

Journey of Light: A Different Perspective

By Shima Abdel-Fadeel

As Muslims living in a non-Muslim country, we are often deprived of experiencing the blessings of living in a Muslim one.

I spent the past summer in Sudan after an absence of five years. Upon arriving at Khartoum Int'l Airport, and smirking at the fake palm tress that surrounded the premises, the first thing that held my attention were the words inscribed in enormous bold writing at the entrance to the airport: **"My Lord, make this a City of Peace, and feed its people with fruits, such of them as believe in Allah and the Last Day."** (2-126)

It was a refreshing welcome, a far cry from

the usual scenes that typically greet us at other airports.

As I look back, I realize that in the midst of classes, football games, papers and exams, it is often hard for us to fit a small place for Allah in our hectic schedules. We strive to find the time to read a few ayahs, to pray a few rakahs, or just to take time and thank Allah for all that He has so mercifully bestowed upon us. This fact was made painfully clear to me this summer.

Islam was present and clear in every aspect of life. It was present in the morning tv and radio programs that begin the day with recitations of the Holy Book, in the stillness of the city during Friday prayer time, in my cousin's gold necklace that was found

and returned to her by the new house-keeper and in the kind eyes of the elderly man who took time to say Sala while limping with his cane to the

masjid.

It was in the breaks on college campuses during salah times, and in the content in my grandfather's eyes after making du'a at Fajr.

It was in my five-year-old cousin's attempts to pronounce the words of Surat Al-Mulk, and in the tear-stained face of a silent mother holding tightly to a small Quran as she watches her son being carried to the grave and in my grandmother's gentle shakings to wake the house for Fajr.

During my stay in Sudan, I spent time with old friends and family, was greatly entertained by my cousins, heavily spoiled by my grandfather, and even went to an amusing imitation of an American mall. I walked along the banks of the Nile, had dinner with the former presidential advisor, Dr. Hassan Al



Shima Abdel-Fadeel spending quality time with her cousins on her trip to Sudan.

Turabi, and experienced the painfully slow dial-up internet about which my cousin so often boasts.

My favorite memories remain seeing my cousin's innocent face light up in a beautiful smile, catching my grandmother unaware with a picture, early morning talks with my grandfather, and waking up to the beautiful sound of the Adhan calling the country to pray and praise the Lord of all the worlds.

Visiting family and going overseas gives life and Islam a different perspective. I came back home with memories to share and reflect upon and I hope that everyone



Masjid in Khartoum

Prophet (SAW) (Continued from page 1)

skin with every step. How was it possible that I was so near the Rasul (SAW) and was one of the first few to meet him that night? Why was I chosen over so many deserving others to place my forehead where he (SAW) would stand to lead prayer?

I later discovered that I never deserved this gift, but that I was to learn from it and let it change my life, and Insha'Allah I pray that it will. But let this be my 300th word, one word to not only describe the bounty I was shown that night, but my whole life: *Subhan'Allah.*