

# The Du'a of Faizah

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DARUSSALAM



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**DARUSSALAM**

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بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ



**In** Faizah's backyard there was the most wonderful garden she could ever wish for. Her father worked in a gardening shop during the week but every weekend he would get his spade, hoe, and a bag of soil out of the garage. He always took time to care for his garden at home. He would spend a long time cutting the weeds out of the garden so they wouldn't choke the roots of the flowers. If that happened the flowers couldn't get enough water and they would die. After he cut all of the weeds out of the garden he would dig holes in the ground and dropped seeds inside of the holes. Very carefully, he would cover the seeds with soil and put a little bit of water on them. Sometimes he would just go outside and look at his flowers. He would take the petals gently between his fingers and caress them. Then he would look around and say,

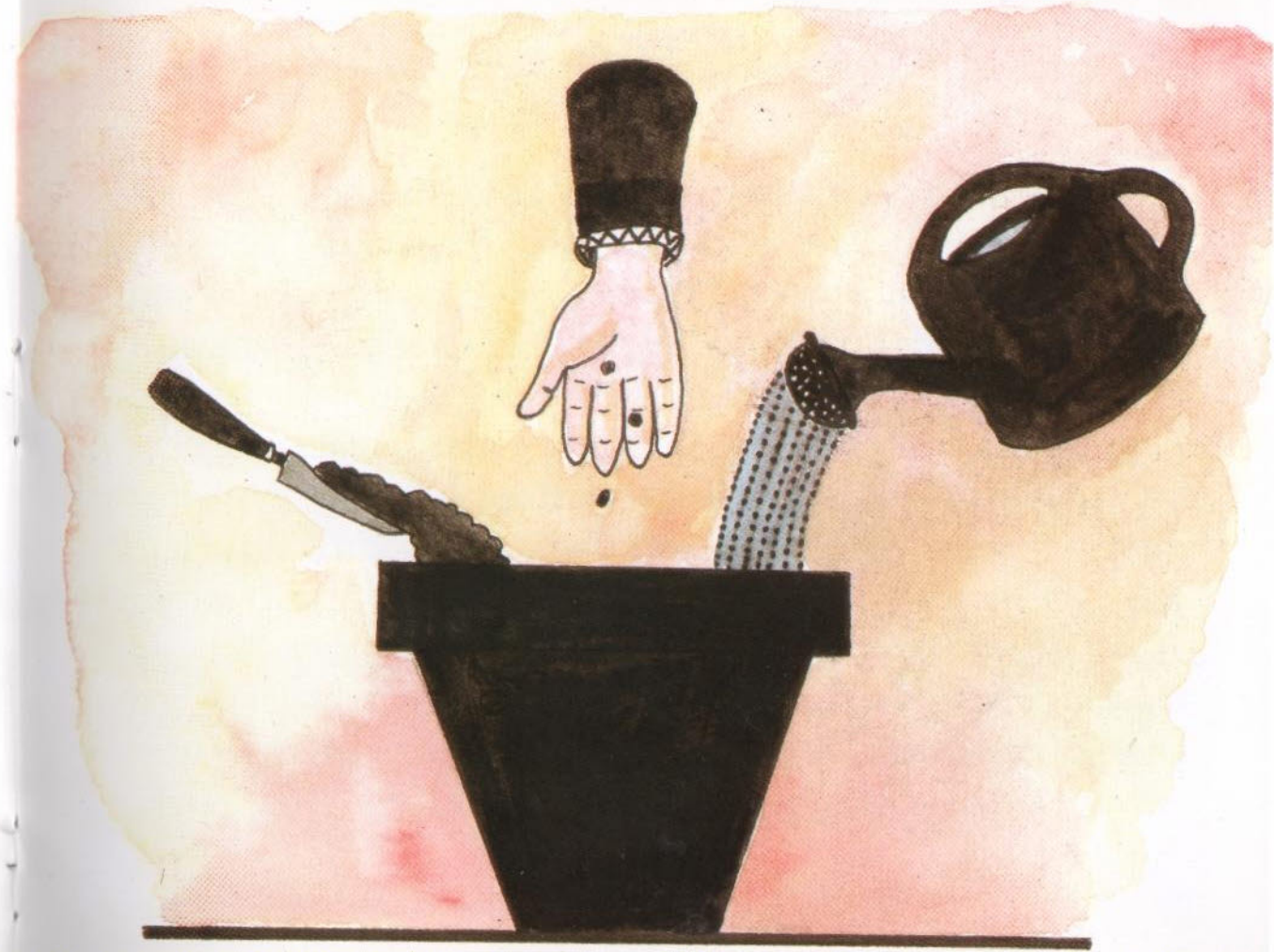
*Alhamdulillah. Haadha min fadli Rabbee.*



One day Faizah decided she wanted to grow a flower all by herself. Many times she had watched her father put seeds inside of the holes he dug for them and care for the flowers as they grew. She knew she would need a home for the flower, soil, seeds and water. And she already knew the best place the flower could get all of the sunshine it needed the windowsill in her room. From there she would be able to watch her flower grow from a seed into a plant *Insha'Allah*. She went into the kitchen and asked her mother if she could grow a flower. "Mama, I want to grow a flower like saying, baba does in his garden. Can I? Please." Her mom smiled down at her saying, "I don't see why not Faizah but go ask baba to make sure it's okay." Faizah screamed, "Yay! I get to grow a flower!" and ran to find her father. "Stop running in the house Faizah!" her mother yelled from the kitchen.



Faizah's father took her into the garage and helped her put soil into her new pot. Then she carefully placed three seeds into the hole she had made with her thumb in the middle of the soil. She took a little more dirt and covered the seeds. Faziyah put a little bit of water on the seeds and ran to put the pot on her windowsill. Every morning and every night for a week she checked her pot. Nothing. She didn't see a single flower. Disappointed, Faizah went to ask her father what was wrong. "Baba, I've checked my flower pot for a whole seven days but my flower still hasn't started to grow. What's wrong with it?" she asked. Her father put the Qur'an on the table and rubbed his beard. "Hmm," he said in a worried voice. "Perhaps I'd better go have a look at it *Insha'Allah*."



to Allah for four days but my flower still won't grow. What am I doing wrong?" Her mother sat her down at the table and said, "Let's see. You've been making du'a to Allah for four days but your flower still has not grown. Habeebatee, sometimes Allah will not answer the du'a of one of His slaves if that slave is committing sins. So ask Allah to forgive you for any mistakes you may have made. And, sometimes Faizah, Allah loves to Hear His slave making du'a so He won't answer the du'a right away because He wants to keep Hearing His slave's voice."

Faizah thought about the mistakes she may have. "Hmm," she thought to herself. "Today, I did pray the 'Asr late. I didn't want to stop playing with Asma so I waited and waited and then it was

