GOD HAS A HOUSE

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Abstract: *The following text is an excerpt from a book titled " God has a house". In this book, the author had a literary look at some significant events of Islam history. The chosen parts are about fasting and Hajj.*

Key words*: fasting, Hajj, Kaba*

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You put your cage in paradise And you put your breath in paradise, to smell the faint odor of a distant hand, to tell my body to the walls;

my bruised tattoos to ache, and the pain of a ladder that stands in your arms to embrace; But I'm an average person, and I don't get involved in it more than I should, with nothing in paradise I just regret. I'm not saying to the walls that pain will get me.

And you put your soul in paradise until the leaves swell, the flat shadows of the crazy trees make me get out of the bars, my hands get scarred, and the scar is the corridor at the end and the door to the door. Hug, but i'm an average person and i'm not involved, with nothing in paradise ho just looks at poison.

I have no wish to hurt my hand. And what can you do with me that I write on my bars, in my tight space, on the walls, that if I don't open in the open, I will fill in?

My wings are not stacked. My foot is not tied to something that doesn't need all that much. In me the memory of the tree is dead. It's not blue this year and the word heaven reminds me of nothing. I have left the scene for many years.

And the scene was ready. You said the audience would sit. Row Row, queue for spectators. My competitors, who had chosen me for the lead role before me, had failed and had not been killed. They stared at the stage and how I was behind the scenes.

And the mountains chatter, the seas roar over the roar, the angels wings on the wings and the skies above ... The rain was pouring out of their eyes, and no one believed that anyone could be the first. When they are lost, when they are gone.

You said, "The time is near; be ready!" I said, "Not only me, not just those who burn it, you even know that I am falling, and you know what they don't know. Be ready! ”I remember crying. Maybe for the first time. You said, "The curtain is up." And I was still crying.

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"Is this small?" The mountain said. Farshid said: "Blood is shed! And you even said to yourself, "This ignorant transgressor!

And my competitors all laughed. I was standing in the middle. Facing all the particles that were created for me and curiously wondering why I was superior. I was standing in the middle and very scared. I didn't even know I was cruel and bloodthirsty, forgetful and rash or something that only he knew.

I was standing there watching the bloated spirit in me and shame sweating over my forehead. Shame on the role I knew was not my ability; the play I knew was not my work. Lame Najdal Azzam was repeated in me. thousands of times! And I don't understand why he does it to me if He loves me. Watching my inferiority and falling down Is it fun?

And there were ridiculous laughs coming from the lips of the particles. I even thought this was a game. I thought I was a bead, because they were laughing, because it wasn't ... and there was a voice saying, "Put the load on Suddenly the shoulders became heavy. The breath was in the breasts of existence, the lips were laughing as they dried, and I was sweating beneath it, that low, great pain. My knees were ready to fold and fall. You said, "Come on now!" The play had begun and my role - her role; . These were just a few steps I had to take. Even standing with that pressure on the pollens made it impossible to move forward.

The ring: Come and it was weird to say, Lubik! ”I started to come and my faith could break and I touched the soil and I touched the soil. My stubborn urine would find me. Breath was in prison. Was it over or was it over? Missed or still showing trail?

I separated my knees into a zodiac. I got up again and the load was still there; it was weird on my craggy valleys until the stings disappeared, the breaths And shouted at you: Congratulations to Allaah al-Ahsan al-Khaliqin! Their shouting from Osi broke my bones more than I could get.

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It was safe. Where was this magnificent view so magnificent that it sat on the eye and was astonished and admired? It was strange that you said it again. It was so strange that I said it again: "Lubik!

And again, like an ant under the weight of a bread larger than his mouth, I fell and rose. Again everyone They said, 'Praise be to Allah, I heard your voice through the whispers that you told them all this was what I knew.' And I became more confused. Do you know my fall or my rise? What was your first role playing? As soon as I know I can break the load? As I fall and stare?

I say the same glorious torment of my great suffering, in a gentle tone that has no resemblance to the mountain? And the audience is still sitting, right there, but I've left the scene. The last time I fell, I stood on the ground. You keep calling me to come forward ... to make this scene.

But I do Ramadan you can raise your voice. The louder and louder I hide and the more I hide. You put every Ramadan in the cage to crave paradise, but why not release me? I want Jae) I cut no karma mullah more patient than myself I have not seen?

Chapter One

Say Goodbye to God "God willing I'm going to the Hajj" says: "Remind me of the Golden Gate. Sure! do not forget) Thinking of the phone I put in, I think of all the phones I have had since morning, everyone has said a place to remember. Foot of Mount Safa, Semen, Marwah, Arafat ... I probably forget about half of these addresses, but it's interesting to me that each of these people, probably where they were given my order, have their wires plugged in, and God has given them all their blessings at that point, and of all the Hajj, this They have a bright spot.

Suddenly, I was trembling at the phone: Where am I going to cry, next year when a friend rings to say goodbye Is there a moment? Is there a point of rain for me too .

Chapter Two

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Sponsors. I stirred up all of us by shoving my ass over. In the direction of diya O heart Abandoned: Huh? Come on, come on, taste, save the taste of hand-washing kiddies We have opened our mouths awkwardly, and we are sitting in our spiritual language; What to do? Yes ځ Yea, and the stranger, the seer, hath seen every man that is holy, with the help of the Holy One we know not what time to come; Ghent what We got into pain. We are deeply hurt by religion; We are confused by the colorlessness of this color. This after the soil, we occur; has done. It is cheap and expensive.

Here is the result of being a butterfly. Gian Watt, the snakebite, and we've all been this year's tangy coconut, something that couldn't come from the layers.
Woe if the butterfly season breaks our hands and knots. If we stay this cream Here is the zero point of being a butterfly. Help someone under; Object period. No health test and no human authority to justify the good doors; Were you confused? What is your income? From the beginning you were only going to be weighing the roof and the door;

Chapter Three

How am I supposed to say, "To any team in my whole life

Haven't I stayed? He puts me in front of all the particles that I am not superior to and they do not know why they have been created for me. Break up and up Particles that do not know. Why .

They were created, after me
I don't bring: "Lemma's renewal
Maybe that's the whole story. Say the same thing and burden, bend, break and then rise again. Borrow again! If this is all, then give up!
I say goodbye. As all my fathers said.
I am the same child. Child of shoulders that did not bend or bend.

Chapter Four

Before Tawaf

I'm very fond of spinning. I've rotated my whole life. Away with people?

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Objects: Far away everyone and Knox! Away myself! Away myself! But I'm not familiar with this one. I've never been around you. So abruptly and intro- duced: How about the angels of Hell, walk around you? How can I bring this distant soul to a close in the moment and let it go? In orbit? Now that I'm getting close, close to your kind hands, what can I do with this damn ability? This small, meager bowl is no more than a few drops of rain. Whether it's standing under a waterfall or on the road Slim brook? With this cramped container, my color is the same wherever I go.

My share of heavy rainfall, big waterfalls, just regrets will be. What is your expectation of me? Are you going to perform Hajj Ebrahimi with some media issues, with two of Ka Wan's spiritual lectures? With Angie's eyes closed for many years! How am I supposed to move forward rather than rotate in a regular orbit around you? Where are your hands? This ability, take this capacity from me, even sin.

Guest me as wide
Where's the one to rotate the blind in this circuit? Where's the guy in the chair? Where is Safa and Marv's son? Where is the boy so that the land could not be reached for the palm of his hand and a Western traveler was killed?
Where is the shepherd who has cut the sheep apart from the ever-present, from the water, the grass, and the aga; This sheep does not know where it is. Does he have to upgrade his house because of my constant pains and pains?
Where's the big man? Maybe he'll make his hands for us and the Oriental bowl to get it under the rain

And think you are tired of those walls, because you are constantly tucked into your own tight confines. To the walls that you sometimes brought your own bricks.
Think of the heart of freedom, not that of a statue, but of speech, slogan, and statement. An infinite amount of freedom, where you can open your hands on both sides, hold your head high and never crash. The feet,

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weightless, lie on the fluid, not the hard, impassable ground. Abandoned Abandoned.

And not think of anything else. Think of the colors, the dreams, the looks, the faces behind the colors. Your heart wants to be colorless, transparent or colorless.

And think of an irrational state as any argument.

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