

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

# دورية

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D A W R I Y A

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BY  
NABIL IBRAHIM



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KARIMA SPERLING

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## EDITOR'S PREFACE

Mawlana Sheikh Nazim Al-Haqqani moved from this world to the next on Wednesday the 7th of May, 2014, the 8th of Rajab, 1435 AH. This event left most of us simply speechless, struck dumb, stunned and tearless, in the depths of our loss. Nabil, however, found the voice to speak, the words to express something of the love and gratitude we all feel for an incomparable Master. And beyond that, he had some really practical advice on how we can adjust to our new reality, advice about the right attitude with which to face the future. To put it simply, the Sheikh is not dead, keep your eyes on the Sheikh.

Nabil's memories, his understandings are, of course, inimitably his. When you read these articles you see the world through his eyes. This is Nabil's picture of a Saint whose greatest miracle was being able to be everything to everyone. However perceptive, this is only a piece of the puzzle to which each one of us is in possession of a different piece. But the love he so powerfully gives voice to, is ours, all of ours, the same.

In the days following Mawlana's passing, Nabil composed these short articles as emails, which he sent out to those he thought would appreciate them. They brought so much comfort and clarity to the recipients that he was persuaded to publish them for a wider audience. So he arranged for the editing and for the publishing in a strangely insistent way that we didn't understand.

Then on Friday March 20, 2015 Nabil died suddenly from unknown causes in his mother's home in Cairo, 317 days after his beloved Master.

We are left with this book – a tribute both to the Master and to the murid.

Karima Sperling  
5th of Sha‘bān, 1436, Lefke, Cyprus

Thanks to:

Karima Sperling  
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Momin Abdulwahab  
Sanaa Makhlouf



I.

MY DEEP CONDOLENCES

As-salamu ‘alaykum wa rahmat Allahi wa barakatuhu.

[May 8, 2014] MY DEEP CONDOLENCES TO EVERYONE, to everything, to all Mawlana’s honored and blessed family first, and to all Mankind and Jinn. My condolences to every human, every creature, to all the created world. My condolences to the earth that was honored to carry on its back such a Master, whose like was never created before nor will be again until the Judgment Day. My condolences to everything Mawlana mentioned, praised, and glorified. My condolences to every atom he spoke about in his sohba, or looked at and greeted. My condolences to the sun that he greeted on every car ride. My condolences to the moon that he looked at and greeted with every new Arabic month. To all that he counted, and he contained all – my condolences.

Mawlana once said: “First the sheikh must learn, know, and recognize every atom created in the universe, then with this knowledge he approaches to know his Lord.” My condolences to all that he knew, and he knew all by name, in their language, and in their reality and manifestation. Out of adab I don’t dare to go beyond this but my condolences to the sky, the heavens, and beyond, the Diwan ar-Rasul and the Divine Presence.

My humble love and high respect to my Master where he is now, and he is present, alive. I ask his forgiveness and I ask pardon from everyone for everything. I thank him first, but thank my Lord and His beloved Prophet for honoring me with the opportunity to serve such a perfect and complete lion of the supreme guiding sheikhs.

I miss you, my Sheikh. I miss kissing your hand. I miss you hitting my head ... I miss your voice calling ... Allah bless your sacred soul.

2.

## FIRST JUM‘A

[May 9, 2014] TOMORROW IS THE FIRST JUM‘A after the passing away of Mawlana. In Egypt, the last Friday of the month of Ramadan is called ‘the sad Friday’.

Well, there is not a Friday sadder than tomorrow. Mawlana used to pray Jum‘a sitting outside on the left of the dergah. Next to him, like his dog, I was. Now, he is there alone in his maqam. I looked today from the same spot we used to pray Jum‘a. It was raining all day. He used to look at the garden while sitting there. In front of him is the palm tree, the same palm tree he refused to remove when they expanded the mosque a few years ago.

He said, “This is a date-giving palm, we should keep it alive. If we relocate it, it will die.” The tree is still there as a witness to his mercy, love for all creatures, and his care, and attention. I also saw the elderflower tree. He used to ask to collect its flowers to make a tea for his lungs. It is now full of flowers. On the side there is a tree with flowers that look like little golden balls. He asked for it to be planted, as he liked its look and smell very much.

Then there is the spiral stair next to the palm tree. He ordered it to be built to be used as a minaret to call the adhan. Many adhans were called on that spiral stair ... O my Master, the garden today was wet. They think it’s due to rain. But the rain only came to cover the tears of all the trees missing seeing you every Friday. Tomorrow I also will miss you. There is not enough rain to cover my tears.

## 3.

## THE MASTER IS ALIVE

[May 10, 2014] MAWLANA AFTER JUM‘A PRAYER used to ask me to turn his wheelchair to watch the murids inside the mosque through the window. Today, I prayed in the same place that is now his maqam. I stood to watch, from the same window, the murids greeting Sheikh Mehmet and Sheikh Bahauddin, one by one. From every corner of the world they came. Not one resembles the other: every color, every race, every profession, every background – every social, economic and education level. I was amazed.

How, from where, from when, did Mawlana collect them all? Mawlana spent his life traveling to their countries. He was Imam in prayers for every one of them. He spoke a few words of the language of each one of them. He gave them association, trained each one, ate their food, saved them from danger, and planted the seed of faith in their hearts.

His life was to serve, guide, and teach every one of them. Therefore, I saw the result of Mawlana’s life in them. It is as if we have a puzzle, each piece is one murid. If you connect all the pieces together, the full puzzle displays Mawlana himself. A piece may be African, or American, angry one, smart one, hardworking, lazy, rich, poor, tall, short, fat, merciful, criminal – together they are his chosen people.

That’s why the pillar of this tariqa Shah Naqshband said: “Goodness is in the gathering.” The presence and manifestation of the sheikh is found among them. To see them is to realize his presence. The Master is alive in each one’s heart. This took the sorrow from my heart, for he is alive. I thank them all and ask their forgiveness.

## 4.

## SACRED RAIN

[May 11, 2014] THIS YEAR WAS EXTREMELY DRY, no rain. We asked Mawlana two months ago if we should pray for the rain like we normally do in dry winters but he said: “No.” Normally we collect 1000 pebbles from a clean seashore and we recite a verse from the Qur’an 70 times on each pebble:

﴿ وَهُوَ الَّذِي يُنَزِّلُ الْغَيْثَ مِنْ بَعْدِ مَا قَنَطُوا ﴾

﴿ وَيُنَشِّرُ رَحْمَتَهُ وَهُوَ الْوَلِيُّ الْحَمِيدُ ﴾

*wa huwa lladhī yunazzilu l-ghaitba min ba‘di mā qanaṭū*

*wa yansburu raḥmatahu wa huwa l-waliyyu l-ḥamīd (42:28)*

And it is He who sends down rain after (men) have lost all hope, and unfolds His grace: for He alone is the Protector and the One to whom all praise is due.

Afterwards we place them all in a sack and throw it in the sea. Placing such blessed pebbles, carrying the glorification of the sacred verse from the Holy Qur’an, under water brings rain. Well, we didn’t and the rainy season finished long ago. Occasionally April may be witness to delayed light showers. Now what do you think will happen when the blessed body of Mawlana is placed under the earth, carrying not only the truth, the wisdom, and the meanings of the complete Qur’an, but also the sunnatu sh-sharifa, and much more?

The rain did not stop for five days in the month of May. This is not an ordinary occurrence. It is Mawlana’s miracle, for he is alive.

## 5.

## THE SPEED OF SAINTS

[May 12, 2014] ON WEDNESDAY, THE 7TH OF MAY, they placed Mawlana's blessed body inside the very simple burial car, hearse. It took off from Lefkoşa heading to Lefke. Behind it were Hajji Bahauddin in his Mercedes Jeep and several other strong and speedy vehicles. No one was able to keep up with Mawlana's car. Being inside it, he managed to arrive in Lefke at least 25 minutes before anyone else, including the 8 cylinder, 4000cc, 4x4 Mercedes.

This reminded me of when we were in Damascus years ago, going from Ranqus (100km north of Damascus city center), heading to the Omayyad mosque for Friday prayer. As always, Mawlana was ready to go only half an hour before the Jum'ā adhan. Normally it requires at least one and a half hours to cover that distance by car. When we entered the car, Mawlana recited,

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ عَلَى قَلْبِي حَتَّى يَرُوى  
بِسْمِ اللَّهِ عَلَى رِكْبِي حَتَّى تَقوى  
بِسْمِ اللَّهِ عَلَى الْأَرْضِ حَتَّى تَطوى

*bismi llāhi 'alā qalbī ḥattā yurwā*

Bismi llāh on my heart till it is satisfied.

*bismi llāhi 'alā rakkbī ḥattā taqwā*

Bismi llāh on my knees till they are strong.

*bismi llāhi 'alā l-arḍi ḥattā tutwā*

Bismi llāh on earth till it is folded

(far distances become near).