

Ust. Armen Halim Naro

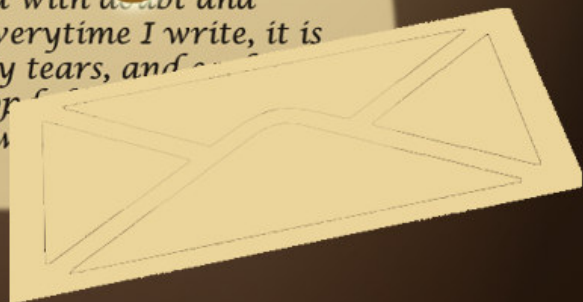
As-salamu'alaikum

All praise is due to Allah The
All-Mighty Who has made it
easy for me to worship Him.
May peace and blessing be
upon The Prophet Muhammad
shallallahu alaihi wasallam, his
family and his companions.
Amien.

A letter to My Son

My dear son,

This letter comes from your
mother who always lives in
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مكتبة روضة المحبين

Maktabah Raudhah al-Muhibbin

A Letter to My Son

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rahimahullah

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رَغِمَ أَنْفٌ ثُمَّ رَغِمَ أَنْفٌ ثُمَّ رَغِمَ أَنْفٌ قِيلَ مَنْ يَا
رَسُولَ اللَّهِ؟ قَالَ: مَنْ أَدْرَكَ أَبَوَيْهِ عِنْدَ الْكَبِيرِ
أَحَدَهُمَا أَوْ كِلَيْهِمَا فَلَمْ يَدْخُلِ الْجَنَّةَ

*“Let him be a loser, let him be a loser, let him be a
loser” It was said: ‘Who is he, O Messenger of
Allah?’ He said. “He who finds his parents
in old age, either one or both of them,
and does not enter Paradise.”*

(Reported by Muslim)

Publisher's note:

All praise is due to Allah, may He The Exalted bestow His peace and blessings upon The Prophet shallallahu alaihi wasallam, his family, his companions and those who follow them until the Day of Judgement.

This book is translated from the famous booklet of Ustadh Armen Halim Naro, may Allah have mercy on him, *Kutitip Surat ini Untukmu*. The author died at the end of 2007 while more people were growing fond of his lectures.

The source of this translation is taken from Pustaka el-Posowi's eBook. The booklet is rendered to English and distributed online for the purpose of spreading its content so that more people will take benefit from it. It contains a letter of a mother who has been neglected by his son. A letter which was written with tears, to remind children to be dutiful towards their parents for Allah has commanded us to be obedience to our parents after our obedience to Him, and mother in particular, as the Noble Prophet ﷺ said that the mother deserves three times devotion from her children than the father.



Maktabah Raudhah al-Muhibbin
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A Letter to My Son

Assalamu'alaykum

All praise is due to Allah The All Mighty Who has made it easy for me to worship Him. May His peace and blessing be upon The Prophet Muhammad shallallahu alaihi wasallam, his family and his companions. Amien.

My dear son,

This letter comes from your mother who falls on misery... After a long thought I try to draw a pen, though I am filled with doubt and shame. Everytime I write, it is blocked by tears, and each time a teardrop falls, the heart is in pain...

My dear son!

All the time you have passed, I've seen you grown up to be a man, a clever and wise man. Thus I thought it is appropriate for you to read this letter, though at the end you may twist and tear it apart, as you have twisted and torn my heart.

My dear son... 25 years have passed, and those years were the happy years of my life. Once a doctor came and passed me the joyful news of my pregnancy and all mother knew what it meant. Overwhelmed with joy and happiness within, as that was the beginning of changes, physically and emotionally....

Since the happy news I had carried you for 9 months. Slept, stand, ate and breathed in difficulties. But all those could not detract me from loving and caring for you, rather, it grew through the passage of time.

I had carried you, my son, on a very weak condition, and at the same time I was very delighted whenever I felt or saw the kick of your feet or the turn of your body in my belly. I was satisfied when I weighted my self, for day after my belly was getting heavier, which meant that you were safe and sound in my womb.

The long suffering on me, until it reached that time, the dawn of one night, when I could not sleep and close my eyes even for a second. I felt an overwhelmed pain, undescrivable fear.

The pain kept going on that I could no longer cry. As much as that I saw death dancing in my eyes, then the time came when you were out to the world. You were born... My cry mixed with yours, the tears of happiness. Gone all the weary and sorrow, gone all the pain and suffering, Instead, the more was the pain, the more my love for you grew stronger. I took you before taking a

drink, I hugged and kissed you before a drop of water running through my throat.

My dear son... years have passed your age, I have carried you in my heart and bathed you with my two hands with love. I gave you the core of my life. Did not sleep for your sleep, being tired for your happiness.

My wish every day, was to see your smile. My happiness every time was the talk when you asked for something, that I do something for you... That was my happiness!

Then time has passed. Day by day, month by month, and years passed by. Through that time I was devoted as a maid who was never absent, as your servant who was never stop serving, and as your worker who was never tired and always prayed for goodness and success for you...

I have been caring for you day by day until you grew up. Your body was well built, your muscles firmed, light mustaches and beards adorned your face, added more to your suitable bearing. Upon that time I started to cast glances around, looking for your match.

The nearer your wedding day, the nearer time for you to go, and that time my heart was starting to feel sad, teardrops fell, did not know what was felt within. Joy was combining with sorrow, cry was mixing with laugh. Happy that you had found your match and sad for you are the consolation of my heart, will be separated from me.

Time has passed as if I've dragged it along heavily. Presumably after the marriage I could no longer recognize you, your smile which has been the comfort of my pain and sorrow, has now been gone as if the sun covered by a dark night. Your laugh which I find as an entertainment of my heart has now been drowned like a stone which has been thrown into a silent pool, along with the fallen leaves. Indeed I do not know you any more, for you have forgotten me, forgotten my rights.

The days I have passed seems so slow, only to see your face. I count each second just to hear you voice. But the waiting seems too long. I always stand on the doorway just to see and wait for your arrival. Each time I hear the the door sound I think that you are the one who come. Everytime the telephone rings I think that you are the one who call. Every sound of a car passes by, I think you are the one who come.

But all these are nothing. All my waiting are in vain and my hope are scattered. What is there is hopeless. What is left is sorrow of all the weary which I have felt all these time. I cry over my self and for destiny which has been determined by Him.

My son... Your mother do not ask for many, do not demand you outrageously. What your mother asks, that you make your mother as a close friend in your life. Make this humble mother of yours as a servant at your home, so I could see your face, remember those happy days of your childhood.

And I entreat you, O my son! Not to set an enmity with me, not to turn away when I look at your face!!

My demand that you make the home of your mother as one of those places for you to stop by, so you could drop in even only for a second. Do not make it as a garbage place which you never visit, or if you are forced to do so, you will visit it while closing your nose and then go by.

My son, I have become humpback. Tremble are my hands, for my body has been taken away by age, and eaten by disease...Could not stand and sit by myself. But despite all, my love for you stays the same...

My love is still like the sea that is never dry. Like the wind that never stop blowing.

If you are being honoured by someone even for a day, you will reply his goodness the same. But for your mother... What is your reply, O son?

Where is your good reply? Is it not that good should be repaid with good? But why O my son! The milk I gave has been repaid with poison. Is it not that Allah The Most High said: **“Is there any reward for good other than good?”** (QS Ar-Rahman : 60). Has your heart turned that hard and have you gone that far? After days have passed and times have changed?

O my son, everytime I hear your happiness, that you are happy with your life, it increases my happiness. Why it is not so, when you are the harvest of my two hands, you are the outcome of my weariness. You are the profit of all of my effort. What in earth the sins have I done that you have made me your enemy?! Have I done mistakes in one of those times when I was with you, or have I ever wrongly served you?

If it is not so, is it so hard to make me your slave and the humblest maid among all of your servants? All of them have received their wage. What is the wage suited for me, O dear son!

Can you give me little protection under your greatness? Can you give little of your compassion to ease the suffering of this old woman? Whereas Allah The Most High loves people who do good.

O my son! To look at your face is what I want, and nothing more.

O my son! My heart hurts, teardrops fall, whereas you are safe and sound. People often say that you are sociable, benignant and kind.

My son... is your heart not touched by the weak old woman, is your soul not moved by seeing this decrepit woman, she is destroyed by yearning, covered with sadness and dressed with sorrow? It is for nothing, only because you have made her tears fall.... Only because you have replied her with scar on her heart... Only

because you are capable to stab her with a knife of rebellion right onto her heart... only that you have succeed in breaking the ties of kinship?!

My dear son, indeed it is your mother the gateway for you to Paradise. So walk along the bridge to attain it, pass through its path with a sweet smile, forgiveness, and a good reply. May I meet you there with the mercy of Allah The Most High, as mention in a hadith: "Parents are the door of the center of Paradise. If you wish, you may abandon or guard it!!" (Related by Ahmad).

O son, I really know you, know your behaviour and characteristics. Since you grew up, you have been greedy for reward and Paradise. You have always been talking about the excellence of congregational prayer at the first row. You have always wanted to give charity.

But my dear son! You may have forgotten one hadith! An excellence you have ignored, which is the saying of the Prophet shallallahu alaihi wasallam.

It is narrated on the authority of 'Abdullah ibn Mas'ud that he said. "I asked the Prophet 'Which deed is loved most by Allah?' He replied, 'To offer prayers at their early (very first) stated times.' " 'Abdullah asked, "Then what?" The Prophet said, "To be good and dutiful to one's parents," 'Abdullah asked, "Then what?" The Prophet said, To participate in Jihad for Allah's Cause." 'Abdullah added, "The Prophet narrated to me these three things, and if I had asked more, he would have told me more." (Related by al-Bukhari and Muslim)

O my son! This is me, your reward, without working very hard to free a slave or striving to give charity. Have you ever heard a story of a father who left his family and children and traveled far from his country to look for a gold mine?! After 30 years of travelling, he came back empty handed and failed. He failed in his effort. When he reached his house, no longer he saw his old rotten hut, rather what he saw was a big gold mine company. He has been looking tiredly for gold in other country, but alas, people built a gold mine next to his hut.

That is example of your goodness. You have striven hard looking for reward, you have done much deed, but you forgot that next to you there is a huge reward. Next to you there is someone who could blocked or accelerate your deed. Is it not my pleasure is Allah's pleasure, and my anger is His anger?

My Son, what I am worried and feared is that you are the one meant by The Prophet shallallahu alaihi wasallam in his saying: "Let him be a loser, let him be a loser, let him be a loser" It was said: 'O Allah's Messenger, 'who is he?' He said. "He who finds his parents in old age, either one or both of them, and does not enter Paradise." (Related by Muslim).

My son... I would not raise my grievance to the sky, nor would I raise this sorrow to Allah. Had this grievance ascended over the clouds, through the doors of the sky, calamity and misery would have befallen on you which has no cure and no doctor could heal. But I will not do so, son! How could I, when you are the love of my

heart... How could this mother of yours raises her hands to the sky for you are my comfort in sadness. How would I dare seeing you suffering from an answered pray when you are the happiness for me.

Wake up son!

Your hair begins to grey. Time will be go by and you too will grow old, and *al jaza' min jinsil 'amal'*... “You will harvest for what you have planted...” I do not want you to write this kind of letter to your children in future, you would have written it with tears as I write to you with my tears.

My dear son! Fear Allah on your mother, hold her feet. Indeed the Paradise lies on her feet. Wipe away her tears, soothe away her sadness, strengthen her brittle bone and straighten up her weakened body. My son... After reading this, it depends on you! Will you awake and come back or will you tear it apart.

Wassalam,

Your mother