



# LESSONS FROM KARBALA



**Book 12**

*Parents*

Prepared by **'ASR'**

Please recite Surah-e-Fatiha for Syed Nadeem-ul-Hasan and Mr. & Mrs. Syed Naseem ul Hasan. You lovely people, we miss you!!!



**EVERY DAY IS ASHURA**  
**EVERY LAND IS KARBALA**  
**HAL MIN NASIRIN YANSURNA**  
**THE CALL IS STILL IN THE AIR**  
**OUR HEARTS SAY**  
**LABAIK YA HUSSEIN!**  
**LABAIK YA HUSSEIN!**  
**LABAIK YA HUSSEIN!**

## Introduction...

- Our parents are our mum and dad.
- They take care of us from the time that we are small and incapable of doing anything.
- We learn everything from them; eating, drinking, writing and the difference between right and wrong.
- Parents have a very high status in Islam.
- It is wajib on us to obey and respect them at every stage in life.
- However, with great privileges come great responsibilities.
- When a child is born, he is masoom (sinless).
- Parents are the ones who direct him towards right or wrong.
- It is their job to raise the true followers of the Imam of the time (ajtf).



## How to respect parents...

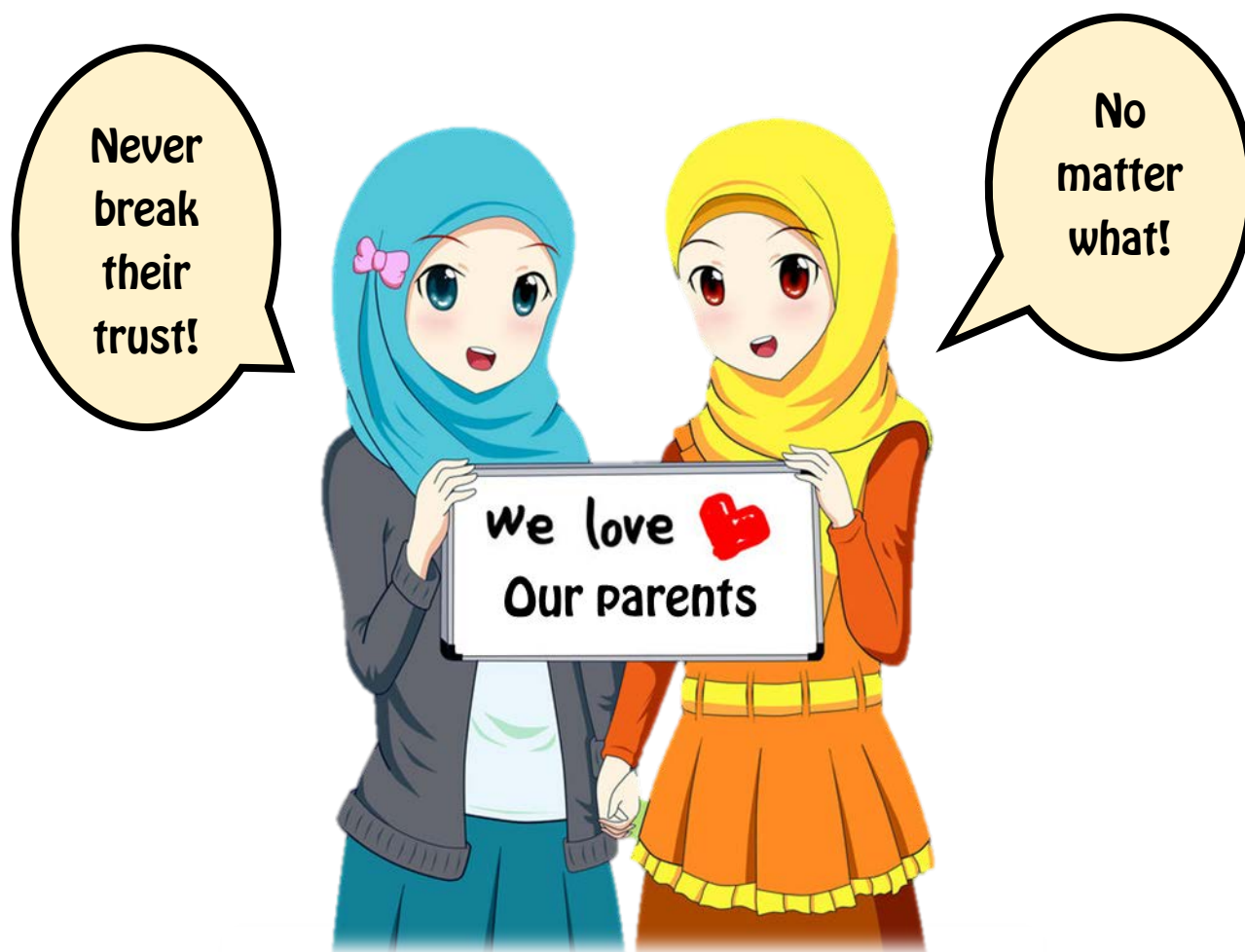
### At Home:

- We should listen to them at all times.
- We should not address our parents by their names.
- We should not sit down before they do or begin eating before them.
- Imam Zain ul Abideen (as) didn't have meals with his mother for the fear that he may pick a morsel which she intended to.
- While speaking, we should never raise our voice above the voice of our parents.
- We should carry out the wajib acts which they did not perform during their lifetime.
- We have to be aware of our duties towards parents from authentic sources so that we can fulfil their rights, not only in this world but after they pass away as well.



## At School:

- By making sure that we don't break the rules they've set for us, even when they can't see us.
- Trust is like a vase. If it is broken, then nothing can repair it the way it was before.
- The crack always remains.
- It doesn't matter what other people are doing.
- If our parents said no, then that should mean 'NO'.



## At Public Places:

- We should always respect our parents in public places, even if what they are saying is not completely correct.
- We should never contradict our parents or correct them, especially in the presence of others.
- If they speak in a different accent, it doesn't mean that they know any less.
- When Allah (swt) has placed them in such a superior status, then they certainly deserve it.
- Also, when we go outside, our behavior reflects upon the upbringing of our parents.
- It is important that our conduct is respectful and portrays the image of a well brought up child.



## My Mother...



She hears the voice before it talks,



She carries the body before it walks,



She holds the hand before it writes,



She feeds the tummy before it bites.



She cuddles the tiny baby, before it hugs,

Holding the frail blessing with so much love,



To enjoy every minute with her bundle of joy,



Her beautiful baby girl or a boy.



She irons the clothes while they're too small,

She washes the face while the sinks too tall,



She lays down breakfast of yummy treats,

And enjoys watching her child eat.



She brushes their hair, while they're still young,



And helps them in homework to get A-one,



She cleans up their room, when they forget,



And in the evening, tucks them into bed







She's in the front seat of a crowd so large,  
She's a shoulder to cry on when life is hard,  
She's your human diary, all secrets are safe,  
She's your staunch support when your confidence  
shakes.



**I Love My Mom!**



## My Father...

When our father smiles,  
With his special charm,  
And holds us close,  
In his strong arms.



We feel safe,  
And know that nothing bad,  
Could ever come near us,  
When we are with our dad.

We love it when he joins,  
And comes to play,  
We await his arrival,  
At the end of each day.



In return for his care,  
We always obey,  
Everything he says,  
Every single day.



## Parents in Karbala...

- In Karbala we see a remarkable example of obedience and respect to parents.
- On the other hand, the best of the best parents could also be found in Karbala.
- For example, Bibi Zainab.
- She instructed her children to go to the battlefield in support of the Imam of the time (as).
- Bibi Ummul Baneen, the mother of Abbas (as) sacrificed her four sons and is always quoted in history to mourn on the martyrdom of Imam Husain (as) instead of her own children.
- Umme Wahab is another example.
- When the army of Yazid martyred her newly married son, they beheaded him and sent his head to his mother.
- She threw the head back to them saying that we don't take back what we give in the way of Allah (swt).
- What strength and what piety! Subhanallah!



## The importance of parents...

Once upon a time there were two best friends, Mahmoud and Ibrahim. Both of them were pious young men in their early twenties, and practicing Muslims. Ibrahim was as brown as the sand at the beach, with soft brown eyes and black hair. Mahmoud was fair, with brown hair and laughing blue eyes. The two of them lived happily with their families in the quiet city of Peaceville.

One day, Ibrahim was lying down in bed, tired from a busy day at the university. In a few minutes he was fast asleep.



Suddenly Ibrahim woke up; only he wasn't in his bedroom. He was in a beautiful garden. It was covered in soft grass, and lined with smooth, shiny pebbles. A little river ran through the grass, and Ibrahim could see a few colourful fish playing in the icy cold water.

Confused and amazed, he decided to look around. Tall palaces, of the most exquisite architectural design, surrounded the garden.

Then he heard something, he swerved around and was surprised to see Mahmoud standing there! He was dressed in elegant robes of silk and satin, covered with fine jewels.



Ibrahim was very perplexed. What was Mahmoud doing here? Did this vast garden and these amazing palaces belong to him? It was all very confusing.

He continue to stare at Mahmoud, jaw dropped, his eyes bulging out of his head. Mahmoud saw him standing there, and smiled. But before either of them could say anything, one of the palaces exploded!

Both turned in surprise. It now lay in ruins; devilish flames licked the royal tapestries and climbed up the marble walls. It wasn't long before the next palace suffered the same fate.



The apocalypse continued, one by one, each palace was devoured in flames of ruin.

Ibrahim was scared. All round him there was fire, explosions and smoke. He couldn't see Mahmoud anywhere. Hardly able to breathe, he ran as fast as he could through the smoke. Then finally he emerged

out of the devastated land, where he collapsed on the grass.

With a jolt Ibrahim shot out of bed.

His shirt was drenched in sweat.

Glimpsing around, he realised that he was back in his room. Sunlight was

pouring in from the gap between the curtains. It was hot and stuffy. Ibrahim got dressed quickly and texted Mahmoud,



"Salaams. Meet me at the park. Urgent. Got to talk to you now."

He rushed out of the house, and got on the next bus to the city park. Mahmoud was already there, a worried look on his face.

"Salams Ibrahim, Is everything alright? I received your text message. What's wrong?"

Ibrahim led him over to a nearby bench and made him sit down,

"Mahmoud, I had a really weird dream last night. You were in it too. It started out like this..."

He then narrated the entire series of events.

Mahmoud was taken aback, he put his face in his hands and didn't say a word. When Ibrahim reached

the part about the exploding palaces, Mahmoud looked up, his brow creased in worry.

Ibrahim saw him and asked, "Mahmoud, do you know what this could mean?"

Mahmoud nodded. "Yes ... I do ... It is related to what happened last night."

Mahmoud began to tell his tale. It began, a few weeks ago, Mahmoud had befriended a group of three boys. They were an interesting bunch but did things that Mahmoud's parents didn't like or approve of.

For example, they were not very interested in studies, whereas Mahmoud was a very brilliant and intelligent young man. They weren't very practicing Muslims either; neither did they pray the daily prayers, nor try to learn about their religion.

During the evening, the trio would set off to have fun together, returning home late in the night. Mahmoud's parents didn't approve of such friends for their son, afraid that



they may influence him and that he may pick up some bad habits from them.

However last night, they invited Mahmoud to dine with them at a reputable and high class restaurant.

He was very inclined to go. But his father had refused. Mahmoud had argued with his father.

"I'm not a kid anymore! I am old enough to make decisions for myself! This isn't the nineteenth century! I think that I can handle

a little outing!" He yelled at his father.



His father, after hearing these disrespectful comments, left the conversation and had refused to speak to his son.

Mahmoud had felt very guilty but he did not have the courage to apologize to his father.

"Ibrahim, do you think that this dream could have anything to do with this incident?"

Ibrahim nodded. "Mahmoud, do you think that your actions were justified?"

He shrugged his shoulders.



"Parents only want what is best for us. After all, they have done everything in their power to do what is best for you till today. Why should now be any different? "

Mahmoud was very embarrassed, "So, what do I do?"

Ibrahim smiled, "What you should have done last night ... Ask for forgiveness."

That night, Mahmoud raised his fist, to knock on the closed door of his parent's room. He hesitated. Ibrahim called out to him from his position in the middle of the hallway.

"Go on!"

Taking a deep breath, Mahmoud brought it down heavily on the wooden door.

"THUD! THUD! THUD! "

It was promptly answered by his father. He stood there, silent, a stern look creasing his aged face.

Shaking slightly he stammered,

"D..D..D..Dad"

Raising an eyebrow, he grumbled in a deep voice,  
"Yes."

"I..I..I'm sorry!"

Throwing caution to the wind, he lurched forward and gave his father a big hug round his plump middle.

After a merry dinner, Ibrahim went home.

That night, whilst he was snoring away in bed, Ibrahim once more found himself in a large field. His friend Mahmoud was standing in front of him smiling.

Suddenly the ground trembled, and a huge castle rose out of the ground, behind Mahmoud.

He nodded to Ibrahim, and with a sweep of his royal gown, walked into his palace. Ibrahim smiled, he knew that now, all was well for Mahmoud.



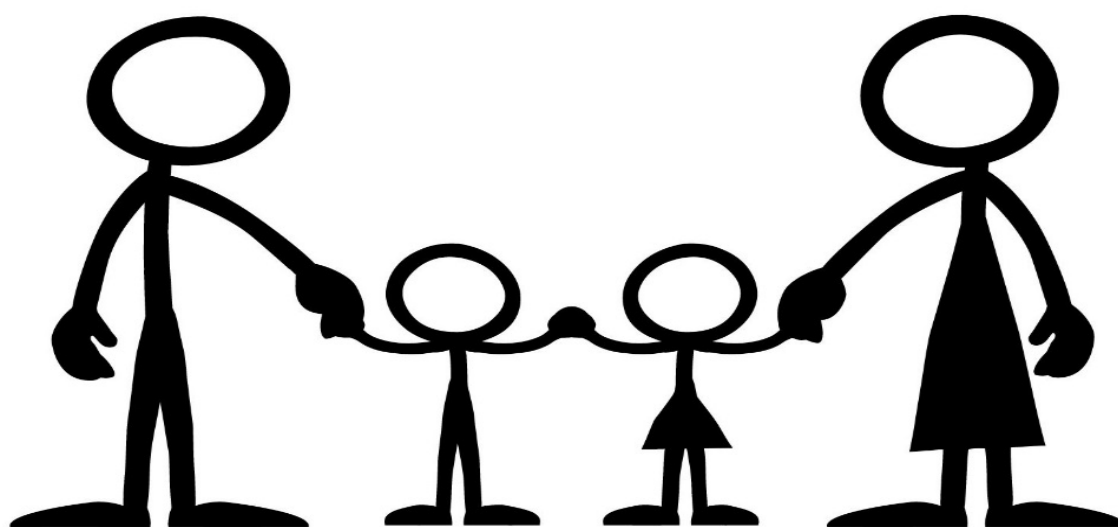
## Aaq e Waledain...

- Disobedience to parents is a greater sin.
- The seriousness of this sin can be understood from the fact that the Holy Prophet has mentioned it along with shirk, which is the greatest of all sins and is unforgiveable.
- The punishment of aaq is promised in the quran and traditions.
- There are three characteristics of disobedient child (aaq e waledain):
  1. Jabbar (insolent)
  2. Shaqee (unblessed)
  3. Aasi (disobedient)
- Aaq e Waledain means that the son or daughter causes disrespect to their parents by speech or actions.
- Or they do not obey them in matters which are within reason and matters which are not in any way against religion.
- Disobedience to parents is absolutely haraam.
- Aaq is anything that displeases parents, even looking at them, is haraam.
- The Holy Prophet (saw) says:

"Allah (swt) will not speak to three kinds of people on the Day of Qiyamat. Neither will He

have mercy upon them, nor will He purify their sins. There is for them a horrible chastisement. The three types of people are the believers of destiny, the drunkards and those who disobeyed their parents." (Al Kafi)

- Aaq e Waledain is a type of sin which has repercussions in this world as well.
- These include decrease in sustenance, degradation, poverty and misfortune.
- We need to make sure that we respect our parents at all times and never displease them.
- The Holy Prophet (saw) says:  
"One who displeases the parents (it is as if) he has displeased Allah (swt). One who angers both his parents (it is as if) he has angered Allah (swt). (Mustadrakul Wasael)





## Quotes from Ahlebait...



The Holy Prophet:

"Paradise is at the feet of your mother."

( Al Kafi)

Imam Naqi:

"The displeasing of parents causes decrease in sustenance and degradation (also follows)."

(From 'Greater Sins')

Moammer ibne Khalid asked Imam Reza (as) whether one is allowed to pray for one's parents if they had not followed the truth and had not been shia.

Imam Reza (as) replied:

" If they are dead, pray for them and give sadaqah on their behalf. If they are alive keep them happy."

(From 'Greater Sins')



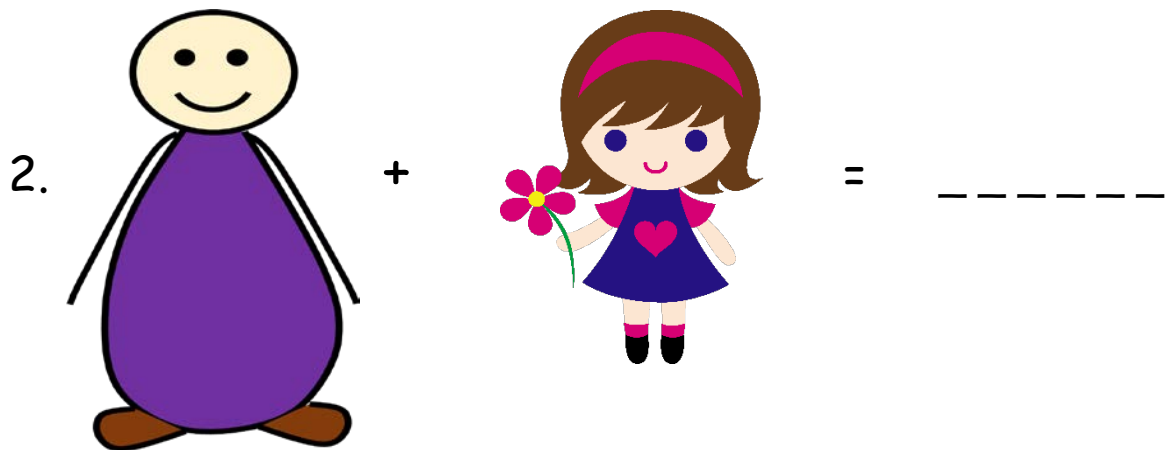
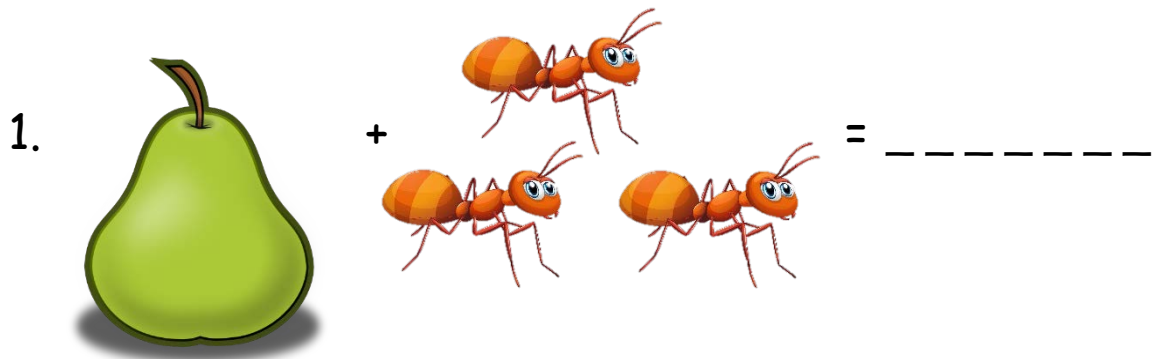
## Colouring page...

Colour the picture of this mother rabbit and her adorable babies...



# Guess the word!

Use the pictures to guess the unknown word...



1. Parents  
2. Father  
3. Listen

# Lessons from karbala...

## Published so far :

Book 1- Patience

Book 2- Marifat of Imam (ajtf)

Book 3- Baseerat

Book 4- Tawakul

Book 5 – Ikhlas

Book 6- Sacrifice

Book 7- Commmitment

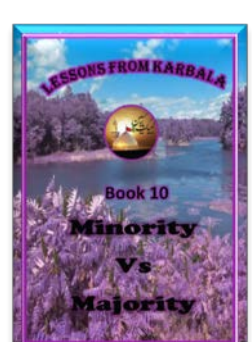
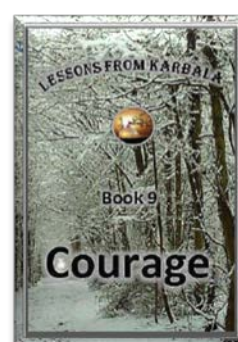
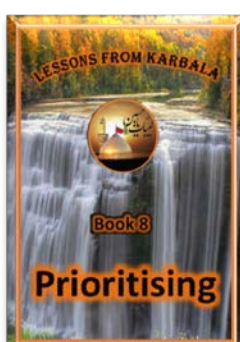
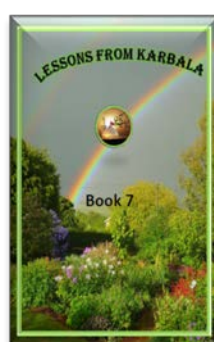
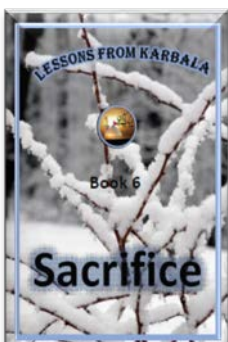
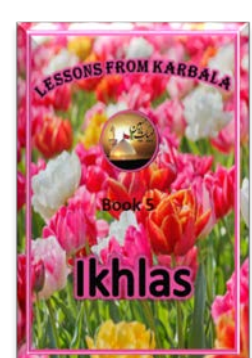
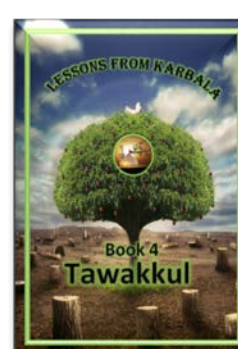
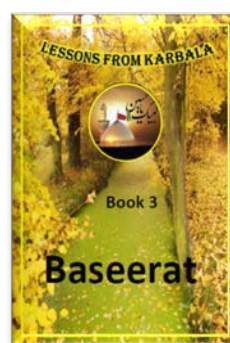
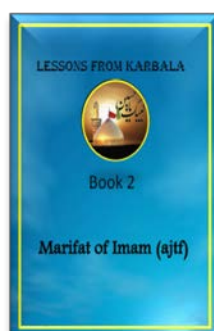
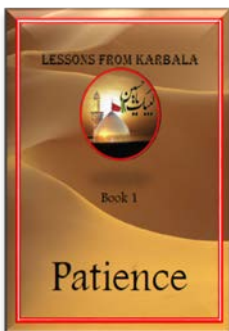
Book 8 – Prioritizing

Book 9 – Courage

Book 10- Minority vs majority

Book 11 – Age doesn't matter

Book 12 - Parents





Upcoming book :

**Book 13**

# Tawba

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