EDITORIAL

In the following years, sometimes I felt a hand beside me that was different from other hands; A kind and friendly hand that reminded me of Abraham's hand. That hand was the hand of Muhammad (p.b.u.h.).

‘Abdul-Muttalib was Muhammad's grandfather. When Muhammad was a six-year-old child, his grandfather came every day and sat in front of me on the carpet. People came to ‘Abdul-Muttalib and talk to him, but no one would put their feet on the carpet. ‘Abdul-Muttalib was a respected person in Mecca. Everyone who came would stand a step back and say what he wanted. It was only Muhammad, peace and blessings of God be upon him, that whenever passed by, ‘Abdul-Muttalib would hold him in his arms, sat him besides himself, and pour kisses on his head and face.

I never forgot the memory of Muhammad's childhood. After that day, every time he came, I watched him eagerly and whenever he left, I wished to meet him. His voice was so beautiful that I listened to his prayers and enjoyed it among the voices of thousands of people I knew. He talked with God; The One Whom most people had become strangers to.

I waited for Mohammad's hand and sat hoping for the future.

A woman scratched my body, she was in pain and asked me for help. She was moaning and saying: "O Lord, I believe in you and what you have sent, as well as your prophets and their books.... So I believe in the trueness of this house and the trueness of the one who built it and also in the trueness of the child I am pregnant with... I want you to make her birth easy for me!"

Hearing her prayer, I was feeling trembling , a moment passed, and suddenly I received a command from God to take her in and hold her inside me, so as I was trembling, I opened a way for her to pass through the rocks and held her in my arms. She became a guest in God's house. Those who saw everything from afar shouted, “The wall of the Kaaba cracked and swallowed Fatimah!”

The woman I hosted was ‘Abdul-Muttalib's daughter-in-law and his son's wife. He was known by all the people of Mecca, that is why whoever heard the news ran to me. Some tried to pass through the gap between the stones and do something to save her, but there was no gap left. The stones had returned to their place and nothing could be done, even the locks were out of order and could not be opened. Fatemeh and I were left alone and both of us were counting the moments, waiting for another incident.

What we were waiting for finally happened. In the middle of the night, a light more beautiful than the sunlight shone in the space and a fragrance sweeter than the smell of flowers filled the air. The wings of the angels who had flown in Mecca cast a shadow over me. A moment later a baby cried.

Fatimah's son was familiar to me as if I already knew her. Her voice was my voice and her presence was my presence. Every time I looked at her as if I saw myself in the mirror. Seeing her, I thought that I was newly born. The baby and his mother were my guests for three

days. On the fourth day, a heavenly voice said to Fatimah: "name him ‘Ali… that I have created him with my power and glory and I have educated him according to my manners and entrusted my work to him.... He was born in my house. He will break the idols and cast them down.

He will be the successor and leader after the beloved prophet. So blessed is he who loves him and helps him, and woe to him who is his enemy and leaves him. On the same day, the wall was split again and Fatimah went among the people holding her child in her arms. They had gathered to see what had happened to Fatimah. The opening of the wall had surprised everyone, but the sight of Fatimah's child made their surprise a hundredfold. Such an incident was unprecedented and unbelievable. Because the pure house of God was chosen as the place of birth of a child.

This event was as a message from God to His servants: O humans, I created the Kaaba so that people worship me and took care of Kaaba so that it would remain and introduce ‘Ali to you. He is the soul of this house. Some of those who saw Fatimah and her child understood this message and some did not. Some became friends with ‘Ali and some were jealous of him, everyone had some feeling, but I was the happiest because I understood that I am alive and ‘Ali is a sign of my being alive. Eight years later, the sky was full of lightning and it rained continuously day and night. Rain water flowed from the surrounding mountains towards Mecca. There was a flood in the city and houses were submerged, some were damaged.

I was not safe from this flood, the water washed away the clay tiles that Abraham and Ismail had placed on top of each other. I stayed with a torn cover. When the summer passed and the heavy rains of the summer season ended, people started thinking about repairing the damage to their houses. After

building their houses, they remembered God's house and decided to repair the walls that were exposed to water. For this, they removed the remaining stones and erected new columns instead of the old ones, then they raised the walls and so on. They covered my height with new cover. When the work was finished, it was the turn of the "black stone" to be placed in its place. Each of the elders of the city wanted to put the black stone in its place with their own hands. This work was considered a great honor for them.

Many days passed but the black stone remained on the ground. No one was satisfied to give up this honor. The conversation did not reach a conclusion, the old men threatened each other and the young men drew their swords on each other. It was about a war started; an old man suggested a solution that choose the first person who came to the Kaaba from the direction of Safa as an arbiter and submit to his decision. Those who disagreed with each other accepted the words of this man. So they came to me and waited for someone to come and settle the dispute. This stone was put on me by Abraham for the first time. I did not want to be replaced by an idolatrous man after many years, but at that time there was nothing I could do.

An hour passed until the sound of footsteps was heard. The lips stopped moving and the eyes remained staring. Everyone's wish was that their relatives and acquaintances would pass. I had the same wish. The man we were waiting for arrived, and when we saw him, people cheered up. He was not anyone but Muhammad, may Allah bless him and grant him peace; The one whom everyone knew as "trustworthy" and "doing the right thing". I was very happy to see him and I welcomed him in my heart. He, may God bless him and grant him peace, was the kind of acquaintance that I longed for Muhammad (p.b.u.h.) and he heard the story of the black stone from people and told them to put the stone in the middle of a cloth and each of them take a corner of it. Everyone accepted his

judgement; as he had said, the great men of the city took the corners of the cloth and lifted it up together. Then he took the black stone himself and hung it on my chest. The men of Mecca were pleased with this plan, but I was more pleased than all of them. Because a pure hand had taken the place of Abraham's hand for me.

The happiness of that day was followed by sadness. From the next day, people came from far and away and handed over their idols to me. Again, the Kaaba became an idol house and a statue of stone, wood, and dirt was placed on every wall of God's house. Bad days and years began, people became more attached to their idols every day than the previous day. Ugly things spread among them and their hearts became hard. They were hot-tempered and would spill each other's blood on the ground at the slightest pretext. They didn't even have mercy on their children, they considered it a shame to have a daughter, and some of the baby girls were buried, women turned to corruption and men to fun. They drank wine and did gambling. They had no guidance to stop them from doing ugly things. If someone was found and said something, his words would have no effect.

Misery had gripped the people. I heard a voice from Safa mountain; The voice of a man shouting: Accept Oneness of God to be saved! I had not heard his cry until that day, but I had enjoyed the quiet voice of his prayers many times before, may God bless him and grant him peace. This was the voice of Muhammad, who circled around me and called others to him: Say there is no god but Him so that you will be saved! A group of people stood around him to hear his words: If I tell you that behind this mountain, the enemy is lying in wait for your lives and property, will you accept my words? They said: Yes, we have heard nothing from you but the truth until today. Muhammad said, “So save yourself from the fire of hell! I am like someone who has seen the enemy behind this mountain and has come to inform you.” Someone shouted, you gather us to

say this? He was Abu-Lahab, the uncle of Muhammad. When he was young, he came one night and stole my golden deer.

After that, every time I saw him, I remembered the same bad memory. On that day, the words of Abu-Lahab caused the people to disperse but I remembered the prayer of Abraham and Ismail, who said: "O Lord, raise up a prophet from among our children to recite your verses and tell them He should learn books and wisdom and purify them because you are the one who knows!" Wherever the Prophet went and wherever he sat, a teenage boy was with him. He was the cousin of the Prophet; The same Ali who was born in my lap. Before revealing his invitation, the Prophet once said to his uncles and cousins: "No one has brought to his relatives better than what I have brought to my relatives." I have brought you the happiness of this world and the salvation of tomorrow. Allah has commanded me to call you to Him. So which one of you will support me in this way, to be like a brother to me and to be my successor among you?"

The present people did not answer the Prophet, only Ali stood up and went ahead to help the Prophet. The Prophet said to the others: He is my brother, successor and survivor by your side, so listen to his words and follow him! Those two invited people to the One God for many years, but only a few came to believe. The faith of these few people also angered the Quraysh leaders. They tried everything to stop the invitation of the men of God, but they did not succeed. They labeled their prophet a poet and a madman and harassed him. One day Abu-Lahab's wife took a big stone and approached to kill the Prophet. The Prophet was standing by my side, but Abu-Lahab's wife did not see him, so her attack was unsuccessful. Abu-Lahab and his wife were not the only ones who harassed the Prophet. This was the work of most of the elders of Quraysh and the leaders of Mecca.

The elders of Mecca used to gather in a house that was next to mine to consult and make a decision. One day I heard their conversation: patience is enough, do you want to rest and leave Muhammad? We harassed him, tortured his companions, drove them out of our midst, did not trade with them, but none of the tricks was successful. He must be removed, there is no other option but if his life is harmed, his family and relatives will not leave us. We will make them see all the people of Mecca in front of them and forget revenge. What should we do? We choose one or two swordsmen from each Quraysh family and order them to rush into Muhammad's house tonight and kill him while he sleeps.

These words made me sad and worried. I wanted to run to the Prophet's house and inform him about the incident, but alas, my feet were tied to the ground. The day passed hour by hour and the night came. I was filled with anxiety and I had no companion. That night, the moon was not even in the sky. In the morning, the heralds announced to the people - Muhammad fled from Mecca, whoever finds him will be rewarded with a hundred camels from the elders of the Quraysh. Because the Prophet had survived the enemies, I was overwhelmed with joy, I began to pray to God. I wanted Quraysh's efforts to find him to fail.

At the same moment, some of those who heard this news ran to their homes to sit on horses and camels and search for the prize that the elders had set for this task. The search for the Prophet continued for days after leaving. But finally no one could bring the Prophet back to Mecca. The Prophet migrated to Medina. His departure was unpleasant for me. The story was gradually forgotten by the people, but I did not forget anything. I asked myself every day how the Prophet was not harmed by the attack and invasion of armed men...

After a while, two of the Prophet's friends were sitting next to me and were talking about this. One of them asked the same question of me. Another said: The Prophet came to know about the Quraysh's intention through a revelation. Then he asked Ali to sleep in his bed that night, Ali agreed and the Prophet left the house. When the attackers entered the Prophet's house, they found Ali in bed, Ali drew his sword and the attackers fled in fear. I got the answer to my question, I understood that Ali's sacrifice saved the Prophet's life. He was ready to give his life for Prophet and this could not be done by anyone but him. I once again boasted that my lap had become the birthplace of Ali.

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