he had waited long.

Anees heard grievous voices, cries and shrills of mureeds. His father, the Saint Baba Chiragh Ali Shah had passed away. He couldn't believe this, without him, life had no meaning, people were all around. Anees looked at their faces, all of them had deep grief, and for many of them life was barren and empty without their murshid. "Death of Pir Chiragh Ali" was the news which was cutting the hearts of many mureeds, some of them had perception in dreams that their Pir is about to depart.

Pir was buried at the place where in his life one day he made a small cross and announced, "when I die bury me here" Life was dark and empty, purposeless for Anees. He walked towards the railway line; he couldn't bear to live with out his murshid but most of all his dear father. On the railway line when he was about to end his life, he saw his father, coming towards him, he hugged him and kissed his forehead, there was a hint of anger in his eyes too, as if he had not liked the act. He held him close to his breast and then started walking towards home with Anees. On the way he spoke, to Anees and tried to console his heart. He told him that he had not forgotten his promise, and blessings will be given to Anees and he deserves his "wallait" most,

Pir Sahib

he is right and most deserving one because of his actions, and purity of heart.

He dropped Anees home, Anees felt quite better than before. He started "Zikr" with more concentration, he fully turned towards Allah, all the time his heart was busy with Allah. After few years when his mother died, and he heard the news instead of frustration and depression he looked up and said "Al Hamdu-Lillah" "God blessed His special blessings" what those blessings were and how much those blessings were only his heart knows and the God above, in this process only the Giver knows what He is giving and receiver knows what he has received.

Then these blessings divided and multiplied, that Anees himself is Pir Sahib now with clear symbols of purity on his face in the form of light. There is light around the eyes, on forehead, on whole face. Always smiling and simple, silver grey beard, wears dohti and Khusa, always white in colour. Kurta with the opening neck on the left side tied together with stripes, white cloth cap. Always speaks with gentle and polite smile.

I went to attend "Giyarwheen Sharif's Khatam" in the month of Rabi-ul-Awal. In order to go to Zanan Khana you have to pass by a mosque which has boundary but you can see inside clearly, it was after Maghrib. As I was passing I viewed inside the mosque, he was sitting on the chair in the verandah of mosque. He was sitting like a king, majestic, polite, soft, gentle, smiling and there was light upon him. He was sitting in the light, light blessing was surely on him, that was a special colour, that was special mood, that was special time, when I saw him specialty of light and peace upon a majestic king inheritor of the throne "Waliat". I went inside the "Zanan khana" but my ears were on the

speaker, he started speaking” “There are people of God in you, who are the beloved of God. They are clean shaved, like this professor of botany department at G.C.” He made him stand in the crowd. He said, “people look at him clearly, he is wearing pants, he is clean shaved, he teaches botany science, but I tell you he has purity in his heart and God love these men. Don’t misjudge them they are true people”.

He was speaking and I was thinking surprisingly this is Sufism! Things happen heart to heart, he is my Pir as well so that day when I went there I was particularly confused over the matter of Prof. Rafique’s being clean shaved and wearing three piece suit, smoking cigarette, and on the same day I met Agha Ali Khan and Tariq Sahib both people mystics yet suited –booted-Tariq Sahib a bank officer while Agha Ali Khan assistant Commissioner. So this was a Pir, who knew question in my mind and I feel his that “Khitab” was particularly directed towards me for my book.

But above all, that day I had doubts about Mr. Tariq, about Agha Ali Khan and about professor Rafique. I had fear in my heart that I am writing about these people, are they really those as I think about them? And there is no doubt they are all Sufi’s. I don’t know their ranks but yes definitely they are right people. That day the theme of Pir Anees Sahib’s speech was these people are the inheritors of Prophet.

He praised Prophet (P.B.U.H.) and even sung a “naat” as well. After Namaz-I-Ishaa and “Dua” he came into Zanan Khana. All the women gathered around, “Pir Gee, please pray to God for my son’s job”. “Pir Gee, my husband is very cruel, he doesn’t let me visit my parents,

Pir Sahib

please pray for me". "Pir Gee please, I have severe headaches please do the "dum" and to all the requests he was raising hands again and again in front of God, and with a smile he put his hand on my head. I said "Aslam-o-Alaikam". "Yes! Teacher how are you?" He asked. "No, I am not a teacher but (I muttered) a poor learner". "How was today?" He asked "It was great, I saw this gathering in special colour, was it really special or it seemed like that to me? I asked inquiringly.

A lady who was standing with me said, "Yes it was special today".

Pir Sahib smiled and said to a lady, "You have come after a very long time". She replied, "You never reminded me so I didn't come but few days back I had a problem in my life, so I've come when you summoned".

He looked towards me and asked "What do you say of this?"

I said, "Person is always present if his heart is present and he is always absent if his heart is absent". But he couldn't listen to it, he was attentive to another lady.

Then he again attended me.

He, "So how's your teaching?"

I, "yes my learning is good, I had met some great people today". He smiled and asked, "Yes! Who are they?"

I, "They are men of God".

He: like, name them.

- I: Prof. Rafique of Gujar khan
 He: Nodded his head "yes"
 I: Agha Ali Khan,
 He: Who's he?
 I: Assistant Commissioner Lahore.
 He: What have you learnt?
 I: That you are a right source
 He: (Smilingly) how's your book?
 I: Not sure.
 He: Show me sometime.
 I: It's not worthy to be presented before you.

He said, "No, show me the book and don't leave without eating from "lunger". There were too many women and our talk was interrupted again and again by women- "pray for me" and he raised his hands for all of them, one by one.

I begged permission to leave, he again reminded me of the food and permitted me. I ate, "dal" was delicious as usual and "chapati" was well cooked. His wife was serving, beautiful Firdous begum, without any makeup, neatly dressed up, Chiffon duppata, well spread around, with a cheerful smile and pleasant nature- I've realised the wives of Sufis are specially designed for them and they help them in their path.

Next day I took my writing to him. He said, "All right in every book there is some special part which is the favorite of author, read that out to me." I said, "I feel little and all the words seem meaningless in front of you". But he said, "No open up and read". His daughter was also sitting there. I opened the book, the passage was about professor Rafique, his guidance and my trust in him. I felt he would not like it because he is my Pir and instead of my

Pir Sahib

pir, I had written about someone else. But he appreciated it and said, "May God's blessings be in this book". He was going some where so he left. He advised me to be careful while writing about the Prophet (P.B.U.H.). I latter realised, he knew Prof. Rafiqure, he knew what can I write, he was not interested in the book, but he wanted to give me his blessings and prayer. It was all from God, I was pre-occupied: are these people right people? I am writing about. On that day, he gave me courage and strength that my direction and approach regarding these people and the book is right and God's blessings are in it.

COMMUNION

He is always busy and surrounded by Murids so I spent most of my time with his wife. She assists women about the prayers. I asked her about the method for murid's practice or recommendation. She said mostly it is assigned according to every person's individual caliber.

The beginning of "bait" is also directed by God and through Prophet (P.B.U.H.). This is a special tradition of Prophet)Pact of allegiance) all the Pir and their Murids are spiritually attached to Prophet and then to Allah. As people have got genealogical tree, this is known as spiritual chain.

Now during bait on Pir's hand the concept is actually that hand of Pir is actually leading to the hand of Prophet (P.B.U.H.) and upon the hand of Prophet it is Bait-i-Rizwan and actually person is not promising the Pir and the Prophet but in reality 'Allah'.

After "True Bait" a person is so cleansed like a new born child, he is purified at the very moment, he is

completely innocent, his all sins are washed away but as everything is based on "Niaat" or "Ikhlas" in Islam, so this purification also depends upon "Ikhlas" (Purity).

Now the Pir explains all the things, which were enchanted during the "bait", recitation of first "Kalima". Second, third and the fourth, fifth and sixth, sift Ieman – Mufasil and sift Ieman – Mujmil.

Then Pir describes these concepts to the person that there is no god but one God, and Prophet Muhammad (P.B.U.H.) is the last Prophet. Allah has created us and we have to return to Him. Because the person's faith is renewed and because with purity and faith he acclaims there is no god but God and Prophet (P.B.U.H.) is his last messenger, because he fully believes that he is complete sub-ordinate of Allah and he will follow the footsteps of Prophet and Quran, and that Pir is a spiritual teacher and a guide to help, because of this refreshness of believe and faith the man is purified.

Then Pir says, "Our Allah is one, you have to follow his laws, as prescribed in Quran and demonstrated by Prophet (P.B.U.H.), remain away from "Haram" things and only accept and practice "halal" things. Obey Shariat, and nothing should be dearest to you than God, after God, more than Prophet, and more than Pir, pray five times a day, recite Quran and then special Tasbeehat like of "Istaghfar, Darood Shreef, and Kalima". Sometimes he recommends Tahajat as well and his basic teaching is from now onwards don't do any deed for your own self, do all the deeds for God, and tolerate people for God, love people for God and serve people for God.

Pir Sahib

Pir Sahib went on Haj in 1993. There one of his murid Fida Hussian also wished to perform Haj in his company. In Saudi Arabia the rule is that a local man can perform Haj once in five years. He also had no passport. There was another person Haji Allah Baksh who felt that this is something against rule, so the man should not do so. Pir Sahib said all right we would decide this at Miqat. At miqat Pir Sahib said to Fida Hussain, "Wear Ahram". Haji Allah Buksh objected but Pir Sahib said, "No one can forbid or object him if Allah and His Prophet allows him".

There were four, or five check posts, Saudi police was there. They checked strictly all the papers but they couldn't see Fida Hussain. Pir Sahib said to Haji Allah Buksh, "They can see only those who have their passports but not those who have not, because their passports are Allah and His Prophet (P.B.U.H.).

HAZRAT CHIRAGH SHAH SAHIB

Pir Anees Sahib was born to Hazrat Chiragh Shah Naqshbandi. Hazrat Chiragh Shah was very pious and a strict follower of Shariat. He belonged to Sadaat family. His father's name was Syed Hussain Shah. He belonged to Marara in Distt: Sialkot. Hazrat Chiragh Ali Shah had a bait on Hazrat Jamaat Ali Shah Lasani and received spiritual benefit from him. He was a great saint. People from far and near places used to visit him. He built a mosque in Walton. He used to teach Quran and preach it to common people. Many people accepted Islam on his hands.

His special benefits were to pray in order to get food and children from God for the people.

He had written three books, "Janvir-i-Lasani", "Zikr-i-Habib", and "Wasal-i-Habib".

He is buried at Pir Colony, Walton Road, Lahore Cantt.

After him, his son, Pir Anees Sahib, was "Gadee Nasheen". He also did a great service to Islam and led a simple life. He built a mazaar of his father and extended the mosque whose foundations his father had laid. Pir Anees Sahib also built a mosque at Gujraan near Faisalabad. He had also built a Madrisah alongwith a hostel over there. He died in January 1999. He is also burried at Walton Road, Lahore alongwith his father in the same tomb.

After him now Pir Zeeshan-ul-Haq Sahib has been chosen as a Gadee Nasheen.

QALANDAR

I opened the door of deputy director of audit in wapda. I was expecting to see a friend of professor Rafique, I wanted to interview him. Imtiaz Bukhari was disappointed to see me, and I was disappointed to see him. To him I was too young to be mature enough to write about Sufism. He was expecting some mature scholar and I was also expecting someone about fifty-five, but he was young, just forty. I said to myself, he is a handsome bureaucrat and his brain must have been more handsomely capped. What opinion can I get? My interview was over within five minutes. I asked him, have you met other Sufis, and he recommended me one.

Agha Ali Khan assistant Commissioner, I was visiting his house for the first time. I pushed the bell button a casual

Pir Sahib

man in coarse voice with closed eyes opened the door. I said "Aslam-o-Alikam! I've to see Agha Ali Khan". He asked, "Imtiaz Bukhari has sent you". I nodded positively. He said, "Come on beta, come inside". The house was simple, neat and tidy, so was his wife. Imtiaz Bukhari was also there, the man surprised me, he was so casual least bothered that an outsider is in the home, but he spoke with closed eyes, he opened them rarely and when he did they were red. His eyes were full of intoxication of love for God, but his voice was coarse and style like who cares. I remembered the reading from "Fuwaid-ul-Fawad" about Hazrat Marouf Kirkhi, that angels will bring a man tied in chains made of nur, his eyes will be closed with intoxication of love of Allah. Allah will order the angels take him to heaven and he will say, "I've not loved thee and prayed thee for the sake of Heaven".

He said, I don't meet people it is only because of Imtiaz Bukhari that I've allowed you to come. In the normal routine way I should've asked questions for the interview, but instead in discourteous and coarse voice he started questioning me. He spoke sophisticated and polished English, more sophisticated Urdu and rather more sophisticated Punjabi and Persian as well. Not only that he spoke all these languages with high sophistication but also the most difficult verses from all the four languages and he quoted "Hadith" as well.

I looked at the man, his eyes were closed, his breath showed, he was restless, he was in pain, he spoke in loud clear voice he was a man of absolute moods, a king in his mood, who damn cared about anything. He asked me why I was writing? About what I was writing? How do I write and why do I write? What is thought? From where does it come to my brain? And there were so many questions, I

was totally confused. I don't know what I replied or what I said. After half an hour of his investigation he at once declared, "You are welcome, you are in the way of God, usually I don't see people, and I had allowed you only on the recommendation of Imtiaz Bukhari. Through your answers I've realized you are not romanticizing with knowledge, you want to know God, you are on His way, I am your obedient servant, I will serve you, what else can be more beautiful to serve a person who is out in the way of God". I was again surprised at this sudden change of mood in confusion.

I started questioning him, but he didn't answer appropriately. Then I started to observe him and felt that, the man I am talking to is a Qalandar. So much forceful, powerful, independent, so much authority the world was really at the tip of his left foot. I had no questions for him. It was a complete nonsense to put questions to him, I thought. So I just sat there conversing and learning and observing him. I was submissive and silent, listening to him most carefully. Imtiaz Bukhari was a great help, he spoke to him most of the time, and he spoke intelligently, I realised this bureaucrat's mind is not too handsomely capped, he can question and think, I thought his post in government job is genuine and so is his gold medal in sociology. His tact of questioning testified his gold medal.

Qalandar was speaking from the heart and from mood. It was difficult to understand from which time and space he was speaking and on which depth he had plunged right now. There was incoherency in ideas, and language was abrupt-English, Persian, Urdu and Punjabi all in same breath. He was very wise in not seeing people because after meeting him I understood why Sufis are secretive? Because

Pir Sahib

they can't communicate to all and sundry, no one but only a Sufi can understand him.

He asserted strongly on the obstinate stubbornness of love for God. The claim and obstinate demand of God. How much impossible and unimaginable it seems that a human being, a finite self insists on having the infinite and demands him constantly. And he claimed that God love this obstinate stubbornness of human being. Man should stand firm, it is a way not of comfort but pangs and pains, of kicks and scolds, of punches and hurt, of decay and perish. Yet only in front of God. And as far as this world is concerned, he claims the man in the way of God is no ordinary one, he is King of Kings, independent and forceful, nothing can damage him or escape from him.

I had related in the beginning that a woman came to my house but she didn't beg. I told him about her. I had just said two sentences and he described the woman. I looked at Imtiaz Bukhari and he smiled. He knew her; she was in the way of Qalandar, Lal Shahbaz.

He is clean shaved, wearing pants and a shirt. He again and again makes references to Lal Shahbaz Qalandar, Bu Ali Qalandar and Hazrat Ali Qalandar. He says these are majestic and marvelous beings. He is a Shia by sect I asked what is the principal making, what is the way? He replied, "make your self reach upto the Prophet (P.B.U.H.).

That is religion, that is the way, follow him". He said some are those Sufis or Walis who by birth are bounded to be Sufis or Walis. Some are those who achieve to be a Sufi after a lot of hard work and toil in "Ibadat" continuous and restless "Ibadat" all the time in front of God and Prophet (P.B.U.H.) Third one is a person who by some action is

selected at once there and then by the blessing of God. He does some precious deed, which is liked by God, and he is selected. In this context he told me: "There was a rich man. He kept beautiful horses for races. People during Muharram came to his house and requested for the horse to be taken in the procession of Hazrat Imam Hussain, for Zul-Jinnah. After the procession was over they returned him he was not in the old form, He had sad eyes and drooped ears, he even didn't eat properly. He was very worried because the horse was very expensive, he tried the treatment but to no avail. Then he realised this horse has something special, during the procession Hazrat Imam Hussain (R.A) must had ridden the horse, that is why he is so sad and ears are dropped and not eating anything when all is well. He had to go out on some work so he hired a tonga and went on that, on the way tonga met an accident and the coachman died. The tonga was of another man and someone else was driving it but this person was taken in as a murderer. He was imprisoned, and was sentenced to be hanged. His family used all influences, money, lawyers but to no avail. He was in the cell waiting for his death. Death had clutches at his throat. He couldn't eat, sleep, or walk, he had grown so weak, he had motions for the fear of death, there was no way out he wept bitterly.

"Ya! Ali Maula what wrong had I done by sending a horse in your procession, and I didn't know it was a summon to my death I would never had sent it. I did a service to you and you are doing this to me". He kept praying and weeping, day of hanging was approaching fast. So much so that the next day was the hanging day. He lost all hopes he was lying flat on floor when a handsome man in blackhood riding upon a white horse entered from nowhere, into his cell, he had a sword in his hand, majestic, proud, magnificent and marvelous, he said,

“Get up, nothing will happen to you, don't fear, Ali is with you, then he went away out of the iron bars”

Now the gate keeper was in the way of Sufism, he was furious and greatly angry, he was abusing in top of his voice calling names to wives, daughters etc. of the imprisoned person that I am the one who is working so hard and toiling in the way but Ali Maula and Hussain had paid no attention to me, have not accepted my “Salam” even and had visited this son of, man. He was madly striking his “danda” on the iron bars. The prisoner was more scared, I want to be saved and Ali Maula and Hussain Maula are playing games with me.

Early in the morning, they came to make the preparation, the prisoner couldn't stand, death, fear had chutched him badly he was half dead already. He said, “Ali Maula this is not fair, in reward of my good deed I am getting this, I am going to die for no reason and you are playing tricks”. Time was flying but they didn't take him for hanging, the file was lost and the Jailer according to rule couldn't hang the man. All the Jail was turned upside down each and every cupboard, locker, record room was searched but they couldn't find the file. His hanging kept on delaying, he had some hope that he will be saved. Ali Maula is helping him. Most importantly during all these days, the horse and rider with the hood came to visit him each night. Now he was popular in the Jail that he is a great Sufi and Ali Maula come to visit him each night. People started to ask him to pray for their pardon etc. As he was also free he started to work hard in prayers. The family also appealed to the president but he also rejected the appeal and the sentence of death was still there, at least three years passed like this and the man was set free again. It so

happened that when the file was found the government changed. He was freed later on. I asked Agha Khan are you murid of someone? He said yes! I am murid of my brother. I was surprised I asked him who is he? He said that he is at present in Germany, he had controlled Lama's over there.

Once his brother came to Pakistan and Agha Ali Khan insisted, I want to bait at your Pir's hand. His pir is "Bu Ali Qalander". He said I can't do anything in his matter. As I pray Tahajad during the night time you should sit outside the closed door. Neither knock at the door nor call me, if someday I call you then do come inside respectfully. Agha Ali Khan agreed to it. His brother used to pray Tahajad for three or four hours, it was winter and Agha Ali kept sitting quietly outside the door, doing Zikr in his heart.

One night he heard, his brother calling his name. He opened the door and went inside. The person on "jainamaz" was his brother but his voice was not his, style of speech was not his, it was someone else who was speaking Persian and beautiful poetry of Bu Ali Qalandar, in his own voice. He had a bait upon his hand.

Agha Ali Khan said to me understand whatever meaning you want to understand if you can, if you can't it's all right. That is how my bait took place. I am murid of Bu Ali Qalander. He had a motor cycle in his youth, used to smoke pipe. He was a lawyer by profession one day some Qalandar "Baba Must Qalandar" came and he (after seeing him) said you will be a commissioner soon, and without any seriousness or intention he was deputy commissioner.

But his life style was of a Qalander. He went to a graveyard for concentration. There he used to practice fasting as prescribed in Islam but he kept them for 80, 90

Pir Sahib

days, used to do a lot of Tasbeehat, 9,000 times Darood sharif a day. All night he kept standing before God in Namaz. He said in those days he used to fly.

Imtiaz Bukhari asked him what is the significance of Tasbeehat? He replied that, if Rafique recommend Tasbeehat it is good because Tasbeehat are like trowing the barren land. Tasbeehat prepare and purify the land of heart for the seed of God. He said, "I also started from Tasbeehat".

When I asked that as you've said that you used to fly, was it your miracle? He looked at me, all of these are side tracking, don't go for them; we are out in search of God. We don't demand miracles, we demand God. He said all these things are worldly intuitions. Like jins or black magic these are unnatural and inhuman. Natural and human intuition is directed from God.

I asked him how can we differ between a genuine saint and a worldly saint? He said that genuine saint will always try to take you towards God, and worldly saint will try to make you rid of worldly problems so that after one problem, you will go to him for the second one. Genuine will make you rid of world, false will involve you more in it. While a genuine saint is like a rose, he spreads name and fragrance of Allah, whenever you leave his company, at least for few minutes you forget the world and think of God. I asked, what if someone doesn't get the right teacher?

He replied that we search for students but we don't get them, there are very rare students who are in the way of God and those who are, they really find the true teacher. And a student whether he gets a right person or not he

should keep on trying and should never give up because as Hazrat Tabraiz has said, Create the thirst, thirst for truth is given to few, And most importantly the learner should never be disappointed because " Lover is never alone"

He stated there are five basic principles for the follower of Holy Prophet (P.B.U.H.) who is in search of God, Curbing oneself. To step out of oneself. To break the magnetism of existence. Continuous browning in God's love, and to be perished in this love.

He claims I am in love with God and it is non-communicable thing. This love is tempestuous, victorious and triumphant. It gives grace, independence and grandeur of a King.

Then with closed eyes his track changed, he said person loves God and he loves perishable pain and pangs, He gives wah! wah!

"Rangish Hi Sahi Dil Hi Dukhanai Kai Liay Aa
Aa Phir sai mughay chor kay janay kai liay aa".

I looked at Imtiaz Bukhari the Qalandar was in his mood. Then he was transported from despondency to fulfillment,

"Kubaku phail gai baat Shanasai ki,
Usnain khausbu ki tarha meri pazera ki"

He was uttering these verses at much farthest and loftiest levels. Of course the poets of these verses had not touched those levels, but he the Qalandar, was reading

them in another context and the beauty and dimension of these poems was never ending and ever-growing.

I was surprised to see his wife large and beautiful eyes, what surprised me was, there was red colour in her eyes too, red colour of perishing love. It is too much in her husband's eyes that he can't even open them, the intoxication of love keeps them close from the wordly light but the light and eyes of insight are brighter and clearer than sunlight or visual eye.

As I said before Sufis wives are specially designed for them and they are also in the way of God. The bond between them is greater and much satisfying then bond of love, friendship and understanding. It is bond of God between them. Most surprising is the common characteristics which are shown in their lives, in their attitudes, in their habits, in their faces and hearts. They are not two, they are one. I am sure their wives play a great and major part in their success. They are simple, polite, generous and kind, supporting their husbands, rich in spirituality, and never demanding gold bangles or diamond rings from the husbands, nor from God.

She cooks delicious haleem for the Lunger, serves it whether it's roasting heat of June or worst of weather of January. She understands her husband, and she never interferes with him, in any way, but she complements him in all the ways. Honest and pious comforting wives, the special bestows of God upon His virtuous men in this world.

He said, "I despised and disliked dancing. Even when I was staying in graveyard for concentration in Ibadat, that was a strange time, I never wore any shoes just a long "nicker" and I used to draw water from the well through "Buqa" and then I used to take that bucket to the grave, wherever a man or a woman want to. I felt great peace by serving the heart broken people. Walking barefoot on the thorns of shrubs, it never used to hurt me. I was insensitive to such pain and people who came to visit the graves tried to give me alms but when they looked at my face, they couldn't dare to offer me even a single penny. They knew I am on special duty.

"There in the graveyard I severely beaten the faqirs one day, they were dancing after Bhang. Also one day I saw some foreigners dancing as well. I asked them who are you and why are you here. They replied that they were Britishers and had come here in search of God. I asked, have you got Him? They said, yes they were badly drunk and had taken Bhang, they were dancing madly and they thought it was a religious experience." I went to the Darbar of Sakhi Lal Shahbaz Qalandar Sarkar. I saw a burning candle in golden mirror and upon that mirror, God's name was written a voice came from my inside: How beautiful He must be whose name is so beautiful".

There was drum beating outside as well as inside, perhaps all senses joined to perceive one side or all sides were merged in one dimension in one perpendicular, in one beat, in one rhythm, and in this Oneness of, heart, mind spirit, I felt Allah inside my jugular vein, that jugular vein was outside, the beat of drum was not outside it was in my pulse, instinctively, I jumped into "Dhamal", Lal Qalandar,

Pir Sahib

who was he someone else or myself, who was Allah, someone outside or someone inside, but I knew He was One, the drummer and the drumbeat, from where it came from someone else, from somewhere out or from inside, I knew not but I knew I am dancing in the oneness of rhythm, I am dancing on the pulse of jugular vein.

"FAQIR"

Baba Qaim Din lives in Gali No. 1, Pir Colony Walton Road Lahore. He is nearly eighty, his door is always open for every one. You only have to knock and enter. There he sits on a charpay; there is strange smell of desi medicines prepared by baba himself. Room gives a look of a slum, especially when it rains, with foul smell of all the medicines. There are two marble slabs by his bedside; the one which are used as epitaph. Once I said to him, "Your room was dripping all night and you couldn't sleep properly all night and it is so cold. So many rich people visit you, nobody has ever thought about making a room for you" Babba smiled and said, "Yes, so many of them do want to but a faqir doesn't need a palace to live in. Secondly, now I will built my own tomb. It is time for my grave to be built, and I tell you I will benefit people more after death. Whoever will come to my tomb and will pray for something my God will give him that (Insha Allah)"

There is an expensive carpet on the floor presented by a beaurocrate, but that too has become carpeted with mud and soil. There are iron chairs for the visitors to sit upon. Baba himself sits upon a charpay; there are medicines in big brown bags, which lie on the floor (MUD), some on the charpay. Whoever comes in sits on the chair after shaking

hands with Baba gee. Baba then feels his pulse and within a second tells a complete detail of disease. Then he gives a fist full of his home made medicine (from different weeds) In return whatever anyone wants to give, one rupee or ten rupees, he takes it. He wraps the medicine in simply torn page of some book, but before handing it over he blows on it. Then he asks every one sitting over there to raise hands for prayer, saying, "My Allah will get you well, don't worry, everything will be alright".

There are hundreds of people who come to him, not only from Pakistan but also from many other parts of the world. Many come to say thanks, for they say it was his medication which cured the disease and they had a child. His visitors include all sorts of people-non Muslims, Muslims, rich businessmen, women, beaurocrates, common folk, poor, people, illiterate people.

I don't know whether it is his medicine, which cures, or it is his blow, which benefits. Baba says, "I was pressing the feet of my pir sahib when he asked, "what have you brought?" I said grains. The pir said, "You have brought grains for me, who will give you grains?" Baba said "Allah" The pir smiled and said, "you will give children to people by blowing on weeds."

ETERNAL BLISS

I think there is one basic pattern which Prof. Rafique and Pir Sahib has followed Tasbeehat. This is one basic recommendation which Pir Sahid and Prof. Rafique do.

Pir Sahib prescribes "Tasbeehat" of Istaghfar, Darood Sharif and Kalima mostly. First tasbeeh for repentance, second for believe in Prophet (P.B.U.H.) and third for perfection of faith. With these Tasbeehat he recommends Zikr of "Allah Hou" with rhythmic rise and fall of a breast. The breath, which is taken in, is "Allah" and the breath, which is expelled out, is "Hou". This practice depends upon "Ikhlas" of the doer, his concentration, his purity, his taqwa, more stronger they are, more richer and riper the fruits of oneness with Prophet (P.B.U.H.) and Allah are.

For a Sūfi worldly knowledge is not necessary. Every sufi cannot be a scholar; neither every scholar can be a sufi. The practice of Tasbeehat of Pir Sahib is producing sufis whereas Professor Ahmad Rafique is producing scholars as well as sufiss.

Now knowledge is of two types, One is of a sufi, which is achieved through heart. It is the knowledge of spirit. Whereas the other is of a scholar which is acquired through brain. It is knowledge of matter.

In Islam zikr and Fiqr are basic and the most important foundation to achieve Inner Light or Marifat (knowledge). This Zikr and Fiqr is thus stated in Quran in Surrah Al-Imran "Such as remember Allah, standing, sitting, and reclining and consider the creation of the heavens and the earth (and say): Our Lord! Thou createst not this in vain Glory be to thee". (191)

In Mushkat Ibne Umer (R.A.) relates that Prophet (P.B.U.H.) said that, "Human heart also catches rust, as iron gets it from water". People asked, " Oh Prophet (P.B.U.H.) of Allah then what is it, that can wash away this rust of heart and give it a new life and shine?" Prophet replied, "remembrance of death and recitation of Quran in abundance".

Now Quran has seven inside or hidden meanings. Though Quran is clear and self-explaining in easy construction and language syntax but it has worlds of meanings inviting for Zikr and Fikr both. Zikr is done by heart and Fikr is done by brain. Allah asks men to do both twenty four hours a day and at the same time be busy in carrying out daily routine works. Is it too much for the faculties of human beings? It is nothing. Allah says man himself is a wrong doer.

Zikr purifies heart (as Prophet said) and meditation purifies brain. Brain sublimes the thought of outer world of physical existence whereas Zikr purifies heart and sublimes the spirituality and in consequence pull of material world is balanced with the pull of spiritual world, thus thought and feeling become one in knowledge of Allah.

Eternal Bliss

Most importantly brain is limited, too much limited to perceive God. That is why all the practices or rationales applied to testify God failed. What will be the result if you apply thermometer for human temperature to measure radioactivity? So brain is limited and is directed towards world alone. This world is world of symbols or human experiences, mystical experiences, like in parapsychology or telepathy, hypnosis etc. But we all know all of these are very limited and dangerous. Most importantly these are psychic experiences, not spiritual. Psychic experiences can be strange and beautiful but are limited and are destructive, as they are only one aspect of matter, while through heart one experience spiritual experiences, which are multi-dimensional and unlimited, always growing towards Allah.

Zikr and Fikr are most important and basic elements of Sufi.

Allah says in Quran:

“And do thou (O Muhammad) remember thy Lord within thyself humbly and with awe, below thy breath at morn and evening. And be thou not of the neglectful”.

“Lo those who are with thy Lord are not too proud to do Him service, but they praise Him and adore Him”.

(Al Airaf 205-206)

In Quran Allah has explicitly laid out the ways of Zikr, early in the morning and in the evening, in their hearts, most humbly below their breaths. He further says, those who feel proud in Zikr are not with Him but those who feel poor and unworthy in themselves and love Him and Praise Him.

In Surrah Tauba Allah reminds this: "O ye who believe! Be careful of your duty to Allah and be with the truthful" (119)

Allah claims thus in Quran that He is aware of what is hidden in the breast of men, Purity of heart can be achieved with fear alone. When through Fikr man discovers his limitations and decaying and ever ending matter then he feels little before Allah.

As there is so much insistence on Fikr there is also insistence upon turning away from ignorant; "Keep to forgiveness (O Muhammad) and enjoin kindness, and turn away from the ignorant. And if a slander from the devil wound thee, then seek refuge in Allah, Lo! then seek refuge in Allah, Lo! He is Hearer, Knower. Lo! Those who ward off (evil), when a glamour from the devil trouble them, they do but remember (Allah's guidance) and behold them seers. (199-201-Al-Airaf)

So forgiveness, Kindness, to remain away from ignorant and to save one's self from evil, to cultivate all these things, Allah Himself shows His guidance, and that is to remember Him in abundance. Allah knows temptations from devil will trouble His men, so He says, "Remember Me". But if a man is entrapped by the temptation, the most Merciful says: "Say! O My slaves who have been prodigal to their own hurt; Despair not of the mercy of Allah, who forgiveth all sins. Lo! He is the forgiving, the Merciful. Turn unto your Lord repentant, and surrender unto Him, before there come unto you the doom, when ye cannot be helped". (53-54- Al Zamr).

Part Five

PROF

AHMAD RAFIQUE

MIRACLE OF TASBEEH

One can find a lot of preachers and Hafiz-I-Quran and scholars of Quran, Fiqh and Hadith. Specialty of Professor Rafique is that he makes sinful people turn towards surrender before Allah. He tries to help the people before the time when they can never be helped. As he does this only to save people of Allah for Allah's sake, so His Special Blessings are with him.

Yousaf a twenty three-year-old young boy (student of prof. Rafique) says that the only job he does is that he makes us stand before God. This is the greatest job. He produces this "yaqeen" in students, that, "If Allah touch thee with affliction, there is none that can relieve thee from Him, and if He touch thee with good fortune (there is none that can impair it) for He is Able to do all things".

Now professor Rafique builds this yaqeen in them and of the omnipotence of Allah upon His slaves, through Tasbeehat.

Building trust and faith in one's ownself is the most difficult thing, but with a teacher like professor Rafique it is nothing. Mr. Anook and Mr. Amir say, "to be a mystic is like having a piece of cake". I said to myself, "non-sense".

I pitied poor professor that such students who think to be a Sufi is an easy way surround him. I asked professor and he said, "Yes it is easy when you have got a proper teacher".

Professor has special blessings in that he does not preach but he has miracle in his tasbeehats. Not through lectures, through books, not through counsels, advices, or televisions but through his prescribed Tasbeehat he builds Muslim Characters. He makes them Mumins.

Trust in one God, alone, which is only with God, then complete faith in that, trust upon oneness of God then fear of God. These three are, when achieved by any one, he acquires such power that nobody could ever dare to have a look at him in a sarcastic way. In this fall of twentieth century nobody can think of acquiring such things but professor Rafique does so and in a most natural way. I am sure if people know how their life and point of view towards life will change; they will refuse to come to him. Most of the people came to see him unwillingly, but they are often more willing to see him again and again.

He never preaches, he never sermons, he is discourteous in calling a spade a spade. but you believe him, you obey him, you follow his instructions, you follow his Tasbeehat most unwantedly and then one day you unconsciously ask yourself, am I good or bad? Hazrat Abdullah Bin Masood (R.A) says, "Once a man asked Prophet (P.B.U.H.)" Oh! Prophet (P.B.U.H.) of God! How come I know that I do good deeds and am a virtuous person, or I do bad deeds and am a bad person?" Prophet (P.B.U.H.) replied. "When you listen to your neighbors (friends/Colleagues) reporting that you are doer of good deeds, it means that you are really doing good deeds, and if

Miracle of Tasbeeh

you listen them reporting that you are a bad doer it means that you are doing bad deeds" (Ibne-e-Muja's Mushkat)

Professor Rafique makes a worst Muslim a better Muslim, a better Muslim a better Mumin, and a better Mumin a better sufi.

But I think what is this person in himself that he is able to do all these? If I will ask him, surely his answer will be that it's blessing of God. But why all such blessings go to him, why not to me?

What happens to a person in crises or in normal routine life who comes to see professor Rafique? As a rule man is a wrong doer, either he does wrong to himself by being a fanatic in religion, sometimes too much involved in world, too much lost in innerself or outerself. It is for sure in this modern world everyone lacks something some where, mostly in spirit. As heart is the base for perpendicular and direction. If brain does Fikr a person needs Zikr to complement it. So professor recommends Tasbeehat according to the nature of disbalance in every person. This Zikr is basis for self improvement not only of spiritual level or purification of heart or finding a way towards Allah, but it is to unburden one's soul, to unload and to get rid of the daily routine anxieties, cares, troubles and worries. The continuation of this zikr is must because only in this way human being reaches higher and gets the prolongation of the peace of the heart.

In Quran Allah Says, "Call upon me and I will answer you".

What happens actually man loses his focal point in daily life. His soul or material desires clutch him so badly

that those desires and aspirations rule his brain and life, and his heart is dead or restless. Anxiety or unconscious trouble is produced because man cannot tackle all these matters if he loses his focal point. Heart by Zikr of Allah calls that lost focal point back. Man's inspiration gets response from Allah and he gets hold of his focal point. Once that is in hand he can balance between inner world and outer world. No one can get this focal point as it is with God but when man asks His help, He helps in maintaining that balance of Zikr and Fikr.

Perfection is a synthesis of the qualities of Majesty, Beauty and of Sufism. I once asked professor Rafique, what is beauty? He replied that, "beauty is not face, or skin or colour or proportion. It is when all the flesh is taken away from bones, plain bones clear of flesh, and then those bones powdered away, what is left behind, the qualities. So the qualities are the real beauty and no one but God alone can with stand this pedestal of beauty". In Quran Allah says; "Everyone therein (in the worlds of creation) passed away; and thee remainth the Face of thy Lord in Its Majesty and Beauty".

L : 26-7

It means by the invocation of these names, human being kills his selfish desires, which are worldly qualities, and he put on the Eternal Qualities of Allah. For example when a person in deep depression and anxiety goes to professor Rafique he recommends him the Tasbeeh of "Ya Salaam, Ya Mumin, Ya Allah". These are the names of Allah expressing the Divine Qualities. By the invocation of these names, man's self-desires are controlled and his depressions are limited because these names are superior and they enforce their authority and superiority over mans physical nature.

Miracle of Tasbeeh

Regular Zikr gives discipline to the innovator and the names of Allah make easy for a man to locate his focal point and to take it into balance. Concentration of focal point means that the nature and the desires, which were controlling men before because of invocation of Allah's names, man has started to control them. Before man was in their hands now they are in man's hand and he is standing victorious and triumph.

This is balance of personality, based on peace, comfort and carefree life achieved by putting on of Divine Qualities of God. Most remarkably Professor Rafique keeps his balance. He doesn't only ask for Zikr but he provokes for Fikr as well.

A GREAT TEACHER

As far as professor's own personality is concerned, I can't decide whether he is a great Sufi or a scholar. I think he is a combination of both. So he has got the (Marifat & Gnosis)—Supreme knowledge which is perceived through heart by the blessings of God. Brain is limited and it collapses analyzing God but heart grows as the God grows, and so does reception of knowledge. How much big is his heart, at least must be bigger than the table of knowledge assigned to him, and how much bigger a Sufi he is? At least that much that he can accordingly and exactly recommend Tasbeehat. This non-challengable perfection in recommendation of Tasbeehat without any spiritual teacher shows the exactness of his heart and the least of his being a Sufi.

I asked him what is your regular and all-time prayer: he said in Arabic, then he told me the translation, "God, keep

me deprive and low in my own eyes but keep me high and exalted in the eyes of people”.

Professor's success lies in that many of his students, their brains may be busy in their profession, business, music or television but Zikr always occupies their heart.

This is the beginning of a Sufism. That is why Mr. Anook and Mr. Amir said it is easy to be a saint because to follow his Tasbeehat to invoke God you don't have to get up late at Tahajjat, or may be you are not performing a prayer of five times a day, you don't have to go to a cemetery or in isolation. You can perform these “Tasbeehat” anywhere, at your work, while watching television, during travel, any where and anytime, whenever you feel convenient.

What happens actually in the beginning a person does this invocation unmindfully, with broken intervals, but when a person does it regularly, then this is something more greater than achieving a focal point in ones' self, this is finding the center of consciousness, and through this consciousness he transcends, towards God.

Through the Zikr first a person went to Fana, killing his material self and then he went to Baqa by putting on qualities of Allah, and what is achieved through the center of consciousness, the heart Ihsan or excellence is achieved. Prophet has described Ihsan or excellence.” Excellence is that thou should worship God as if thou seest Him, for if thou seest Him not, yet He seeth thee”.

Allah in Quran says that, there is nothing, which does not glorify Him with praise, everything has this capability. Yet ye understand not their glorification. Human being

Miracle of Tasbeeh

forgets this capability and duty. By performing this duty he achieves Excellence "Ihsan" and thus he rises not above his ownself but above whole world and becomes the part of cosmos, not ignorant human being but exalted being of Allah. Then he realizes Allah is nearer than his jagular vein, in his pulse, in his heart, and they vibrate His name, this Oneness of being is actually the real knowledge or 'Marifat' which can only achieved through heart and Zikr.

By this he becomes "A'abd Allah" a slave of God. It is the proudest rank the Muslim can claim, bondage to Allah implying liberation from all other servitudes. All especially devoted men, all the chosen ones, are called slaves of Allah in the Quran.

This achievement does not lie with the teacher but it depends upon "Yaqeen, tawakal, Ikhlas" of the heart of the Zakir.

A true teacher like Professor Rafique makes you stand in the direction of God. Now it is an individual's own hardwork and the blessing of God whether he steps out of himself or stays there. I've met so many of his visitors who insist so much on physical reality and they refuse to rise above their physical self. Prophet (P.B.U.H.) couldn't save such people how can Professor Rafique, just an ordinary follower of Prophet (P.B.U.H.), do this.

When one opens the door of Prof. Rafiques room for the first time, a lot of people feel disgusted. They don't like to attach the word like Sufi with him but they all do agree that he has got the knowledge and exact analysis of a human being's self.

I went to Gujar Khan to meet Professor. Truth is that he lies as averagely as any other middle class teacher in Pakistan. I asked his wife about the saving and she said, in the beginning I did try to save money without his knowledge, but all the money saved in this way was always wasted away. I could never use that. I told this to my husband he said we can't collect money, it will always harm us. So I gave up that practice and thanks to Allah He fulfills all our needs. We have some share in the business and that's the money I get at the start of the month. I've to spend very economically. But it's all right with me. I don't have any lust for money etc. I asked what's professor's favorite dish? What sort of food he likes to eat? She said, "He eats almost everything. He orders for a lot of dishes at one time, but he eats less and insists others to eat more. But he himself does not have good eating habits. I said "Isn't it very messy when a husband demands four or five dishes and then eats only one" She said, "May be it is, but I like to cook for him" I asked her, "Did he preach you to offer Namaz and observe pardah etc."

She said, "Yes but that was not exactly preaching. He never gave me any lecture, but he just presents his point of view if it appeals you, you can act upon it. Otherwise there is no compulsion" I said, don't you think it's wrong if he knows what is right why not enforce that? She said, "He is a very democratic person. He only stresses on normalcy. He often says for Namaz and recitation of Quran and Tasbeeh. Instead of insisting he does it and in that way people around get the inspiration and start doing it. He convinces with logic and he only advises when someone is willing to be advised. Secondly when he recommends Tasbeeh a person automatically comes to follow Namaz and to the understanding of religion. Instead of blind faith he always insists on understanding of religion". Professor

Miracle of Tasbeeh

has got a son and daughters. I asked them whom do they like more, mother or father. "Abu" was the answer, "He is our friend, he is very loving and caring. He is intelligent; we are proud of his knowledge and we have got the best father in the world." His son Abdullah is 16 year old and studying in Islamabad. I asked him, "Is his father stubborn?" He said, "no my relationship with my father is like a friend and sometime of a teacher-student. We are very friendly and open, but I respect him very much at the same time. The best thing I like about him is that he never compels, or forces his point of view. He just gives some advice and always prays and helps to build one's own point of view. When it is accomplished he just trims it or waits with patience till I am convinced of his reason. He is the best father, my friend and a teacher in the world". I asked, "Does he watch television?" His wife said, "yes! But he gets very little time for that. He has got a dish connection in his bedroom and a full size coloured T.V. as well. He likes to listen music. He is just a normal person." I was talking to his wife when all of sudden there was chuckle and laughter, girls were laughing and making fun of their father. Such a pleasant atmosphere surprised me. His daughters were making fun of his face and he was replying them in equal jests. He sat in the other room. His wife was sitting with us but she also started laughing. She asked him why doesn't he come to this room. Farrah (I) is sitting over here. He said, "No with such a swollen face I can't see anyone and especially a writer". There was great excitement in the house. His cousins, their wives and children, every body seemed to be like a friend of professor. They all made fun of him. And most cheerfully professor said, "Believe me with all this swollen face I am still more beautiful then all of you ladies." He also tried to put all the blame on me as well, "It is because of Farrah.

She must have planned that this is the only way to corner the professor at home.”

I said, “No sir this is not fair, you wanted to have rest and now you are blaming me.”

Domestic professor is different, more warm, friendly and cheerful. While he was talking to me about religion his daughters were interfering continuously, he was not well, but still people came to see him and he met them all.

The lunch was very delicious. All the people who come to visit him were served accordingly. If it's lunchtime they get it, if it's tea they have it.

Telephone was ringing again and again. That was an unbearable interruption for me. I asked him that if he can please put the receiver off the cradle so that I can interview you. He just ignored it. There were a lot of calls from Islamabad, from women and men, he was doing the synthesis, assessing the problem and then recommending Tasbeehat.

I asked him, “Sir would you like to listen to some extracts of the book?” He said, “It is very difficult. Just write on what ever you see and whatever you feel, but write the truth. I will not have any objection, don't distort it. When your book is compiled then I would like to have a look at it.”

I asked him, “What if you strongly dislike some parts of the book? Won't you like to cut those parts”.

He said, “No that would be a dishonesty, don't you feel so?”

Miracle of Tasbeeh

I said, "Yes! But may be I am perceiving something in a wrong way".

In the meantime some men came from Pindi, so I returned to his wife again.

I asked, do you belong to some 'Mazhabi Gharana' sort? She replied, "yes ! my grandfather was a murid of Pir Meher Ali Shah Sahib of Gulra Sharif , most of our family members are his murid. Our grandfather often used to go there. Molvi Muhammad Ismail was a religious scholar and was well respected and known in all the areas around.

I asked , do you think that Prof. Sahib has got this blessing because of his grandfather's toil?

She said, "I can't say anything about it really'. But in the early days of our married life Professor sahib related his one dream to us. He said that, in the dream he saw his father and himself standing in the Badshahi Mosque, Lahore, his grandfather wants to hand over his Tasbeeh to young Ahmad Rafique but his father wants to have that, he looks at him with fierce eyes and intentionally gives his 'Tasbeeh' to Ahmed Rafique."

I asked her, " Is Professor a murid of anyone". 'No' was the answer.

From where do you think he has got this "Faiz" from Gulra Sharif?

Has he ever been there?

She said, I don't think he had ever been there. Because this sort of decorum never appealed him. And about "faiz" etc. I think he got that from Data Sahib."

I again took here to some dreams sort of things, I think his mother must have some perception about such a son. Don't you think so?

She thought and recalling, she said, "yes once a 'Najoomi' sort of beggar came. Young Ahmad Rafique and his brothers were playing at that time. She had two sons and two daughters. He watched Ahmad Rafique closely and remarked, 'Quran is written at the forehead of your son' (Ahmad Rafique) and pointing to other he said, 'He will be rich and famous, and both of them are same.'"

I asked her did he ever told you something before hand like prophecy etc. She said, "Yes before the birth of our first son he told me that our first child will be a son and I will name him Abdullah".

And today Abdullah is sixteen years old and goes to college.

In the meantime two women came. They wanted to do the "Hisab Kitab" for wedding etc. Professor's wife convinced them there is no such thing. But one of the woman insisted that she have heard he has got the "Jin". His wife just laughed looking at me, he himself is greater than a jin and we laughed.

I asked, do so many unscheduled visitors not bother you?

Miracle of Tasbeeh

She said, "Yes! You can say a sort of, but we are used to it now and the day when people don't come we feel strange".

Are there any special instructions for these visitors from professor?

"Yes we have clear instructions that no person should go unattended, don't be rude to them and serve them accordingly."

I asked does he issue "Taweez" etc? She said, "no, not really.

On my way back to Lahore, I thought how non-sense all this tiresome and long journey was. I traveled so much to discover this, a common man, happy in his family, friendly to his wife, nice companion to his children? Very common, uninteresting! It was just like meeting someone living to your next door at some place. Was there really any need to travel so long, only to meet his children and wife.

The only fruit was that I met the great teacher of religion. It was the most satisfying one. I suddenly lost interest in my book discovering him to be so common and ordinary.

UNCOMMON/AMONG COMMON

Only after a complete long year and painstaking thought to solve the mystery of this saint, I've come to realise that he is best in the knowledge of mysticism.

His descriptions, his explanations his metaphors and similes, his thought process, his language, his style, and pronunciation are all his own. His wisdom and his knowledge is his own that he gained by deep Fiqr on daily life, human beings, by reading and studying them, by studying himself. He is a defeated man, who lost the conquest of knowledge, who lost his pride but only before God. So his expression is so much spell binding and capturing that you can always remember his dialogues. They are so much alive and possess weight.

Not only that he make commitment, but he helps the person in maintenance of this commitment, After this maintenance he provides man with balance to keep this maintenance of commitment.

Commitment, maintenance and balance are the three basic steps for the mystical development as prescribed by Hazrat Ali Hajveri in Kashf-ul-Mahjoob.

Uncommon/Among Common

How he builds this, through Argument, Demonstration and comparison. To build Authority, Execution and Knowledge.

His lectures speak for themselves, changes in yourself, command for themselves. They all assert that Professor Rafique is the best institution of mysticism. Can such lectures be delivered without the inspiration of God and can man maintain such arguments without the blessing?

He told me, he is going to speak on a very good topic at "Civil Service Academy". I asked sir, "What is the topic". He said, "Mysticism is a way to life".

I said, "It's very interesting".

He said, "I am trying if they change it into mysticism is the only way to life".

We were talking just before the lecture was about to go on. I asked sir then what are you going to say?

He said, "I've not thought yet, I will just think at the spot and

"Atay Hain Ghaib Say Yeh Mazameen Khayyal Mian."

Commenting upon knowledge professor once said, "I still feel I am a new born of an eagle hatched right out of egg, I open my red, delicate, immature and thirsty beak again and again for knowledge and God is like a huge eagle who has covered the whole sky with His Mighty Wings, He flutters His Wings and I feel the onset of a storm which

will kill me, out of that fear I keep looking at that Mighty beak for a small grain of knowledge.”

I asked him, “Are you a reformer (mujadid) which the prophet (P.B.U.H.) had promised for every century?”

He said, “No I am not. I am just an ordinary man, who can't even claim that I can guide or help people. I just want to reach death. Prophet (P.B.U.H.) has said, “Keep on praying until you are confirmed” I don't think I can guide anyone. God does it all. And believe me the day I thought I can help people out, I will be lost”.

When I went to him he said, “You are free to think and explore, be a good Muslim and rest of the things are fine. Just when he said that, I felt some source beside him reminded him of something and then he said, “and follow the rules of shariah”.

I felt surprised. But later when in an interview I put this question to him, “I often had felt that you rely upon some source beside you”.

He denied it fairly and strongly. But I firmly insisted, “Yes sir! You just can't shake it off. I am witness to it”. Then he said, Yes! I do talk sometimes just off side. You see when I've to sit for such a long duration, to refresh myself, I just speak to myself at a side”.

He is a teacher without any doubt, but he is a “Modern Sufi” as well. He speaks with authority about the path of Sufis and all sort of people –intellectuals, writers, bureaucrats, officers, teachers, journalists, all rely upon him for the guidance upon path or about mysticism. He touches the life of every individual at the very core. Hearts

Uncommon/Among Common

believe in him, listen to him, it gives them peace. He is a saint because peace only comes from God. Peace is virtue of God. And only people of God can give peace to others.

TEACHER OF RENAISSANCE

He is a "Teacher of his decade". Teacher of renaissance, renaissance of Sufism, a large table is assigned to him, Tasbeeh, papers, pen and knowledge and wisdom. This is his appointment from above, I think. As pir Anees Sahib's appointment is to raise hands again and again for all, all day and all night and pray for every person before God. Professor Rafique's appointment is to spread knowledge. He is a modern Sufi because he is appointed for the people of the twenty first century, he has a modern miracle to cure modern diseases of brain, depression, frustration, anxiety, and complexes. He is not for illiterates but for intellectuals and for ultra wires.

He doesn't believe in frenzies, dances, and ecstasies or in khilwat in cemmentary, he doesn't believe in bait also. He even says that one can do tasbeeh without "wazoo" even. He never preaches, he never asserts or pushes too hard for Namaz.

I asked him why don't you insist for Namaz. He said, "Yes I do, that is the basic but there is no use in recommending it to a person who doesn't want of listen or know God. I first want them to built a relation with God through Tasbeeh. Then they automatically start offering Namaz."

Teacher of Renaissance

I asked him, "Why are you against bait?"

He said, "How can I buy human life, on what cost I can buy human action and life. I've nothing to buy it. In bait it is being bought and sold. Human life belongs to Allah and so does destiny, how can I keep it into my hands. I've to give my own life to God. How can I keep all this burden to my ownself?"

I was thinking about miracle. He was at Lahore then. I called him at eleven o'clock of night and said, "Sir! Most respectfully I want to say that I want to have something from you".

He very politely said, "Yes! What is it"?

I said, "no Sir I won't tell you".

He said, "You know I've no possessions but of course you can have anything if I've, what is it that you want"?

I said, "No sir this is the test, I will not tell you the name of the thing but I want to have that on the table".

At this, for the first time, he just burst out.

"What the hell do you think of yourself. Am I some idiot or a magician or an acrobat? I perform no feats. Do you think I don't know how much close I am to God. Yes I know it. And I am proud of it, but who are you and why should I show it to you through dirty tricks. I don't want to impress you or anyone. If you can't apply rationale, I am sorry I can't help you".

And the phone just banged off.

I couldn't sleep whole night. Such a precious teacher was angry. Early in the morning I went there. He was pleasant and cheerful. I apologized and said, "Sir you were very harsh last night. You have misunderstood me. My intention was not to challenge you or to test you. It was just a question that came to my mind and I wanted to ask".

He said, "Yes what is the question?"

I remained silent, "I wanted to have his Tasbeeh and I wanted him to read it, through mind".

He said, "You see there is no rationale question in your mind but just a miracle. I am sorry I can't perform." I said, "Sir please don't insult me anymore, I am already too much tortured for making you speak in a harsh way to me. It had disturbed me to a great extent."

He very politely said, "I am never harsh to anyone". I said, "But sir you were harsh to me last night".

He said, "I apologize then".

I said, "Don't make me more guilty by apologizing". To this he laughed.

He said, "All right you got the answer last night".

He has his own decorum and mannerism. People can come to him at any time and ask him any question whether it is about D.H. Lawrence, Greeks, Hindu Mythology, Egyptian myths or what not. He has deeply drunk Hadith, Fiqah, Quran, no one is of his match. A lot of people object to his chain smoking but it is not very objectionable since the saints have been using tobacco.

Teacher of Renaissane

Secondly the greatest objection is of beard. I asked the opinion of Agha Zia-Ur-Rehman who is also in the way of Sufism, about what he thinks if I say, "There is a Sufi without beard"?

He said, "That person is simply joking with Sufism".

I asked, one of Professor Rafique's student, to comment on it.

He said, "Rabia Basri had no beard, would you not accept her as a saint"?

I asked Pir Anees Sahib and he said, "They are very exceptional and only point one percent who are without beard and can be Sufis, only a micro percent people have this blessing now a days, and Professor Rafique is one of them, he is richly blessed".

Mustansar Tarar gave interesting answer to it. He said, "Once I was sitting with Professor Sahib at Pindi when five, six men of "Tableeghi Jamat" came to speak to Professor. They were just going to "Raiwind" when they heard of Professor and they wanted to speak to him.

"They were too much impressed by the knowledge of Professor and his expression. But before leaving they complained, You are such a learned man but are of no use because you don't follow sunnah of beard. Professor asked, Do you know exact number of sunnahs? I am not following only one but I can tell you fifteen or twenty, which you are not following. I said, "Sir people have great objection upon you for not having a beard" He said, "In this they are justified"

Behind this mask of modernity I find a simple man, a simple saint always busy in Zikr and always in the service of God, listening and helping His people since eight o'clock in the morning till two or three o'clock of night, he counsel people. He hardly gets time for lunch and Namaz. People are always waiting for him.

So much so, he had a serious E.N.T. problem. Doctors strongly recommend him bed rest and quietness. Because of continuous listening and speaking his vocals, and ears are badly suffering. His one ear is damaged since last six months, sometimes it works, and sometimes it doesn't. But he takes no rest. Now some of his students try their best to secure some rest for him, but he himself never cares.

Behind all this modernity, intelligence, wit, knowledge, philosophy, I've discovered that only the pattern has changed with time but the basic structure, and teaching along with theme and subject is same. There are no variations in religion, or commitment with God.

He is a very strong but humble voyager set out on the voyage, trying to find his place somewhere near great Sufis. Mustansare Hussain Tarar is one of the famous modern urdu prose writers. Urdu prose has transformed into his hands. His language is his own, his sentence construction and patterns fit to his imagination. He had invented his own language, simple, sophisticated, direct and frank. Mature writer, who has simple, strange and different experiences around the world. Man of letters and high intellect. He said, "The man who inspired me most because of his knowledge is Professor Ahmad Rafique. His pattern and his style are his own. He is an authority on

Teacher of Renaissance

religion. No book, preacher or Professor of Religion had left such an impact of religion upon me.

“He doesn’t convince you but you are automatically convinced. He doesn’t give you ready made answers as a lot of Mullahs do. That to this particular question I will quote these Ahadith or those Aayaat but instead one never realizes he is speaking upon religion, it seems he is just talking on daily life. But latter a person discovers that all he related or explained was Quran and Islam.

The thing which surprise me was he never loses temper and one is always free to ask any sort of question about religion, God and Prophet (P.B.U.H.)

Mustansar himself plays and twists words. I think it is a great attribute to professor when such a great writer who comprehends English and Urdu Language masterly and at the same level, says “Professor is a ‘man juste’ he finds out exactly the right word of an Urdu for an English word and also an exact coining of English word into Urdu.

I asked him, “Why do you go to see him? Do you have some complexes or fears, because being a writer of course you are very sensitive?”

He said, “No, first of all I go to him because he never forces anything upon you. Secondly, nothing can convince me other than conviction of thought. I just go to him because of his knowledge.”

To my question about miracle he said, that “When intellect and thought convinces me, I think his great thought is greater than any miracle these jugglers perform. I feel his speech and his way of teaching is his miracle.” I

was really interested in penetrating deep in this interview because I found Mustanser do understand Sufi poets and philosophy of Sufis but he himself is quite a wild gypsy, in the disguise of learned, civilized and cultured modern man. His eyes are still like a wild gypsy child. He is too much enriched with his own answers to life. I've not found any trace of a mystic or Sufi in him.

I asked him, "What do you think of Professor, a Sufi, a mystic, a pir etc.? He interrupted, "No! He is a scholar, a friend and a teacher. Once Ashfaq ahmad, Bano Qudsia, and I were together at Mumtaz Mufti's place. Mumtaz Mufti said to me, Mustansar I've felt sometimes there is an extra dimension in your writings, I think that dimension is because of Professor. I feel you have special faith in Professor. Professor was sitting in the next room but he could listen us, he remarked from there, "Faith and ignorance begin from same point".

Mustansare said, "Yes it reminds me of another encounter. Abdullah Hussain the writer of "Udas Naslain" came to Pakistan. He is a friend of mine, a free thinker and highly intellectual. I said to him that I want you to meet a religious scholar, you will be surprised and I also want to have your opinion about him. Of course he was not interested even a bit to meet a religious scholar of conventional sort. But I took him to professor Sahib. I introduced him to Professor Sahib. He critically analyzed. "Udas Naslain" within five minutes and Abdullah Hussain and I were sitting there stunned.

"Later Professor Sahib told us that he had read the novel many years ago. His memory is also excellent. We went to meet a religious scholar but he talked about society, science very indifferently related to religion. In our

Teacher of Renaissance

way back Abdullah Hussain also felt grounded and very helplessly he said, I've read and heard a lot of analysis and criticisms about my book but this five minute analysis was most critical and excellent."

Not only Mustansar and Imtiaz Bukhari but others also complaint that when Professor Sahib is greater than ordinary scholars he should have an introduction at Pakistan level, his lectures should be written and collected in the book form and video cassettes should also be available to people. But Professor thinks it is self-projection.

Secondly they think that instead of counseling people he should give more of his time to learners, but to this also Professor does not agree. He thinks his time is for everyone, scholars, literary or illiterate. Once I met Professor Ahmad Rafique and infact I met a poet. I was surprised at the maturity of his expression. He was in a mood that day. He related his translation of "Milton's Paradise Lost" with more beautiful and metaphorical language.

I really feel sorry that I couldn't remember his metaphors, epithets and symbols. Professor Rafique seemed to be equally rich in language rather his masterly skill in using language made me to understand that Milton really lacked sometimes in expression and the chaos he had tried to explain can be more beautifully painted in urdu language.

When Professor Rafique uses his Urdu, English language seems quite defiant in presenting the images or expressing the idea or a feeling. If he had been a poet, he must be one of the greatest modern poets. For his subject

matter, and themes are as grand as human being, self-crises, God, resurrection and questioning mind. His syntax, sentence construction is also magnificent. He had learned urdu through Persian, Arabic and Hindi. He had learned English through understanding French and Latin as well.

His words, syntax, thought, grammar, references and analysis made him invent his own epithets like "Intellectual Fascism" for instance.

I asked him, sir you are such a magnificent poet and there is nothing wrong in being Sufi Poet. Why you left poetry? He said, "Because I was a weed and I had to trim my own self. And at that time, my poetry was for appreciation, for fame, for self projection and I had to choose between projecting my ownself or my commitment with God, so no desire was more important than desire of God.

Professor says, "All my visitors have same problems, only the attitude is different. Their approaches are different but problems are same, and surprisingly educated people are more frustrated."

I insistedly asked all his students or visitors one question, why they call him a professor? And is he teacher or a preacher of religion?

Mr. Amir said, "Don't call him a preacher in conventional meanings, he is a teacher, an excellent teacher of religion. He teaches and he is a friend, he shapes the personality and gives you destiny. He is always free for counseling, open hearted, warm and friendly....."

Teacher of Renaissance

I further asked him; "You believe and trust the Professor. You are a businessman, you are 33, you are married, you have children, you changed the names of your children at the advice of professor, what if he says, "divorce your wife, she is corrupt". What will you do?"

Mr. Amir was surprised at my question, he looked at me in astonishment, then said, "I will do give it a thought, but I will inquire it on my personal behalf. I will question my wife and only after verification I can believe him."

I met another interesting person, Shahid in early thirties, a bachelor. He told me that when he met professor he was highly depressed, a complete frustrated failure, aggressive and nervous. Within four years I was totally a changed person, I became pleasant. He said, "I am speaking to you with such confidence, it is only because of professor, few years back, it was impossible."

I asked him what is your relationship with professor?

He replied, "It is a relationship of peace, and trust, it's relationship of understanding and of communication."

I asked him lets say if there is some girl who is very precious to you and you intend to marry her, but professor tells you to leave her what would you do?

He just laughed and said, "You are asking what would I do, I just left one because the professor told me to".

Yousaf told me that Ashfaq Ahmad (famous Urdu writer) asked very interesting question from Professor during lunch at Sang-e-Meel Publications.

The question was, how can the tricks of soul be checked? Professor gave a very scientific answer. He said, "I once read a book on war strategy. You need a lot of patience and planning to defeat the enemy. Let him come closer because if you fired the enemy when he is far, your ammunition will be wasted and you will be exhausted, so you will be an easy prey for your enemy, instead of it you should wait for the enemy to move forward with the tanks, observe him and let him be in your range and make a boundary wall around when enemy reaches there, just shoot at him. In this way you can break its power and defeat it. In the very same way let the tricks of soul come near you stop them at the boundary of God, fight strenuously and defeat them."

My question to Yousaf was, let's assume if your teacher gives some interpretation which is wrong, what would you do?

He said, "If I understand it there and then, I will argue with the Professor at that very moment."

"Will he allow this?"

"Professor himself had taught me this."

"What will your teacher actually do for you?"

"He picks us up and makes us presentable before God, that's it. Even the teacher is also not mediator"

I asked him, "Are you free to explore, to consult and to go to other teachers"? "Oh! Sure, yes! Professor says if you learn something from somewhere do come and tell me as well," he replied.

Teacher of Renaissance

I met a young Christian novice from America, he came to see professor. I asked him, "What do you think of him?"

He said, "He is simple but people make him uncommon. They depend on him so much."

A Young lady of early twenties coming out of the professor's room said, "He gives peace of heart and mind".

A woman of about fifty said, "I visit him because he isn't fraud, he charges no money. Other people have long beards and much longer tasbeehs, sitting upon Jainamaaz, but they take thousands of rupees for nothing. He takes no money and really gives solution to your problems."

Another lady of twenty-five said, I belong to a religious family. The men in my family are very strange. While speaking to a women they turn their faces away, which is very rude. They never listen to you properly, so they never understand your problem as well. After meeting him I have really understood what is Islam and I have started to like my religion."

Another lady of thirty said that she was too much narrow minded and rigid. She thought education spoils women and institutions are but to make the girls corrupt. She also felt that she had some jins etc. and that she is very close to God. But Professor took away all such ideas off her mind. She says, "I am quite modern and liberal now. For this I am thankful to professor."

Mrs. Sonia Iftikhar says, "I don't come here for anything. I go to Gujar Khan as well with my husband and we really don't go for any problems. I just come here to see him and that is enough for me."

I asked her, "What feeling does it give you to see him?"

She said, "Whenever I open the door of his room I see a white halo around him, and that is more than peace and satisfaction. I don't have to ask anything. I see the light."

And when I Miss Farrah Karamat open that door, I know I am opening the door of knowledge. I think Professor Rafique is:

The greatest teacher of his time the teacher of Renaissance. Interpreter of religion, who gives you a better understanding of yourself, of God and of Quran. In this unreasonable life and reckoning priorities he helps you in getting normally to yourself and in sorting out the Top Priority: The God.

YaSalaam Ya Mumin, Ya Allah
Ya Rahman, Ya Rahim, Ya Karim.

Amin

Prof.

AHMAD RAFIQUE AKHTAR

Mystery Behind the Mystic

FARRAH KARAMAT RAJA

