



THE POWER
— OF —
TAHAJJUD

REAL STORIES OF
SUCCESS AND MIRACLES

JAWWAD ABBASI

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The Power of Tahajjud

Real Stories of Success and Miracles

Jawwad Ahmed Abbasi

DEDICATION

To my mother and my brother
who always encouraged me to do more,
and believed in me more than I ever believed in myself.

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I am deeply grateful to everyone who shared their stories. Your honesty, courage, and openness have made this book possible, and your voices shine through every page.

To my family, for the countless ways you have lifted me, guided me, and stood by me—your presence has been my strength and my greatest blessing.

And to you, the reader, may Allah place barakah in every page you turn, and may He grant you moments of closeness with Him when the world is quiet, and your heart is most in need. May your duas be heard, answered, and unfold in ways more beautiful than you could ever imagine.

PREFACE

For many years, I have volunteered with various MSAs, masajid, and Islamic institutes. During that time, I have met people from all kinds of backgrounds, each carrying their own struggles. In private conversations, they would open up about school, work, family, health, and moments when life felt overwhelming. Often, they didn't realize that one of the most powerful solutions to their challenges could be found in Tahajjud, the night prayer.

This book shares success stories of ordinary people who turned to Allah at night, praying for a new job, better health, love, success in exams, or the ability to start and nurture a family. Through these prayers, they achieved outcomes that often seemed miraculous: recovering from long-term illness, finding a life partner after years of searching, overcoming financial hardships that nearly broke them, or finally starting a family after repeated challenges.

These stories reveal a simple but powerful truth: Tahajjud is not just for the exceptionally pious. It is a hidden gem in every believer's arsenal, accessible to all, often overlooked, and capable of transforming any struggle while strengthening our connection with Allah.

By reading these stories, you can see the power of Tahajjud in action. Ordinary people have used it to seek Allah's help, guidance, and relief in their daily struggles, and you can unlock the same power for yourself. Turning to Allah at night can bring blessings, solutions, and a deeper connection with Him that we all seek.

NOTE ON THE STORIES

While the stories in this book are based on real experiences, some details, such as names, locations, and timelines, have been changed for privacy.

In some cases, the author has expanded or dramatized events to better convey the emotional journey.

The lessons, struggles, and moments of connection remain true to what happened, even if the narrative has been adjusted to help you feel the depth of the experience.

Chapter One

Illusion of Control

Life rarely goes as we imagine. We make plans, work hard, and try to prepare for every outcome, yet there are moments when events slip beyond our control. It can feel frustrating, helpless, and even frightening. We all have areas in our lives where control seems just out of reach—circumstances that no amount of effort or preparation can fully manage.

In this chapter, we examine that reality through different experiences. One story follows a husband as he navigates profound challenges in his family life, confronting situations he cannot change, no matter how much he wishes he could. The other tells of a man imprisoned, physically

confined and at the mercy of decisions far beyond his control. Both journeys show that life can push us to limits we never expected, testing our patience, resilience, and faith.

These stories reveal a key truth: control is often just an illusion. We might feel trapped by circumstances, burdened by uncertainty, or even powerless when outcomes depend on others or on external factors. Still, even in those moments, there is a chance to grow, to strengthen our hearts, and to deepen our connection with Allah, especially through Tahajjud.

Please, God... Don't Take Her Away

I used to be a Christian, but alhamdulillah, I found my way to Islam through reading the Quran and watching lectures online. That's how everything started shifting for me—reading verses that touched my soul, listening to scholars explain the beauty of the religion. But right in the middle of all that, my wife got sick. It wasn't just any illness; it was a complete mess of medical issues that the doctors struggled to identify. We married out of love, old friends who knew each other's hearts inside out, both Christians at the time. Our daughter was born, this little mirror of her mum, with the same bright eyes and that laugh that could light up a room.

Life moved quickly. I had our daughter to care for—she was still so young—the job that paid the bills, and the house that needed managing. When my wife's condition worsened, they quickly admitted her to the

hospital. I dropped our daughter off at her grandmother's every morning, then went straight to the hospital to stay in that cramped guest room by her side. Nights blurred into days with no real sleep, just me staring at the ceiling or watching her breathe. Each morning, I forced myself to go to the office, putting on a fake smile for my colleagues while my body begged for rest. My health suffered—dark circles deep under my eyes, and I felt like I was running on empty.

One afternoon, the doctor pulled me aside in the hallway, his face serious as he laid it out: "Your wife doesn't have much time left." Those words hit me hard like a truck. I stumbled back to the room, kept it together until she drifted off to sleep, then I fell apart. Tears rolled down my face as I held her hand, my chest heaving with sobs, I tried to stifle into the pillow. I loved her so deeply—years of shared dreams, inside jokes, that intimate understanding we had. And our daughter, looking just like her, made the pain even sharper. How could I face all this alone? The responsibilities weighed me down: providing for our girl, keeping the home in order, and holding down my job. It felt like the world was collapsing around me.

I couldn't bring myself to tell her the truth right away. Instead, I told her the doctor had cleared her to go home, that she was on the mend. Her face lit up with that weak smile, and she nodded, trusting me as always. We brought her back to our place, and from then on, I took care of everything. Cooking meals she barely touched, cleaning up after our daughter, bathing her when she couldn't manage, and helping my wife

shift positions because she was too frail to move on her own. She'd lie there, helpless, her body wasting away, and I could see the pain etched in her eyes. It tore me apart watching her slip further each day.

That's when Tahajjud became my lifeline. During those hours before sunrise, when the house was silent, and the weight of everything pressed hardest, I'd rise for prayer. I'd make wudu with cold water that jolted me awake, spread out my prayer mat in the dim light of the lamp, and pour my heart out to Allah. "Rabbi," I'd whisper in sujood, my forehead pressed to the ground, "cure her completely. Forgive her, heal her, but above all, guide her to You." Night after night, I'd beg for her guidance, tears soaking the prayer rug as I recounted our life together, pleading for mercy on her soul. I couldn't abandon her—not in this state, not ever. She was enduring agony right before me, and leaving her side felt impossible. But her health only worsened, the doctors' visits more grim each time.

We both had started learning about Islam before her illness struck hard. She'd listen as I shared what I'd read from the Quran or heard in lectures, nodding along and asking questions here and there. She knew I had reverted, and I believe it planted seeds in her heart. I longed to guide her to say the Shahadah, to make it official, but I held back, waiting for a moment when she felt stronger, when the pain didn't cloud everything.

One evening, I came home from the office, exhausted and worried as usual. She called out to me in this shattered voice, tears already falling. "I love you," she said, her words breaking. "Please, take care of our

daughter." I rushed to her, wrapped her in my arms, and we both wept. I felt her warm tears on my shirt, heard her ragged breaths against my chest. I held her close, stroked her hair, and murmured, "Everything will be fine, you're going to be just fine."

That night, unable to sleep, I stayed beside her while she rested. When I finally saw her drift off to sleep, I quietly got up and performed Tahajjud again, my heart pouring out duas for her: "Rabbi, please... forgive her sins, please... grant her guidance before it's too late. Rabbi, please don't take her away from me."

The next morning, I woke up to a chill in the air. I reached for her hand—cold and lifeless. Tears still marked her closed eyes, as if she had been crying in those final moments. She was gone. My chest tightened, and a raw, guttural scream escaped me before I could hold it back. The world had shrunk to that one unbearable reality.

Our daughter toddled into the room, rubbing her eyes, confusion written across her tiny face. "Mama? Wake up," she whispered, her voice trembling. When it finally sank in, she began to cry, tiny snuffles that tore at my heart. I held her close, my own tears falling freely, and we clung to each other, the room echoing with our grief.

As I struggled to steady myself through the shock, my eyes noticed a folded paper on the bedside table. My hands trembled as I picked it up, my vision blurred by fresh tears. I unfolded it slowly, almost afraid to read what might be written. Her handwriting was delicate, shaky from

weakness, yet every word pierced straight to my soul. She had poured her heart out—messages for our daughter about kindness, resilience, and the stories we'd shared; words for me filled with love, gratitude, and reminders to stay steadfast no matter what happens.

Near the end, she wrote something that made my heart both ache and swell: she had reverted to Islam on her own, silently, in the depths of her heart. She wrote the date and time and requested that we bury her as a Muslim.

“Pray for my forgiveness,” she added, humbly confessing. In the second-to-last line, she scrawled the Shahadah in English, affirming her faith. And the very last line read:

“To Allah we belong, and to Him is our return.”

I sank to the floor, holding our daughter, unable to speak. My cries shook my body, my chest heaving with grief too heavy to bear. She was gone, yet in that note, she had left me everything—her faith, her love, her hope for our daughter, and her final connection to Allah. We wept together, holding each other tight, hearts breaking in unison, wishing in vain for just one more moment, one more laugh, one more touch. Amid that unbearable pain, I felt an overwhelming mixture of sorrow and awe: sorrow for the loss that pierced my very soul, and awe at the mercy of Allah, who had guided her to Him even in her final moments.

It's been years now, and the pain of missing her never truly goes away. Our daughter grew up hearing stories about her mother, seeing her face

in photos and videos. I've done my best to raise her as a Muslim, and I'm proud of the woman she has become.

Every night, I wake for Tahajjud, pouring my heart out to Allah—asking for my wife's forgiveness, praying for her soul, and hoping that one day we'll be together again.

Reflection

This story resonates deeply with many new converts to Islam. When someone adopts the faith, it can bring great joy and peace—but it can also cause pain, especially when family members remain non-Muslim. Losing a loved one who never accepted Islam or watching them suffer and pass away without guidance is a unique kind of heartbreak. This grief is something even the Prophet (peace be upon him) experienced. He loved his uncle, Abu Talib, very much, yet despite his uncle's unwavering support, he did not accept Islam. When Abu Talib passed away, the Prophet (peace be upon him) felt profound sorrow, showing us that love for family endures even when guidance is refused.

For converts who still have family members outside the fold, this story is a reminder of the power of Tahajjud. In those hours before Fajr, you can turn directly to Allah, pouring your heart out for the guidance and forgiveness of those you love. Your prayers can reach where your words

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cannot, and Allah listens in ways that we may not immediately see. Tahajjud becomes not just a moment of personal closeness to Allah, but also a means of hoping for the guidance of others.

For those born into Muslim families, this story is a reminder not to take your deen and your family for granted. Having a family that shares your deen, prays with you, guides you, and supports you is a blessing many recognize only when it is lost. Gratitude for this gift is essential; the relationships you have within the deen are an invaluable support in navigating life and drawing closer to Allah.

Ultimately, this story shows that love, loss, and faith are intertwined. Whether you are a revert facing the absence of family guidance or someone born into Islam blessed with a Muslim household, Tahajjud offers a space for connection, healing, and hope. It reminds us that even in moments of unbearable grief, Allah's mercy and guidance are within reach—both for ourselves and for those we love.

Get Me Out of This Prison!

I was in jail during Ramadan. The days felt slow, heavy, and repetitive, with each one blending into the next. Nights seemed even longer. Thick walls. Locked doors. A silence that pressed in after the lights went out. Nothing interrupted it except guards walking the halls or the sound of keys clanking somewhere far away.

During Jumu'ah, the prison allowed imams to come in. One of them shared a dua and urged us to recite it during Tahajjud. It was simple and straightforward, but as soon as I heard it, something within me was motivated.

“Ya Allah, reunite me with my family — as quickly as possible.”

At first, I didn't believe it. I was locked up, and my situation felt final. Concrete, steel doors, court dates — everything about my life seemed beyond my control. How could a dua reach past all of that?

But Ramadan has a way of softening a person. Of bringing buried things to the surface. So I started praying.

Every night, I stood in the corner of my cell, facing what I believed to be right. I prayed on the bare floor, repeating the same dua again and again. Not because I was confident — but because it was all I had left. Just me, my prayer, and a hope that seemed almost impossible.

About a week after Ramadan ended, I had a court appearance. My stomach churned as I walked into the courtroom. The usual tension weighed on me — the judge, the lawyers, the routine procedures. Then something that should have been impossible happened. Because of an incredible oversight, the judge granted me OR — Own Recognizance. I was being released.

I couldn't believe it. I walked out of the courtroom in shock, my legs nearly trembling beneath me. The next moments felt surreal, as if the world had flipped upside down and then fixed itself just for me. That night, I was home, sitting at the dinner table with my family, hearing their voices, feeling the familiar warmth, tasting the freedom I had almost forgotten. For a brief moment, I felt truly alive in a way I hadn't in months.

The next day, reality hit hard. The “mistake” was exposed. My OR was revoked, and I had to go back. The burden of returning to confinement weighed even more. But then something incredible happened: I was moved to a new dorm—one where I knew a trustee from my old

neighbourhood. SubhanAllah. Amid all those restrictions, Allah had woven a thread of familiarity and hope into my journey.

Months went by. I kept praying and hoping. I kept remembering that night at home, that fleeting taste of freedom and family that once seemed almost impossible. When my final hearing arrived, the details became crucial. The judge acknowledged the accidental release and that I voluntarily returned the next day. That detail, seemingly small to others, became pivotal in the court's decision.

My case was suspended, and the charges were dropped. As I write this now, I am home. I am free and with my family — for good.

Alhamdulillah.

Through everything, I realized that what seemed like a “mistake” was not truly a mistake at all. Allah accepted my dua and brought me back to my family, even if only for one night. That moment gave me the strength to face what was coming next.

Knowing that Allah had heard me changed everything. It carried me through the remaining days of confinement, steadied my heart, and drew me closer to Him. I returned to my cell with patience I didn't have before, and faith that no door is ever truly closed when Allah wills otherwise.

Tahajjud sustained me in that place. It wasn't just a prayer for release from prison — it became a source of strength and a sense of closeness

to Allah. Looking back now, I see that every night I stood before Him mattered. Not one of them was wasted.

Reflection

Most of us have faced some sort of “prison,” even if it's not constructed from walls and bars. It might be a job you can't quit, a broken marriage, or years of feeling trapped in life without any progress. For some, it's the longing to get married or start a family that hasn't materialized yet. For others, it's a repeated cycle of challenges—financial struggles, health issues, relationships—that seems to go on forever. These are our personal prisons, and they can feel just as oppressive as any cell.

And then there are the things we can't control. Much of life is outside our hands: the decisions of a judge, the outcome of a surgery, the actions of others, or the timing of events. We want control. We like control. We trust ourselves the most. But the reality is, we're never truly in control. Prophet Yusuf (AS) understood this. He relied on the prison inmate to speak to the king, but the man forgot him until the time Allah had destined. Yusuf (AS) had done his part—he was patient, steadfast, and kept his faith. The rest was in Allah's hands.

This story reveals the same truth. The man in prison did everything he could—he prayed, he hoped, he trusted in Allah—but the court, the

lawyers, the judge—all were beyond his control. Yet, Allah used the sequence of events, even what seemed like mistakes, to answer his du'a at the right moment. That moment of release, brief as it was, gave him the strength to keep going, to endure, and to finally be reunited with his family.

We face the same challenges in our lives. We pray for guidance, relief, a spouse, or a solution—but often, the path doesn't unfold as we expect. The lesson is not to give up. Tahajjud teaches us patience, humility, and reliance on Allah. It reminds us that the One who sees everything, knows everything, and has power over everything is the One we must turn to. The effort is ours—we stand, pray, and ask, but the outcome belongs to Him.

When we let go of the illusion of control, we can finally find peace in the process. Life's “prisons” become tolerable, patience gains importance, and even the uncertainty of tomorrow turns into an opportunity to draw closer to Allah. Every night spent in prayer, every moment of hope during hardship, matters. Allah is always working, even when we cannot see it and even when we feel helpless.

I Missed My Deadline

Last year, I was preparing for an exam to gain admission to a highly competitive academic program—one that accepts only twelve students per semester. It was my dream. I had spent months studying, making flashcards, watching lectures, skipping outings, and sacrificing sleep. I told myself, “Just push through. Just get in.”

But somewhere along the way, I made a mistake. I missed the application deadline entirely. It wasn't because I was careless; I just got the date wrong. A small error that cost me everything. I was devastated. That night, I couldn't help but cry, feeling as though all my effort had been wasted. It was as if the doors had been slammed shut before I even had a chance to walk through.

I waited. I waited months for the next application cycle. I worked even harder this time. Every email from the program made my heart race.

Each passing week filled me with doubt. What if I messed this up again? What if I wasn't meant to get in?

The waiting turned into a storm of stress—and that's when I remembered the Friday khutbah, where the Imam mentioned the power of praying in the last third of the night. I didn't think much of it at the time... until now, when I felt I had nowhere else to turn.

I had already been making dua daily, asking Allah to let me into the program. But that night, I wanted to ask at the best time—in the last third of the night.

I woke up and prayed, went to sujood and started crying, “Ya Allah... I've done everything I could. I studied, and I worked really hard. Now I leave it in Your hands. You know what's best. I'm letting go of the stress. I trust You.” It wasn't even a long prayer. I just vented, poured out my feelings, and surrendered.

Then I went to bed. That night, I had a dream. In the dream, I woke up, grabbed my phone, and checked my email. The first thing I saw was an acceptance email from the program. I smiled in my sleep. It felt so real and calming.

Then I actually woke up, and I reached for my phone—just like in the dream. I opened my inbox. The first email I saw was from the program director: “Congratulations. You've been accepted.” I couldn't believe it. I rubbed the sleep from my eyes, read the email again, and tears started to fall. I called my mom immediately, still in shock.

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It wasn't just about getting in; it was about how it happened. How Allah gave me the news in a dream after I let go and placed my trust in Him. I learned something valuable that day: You don't have to carry life's weight alone when Allah is always there, willing to help.

Now, when I strongly desire something, I always ask Allah for it. But I also say: "If it's good for me, Ya Allah, then grant it to me. If it's not, turn it away from me and make me content." Because I realized, the delay in what you are asking for isn't a punishment—it's a gift. If I hadn't missed the deadline the first time, I might have taken the acceptance for granted. And maybe I wouldn't have developed the closeness with Allah that I now cherish so deeply.

Sometimes, the thing you're asking for isn't the true gift. The real gift... is the relationship with the One you're asking.

Reflection

Setbacks are a natural part of life—no one goes through this world without facing them. Life will inevitably bring challenges, delays, and moments that feel like failures. What matters is how we perceive them. We can choose to see these as chances for growth and lessons, rather than as defeats.

A strong example comes from Steve Jobs's life. He was once fired from Apple, the company he founded, which felt like a public failure and personal loss. Years later, he returned to Apple and led it to extraordinary success. Looking back, Jobs admitted he couldn't understand why it happened at the time—but in hindsight, he was able to “connect the dots.” What initially seemed like a setback was actually preparation for something much greater.

As Muslims, we expand on this understanding. Nothing happens to us by chance or coincidence. Every delay, setback, and disappointment is part of Allah's plan. In the story, we see that missing the university application deadline—initially seeming like a devastating failure—becomes the moment that brings the person closer to Allah. Through this setback, he learned to surrender, trust, and find contentment in Allah's decree. This contentment is the secret sauce to real happiness because it frees the heart from constant worry about outcomes and allows a person to value their relationship with Allah above all else.

Later in the book, we will explore how these experiences connect to the concept of Qadr—the divine decree of Allah—and how embracing this perspective transforms the way we face life's trials.

Lessons from This Chapter

This chapter reminds us that life is never completely within our control. No matter how carefully we plan, how hard we work, or how confident we feel, there will always be moments of uncertainty—times when we feel powerless. Sometimes, life traps us in our own “prisons”: a job that confines us, a relationship that isn't working, a health scare, or years of waiting to get married or start a family.

Sometimes, it is the things we cannot control — like the outcome of an important exam, getting accepted into university, receiving immigration approval, or the timing of a pregnancy. These situations can feel just as heavy and confining as walls and bars, reminding us that ultimately, life unfolds according to Allah's wisdom, not ours.

The stories here show us two things: first, that we cannot control everything. The man in prison had no control over judges, lawyers, or court procedures. The man caring for his sick wife had no control over her illness or the doctors' outcomes. They did what they could—prayed, acted responsibly, remained patient—but ultimately, the results were in Allah's hands. This is a hard truth for most of us: we want to do everything ourselves because we trust ourselves the most, but our power is limited.

Second, these stories teach us what to do when life feels out of our control: turn to Allah. Tahajjud, dua, and sincere reliance on Him become the tools that support us through uncertainty. They give us strength when the world feels heavy, patience when hope seems far away, and clarity when our hearts are overwhelmed. Just as Prophet Yusuf (AS) remained steadfast even when the inmate forgot him and his fate seemed stalled, we too must act with trust and let Allah's plan unfold.

In practical terms, when life feels uncontrollable:

- Accept that some outcomes are beyond your control, and that's okay.
- Do your part—pray, take responsible action, seek help where possible—but leave the results to Allah.
- Use moments of uncertainty to draw closer to Allah, build your patience, and strengthen your faith that He observes everything, even what we cannot see.

The key lesson is simple: your efforts are never wasted, and Allah is always at work—even during times when you feel helpless. Life might place you in “prisons” you cannot escape on your own, but trust that Allah's plan is always unfolding for your good, even when you cannot yet see it.

Chapter Two

Where Are You, God?

There is a harsh truth many are too afraid to admit — the gradual drifting away from Allah, not through rebellion, but through fatigue, distraction, and hopelessness. Those who once felt close to Allah and the Prophet can suddenly find themselves questioning their religion, their purpose, or the meaning of life. Some get pulled into a cycle of sin they cannot escape, leaving confusion, guilt, and numbness in their wake. They are left asking the silent question:

How did I get here?

This chapter explores what happens when people try to fill the spiritual emptiness with success, pleasure, distractions, or ideologies — and why none of it truly satisfies the soul. Losing connection with Allah often brings a deeper loss: of direction, purpose, and inner peace.

Through deeply personal reflections and experiences, this chapter traces the emotional and spiritual journey of someone who felt distant from Allah, trapped in cycles of sin, shame, and self-blame. It sheds light on how separation from faith can distort self-worth, drain purpose, and foster a despair that lurks beneath the surface of daily life. More importantly, it explores how this distance is not the end — but often the beginning of the return.

This chapter encourages the reader to honestly examine their relationship with Allah, their understanding of purpose, and how the heart can subtly drift when it is deprived of remembrance. It is not a lesson coming from above but a shared human experience—one that acknowledges weakness, confusion, and struggle while guiding toward hope, mercy, and return.

Above all, this chapter serves as an invitation. An invitation to pause, reflect, and consider whether the restlessness you feel might be a call back to something more profound. A reminder that no matter how far someone believes they have wandered, the path back to Allah remains open — waiting not for perfection but for a sincere step in His direction.

And that one sincere step can be taken through Tahajjud.

Are You There, God? It's Me.

I reached a point where I felt I didn't belong anywhere. Life had become a series of grey mornings and heavy nights. I wasn't practising. I wasn't praying. I no longer truly knew what I believed. Religion seemed like a tool people used when they were desperate — and I had no desire to be desperate. Or so I told myself.

But deep down, I still held a flicker of faith. Barely a spark. Weak, fragile, hidden beneath years of cynicism and a darkness I thought had swallowed me whole. I had been diagnosed with PTSD and another mental health condition I barely remember now. Therapy helped somewhat, but it couldn't reach the emptiness I carried. I was barely managing at school, at home, or anywhere else. Dropping out sometimes seemed like the only option because I simply couldn't pull myself together. Even getting out of bed felt like an achievement — and some days, even that didn't happen at all.

One night, I couldn't sleep. I kept waking up, drifting in and out, never really resting. I didn't know what Tahajjud was back then. All I knew was I was awake again, staring into the darkness, exhausted physically and mentally.

Eventually, I stopped trying to force myself back to bed. I thought, what's the point? I was already awake. Already broken. Already at my lowest ever.

So I got up.

Not because I felt spiritual. Not because I knew what I was doing. I didn't even know when Fajr was or if what I was about to do “counted.” I just thought — why not? If prayer is something desperate people turn to, then I qualify. I had nothing left to protect—no pride left to lose.

So I stood there, feeling totally lost, and decided to give prayer a try.

The house was silent—the kind of silence that presses against your ears and chest. The floor felt cold beneath my knees, and my hands were stiff as I placed them in sajdah. My breathing was shallow and uncertain. For the first time in years, it seemed like something outside myself was noticing—watching over me, listening to the parts of me I hadn't dared speak aloud.

I prayed four rak'ahs. It felt like being cleansed in a way I didn't realize I needed, as if layers of guilt, exhaustion, and self-blame had been gently lifted, one by one. I wasn't suddenly healed, but I felt like I had

been reset—like someone who had been holding their breath for too long and finally exhaled.

At that moment, I didn't feel new — I felt like I had come back. As if something inside me had returned home after being lost for a very long time.

After that night, everything shifted, though slowly. The days that followed weren't perfect. I still experienced anxiety, lingering depression, and moments when the fog would settle over me again. But now, there were cracks of light. I noticed small things: a friend's smile, the warmth of sunlight, the way my chest didn't feel quite as heavy in the mornings. I could sit through a lecture without panic bubbling up. I could answer an email without my hands trembling. Little by little, life started to feel colourful again.

And I started to see the subtle ways Allah had been guiding me all along. Opportunities I had overlooked, acts of kindness from strangers, unexpected support from situations that might have broken me — all of it felt interconnected, as if someone had been gently tilting the scale in my favour. I began to understand that the prayer I hadn't even taken seriously was a turning point. Not because it changed the world immediately, but because it changed me. My heart had started to find its way home before my mind even realized.

Looking back, I realize something I couldn't see at the time: you can crawl out even when you've hit rock bottom. It's about taking that first

step, the one that seems impossible, and trusting that Allah sees the heart behind the hesitation.

I didn't expect to meet Allah that night; I thought I was just passing time. Still, He found me anyway. He appeared to me in the quiet of early morning, through my trembling hands and uncertain heart. That one night, unexpectedly, began a gentle, gradual rebuilding of faith, hope, and life itself.

Reflection

What truly mattered that night wasn't the number of raka'ahs, or how he accidentally prayed Tahajjud, or even the physical act of sujood itself. It was that he finally reached out to Allah. After years of distance, doubt, and despair, and feeling like he had nothing left to hold onto, he let go of pride and fear and simply asked for help. That moment — raw, imperfect, human — was the beginning of his return.

Sujood is the closest a servant can be to Allah, as the Prophet (peace be upon him) taught:

A slave becomes nearest to his Rabb when he is in prostration. So increase supplications while prostrating.

(Sahih Muslim)

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In that prostration, the weight of guilt, the silence of unspoken doubts, and the burden of exhaustion can finally meet the One who sees, knows, and understands. It isn't the posture alone that transforms, but the heart behind it — the sincerity of turning, even hesitantly, to Allah.

His story is not unique. Many young Muslims today find themselves in the same situation — questioning, struggling, or even turning away from deen. They look to ideologies, philosophies, and “isms” for guidance, searching for meaning in a world that often is disconnected from God. What they may not realize is that Islam provides answers to life's questions in every aspect: personal, social, political, spiritual, and moral. It is a complete way of life — one that becomes evident when the heart reconnects with the Creator.

This isn't about perfection. It isn't about flawlessly following a ritual. What matters is the act of turning, reaching, and being willing to humble oneself before Allah. Tahajjud, along with the sujood within it, creates the space for exactly that. It's a moment when the heart can start to feel at home, realization can surface, and the practical teachings of Islam can begin to make sense in everyday life.

For anyone feeling lost, distant, or on the brink of faith, the lesson is simple yet deep: it only takes that initial act of turning or rather, returning. Even if hesitant, even if imperfect, even in the silence of a sleepless night — Allah notices, Allah responds. Sometimes, that small step becomes the beginning of a journey that gradually brings light back into life,

renews purpose, and reconnects the heart to the One who never turns away.

Tahajjud is more than just a prayer; it is a chance to find direction, regain strength, and sense Allah's closeness, which can begin to transform both inner and outer life. The story shows that even at rock bottom, the hand of mercy is never out of reach, and sometimes it arrives simply because someone chooses to bow down and ask.

Are You Even Listening?

I've struggled with salah for years.

Not in the casual sense of missing a prayer here or there — but in a more messed-up way, where praying at all feels difficult. When days pass without prayer, guilt takes hold, yet it never fully motivates you to change.

Last year, we returned to Germany, where I was born. Something about returning unsettled something inside me. I felt a pressure I couldn't explain — not from anyone, but from within. A sense that I couldn't keep living the way I had been and that it was time to rebuild my relationship with prayer.

I made a promise to myself: I wouldn't start working again until I was consistent with my five daily prayers.

It felt serious when I said it. This life could wait. The afterlife couldn't. I told myself that if I just focused, if I just tried hard enough, I could do it.

But I didn't.

Days turned into weeks, weeks into months, yet I kept promising myself, "Tomorrow". I felt ashamed each time I broke my own promise, but the shame didn't motivate me to act — it just weighed heavily on my chest.

Eventually, reality caught up with me. My father and brother hadn't found work yet. Another brother was recently laid off. I felt the pressure building and tensions rising in my family. So I took a job, even though I knew it wasn't what I wanted.

And just as I feared, it exhausted me.

I've battled depression before, and work pulled me right back into that dark place. I'd come home each day completely drained. I'd lie down "just for a moment" and wake up hours later, the day already lost. Prayers missed. Again.

Then, after only two months, the company went bankrupt.

I lost the job.

I expected to feel panic, anxiety, and fear about what was coming next. Instead, I experienced a sense of liberation, as if a weight had been lifted from my chest.

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Not long after, I was scrolling through Reddit when I came across a random comment. It said:

“Make dua during Tahajjud if you're having trouble praying all five.”

I almost laughed.

Tahajjud? I couldn't even manage to pray my regular salah. How was I supposed to wake up in the middle of the night?

It felt impossible, almost mocking, but I couldn't scroll past it.

I tried setting an alarm. I slept through it. Tried again. The same thing happened. It was embarrassing... to fail at something no one else could see.

One night, before falling asleep, I made a dua. All I recall saying was:

“Ya Allah... help me wake up.”

That night, to my surprise, I did.

I woke up feeling disoriented, my eyes heavy, my body slow. I prayed two raka'at — unsure, half-awake, wondering if it even counted. But afterward, I raised my hands and asked for one thing only:

“Ya Allah... I don't know if I deserve to be heard, but please help me pray all five. Help me never miss again.”

Then I went back to sleep, after praying Fajr as well.

The next day, something was different.

I prayed Dhuhr, then ‘Asr, Maghrib, and ‘Isha. I even woke up again for Fajr on my own! There was no internal struggle, exhaustion, or resistance. It felt... as if something had been unlocked.

The same thing happened the following day, and then the day after that.

Since that night, I haven't missed a single prayer.

Looking back now, I see clearly that losing that job was never a setback. It was a mercy. Allah removed me from something that was draining me, not to punish me, but to help me and get me to start talking to Him again.

Reflection

One of the biggest misconceptions about returning to Allah is that you must start perfectly. That you need everything sorted out before you can ask for more. That Tahajjud is only for those who are already consistent in prayer. But Allah never says that. In fact, He often speaks to those who feel they have failed themselves.

O My servants who have transgressed against themselves [by sinning], do not despair of the mercy of Allah. Indeed, Allah forgives all sins. Indeed, it is He who is the Forgiving, the Merciful.

[Qur'an 39:53]

Notice who this verse addresses. Not perfect or disciplined, but those burdened by their own faults. Struggling with prayer doesn't mean the heart is distant; often, it's alive but weighed down by exhaustion, depression, guilt, or life's challenges. The pressure to “fix everything” can sometimes hinder any change.

This story reminds us of a subtle but profound truth: Allah often meets His servants where they are, not where they wish they were. Tahajjud is one of those moments. The Prophet (peace be upon him) said that during the last third of the night, Allah descends and asks:

Is there anyone to invoke Me, so that I may respond to invocation?

Is there anyone to ask Me, so that I may grant him his request?

Is there anyone seeking My forgiveness, so that I may forgive him?

(Sahih al-Bukhari)

This call is not for the “perfect”; for perfection only belongs to Allah. This call is for those who struggle, sinners, and the distant — anyone who sincerely wishes to turn to Allah. Tahajjud is not a reward for obedience; it is a path to it.

Sometimes seeking Allah's closeness involves asking Allah for help, rather than pretending you don't need any. When Allah answers, He often rearranges life to make space for Him. A job may end, a routine may break, or a distraction may disappear. What seems like a setback can actually be divine alignment.

Prayer is not maintained by willpower alone. It relies on Allah's help. The Prophet (peace be upon him) used to supplicate,

O Changer of the Hearts! Strengthen my heart upon Your Religion.

(Al-Tirmidhi)

If the Prophet (peace be upon him) asked for strength, then none of us is above needing it. This story demonstrates that it is never too late to return, and Allah does not wait for perfection before responding.

If you're struggling with prayer, start with Tahajjud, even if it's just once, and trust Allah to meet you where you are.

I Hate What I See in the Mirror

I didn't fall apart all at once. It started slowly, in ways that were easy to overlook—then the snowball turned into an avalanche.

There was no sense of time. Hours disappeared into screens — endless scrolling, senseless videos, anything that could give me that quick rush of dopamine. That fleeting moment. That instant where I didn't have to feel empty, shallow, and lonely. I told myself I was just tired, just bored, just not wanted by anyone. But I knew better. I was chasing a high. Not drugs, not alcohol — something far more disgusting, but just as numbing.

I was trying to justify my habits to myself. But the truth was harder to face: I was running. Running from myself, from responsibility, from the weight of what I had become.

I wasn't truly living anymore. I knew my soul had died a long time ago.

There was a time when sin bothered me. When guilt would settle heavily in my chest and push me toward repentance. But over time, even that faded. The guilt dulled. The shame softened. What once shook me began to feel normal. My heart didn't ache the way it used to — and that scared me more than anything else. I had heard that when the heart hardens, it stops feeling. I was living proof.

Prayer had become distant and meaningless. I found myself performing the actions, but they carried no real significance. Then the days went by without salah. Nights were spent numbing myself with distractions, even though I didn't truly enjoy them. I made many excuses, telling myself I was just going through something temporary. But is it really temporary if you've been doing this for over 9 years? Deep down, I knew I was lost — but acknowledging and admitting it felt heavier than remaining lost.

There were times when I would gaze at the ceiling, wondering how I had arrived at this point. How someone who once valued their relationship with Allah could feel so hollow. I didn't blame God; instead, I felt embarrassed and ashamed. I believed I was beyond redemption, as if I had crossed a boundary that could never be undone.

Then one night, something in me finally cracked.

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I had been scrolling for hours again, barely aware of what I was watching. My phone felt glued to my hand, my mind numb, and my body heavy. I glimpsed my reflection in the dark screen for a split second — tired eyes, hollow face — and I felt sick. I hated the person in the mirror. I felt... ashamed. Ashamed of how low I had sunk. Ashamed of how familiar this cycle had become. I couldn't even recognize myself anymore.

I remember thinking, Is this really my life now? Am I really this pathetic loser?

That night was much like many others before it — wasted, empty, and heavy with regret. I had done things I wasn't proud of, things I had promised myself I would stop doing. As I lay there, staring at the ceiling, the weight of it all pressed down on my chest. I felt disgusting. Not just guilty, but soulless — as if whatever goodness I once had had been worn down by neglect and repetition.

I didn't feel close to Allah. I didn't even feel worthy of turning to Him. Part of me thought, What's the point? I had crossed too many lines. I had made the same mistakes too many times. Who was I to ask for forgiveness now — after all this time?

But another thought came to mind: How much longer can I keep living like this?

How many more nights of self-loathing, of escaping into screens, of pretending I was fine when I wasn't?

I sat up in bed, feeling overwhelmed with emotion, my thoughts racing. I didn't feel a sense of spirituality or hope. I simply felt exhausted, finished with myself and the emptiness I felt.

I honestly wanted to end my life right then and there. But what face would I show to my lord? And the pain I would cause my family. I knew I couldn't be this selfish.

I just knew I couldn't stay where I was. I dragged myself out of bed, went to the bathroom, and turned on the shower. The water felt cold against my skin. I could feel some of the self-loathing wash away.

As I stepped out and changed into some fresh clothes, I took out my prayer mat and began praying. I didn't realize I was praying Tahajjud, or what it was exactly. I didn't think in religious terms. All I remember was reciting Surah Duha and Surah Shams. Those were the only two surahs I could recall at that moment. And when I went into sujood, something inside me finally broke down.

I collapsed emotionally in a way I hadn't in years. It wasn't just tears streaming down my face, but intense waves of crying. My chest squeezed, my mouth opened wide, and every few seconds, a loud, uncontrollable sob escaped. I couldn't stop it, even if I wanted to. It was the kind of crying that results from suppressing everything for too long, causing the body to finally let go.

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I wasn't asking Allah for any miracles. I wasn't bargaining or making promises. I was just begging and begging, please... don't leave me like this.

And in that moment, something shifted.

There was no sudden wave of peace, nor did all my problems magically disappear. But it was a moment of breaking free like a knot loosening after being pulled tight for years. For the first time in a long while, I felt heard, as if Allah were saying, "I know where you've been. I know what you've done. But I'm still here."

That night didn't erase my struggles, and I didn't wake up completely healed. But something inside me softened; the weight felt a little lighter, and the shame didn't scream as loud. For the first time in a long time, I felt a reason to try again.

That was the night everything started to change. Not because I became strong — but because I finally accepted that I wasn't. And somehow, in that moment of utter weakness, I discovered the beginning of strength.

Reflection

This story is more than just an individual's struggle. It serves as a reminder for anyone fighting addiction, despair, or habits that seem impossible to break. The night's journey — from darkness, shame, and numbness to rising, laying down a prayer mat, and praying — exemplifies a simple truth: no matter how far you have fallen, you are never beyond Allah's mercy.

Addiction, whether to substances, screens, or shameful habits, dulls the heart. It makes the soul heavy, the guilt less harsh, and the shame fade away. It convinces us that we are unworthy, that the mistakes we've made too many times cannot be forgiven. But this story reminds us that even when the heart feels as hard as stone, Allah's mercy is closer and more penetrable than we think.

Through Prophet (peace be upon him), we learn that Allah said:

O son of Adam, so long as you call upon Me and ask of Me, I shall forgive you for what you have done, and I shall not mind.

O son of Adam, were your sins to reach the clouds of the sky and were you then to ask forgiveness of Me, I would forgive you.

O son of Adam, were you to come to Me with sins nearly as great as the earth and were you then to face Me, ascribing no partner to Me, I would bring you forgiveness nearly as great as it.

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The above Hadith Qudsi tells us that even if our sins feel as high as the sky, Allah's mercy is even greater. He does not count your failures against you as a reason to turn away. He waits patiently and generously, ready to forgive those who return.

History and the Qur'an give us powerful examples. Consider Firaun, the tyrant who committed atrocities beyond imagination—oppressing, killing, and openly defying Allah. Yet, Allah did not close the door on repentance. Prophets were sent, warnings were given, and opportunities provided. Allah's mercy was always there, but Firaun himself refused it. The lesson is clear: Allah never withholds forgiveness; we sometimes choose not to accept it. Don't let Shaytan deceive you into thinking you are beyond hope, that your past determines your future, or that the burden of your sins causes Allah to turn away.

The story also highlights the power of taking a single step. The act of standing up in the night to perform Tahajjud, entering sujood, and seeking guidance was just one step — yet it sparked a transformation.

We also learn through the Prophet (peace be upon him) that Allah said:

I am just as My slave thinks I am,
and I am with him if He remembers Me.

If he remembers Me in himself,
I too, remember him in Myself;

and if he remembers Me in a group of people,
I remember him in a group that is better than they;

and if he comes one span nearer to Me,
I go one cubit nearer to him;

and if he comes one cubit nearer to Me,
I go a distance of two outstretched arms nearer to him;

and if he comes to Me walking,
I go to him running.

(Sahih Bukhari)

This one step was enough to start the process of healing, recovery, and reconnection. All you need is the courage to lift your hands and say: “Help me.”

Addiction and repeated sin can make the heart feel numb. But this story reminds us: the heart is never beyond revival. The first step toward Allah can happen in the middle of the night, in an ordinary bedroom, after years of shame, weakness, or despair. It can happen when you feel worthless, when you feel numb, when you feel like there is no hope left. And

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when it happens, Allah's mercy flows in ways we cannot measure — slowly, steadily, transforming habits, mindsets, and ultimately, the heart itself.

Let this story serve as both a warning and a promise. A warning that giving up and listening to Shaytan's whispers will only deepen despair. A promise that no matter how heavy the past, no matter how far the heart has wandered, Allah's mercy is ready to embrace, ready to forgive, and ready to guide — if only we take that step toward Him.

In all my reflections, I highlight the spiritual power of Tahajjud, Allah's mercy, and the transformative potential of returning to Him. However, overcoming destructive habits, repeated sins, or addiction also requires practical guidance that can be applied in daily life.

After careful research, I have found that the Yaqeen Institute's work on Ibn al-Qayyim's rehabilitation program provides one of the most comprehensive and practical guides available. It is deeply rooted in the Islamic tradition, yet offers actionable insight into how a believer can confront their desires, train their will, and regain control over their actions.

I encourage everyone facing these challenges to explore this resource on their own, reflect thoughtfully, and take initial steps toward meaningful change. By combining sincere spirituality with practical advice, you can shift from despair to freedom, from recurring mistakes to lasting transformation, and from a heavy heart to clarity and purpose.

Jawwad Ahmed Abbasi

Your journey is yours to start — and Allah's mercy is always nearer than you think.

Please Google:

How to Overcome Addiction through Faith: Ibn Al-Qayyim's
Rehabilitation Program by Yaqeen Institute.

Lessons from This Chapter

At its core, this chapter is about return — not just to prayer, but to purpose. It is the moment when a person realizes that something essential is missing, even if life appears full on the surface. It speaks to the crisis many face today: being alive, functioning, even “successful,” yet spiritually empty, disconnected, and lost.

The stories in this chapter reveal a painful truth: when a person drifts away from Allah, they do not simply lose a set of rituals. They begin to lose direction and meaning. The heart, created to know and worship its Creator, does not remain neutral when that connection weakens. It seeks something else to fill the void. As a result, people turn to distractions, habits, pleasures, ideologies, or identities, hoping to find purpose in what was never meant to provide it.

This is where the danger lies. When faith fades, something else always takes its place. For some, it becomes the pursuit of wealth or status. For others, pleasure, validation, or escapism. For many today, it becomes ideology — the belief that fulfillment can be found through self-definition, self-worship, or complete independence from God. Yet no matter the form, the result is often the same: a growing sense of emptiness, confusion, and loss of direction.

Islam does not merely offer rules; it offers answers to the most fundamental questions of human existence:

Why am I here?

What is my purpose?

Where am I going?

When these questions go unanswered, the soul drifts. When they are answered incorrectly, the soul suffers. Only when they are answered through revelation does life start to make sense again. The heart finds peace not through excess, achievement, or escape — but through alignment with its Creator.

This chapter illustrates how easily a person can fall into a cycle of sin, shame, and self-blame, and how quickly that cycle can lead them to believe they are unworthy of returning to Allah. Shaytan relies on this lie. He doesn't need to persuade someone to disbelieve outright; it's enough to convince them they are too broken to be forgiven. However, the truth, repeated throughout the Qur'an and Sunnah, is that Allah's mercy is not fragile. It is not withdrawn due to repeated mistakes or delayed because of weakness. It remains accessible until the very end.

What these stories show is that returning to Allah is not an act of strength only for the righteous — it is an act of humility anyone can do. Often, it starts not with conviction, but with desperation. Not with confidence,

but with collapse. And in that collapse, when the heart finally admits its need, Allah responds.

The journey back can be slow and deeply personal. It may start with a single prayer, a moment of honesty, or even a realization that the path one is on no longer leads anywhere worth going. But once that turn is made, no matter how small, it reorients the entire direction of a person's life.

This chapter reminds us that the crisis of faith many face today is not a sign of failure — it is an invitation to return. A return to meaning. A return to purpose. A return to the One who created the heart and knows exactly how to heal it.

In a noisy world full of distractions and empty promises, Islam offers true clarity. While the world chases temporary happiness, it gives a lasting purpose. When many feel confused or lost, it gently guides each person back—not with criticism, but with compassion.

The question is not whether Allah is willing to accept us back. The question is whether we are willing to accept Him.

Chapter Three

Finding Allah’s Treasure

There are few things more terrifying than staring at your bank account and wondering how you'll make it through the month.

When bills are due, savings are running low, and no income is coming in, the pressure can become overwhelming. You apply for jobs, rewrite your resume, attend interviews, and follow all the “right” steps—yet nothing changes. Days turn into weeks. Weeks into months. The waiting itself becomes exhausting.

At night, the mind races — rent, groceries, family responsibilities, the future. Even the strongest among us can feel shaken when their efforts don’t seem to pay off. In moments like these, a difficult question may

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arise: If Allah provides, why does it sometimes feel like nothing is coming?

Islam teaches that Allah is *Ar-Razzaq*—the Provider. But provision isn't limited to a paycheck or a direct deposit. Allah provides through means we can't always see, control, or predict. Sometimes, He delays what we ask for. Sometimes, He redirects us. And sometimes the provision arrives only after the heart is forced to let go of its assumptions about how things are supposed to work.

The stories in this chapter come from people who reached that point—those who were unemployed, financially strained, or burdened with responsibilities they felt unprepared for. They did not stop trying, but they also reached a moment where effort alone was no longer enough. That is when Tahajjud became a part of their lives—not as a ritual, but as a turning point.

What follows are not stories of instant success or effortless outcomes. They are stories of people who struggled, asked Allah at every opportunity, and witnessed provision arrive in ways they did not anticipate.

This chapter is for anyone who is waiting, worried, or feeling stretched thin. It serves as a reminder that reliance on Allah is active, and effort without reliance is incomplete. Rizq does not vanish because circumstances tighten, and Allah never abandons those who turn to Him.

We Regret to Inform You...

I had been unemployed for nearly a year, and it felt as though every door in my life had been shut. I applied to more than nine hundred jobs—no exaggeration. I attended over forty interviews within a few months, each one starting with hope and ending the same way. Every morning, I checked my email with anticipation, telling myself that today might finally be different. Most days, there was nothing. And when there was, it was always the same polite rejection, carefully worded, impersonal, and final. I memorized the phrasing. I recognized it instantly, even before finishing the sentence.

I rewrote my résumé endlessly. I adjusted wording, changed formats, rewrote bullet points, tailored cover letters, and reshaped my experience in every possible way. I tried sounding more confident, then more humble, then more eager. Still, nothing changed. Eventually, I found myself applying for positions I once thought were beneath my qualifications.

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I had experience. I had an education. I had worked hard to build a life. Yet none of it seemed to matter. Over time, the rejection stopped feeling professional and began to feel personal. The disappointment turned into exhaustion, and the exhaustion slowly became something heavier—a sense of being lost.

That was when it hit me. This wasn't just about employment; it was about surrender. It was Allah humbling me.

At the start of 2020, I did something I had never done before. I began praying Tahajjud. At that time, I wasn't even consistent with my obligatory prayers. My wife gently questioned it, reminding me that I should probably focus on my fard before taking on voluntary worship. But I remembered hearing that—even if your foundations feel weak—Tahajjud has a way of bringing you back to Allah. And it did.

Praying in the quiet of the night softened something inside me. It stripped away my arrogance, my fear, and my frustration. It reminded me that I was not in control—and that was okay. Slowly, my relationship with Allah began to change. And then, out of the blue, everything shifted.

A job offer arrived. Not just any job, but a good one — a respectable position where I felt valued. I hadn't pursued it or forced it. It simply came, as if placed in my path at exactly the right moment. After nearly a year of pleading with the world to accept me, Allah opened a door in the blink of an eye.

From that moment on, I never missed praying Tahajjud. My fard prayers became regular. My bond with Allah grew stronger. I started studying, learning, and genuinely reconnecting with my faith. Today, I juggle work, study, and personal growth—but no matter how busy I get, Allah remains my priority.

Not because I have to, but because I want to.

My heart feels at peace on the prayer mat. My soul feels settled in a way it never has before. My goal now is simple:

To memorize the Qur'an and to hold onto the light that Tahajjud has brought into my life.

Reflection

After hundreds of applications and dozens of interviews, we can clearly see that the person made every effort. They had the right qualifications and experience, yet nothing moved. But why? That is often when Allah removes the illusion of control. When every strategy fails, what remains is the truth: no résumé, no referral, no hiring manager can place provision in your hands unless Allah allows it.

This does not mean effort is pointless. It means effort without reliance is empty. A believer first asks Allah, then takes the means, understanding

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that the means themselves have no power. When this balance is lost, rejection can feel overwhelming, and self-worth can start to fade. When the balance is restored, effort continues without despair, because provision is no longer expected from people.

This understanding also highlights the danger of seeking income at any cost. If Allah truly is the Provider, then turning to haram work out of fear makes no sense. When someone chooses to earn income through corruption, usury, or unethical methods, they act as if this is the only way to survive. True reliance means leaving haram behind, even if it feels risky, and trusting that Allah will provide a lawful alternative.

The story shows that when Tahajjud entered the picture, the change was not only external. Something internal shifted first. Arrogance softened. Control was surrendered. The job did not arrive because of a perfect resume or cover letter. It arrived after turning back to Allah.

There is also a warning here for those who are employed. A steady paycheck can silence the conscience. It becomes easy to overlook wrongdoing, accept moral compromises, or stay in work that is clearly haram out of fear of losing stability. But stability is not created by employers, CEOs, or shareholders. They do not control Rizq. Allah does.

Leaving haram for the sake of Allah is not a loss; it is a declaration of trust. A believer may give up a position, income, or comfort, but they do not lose provision. Allah replaces what is left for His sake with something always better.

Jawwad Ahmed Abbasi

This story is not about employment alone. It is about learning who truly holds power, who truly provides, and where reliance belongs. When that is corrected, everything else falls into its proper place.

I Struck Gold

Five years ago, I was working as an entry-level accountant in New York, earning \$70,000 a year.

It was okay — enough to get by. Rent was paid. Groceries found their way into the fridge. But then I got married.

And suddenly, “enough” didn't feel like enough anymore.

Rent, groceries, bills... everything became more expensive. New York isn't an affordable place to live. But this was no longer just about the numbers. It was about responsibility.

I now had a wife. Someone I was responsible for and wanted to care for. I longed to give her a life where she never had to worry about money—where she could walk into a store and buy something without checking the price tag.

But instead, I was the one checking. Every time she picked up something while shopping, I'd glance at the price, calculate it in my head, and quietly tally up how much it was going to cost. I didn't say anything. I didn't want her to see me stressed.

Meanwhile, I wore the same few shirts and the same old jeans. I didn't buy anything for myself, not because I was being frugal, but because every dollar I saved could help make her life easier. I wanted her to feel like a queen. That was the kind of husband I aspired to be.

She didn't want to work, and I didn't want her either.

She wanted to stay home, raise a family, and focus on being a mother when the time came—and I fully supported that.

But deep down, I was scared.

Because the future started playing in my head over and over again.

What about when we have kids? Diapers, medical visits, formula, and baby clothes—why are they so expensive? Then there's a stroller, a car seat, maternity clothes, and all the unexpected costs that come with raising a child.

I was losing sleep thinking about numbers.

That's when I turned to Tahajjud.

Every night I got up, I asked Allah for the same thing:

“Ya Allah, please grant me a job that pays really well.”

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That was it. I wasn't asking to be rich. I just wanted to breathe. To give my wife and future children the comfort I can't afford at the moment.

I made dua with all my heart. I wasn't applying to hundreds of jobs, just a carefully chosen few. I polished my resume, went through interviews, and put in just enough effort to tell Allah, "I'm trying."

And then, subhanAllah, within two months, I received an offer.

For \$140K, plus a \$20,000 bonus—and even \$20 every day for lunch!

I stared at the offer letter and couldn't stop smiling. Not because I felt like I had earned it—but because I knew I hadn't.

This was Allah. He heard me. Loud and clear.

That was the day I promised myself: Tahajjud isn't going anywhere.

Since then, I've made it a part of my life.

Just two rak'ahs and one witr. That's all. Nothing fancy. I don't always feel strong when I get up. Sometimes I'm half-asleep, rubbing my eyes open. But every time I stand to pray, I feel this tranquillity in my chest.

The same chest that once felt tight from fear and anxiety.

Now, I feel calm.

I feel I can ride out any storm that comes my way.

And most importantly, I feel connected to my Lord.

Reflection

Rizq holds deep significance in Islam. It's not just about money or how much you earn, but in fact, Rizq can also come in the form of a spouse or children. The peace, support, and stability within a home are all part of what Allah provides. Many men will tell you that after marriage, unexpected doors began to open—raises, promotions, or better job opportunities. This is no coincidence. It reflects a deeper truth: Allah is *Ar-Razzaq*, and when someone takes a lawful step that Allah loves, Allah expands provisions in ways that cannot be planned or measured.

This directly challenges a common misconception—that a man must be financially “set” or even “rich” before getting married, or that marriage is a burden that drains wealth. Islam does not require luxury. It requires responsibility. As long as a man can meet the basic financial obligations of marriage, delaying it out of fear is unnecessary. Marriage does not reduce Rizq; rather, Allah places *barakah* in the lives of those who accept this responsibility with sincerity and trust.

At the same time, this reflection speaks to those who are already married and struggling. The pressure of being unable to provide is one of the heaviest burdens a person can carry, especially when its effects are felt by

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one's spouse and children. Job loss, business failure, or financial instability can quickly lead to stress, anxiety, and a sense of helplessness. Islam does not dismiss this pain. The loss of wealth and livelihood is among the tests Allah places upon His servants, and these moments can deeply strain both the heart and the home.

This is precisely the time when turning back to Allah becomes necessary. When income is cut off, and fear overtakes, the believer should reconnect with Ar-Razzaq. Whether through supplicating or standing before Him in Tahajjud, seeking Allah is not a last resort — it is the solution.

Lessons from This Chapter

Financial stress is one of the heaviest burdens we carry.

Whether it's unemployment, rising bills, family pressure, inflation, or simply the desire to be independent, Rizq is something every heart worries about. It keeps people awake at night. It can lead them to compromise their values. It can even shake someone's faith. Your mind constantly asks these questions:

Will I have enough?

Will I be able to provide?

Will my children have what they need?

What if I never break free from this cycle of stress?

In today's world, this fear is everywhere.

You scroll on your phone and see people living lives of ease, including vacations, luxury, weddings, and homes.

And all it does is remind you of what you don't have.

Even the basics—a stable job, a roof over your head, food in the fridge—can feel like luxuries to those struggling.

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And yet, in all of this...

There's one truth that remains:

Rizq comes only from Allah.

Not from your boss.

Not from your degree.

Not from your LinkedIn connections.

One of the most powerful stories of financial hardship in the Qur'an is that of Musa (AS).

He fled Egypt with nothing—no food, no family, no home. Exhausted, hungry, and afraid, he collapsed under a tree in the land of Madyan and made this humble dua:

My Lord! I am truly in desperate need of whatever provision You may have in store for me.

[Qur'an 28:24]

That was his rock bottom.

He had no savings, no house, no job.

But he had tawakkul.

And in that very moment of desperation, Allah was already opening a door for him.

He assisted two women in drawing water for their flock—one of whom would later become his wife. Their father welcomed him into their home, offering him work, shelter, and a sense of belonging.

And just like that, he went from jobless fugitive to stable provider.

Why?

Because he turned to Al-Mujeeb, the One who Responds.

Because even in his desperation, he still made dua.

Contrast this with another story from Surah Al-Kahf—the tale of the two men and their property.

One man was granted a prosperous estate, with resources and income flowing steadily. He boasted:

I am greater than you in wealth and mightier in [numbers of] men.

[Qur'an 18:34]

Over time, his prosperity blinded him. He lost sight of where his wealth truly came from and began to believe that his success was due to his own ability and effort. Gratitude gave way to arrogance, and reliance shifted from Allah to himself. But that illusion did not last. Allah removed what he thought was permanent, and his estate was destroyed in an instant. He awoke to total ruin, realising too late that what he trusted had no power to protect him.

We live in a time where wealth can make people arrogant.

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Where people begin to believe: “I worked for this. I earned it. It's mine.”

But the Qur'an reminds us repeatedly—it's not your effort that provides. It's Allah.

There was also Qarun, a man so wealthy that the keys to his treasure needed a whole group of strong men to carry.

Indeed, Qarun was from the people of Moses, but he behaved arrogantly towards them. We had granted him such treasures that even their keys would burden a group of strong men. Some of his people advised him, “Do not be prideful! Surely Allah does not like the prideful...”

[Qur'an 28:76]

When people advised him to be grateful and use his wealth for good, he responded arrogantly:

I was only given it because of the knowledge I have.

[Qur'an 28:78]

So Allah caused the earth to swallow him whole—wealth, palace, and all.

Because the real treasure wasn't in gold or real estate.

It was in humility and gratitude to Allah.

While arrogance and pride are risks associated with wealth, there's another danger on the opposite end—the fear of poverty.

That fear again makes people forget who the actual Provider is.

In the past, people would kill their own children out of fear of not being able to provide for them.

And sadly, we still see echoes of that today—whether in abortions or in delaying or avoiding having children altogether, out of fear of financial burden.

To that, Allah revealed:

Do not kill your children for fear of poverty. We provide for them and for you.

[Qur'an 17:31]

This verse strikes at the heart of the fear-based mindset that drives birth control, abortion, and population capping—concepts still present today under the guise of economics or sustainability.

Countries like China, which once limited families to one child, are now facing the consequences—aging populations and stagnant growth.

So next time your spouse gets pregnant, and your mind starts racing through the cost of diapers, school fees, and bills—pause.

Remember who provided for you when you were born. He will also provide for them. In Surah Hud (11:6), Allah tells us:

There is not a single moving creature on the earth but Allah is responsible for providing its sustenance. He knows where it dwells and where it will permanently rest. All this is recorded in a clear Book.

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Lastly, there is one more door to Rizq that many overlook. It isn't found in gold, stocks, crypto, or the language of compounding returns. It is something far simpler, and far more powerful: **giving in charity**.

Yes, especially when it feels like you don't have enough.

Verily, my Lord grants provision abundantly to whomsoever He pleases and straitens it for whomsoever He pleases. Whatever you spend, He will replace it. He is the Best of all Providers.

[Qur'an 34:39]

And He doesn't just replace it—He multiplies it.

The example of those who spend their wealth in the way of Allah is like a seed [of grain] which grows seven spikes; in each spike is a hundred grains. And Allah multiplies [His reward] for whom He wills. And Allah is all-Encompassing and Knowing.

[Qur'an 2:261]

If your money feels tight, try loosening your grip. Give in secret. Give consistently. Give even if it feels small, and trust Allah to place barakah in what remains.

And remember, Rizq isn't limited to money; your spouse, children, and even guidance from Allah are Rizq. The stories in this chapter don't come from billionaires; they come from real, ordinary people — people who struggled, who cried, who worked hard by day and still stood before

Jawwad Ahmed Abbasi

Allah at night, and, in their persistence, found that Allah's blessings extend far beyond what the eye can see.

Chapter Four

Love, Written Before the Heavens

Fifty thousand years before the sky was introduced to the sea, Allah wrote your name next to the one you would marry. He inscribed the names of the people you would love, those who would love you, the children who would call you mother or father, and the family your life would eventually centre around. Long before hearts met, before prayers were uttered, before waiting and longing ever began—these connections were already written.

Yet living through them rarely feels simple.

Love is one of the strongest forces in the human heart. The desire to love and to be loved is natural. It influences decisions, tests patience, and often brings people to their knees in prayer. In this chapter, love appears in different forms and at different stages—sometimes delayed, sometimes unexpected, and sometimes bittersweet.

This chapter is not about ideal love stories. It is about how love unfolds when it is placed in Allah's hands—when people choose the halal path, even when it feels harder, slower, or more painful. It shows how what was written long before the creation of the heavens and the earth eventually finds its way into people's lives, through prayer, trust, and timing that only Allah controls.

Love in the Last Third of the Night

It was the last day of our university year. Final exams had wrapped up. Everyone around me in the hallway was chatting, laughing, and discussing questions. I had always been a quiet student. I didn't mingle much; most classmates sat in mixed groups, and that wasn't something I was comfortable with. Talking to non-mahrams didn't feel right to me.

As I walked past the crowd with my eyes lowered, my heart felt heavy. It was the kind of weight you feel when something is coming to an end. At the main gate, I turned around one last time. And there she was... emerging from the science building.

Her name was Maryam.

She was always different. Quiet, modest, always in her hijab. Like me, she didn't talk much. She carried herself with dignity. There was a kind of Haya in her eyes and a strength in her silence. That day, she looked at me as if asking me to stop. My chest tightened, but I kept walking.

I could feel my anxiety building in my chest as I sat in the car. Deep down, I knew this might be the last time I'd ever see her.

But something happened that afternoon.

I checked my Instagram and saw a red dot on my message icon. I rarely get messages, so I was curious. I opened it, and to my surprise, it was from her. It said:

Asalamu alaykum. I pray you're well.

After observing your character and deen, I believe there may be compatibility between us for marriage.

If you're not already committed and are open to pursuing this further in a halal and respectful way, I've shared my father's contact below.

Right then and there, I knew this was the woman I wanted to marry. In a time of fitnah and casual free mixing, she chose modesty. She approached me with dignity and in a halal way. I knew I had found a gem I couldn't afford to lose.

But...

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I couldn't help but think I wasn't financially ready to get married. I was only in my early twenties. What could I give her? Will I be able to provide her the life she deserves?

I didn't know what to do. So, I did what I always did when I felt helpless.

I got up for Tahajjud.

I wept in sujood that night, begging Allah to guide me. To take over, because I couldn't.

The next day, with a heavy heart, I wrote back:

Wa alaikum assalam,

I really appreciate your message and really respect the way you approached this.

After giving this a lot of thought, I want to be honest. Right now, I'm not financially stable, and I don't feel I'm in a position to proceed with marriage as it truly deserves. Because of that, I wouldn't want to involve families before I'm ready.

That said, I do want you to know that I hold your character and deen in high regard, and I respect you greatly for how you approached this. I trust Allah's timing in all things, and whatever He decrees will be best for us both.

May Allah grant you the best in this life and the next.

I hit send. Closed the app. Tossed my phone and went for a walk.

A few minutes later, I checked again.

Unseen.

An hour passed... still unseen.

Then... **Seen.**

My heart started pounding. I refreshed repeatedly.

Seen 5 mins ago.

Seen 10 mins ago.

Seen 30 mins ago.

Seen 5 hours ago.

No reply.

I didn't even know what I was hoping she'd say. Maybe she'd wait for me? Perhaps nothing at all. But looking back... I'm glad she said nothing.

Even though I turned her down for now, something inside me told me our paths would cross again.

That night, I prayed Tahajjud again. And the next night. And the night after that. I didn't miss a single one.

I only asked for one thing.

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“Ya Allah, if she's written for me, make it easy. Keep her safe until I'm ready. I leave this to You.”

I reminded myself: Allah is never unaware of the hearts that cry in Tahajjud.

A few years went by. I began my own business. Stability arrived gradually. I was now in my mid-20s. My parents started discussing marriage. I kept postponing it softly, still hoping for a miracle.

And one day... it came.

I came home from work, and my little sister looked at me with that strange smile and said, “A family has sent you a proposal. Apparently, you and the girl went to the same university.”

I asked her for the name

When she said it, my heart skipped a beat.

Maryam.

Could it be her?

It can't be. My heart braced for disappointment just in case it was another Maryam. But then my mother shared the family details... and her picture.

It was her.

I felt as if I had just witnessed a miracle from Allah. I don't believe words can ever truly express what I experienced in that moment.

I was trying my best to hold back my tears.

We held our nikah in the most beautiful way, at the mosque with family and friends, exactly as we wanted.

I wanted to share this story because it proves what Tahajjud can do and the power it holds. It also shows what happens when you choose halal over haram, even when it's painful. It's about trusting Allah's timing, even when nothing seems to make sense.

Because without trusting Allah, I would have been fortunate enough to marry someone as precious as her.

Reflection

This story highlights the beauty, challenge, and immense reward of choosing the halal path in love and marriage. In a world where instant gratification is so easy to access, with apps and casual dating making connections quick and fleeting, the halal route often feels slow, restrictive, and even frustrating. It demands patience, self-control, and trust — qualities that are tested when the heart longs for companionship, love, and emotional closeness.

The contrast is clear: the haram path offers immediate satisfaction, instant connection, and fleeting pleasure. However, these shortcuts come with a cost — instability, heartbreak, and long-term issues. Real-life examples are all around us: relationships that begin casually or impulsively often end in divorce, emotional pain, or lifelong regrets. Infatuation, though intense in youth, is temporary, and it cannot support the responsibilities, patience, and commitment that true love and marriage require.

Allah says in Surah Ar-Rum (30:21):

And of His signs is that He created for you from yourselves mates that you may find tranquillity in them; and He placed between you affection and mercy. Indeed in that are signs for a people who give thought.

This verse teaches us a profound truth: love and mercy are gifts from Allah granted after marriage, not before. These intense emotions, the attraction or infatuation we may feel, are merely a shadow of the true love and mercy that Allah bestows when hearts are united in a halal, sincere, and protected union. True love is not just feeling affection — it involves taking responsibility for another soul, nurturing them, protecting them, and remaining steadfast even when it is difficult, inconvenient, or uncomfortable.

The protagonist in this story faced a familiar test: he could have taken the easier route, given in to impatience, or pursued shortcuts. Instead, he chose the halal path, placing his trust fully in Allah. He prayed Tahajjud night after night, surrendering his desires, asking for guidance, and leaving the outcome to the One who knows best. This is not passive waiting — it is active reliance on Allah, combined with the discipline of avoiding what is haram and pursuing what is right.

The reward of this choice is multi-dimensional. On the surface, Allah blessed him with a spouse perfectly suited for him — someone who shares his values, treats him with respect and dignity, and with whom he can create a family. But deeper than that, the story shows inner peace and spiritual calm that come from obeying Allah's guidance and trusting His plan. Choosing halal, no matter how difficult it seems at the moment, nourishes the soul and invites barakah into our lives.

For those struggling with the desire for companionship or love, this story serves as a reminder: the journey of patience and perseverance in halal

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love is not only the correct path, but also the one that Allah blesses in ways the heart cannot yet understand. Those who remain steadfast, who hold onto their faith and trust in Allah, will find that their efforts are not in vain. Even when circumstances seem slow, unclear, or difficult, Allah's timing is flawless. His wisdom exceeds ours, and what He ordains is much better than anything we could plan for ourselves.

This story also highlights the power of Tahajjud. Night prayer is not merely a ritual; it is a space where the heart opens up to Allah, where guidance is sought, and where trust in Him is strengthened. Consistent dua, coupled with steadfastness in choosing what is halal, turns challenges into blessings, longing into fulfillment, and struggle into contentment.

Ultimately, the lesson is clear: the halal path may be difficult, but it leads to love that is genuine, steady, and divinely blessed. The haram path may seem easier in the moment, but it cannot provide the peace, mercy, and barakah that come from Allah. When we choose halal, pray sincerely, and trust in Him, the outcomes — whether in love, marriage, or life — can feel nothing short of miraculous.

Love on My Doorstep

To this day, I still can't believe how Allah answered my prayer.

I'm not someone who prays Tahajjud often, but on my birthday two years ago, I felt compelled to do so. I woke up during the night to pray, and for the first time, I made a very specific dua.

Usually, my duas were more general. I'd say things like,

“Ya Allah, give me whatever You think is best... whenever You think the time is right.”

But that night, I broke down and asked Allah from the heart:

“Ya Allah, please send my life partner into my life before my next birthday. And let it happen in a halal way. No haram relationships. Just someone who is good and honest.”

That was it.

I didn't pray Tahajjud again after that.

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And honestly... I forgot I even made that duaa.

Months passed.

Then I found out something strange.

My family had actually agreed to a proposal without telling me.

It turns out... they had been hiding it for two and a half years.

Desi parents, right?

I was stunned. I didn't know the guy and couldn't find him on Instagram or Facebook. I was genuinely worried. I had so many questions; it was tearing me apart inside.

Then one day, out of nowhere, the doorbell rang.

I stepped out of my room, thinking it was my uncle visiting.

But to my total surprise, it was him. Standing there with his family.

Apparently, this was my parents' way of introducing us without warning, no heads-up, and no prep time. I was completely caught off guard.

I felt nervous at first, but his humour and confidence soon put me at ease. Before I knew it, I actually started to like him.

Really liked him. The doubts started to melt away.

It felt natural, like we already knew each other. The conversation flowed smoothly, and we just clicked.

But one question still lingered in my heart:

“Is this really from Allah? Or is it just one of those moments where you meet someone, feel something... but in the end, it doesn't work out?”

And then it hit me.

The day we met, the day I saw him for the first time, it was my birthday eve.

Exactly one year after that night, when I woke up to pray Tahajjud and made that specific dua.

I stood still, with goosebumps running down my arms as I remembered exactly what I had asked Allah.

And I realized... this was it. This was the answer.

I was stunned, humbled, and filled with gratitude beyond words.

That day, my belief in Allah's planning grew in a way I can't even describe.

Today, I'm still married to the same man I met that day.

The one I asked for.

He is quite literally... the answer to my dua.

Reflection

When I make dua, when will it be answered?

Many people grapple with this question. Some ask it hoping for answers, others with anxiety, and some give up over time because they grow weary of waiting.

One of the key lessons from this story is understanding that being guided to make dua is not coincidental. A person does not suddenly wake up one night and ask Allah for something specific without reason. When Allah allows a heart to ask, it is already a sign of divine care. There is no situation in which Allah grants someone the ability and desire to make dua except that He intends to respond. Therefore, the focus should not be on how or when the dua will be answered, but on appreciating the blessing of being able to make it at all.

This story shows that clearly. Before the dua was made, events had already been set in motion. Conversations had already taken place. Decisions had already been made. The person was unaware of any of it, yet Allah was arranging matters behind the scenes. Then, at the right moment, Allah guided her to make dua — not to initiate the process, but to connect her heart to what He had already decreed. The dua did not produce the outcome; it aligned her with Allah's plan.

Another important lesson is understanding how dua is answered. An answered dua does not always look like receiving exactly what was requested in the way one imagined. Every dua is accepted in one of three ways: Allah provides what is asked for, removes a harm that could have occurred, or preserves the reward for the Hereafter. None of these outcomes is a loss. In fact, the reward kept for the Hereafter is so great that many people will wish none of their dua had been answered in this world at all.

What truly rejects dua is haste. Haste appears when a person concludes that Allah did not respond, that their words went unanswered, or that delay signifies rejection. At that point, trust begins to weaken. When someone says, "I made dua, and nothing happened," they are no longer trusting Allah while supplicating to Him. This loss of trust harms the dua itself, not because Allah is unwilling to give, but because reliance has been replaced with doubt.

Delay should never be seen as a sign of Allah's lack of love. Many Prophets prayed for years, even decades, before witnessing results. Dua isn't just a way to ask for something; it's also a way to draw nearer to Allah. Sometimes, the waiting itself enhances reliance, humility, and sincerity more than immediate answers ever could.

For those reading this who have made dua and then stopped because it felt pointless, this story serves as a reminder not to give up. Allah might already be arranging what you are asking for, even if you see no signs of

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it yet. And if He has guided your heart to ask, that guidance alone is proof that your dua is meaningful.

So, don't stop making dua to the One who is too shy to let your hands return empty.

I Didn't Find My Spouse Attractive

I had been living and working abroad for nearly twenty years. I started with nothing and, by the grace of Allah, built a stable life. Financially, I was comfortable. Over the years, I learned patience, responsibility, and complete reliance on Allah.

My father was a righteous man, someone I trusted completely. When the time came for marriage, I told him, "I leave it entirely in your hands. Choose a wife for me." I believed he knew best, that he would consider both religion and character, and I surrendered myself to his decision.

Months went by, and at last, he spoke to me. He had found someone. She was religious, had good character, and came from a practicing family. I agreed to the nikah without ever meeting her. I trusted him completely.

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The day of the nikah arrived. The formalities were done, and suddenly, I was alone with her for the first time. I lifted her veil, and my heart sank. I couldn't hide my surprise. I didn't find her attractive at all. My disappointment was immediate and stark, and she noticed. I said nothing, made an excuse, and went to sleep.

But toward the third part of the night, she gently tried to wake me to pray. I refused. She tried again. I turned away.

She tried one more time, and this time, she sprinkled water on me.

I finally woke up. She looked at me and said:

“I know you're disappointed. I understand that I may not be pretty or beautiful like other women, but I wanted to wake up for Tahajjud and share this moment with you. Please, can you lead me in salah? Let's pray together.”

I got up and led her in prayer. And I swear, the moment I finished and turned to look at her... it was as if I was seeing the most beautiful woman in the world.

That was years ago. And today, I can say with complete certainty:

She is the coolness to my eyes. She is the best decision I've ever made, or rather, the best decision my father ever made.

I love her deeply. I respect her even more. And not a day passes without me feeling grateful to Allah for bringing her into my life.

Reflection

Some of you reading this might see yourselves as unattractive. Maybe you've never liked your appearance. Perhaps someone said something that stuck with you. And in a world where Hollywood and social media continually promote unrealistic beauty standards, especially for women, and even for men, it's easy to feel like you'll never measure up. It doesn't help when you're constantly comparing yourself to filters, influencers, or people who seem perfect.

However, the truth is that none of that defines your worth. Not to Allah. Not in the things that matter.

But let this story be a reminder: real beauty doesn't come from faces, but it comes from the inside. From your deen. From actions. From who you are when no one's watching.

The woman in this story wasn't the man's "type." She didn't match what he imagined. But her iman, her humility, and her obedience to Allah (SWT) are what made her beautiful. Her beauty wasn't from makeup, filters, or fashion. It was her heart.

This story reminds us that in Islam, real beauty comes from a person's character and their relationship with Allah.

In fact, one of the most touching stories from the Prophet (peace be upon him)'s time is the story of Julaibib (RA).

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He was poor, had no known family background, and was not regarded as attractive by society's standards. People avoided him, and no one considered him suitable for marriage.

But the Prophet (peace be upon him) saw his heart.

When a family refused to marry their daughter to Julaibib (RA), the daughter herself heard about it and said:

Are you refusing to follow the command of the Messenger of Allah (peace be upon him)? Follow his command, for I will not come to any harm.

She accepted the proposal because she knew that a man's worth is not in his looks, but in his iman and character.

Later, during a battle, Julaibib (RA) was martyred. When his body was discovered, the Prophet (peace be upon him) stood over him and said:

He belongs to me, and I belong to him.

He said this two or three times, then carried him in his arms, held him while his grave was being dug, and finally placed him in the grave.

Can you imagine a greater honour?

So, for those who think they're “not attractive enough,” remember Julaibib (RA). Keep in mind that your Creator is not judging by your face or height, but He's looking at your heart.

Verily Allah does not look to your faces and your wealth but He looks to your heart and to your deeds.

(Sahih Muslim)

Yes, there should be some level of attraction between spouses. That's necessary. But only chasing appearances while ignoring deen and akhlaq is a trap.

Because the key to a lasting marriage isn't beauty, it's taqwa, good character, and love that grows from Allah's mercy.

You're Not Having a Baby

When I found out I was pregnant, I didn't tell anyone what I was secretly wishing for. In my heart, I asked Allah for a boy.

I had spent most of my life mothering my little sister and loving her as if she were my own child. And this time, I just wanted to experience what it's like to raise a son. To hold a baby boy in my arms and watch him grow.

On the other hand, my husband had always longed for a daughter. He was deeply touched by the hadith of the Prophet (peace be upon him) that whoever raises daughters well will be rewarded with Paradise. He would often say, “My daughter will be my door to Jannah.”

One evening, we were curled up together under the blanket in our bedroom. I finally shared the big news that I was pregnant. His face lit up with joy.

“What are you hoping for?” he asked, beaming.

“I'm hoping for a baby boy,” I said with a shy smile.

He grinned and nodded. “And I'm hoping for a daughter,” he said softly.

Then he looked at me with soft eyes and said,

Let's both pray at Tahajjud as a friendly challenge. You ask for a boy, and I'll ask for a girl. Perhaps Allah will grant one of us what we desire.

That night and many nights afterward, we would wake up before Fajr. Wrapped in blankets, eyes half-open but hearts fully alive, we poured out our duas into the darkness.

We weren't really competing. We were just excited.

Two souls. Two hearts. One Lord. One prayer each.

Then came the first scan.

We asked the doctor, “How's the baby doing?”

She smiled and said, “You're not having a baby.”

Then she paused.

“You're having babies.”

She turned the screen and pointed: “This is Baby One. And here's Baby Two.”

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We stood still like statues. Twins? We couldn't believe it. But the real surprise came weeks later, at another appointment. Once again, we held our breath as the doctor studied the screen in silence.

She smiled and said, "You're having one of each."

We looked at her, confused. "What do you mean?"

She turned to us and said gently, "A baby girl... and a baby boy."

I stared at the screen, then turned to my husband. His eyes welled with tears. He looked at me with a trembling smile, and I started to cry.

It felt like Allah had smiled upon our Tahajjud and said:

"You both asked, and I was happy to give to both of you."

But the joy came with its own test.

My son was born fragile. He was taken to the NICU immediately after he arrived. I didn't even get a proper chance to hold him.

I used to sit beside the little glass box, staring at his tiny body covered in wires, and wonder if he would ever come home.

I cried every night. I begged Allah like a child, not just during Tahajjud, but all day, every moment I could.

Alhamdulillah... He heard me... again.

Today they are three years old.

My son and my daughter, two pieces of my heart running around the house, filling it with laughter, mischief, and so much light.

Every time I see them together, I think of our nights in Tahajjud and how Allah blessed our family beyond what we could imagine.

Tahajjud is no ordinary prayer. It's a private conversation with Allah when the whole world is sleeping.

It's where dreams can turn into miracles.

Reflection

This story reminds us how easily we set limits on our dua, often without realizing it. We ask Allah hesitantly, adjusting our hopes to what feels realistic or likely. But Allah is not bound by what we perceive as possible. When two hearts turned to Him in Tahajjud—each asking for something different—Allah did not choose between their duas. He answered both. This serves as a reminder that Allah's power is not limited by our expectations, and that any dua made in His sight is never insignificant.

One lesson here is that we should not be conservative in what we ask of Allah. Our role is not to calculate outcomes, probabilities, or feasibility. Our role is to ask with humility and trust. The example of Prophet Sulayman (AS) clearly teaches us this. He did not ask for an ordinary kingdom; he asked for a kingdom unlike any before or after him, and Allah granted it. This shows us that asking boldly is not a lack of adab when directed toward Allah—it is a reflection of certainty in who He is.

At the same time, this story gently encourages those still waiting. If you long for a child, feel the burden of unanswered duas, or have been told your chances are slim, remember that your situation is not unknown to Allah. Prophet Zakariyah (AS) prayed for a child when all signs in the world suggested it was impossible, yet Allah answered him. This teaches us that while science and medicine observe patterns, Allah creates outcomes. What seems impossible to us is never beyond His power.

Tahajjud, in this context, becomes more than a prayer—it transforms into an act of trust when certainty is lacking. It involves repeatedly turning to Allah, even when we feel answers are delayed, and maintaining faith that He hears and responds with what is best. Not every dua is answered exactly as we envision, either in form or timing, but no dua made to Allah is ever wasted. Sometimes the response is immediate, sometimes it comes later, and sometimes it appears in a form different from what we expected—but always with wisdom and mercy.

This story ultimately teaches us to expand our understanding of what Allah can do, to persevere in dua even when the odds are stacked against us, and to remember that our duty is to ask, trust, and try. The outcome rests in Allah's hands, and His power far exceeds anything we can imagine.

Lessons from This Chapter

Love is one of the most powerful forces in the world. It is human nature to desire love and to want to be loved, and we see in these stories how that desire can drive someone to stand in the last third of the night in Tahajjud, pouring their heart out to Allah.

These stories show different forms of love and how they intersect with Tahajjud. We observe the longing of someone praying night after night to marry the person they love. We see a woman making dua, only for her life partner to arrive at her doorstep at the perfect moment. We see families praying for children and having their prayers answered in ways that surpass expectations. We observe a husband who did not find his wife attractive at first, yet love and mercy grew between them after they turned to Allah together in prayer.

Tahajjud becomes a space where the deepest longings of the heart are expressed, where hope is placed in the One who is All-Powerful, and where love in its truest form—between spouses, parents and children, and within families—is nurtured. It reminds us that love is not only about attraction or feelings shaped by movies and media, but about connection, trust, patience, and divine guidance.

Most importantly, these stories show the reward of choosing what is halal, even when it is difficult, slow, or feels restrictive. The easier paths, shortcuts, or haram alternatives may seem tempting, but they cannot bring the blessings, stability, and mercy that come from doing things the right way. When love is pursued in a halal and sincere manner, combined with trust and reliance on Allah, it becomes a source of true benefit—both in this life and in the Hereafter.

Chapter Five

Between Pain and Qadr

If Allah loves me, then why does He make me suffer?

Time and again, life unfolds in unpredictable ways. Illness, loss, heart-break, or unexpected obstacles arrive without warning. Moments we thought we understood suddenly shift, leaving us questioning, fearing, or even despairing.

For a believer, these moments carry a deeper meaning. They are not random misfortunes or mere accidents. They are signs, tests, and reminders of Allah's wisdom and mercy. They invite reflection, surrender, and trust in a reality beyond what our eyes can see.

This chapter explores the link between trial and healing, pain and mercy, and the seen and unseen. Through personal stories of loss, illness, and unexpected recovery, it demonstrates how turning to Allah, especially through Tahajjud and dua, can turn suffering into closeness, weakness into strength, and despair into hope.

It also examines the concept of Qadr, Allah's divine decree, illustrating how what seems like hardship might conceal mercy, and what appears to be delay could be a form of preparation. Through these reflections, readers are encouraged to view trials not as random misfortune but as part of a meaningful plan, where every tear, struggle, and act of patience holds significance.

By the end of this chapter, the hope is that the reader will understand a profound truth: even in the darkest moments, Allah is present, guiding, protecting, and working in ways far beyond what we imagine.

Thirteen Years of Suffering

For over thirteen years, trauma cast a shadow over my life. Eventually, it started to manifest in my body. First, it was mild—headaches, fatigue, a heaviness I couldn't explain. Over time, it worsened. Limbs that wouldn't move properly. Hallucinations. Nausea. Paralyzing muscle stiffness. Difficulty breathing. Some days, I couldn't even walk. Medications offered no relief. Hospitals became routine; emergency rooms, tests, IVs—they became my new normal.

I felt trapped inside my own body, watching it fail me bit by bit. Every plan, every dream, and every simple daily task felt impossible. My mind screamed for help, but my body was slowly shutting down.

One night, while scrolling through Instagram, I came across a reel about Tahajjud. I had heard of it before, but I never truly understood it. The video explained how Allah descends to the lowest level of heaven,

asks His servants what they want, and gives it to them. I was so desperate to try anything. I didn't go into it expecting miracles. I didn't even ask for healing. I just wanted to feel connected to Allah, to have something to hold onto while everything else fell apart.

So I began waking up for Tahajjud. At first, it was awkward; I didn't know what to do or say. But then, the nights became a sort of refuge for me. I poured out my fear, my frustration, my grief, and my helplessness. I let myself feel utterly dependent on Him.

Then one morning, I noticed a change. My symptoms started to fade. Medications that once felt necessary were no longer needed. The hospital visits that had punctuated my life for so long came to an end. I could breathe. I could move. I could function. My doctors were amazed; I was amazed. No one could explain it.

I realized then that healing had arrived — not through any drug, medical treatment, or scientific breakthrough, but simply by turning to Allah and seeking His closeness. He had restored me, and the body that had betrayed me for so long finally started to feel like home once more.

I still carry pieces of those years—some symptoms, some trauma—but I am no longer captive to them. I am free to live, free to feel, and free from those dreadful hospital visits.

Through Tahajjud, Allah granted me something I never expected: shifa, mercy, and rebirth.

Reflection

Our bodies and minds are deeply connected. Pain in one often manifests in the other. Trauma stored in the heart can appear in the body, and physical illnesses can influence the spirit.

Healing is not always achieved through medicine, procedures, or therapy. Sometimes, it comes through surrender, trust, and entrusting the heart to Allah's care. There are moments when the body feels weak, the mind is exhausted, and the pain is so relentless that words cannot express it. Yet, Allah's knowledge is complete; He perceives what we cannot articulate. He understands the depth of our struggle, the burden of unseen weights, and the desire for help even before we express it.

Drawing nearer to Allah through worship, prayer, and dua' creates a space for the soul to find peace. It soothes the heart, fortifies the mind, and enables the body to respond. Sometimes, what appears to be a miraculous recovery is not merely a change in symptoms but rather a shift in the unseen layers of trust, hope, and surrender. The body begins to feel safe again when the heart learns where it truly belongs.

Your Best Option is Surgery

At first, I thought it was nothing.

Maybe I slept in the wrong position. Maybe I pulled a muscle. My lower back had been aching for a few days, but I brushed it off. I didn't stop to rest or visit the doctor. I figured it would get better on its own. It usually did.

But this time, it didn't.

As Ramadan arrived, the pain started to get worse. It crept in slowly, then hit all at once. Bending became painful. Sitting required effort. At night, I'd lie in bed, shifting from one side to the other, trying to find a position that didn't make me want to cry.

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Still, I tried to carry on. I went to Taraweeh at the mosque, as I always do. But while others bent and prostrated easily, I stood there, stiff and in pain. Then there was a point when I could hardly pray at all.

Sleep became difficult, as did work. I found myself leaning forward in my chair to avoid putting pressure on my spine. I stopped driving long distances. Even simple tasks—like tying my shoes or picking something up from the floor—became things I had to plan for in advance.

Eventually, I gave in and saw a doctor.

After a few tests and a brief exam, he looked at me and said, “You have a pilonidal cyst.”

I had never heard of it before.

He explained that it was a painful growth near the base of the spine and that it wouldn't heal on its own. The only option, according to him, was surgery. I wanted a second opinion, but every doctor gave the same answer: it must be removed.

The cyst got worse.

I started relying on painkillers to get through each day. I mixed Advil and Tylenol to reduce the pain enough to function. It provided some relief—just temporarily.

And then came the moment that broke me: I couldn't go into sajdah anymore.

I once tried to push through the pain. My body wouldn't let me. My back locked up. My knees refused to give way. I stayed upright. And in that moment, I realized what I had lost.

To put your forehead on the ground—it seems so small. But it means everything.

That posture, that closeness, that submission — it was where I used to feel most connected to Allah. It was my safe place. It's where I used to cry. Now, I can barely bend. I couldn't bow. I couldn't kneel.

I felt cut off.

There are people in this world who have never made sajdah. And there I was, someone who used to but now couldn't. The pain of that—losing something I once took for granted—was worse than any physical pain.

And I didn't have the money for surgery. It would cost thousands. Even if I could pay for it, the recovery would take weeks, and I couldn't afford to miss that much time from work. I was stuck. I couldn't move forward, nor could I go back.

One night, during the last ten nights of Ramadan, I got up for Tahajjud. I was exhausted. My body was tense. I couldn't sleep. I didn't know what else to do.

I turned to Allah.

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I raised my hands, and I begged Allah. I cried like a baby. Tears were streaming down my face.

“Ya Allah,” I cried. “Please... cure me.”

That was it.

I was just desperate and in so much pain. I just wanted the pain to end and to feel close to Allah again.

I kept crying like a child. I felt something inside me burst open, not in a bad way—more like a dam breaking. Everything I had been holding back, I let out—the fear, the frustration, the helplessness. It all came flooding out that night.

Then I went to sleep.

The next morning, I woke up. I didn't feel anything unusual at first. I rolled to my side, sat up, and stood. I waited for the familiar ache to shoot through my lower back.

But it didn't come.

Cautiously, I reached behind me. I pressed the spot where the cyst had been.

Nothing.

There was no swelling. I didn't feel any pain either. I pressed again—still nothing.

I went to the bathroom and checked. The area looked normal. Like nothing had ever been there. I even took a picture to get a better look, and it was gone.

I stood completely shocked, trying to make sense of what had just happened. My mind was racing. I had spent weeks in pain. Several doctors told me I needed surgery. And now, it was gone? Just like that?

Did Allah heal me? Without any surgery or treatment? Actually, Allah didn't just heal me; He did more. He saved me from surgery, which I was extremely afraid of, and also protected me from medical bills and possible layoffs at work. He gave me much more than I asked for, and I am very grateful for that.

That was last Ramadan, and the cyst hasn't come back since. I've been praying normally ever since. And every time I go into sajdah, I hold it a little longer.

Because now, I know what it means to miss it.

Reflection

Sickness is one of the hardest tests a person can face. It takes away your comfort, energy, and sometimes, your dignity. You can't think clearly. You can't sleep. You start to feel trapped inside your own body.

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But healing—that's something only Allah can give.

Doctors can diagnose, medicine can ease the pain, and surgery can remove what's visible. But shifa'—true healing—only comes from Allah. He calls Himself Ash-Shafi, the One who cures.

And when I am ill, it is He who cures me.

[Qur'an 26:80]

The Prophet Ayyub (AS) endured illness for years, so severe that his body deteriorated, and people kept their distance. Yet, he never complained. He only said to Allah:

Indeed, adversity has touched me, and You are the most merciful of the merciful.

[Qur'an 21:83]

And Allah responded.

So We answered his prayer and removed his adversity, and gave him back his family, twice as many, as a mercy from Us and a lesson for the devoted worshippers.

[Qur'an 21:8]

When Allah healed Ayyub (AS), He didn't just remove the illness. He restored everything he had lost—his health, his strength, his family, and his peace of mind. Because when Allah cures, He doesn't just heal the body—He heals the heart too.

That's what this story reminds me of.

Healing isn't only about being pain-free. It's about returning to sujood, returning to gratitude, returning to Allah.

Sickness doesn't happen by chance, nor does healing. Both are meant to occur. Both are part of His decree.

You can take medicine, visit specialists, and do everything correctly—but none of it works unless Allah wills it.

You might take a pill that claims to cure every disease, but it will do nothing if Allah hasn't written shifa for you.

And on the other hand, He can heal you without a single prescription—with one dua, one tear in sujood, one night when your heart finally surrenders. In Surah Yunus (10:107), Allah tells us:

And if Allah should touch you with adversity, there is no remover of it except Him; and if He intends for you good, then there is no repeller of His bounty.

When you're sick, don't just reach for medicine—reach for your prayer mat, too. Ask the One who sent the illness to also send its cure, because every disease has a remedy, and that remedy begins with dua. And when Allah chooses to heal you, nothing in this world can prevent it.

No matter what your test—whether physical, emotional, or mental—the One who heals is always capable of miracles, even when human solutions fall short.

Soul of My Soul

We had been trying to have a baby for a while.

Anyone who has struggled with fertility understands this odd mix of hope and heaviness — believing it can happen while each month quietly tests your patience. For me, there was an extra layer: I had PCOS. I knew that conceiving naturally would be difficult. Still possible, yes. But not easy.

So we started treatment.

Hormones.

Bloodwork.

Schedules.

Monitoring.

I always thought fertility treatment would be clinical, like following a manual. But it wasn't. Each appointment was a rollercoaster of emotions — the waiting, the numbers, the predictions. It was overwhelming. My body felt disconnected from itself, and so did my emotions.

To give myself extra help, I even turned to Tahajjud.

I started praying Tahajjud regularly. One night, I woke up and prayed; then on another night, I did the same. Over time, it became a routine. During the hours before Fajr, I would sit on my prayer mat, make long, heartfelt duas, and talk to Allah as if I were talking to a friend. I would sometimes cry, asking Allah to bless us with a child full of mercy and goodness.

Our first treatment cycle failed.

I remember the moment so vividly. Sitting on the edge of the bed, holding the negative test and staring at it long after I already understood what it meant. I didn't cry. I didn't scream. I was just really disappointed.

But I didn't give up.

My heart still believed. I did istikhara. I kept praying — especially on Friday nights. No matter how exhausted I was, I would get up. Something inside kept telling me to keep going.

Then came the second cycle.

And this time...

We got the news.

I was pregnant.

It didn't sink in right away. I just sat there, holding the report and reading the same line over and over. Later that day, I placed my hand on my stomach and made dua, feeling a sense of relief and peace I hadn't experienced in months.

When we found out the baby was a girl, it suddenly hit us — this was real. We were going to become parents to a daughter!

We felt excited, cautious, yet eager, and tried to temper our expectations, telling ourselves to stay grounded. But as soon as the news sank in, our excitement overtook our caution. We began imagining the small details—what she might look like, what her personality might be, and how our lives would change. We started painting her room in soft pastel colours, carefully arranging tiny pieces of furniture and choosing stuffed animals to line her crib. We debated names, tried out various options, and even went window-shopping for baby clothes, envisioning her tiny outfits hanging neatly in our home. It was all small, simple joys—but each one filled us with wonder and anticipation. Despite our initial caution, we couldn't help but get carried away. Finally, we were becoming parents, and the reality felt like a dream we didn't want to wake from.

But Allah had a different plan.

Five months into my pregnancy, everything changed.

We lost her.

There's no easy way to describe that day. One moment, you're talking about names and planning for the future, and the next, that future disappears. It's strange how it only takes a second for your entire world to be turned upside down.

There are no words for the silence that fills a home after this. No words for how your heart keeps reaching for something that's no longer there. Some mornings I would wake up and instinctively hold my stomach—then remember. I would see her ultrasound picture and feel both gratitude and heartbreak at the same time. Most days, though, I avoided anything that reminded me of the pregnancy because I didn't have the strength to face it.

It's been a year now.

And I think about her every day. Not in a way that stops my life, but in a way that stays with me. She was real. She mattered. She still does.

Here's the truth I hold onto:

I don't think I would have survived this without Tahajjud.

That prayer provided me with something deeper than peace. It offered me a place to store my grief, a space where the pain didn't seem pointless, and where my tears weren't wasted.

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It reminded me that Allah is not cruel. That every tear is seen. Every dua is heard — even those made with a trembling voice in the middle of the night.

My daughter isn't in my arms — but she's not lost. I believe she's waiting for me in Jannah.

And I know — with a certainty that brings both comfort and pain — that she came from a dua made at Tahajjud.

Reflection

Losing a child is one of the deepest pains anyone can face. It shakes the heart, the home, and the future you envisioned. Islam doesn't deny that pain. It doesn't tell you to pretend it doesn't hurt. Instead, it offers a way to understand it—not by eliminating grief, but by viewing it through Allah's wisdom and mercy.

One of the clearest examples of this is found in Surah Al-Kahf: the story of the boy whom Khidr (AS) killed by Allah's command. It's a verse that can feel shocking at first, but Allah explains the wisdom behind it:

“and we desired that their Lord should grant them another in his place, a son more upright and more tender-hearted.”

[Qur'an 18:81]

The parents loved that child and saw only the good in him. But Allah knew what they could not understand — that the child would bring them harm and heartbreak in the future. And because Allah is more merciful to His servants than they are to themselves, He took what they loved only to give them something better, something purer, and something that would protect their faith.

The Prophet (peace be upon him) also provided grieving parents with a hope unlike anything else in this world.

He (peace be upon him) said:

The children of the believers will be in paradise, being cared for by Ibrahim (AS).

In another narration, the Prophet (peace be upon him) mentioned that when a child dies, they will wait for their parents at the gates of Jannah and take them by the hand until Allah admits them into Paradise.

These narrations are not metaphors.

They are part of our deen — a reminder that the child is not gone, not lost, not alone. They are safe. They are cared for. They are in a place with no pain, no fear, no suffering.

And parents who continue to show patience — even through great, tragic loss — are not left without reward. Allah observes every tear, each sleepless night, and all the pain experienced.

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Through the Prophet (peace be upon him), we learn that Allah said:

I have no reward other than Jannah for a believing slave of Mine who remains patient for My sake when I take away his beloved one from among the inhabitants of the world.

(Sahih al-Bukhari)

That is the level of honour Allah grants to a parent who remains connected and patient with Him despite the burden of loss.

Just like we know the child is with Allah and the reward of patience is with Allah, also know that the reunion whenever Allah wills is also with Allah.

By the One in whose hand is my soul, the miscarried fetus will carry his mother by his umbilical cord into paradise, if she was seeking its reward.

(Sunan Ibn Majah)

Lessons from This Chapter

If Allah is truly Merciful, why would He allow this to happen?

It's a question asked by skeptics, the grieving, and sometimes secretly by believers themselves. And Islam does not shy away from this question. In fact, the Qur'an addresses it directly.

Belief in Qadr does not mean ignoring pain. It means recognizing that our perspective is limited, while Allah's knowledge is boundless. What we see is just a mere pixel; what He sees is the whole picture.

Allah reminds us:

But perhaps you hate a thing and it is good for you; and perhaps you love a thing and it is bad for you. And Allah knows, while you know not.

[Qur'an 2:216]

This truth is clearly demonstrated in the story of Musa (AS) and Khidr in Surah Al-Kahf — a chapter the Prophet (peace be upon him) advised us to revisit often, especially on Fridays. It undoubtedly offers many lessons.

Musa (AS), a prophet of Allah, witnesses acts that seem unjust and cruel: a boat being damaged, a child being killed, and kindness shown where it

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appears undeserved. At every turn, Musa (AS) struggles because what he sees conflicts with his understanding of justice. Only later is the wisdom revealed: the damaged boat was saved from seizure, the child was spared a future that would have shattered his parents' faith, and the good deed protected orphans who had no idea Allah was watching over them.

The lesson is powerful: what looked like loss was actually protection, and what seemed like pain was a mercy in disguise.

This is the perspective Islam encourages us to adopt toward hardship: not with denial, but with trust. Not by pretending it doesn't hurt, but by believing that Allah's wisdom exceeds our understanding.

Belief in Qadr does not remove grief. It provides it with purpose.

It enables a person to say, "I don't understand this now, but I trust the One who does." It permits the heart to ache without despair, to surrender without giving up. It reminds us that Allah does not wrong His servants — ever. If He withholds something, it is not out of cruelty, but out of care. If He delays, it is not neglect, but intention.

And during times when the burden feels too heavy to carry alone, Islam provides a refuge. Tahajjud is not a ritual only for the spiritually elite; it is a personal connection between a servant and their Lord.

A door that always remains open.

Lessons from This Book

As we close this book, one theme has echoed through every story: life is rarely entirely within our control. Challenges arrive unexpectedly, others' decisions influence our circumstances, and the weight of uncertainty can become overwhelming.

Yet, through every trial—whether illness, confinement, loss, or seemingly insurmountable odds—we observe a common thread: the night prayer, Tahajjud, as a source of strength, guidance, and hope.

Tahajjud was not given to us as merely a ritual to check off or as an abstract act of worship. It was bestowed as a tool for the human heart—a

way to bear life's burdens, find light in darkness, and connect with Allah during moments when all else seems lost. When Allah commanded His Messenger (peace be upon him) to pray, it was not just a spiritual duty. It was preparation for the greatest mission in human history: conveying the message of Islam in a hostile, resistant, and often dangerous world. The night prayer strengthened him, providing patience, focus, and strength to face opposition that might have crushed the resolve of any ordinary person.

The clearest example of this is the Battle of Badr. The odds were against the Muslims—vastly outnumbered, poorly equipped, and seemingly destined for defeat. Yet, the Prophet (peace be upon him) spent the night before the battle in prayer, pouring his heart out to Allah, seeking guidance, and praying for victory. This preparation was not wasted; it was a spiritual weapon, a way to align his heart with divine support. When the battle arrived, Allah sent angels to fight alongside them, a miraculous outcome that changed history. Without this support, Islam might have faced extinction.

This is not just history; it is a blueprint for our lives. Each of us has our own “Battle of Badr”—moments when the odds seem impossibly against us, when failure feels inevitable, and hope is hard to hold onto. It might be a failing marriage, a chronic illness, financial hardship, or the challenge of starting a family. It could be the fight against injustice, oppression, or even personal battles with anxiety, fear, and despair. The core principle remains the same: prepare, act, and trust in Allah. Tahajjud prepares us

for these battles. It strengthens our hearts, sharpens our minds, and reminds us that the One who created the universe is aware of every detail of our lives.

Throughout this book, we have repeatedly seen how dua, combined with sincere effort, can be transformative. Dua alone is powerful, but its true strength is revealed when it is paired with action — such as studying, caring for family, seeking solutions, making ethical decisions, and persevering. Allah's response may not always be what we expect or arrive when we wish, but He is always at work. The stories you have read remind us that our role is effort and prayer, while the results are entirely in Allah's hands.

Tahajjud offers practical benefits beyond spirituality. It cultivates patience, humility, and consistency. It brings tranquility when our hearts are overwhelmed and helps us focus on what genuinely matters. It reminds us that even in the darkest hours, we are never alone. In moments of despair, it becomes a direct link to Allah—a source of courage that no worldly power can rival.

Sadly, we live in a world where oppression, war, and injustice impact many lives. Muslims in some regions face genocide, conflict, and exile. Tahajjud and dua become not only personal lifelines but also tools of spiritual resilience. While we cannot control others' actions, we can take responsible steps—such as seeking help, offering support, raising awareness, or assisting those in need—while turning to Allah in prayer and

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reliance. Action and dua work together: we do what we can, and entrust the results to Allah, trusting in His justice and power.

As you reflect on the stories in this book, remember this: the battles may be real, the odds may seem insurmountable, and the weight may feel unbearable. But Tahajjud provides a way forward. It connects the human heart to the divine, transforms despair into hope, and prepares ordinary people for extraordinary challenges. Just as the Prophet (peace be upon him) prepared through night prayer before Badr, we too can prepare our hearts for the battles we face—knowing and believing that effort, sincerity, and reliance on Allah can move mountains.

So rise in the night. Speak to Allah with your heart open, lay bare your fears and hopes, then act. The battles of life will come and go, but Tahajjud will remain your source of strength, your anchor in uncertainty, and your direct connection to the One who controls all outcomes.

Let this book be a reminder: Your night prayers matter. Your dua matters. Your efforts matter. And Allah, in His infinite wisdom and mercy, sees every struggle and will guide you through your battles.

Unlock the Hidden Power of Tahajjud

Tahajjud was one of the secret gems Allah bestowed upon Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him) — a gift, a tool, and divine support for the most challenging mission in history. For a time, this prayer was nearly obligatory for him (peace be upon him) because the weight of his mission demanded more than human strength alone could provide. The Prophet (peace be upon him) faced unimaginable trials: losing his parents in childhood; the death of his children; the passing of Khadijah, his dear wife; the loss of his supportive uncle, Abu Talib; harassment by Quraysh; exile from his home; the cruelty of Ta'if; and the emotional toll of seeing loved ones perish or reject Islam. There were moments of despair, such as

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when the revelation paused, and he feared he had been abandoned. Surah Duha was revealed to comfort him during such darkness.

Yet he (peace be upon him) endured, not by human strength alone, but through a combination of tawakkul (trust in Allah), sabr (steadfast patience), daily dua and dhikr, prayers, and Tahajjud. It was one key piece of a holistic spiritual support system, fueling both resilience and action.

Why Tahajjud Matters for You

Tahajjud is more than a night prayer. It serves as a spiritual toolkit for anyone seeking strength, clarity, and purpose in life. It nurtures the ability to:

- **Endure hardship:** Life is filled with losses, setbacks, and challenges. Tahajjud reminds us that help is accessible and that perseverance pays off.
- **Gain courage to take action:** It is not passive. You pray, plan, and act—then leave the outcome to Allah.
- **Elevate your character:** Those who wake for night prayers cultivate patience, kindness, humility, and a sense of responsibility towards themselves and the community.

The Qur'an describes it clearly:

And rise at (the last) part of the night, offering additional prayers, so your Lord may raise you to a station of praise.

[Qur'an 17:79]

Hidden Gems of Tahajjud

Tahajjud impacts more than just the individual. Historical examples demonstrate its power:

- Resilience in the face of injustice: Bilal (RA), abused and oppressed, discovered through Tahajjud the strength to pray for others rather than seek revenge.
- Moral refinement: Prolonged night prayers, humility, and worship shaped the Prophet (peace be upon him) and his companions into individuals capable of guiding nations.
- A keystone habit: Like exercise that kickstarts a healthier lifestyle, Tahajjud sets the tone for all other acts of worship, personal discipline, and social contribution.

Even in modern times, when exhaustion, stress, and constant demands weigh us down, Tahajjud can rejuvenate the spirit. It builds patience, inspires courage, and awakens insights that daytime routines alone cannot.

Practical Steps to Unlock Its Power

You don't need to memorize long surahs or pray all night. Start small and let the habit grow:

- Sleep and wake: Take a short rest, then rise 20-30 minutes before Fajr. Even this small window is enough.
- Make wudu: Refresh yourself and prepare for your conversation with Allah.
- Pray 2 rakahs: Recite whichever surahs come naturally. For example, Surah Duha in the first rakah and Surah Ash-Sharh in the second work beautifully, but feel free to choose others.
- Make heartfelt dua: Speak to Allah about what matters to you—guidance, patience, courage, healing, or success in work and personal life. There's no formula; your words are enough.
- Focus on consistency, not length: One night can shift your mindset, but repeated nights build lasting strength. Small, steady steps create the greatest change.

Additional tips to thrive:

- Keep your sleep moderate and avoid overeating.
- Take short daytime naps if needed.
- Stay away from sin that might burden the heart.
- Begin with small, manageable steps and gradually increase dedication.

Tahajjud and Action

The night prayer does not replace action; it enhances your efforts. You plan, work, and strive—yet you acknowledge that the outcome is in Allah's hands. Tahajjud sharpens the mind, strengthens resolve, and fuels the courage needed to act righteously, even when the odds seem insurmountable.

Your Personal Power

Imagine the energy of the Prophet (peace be upon him), the early companions, and the great scholars of Islam flowing through their nights of prayer—strength, resilience, and moral courage. Now imagine the same potential within you. Tahajjud can awaken it. It is not a magic formula, but a valuable, timeless tool for anyone willing to wake and pray.

Begin tonight with just two rakahs, and a commitment to try again tomorrow. With patience and consistency, the night prayer can become your source of energy, your secret superpower—equipping you to face life's challenges with the strength Allah grants to those who remember Him.

Tahajjud is the secret key that can unlock your potential, fuel your journey, and transform both your life and your contribution to the world.

So get up and pray.

O you wrapped (in your clothes)!

Stand all night (in prayer) except a little—(pray) half the night, or a little less, or a little more—and recite the Quran (properly) in a measured way.

(For) We will soon send upon you a weighty revelation.

Indeed, worship in the night is more impactful and suitable for recitation.

For during the day you are over-occupied (with worldly duties).

(Always) remember the Name of your Lord, and devote yourself to Him wholeheartedly.

(He is the) Lord of the east and the west. There is no god (worthy of worship) except Him, so take Him (alone) as a Trustee of Affairs.

[Qur'an 73:1-9]

A PERSONAL REQUEST

If this book has been of benefit to you, I kindly ask that you remember my family and me in your duas.

If you found it helpful, consider sharing a copy with a friend, family member, or anyone who might benefit from it.

You may also consider donating a copy to your local masjid, MSA, or community library so others can benefit too.

Every review, kind word, and recommendation helps spread the message even further.

May Allah accept your efforts, guide us all, and make us among those who rise at night to seek His closeness.

— Jawwad Ahmed Abbasi