

أَعُوذُ بِاللَّهِ مِنَ الشَّيْطَنِ الرَّجِيمِ

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ كَمَا هُوَ أَهْلُهُ وَالصَّلَاةُ وَالسَّلَامُ عَلَى سَيِّدِ وُلُودِ آدَمَ كَمَا يُحِبُّ وَيُرِضِّي بَأْنُ يُصْلِّي عَلَيْهِ

Allah Almighty, in Whose Name we begin, The Most Compassionate,

The Most Merciful

All Praise is due to Allah Almighty, Countless Peace and Blessings be upon
His Beloved Messenger – *may Allah's peace and blessings be upon him* – his family & his
companions – *may Allah be pleased with them all*

The Imaam who was an Abdaal

Hadrat Sayyiduna Abdur Rahman Jafer - *may Allah be pleased with him* – narrates:

When I used to be in Basrah, I used to perform the five daily Salaah in a Masjid which was named “Masjid Al Khashabeen”. In other words, the Masjid of those who sell wood. The Imam of this Masjid was an old person who was from the Western part of the country. His name was Abu Sa'eed. He was also very famous for his good works and after the Fajr Salaah, he used to deliver a small speech.

One year, I decided to travel for Hajj and it was very hot. It was part of my habit that I used to travel a little further than my other companions in the caravan and in the morning when they departed, they used to meet me on the road.

One night, I decided to sleep on one side of the road but when I awoke, I realised that my friends had already departed without me. When I awoke, I also realised that I had become lost and had no idea which road to travel on.

I then made Du'a to Allah Almighty to guide me in this barren place. I then continued to walk but had no idea in which direction I was heading. It was so hot that I soon realised that very soon I might die of thirst and hunger. I then decided to sit on one side of the road on a pile of sand waiting for death to arrive.

Suddenly, I heard someone call out my name and when I raised myself to look, I noticed that it was the same Imam of the Masjid, namely, Hadrat Sayyiduna Shaikh Abu Sa'eed - *may Allah be pleased with him*.

He asked me whether I was hungry and I replied that I was extremely hungry. He handed me a piece of hot bread and my senses also returned. He offered me some water from a container which he was carrying and the water was sweeter than honey and extremely cold.

He asked me to follow him and after we had walked a few paces, I could suddenly see the mountains of Mecca Shareef. He then said to me, "Stay at this place, in three days, your companions will also arrive at this place and you can then join them."

He then gave me another bread and departed. When I took one piece of bread, I suddenly had no need for food any longer. I kept the bread with me for three days until my companions passed by. When we reached Arafat, I also noticed the same Imam standing there and decided to go and greet him. After he had completed his Salaah, he returned my greeting and asked me whether I needed anything. I mentioned that I merely needed his Du'as. He then left this spot and I never saw him again during the Hajj.

After we had completed the Hajj, we returned to Basrah. It was late evening. The next morning, I decided to go for Fajr Salaah and after the Fajr Salaah, I met the Imam. When he saw me, he shook my hands and then pressed them softly giving me an indication that I should not reveal to anyone what I had seen.

I decided to visit the Mu'azzin who was always busy serving the Imam and asked him about the Imam. I asked him who had performed the Salaah when the Imam had gone for Hajj. However, he was shocked to hear my question and swore in the Name of Allah Almighty that the Imam had never gone for Hajj and had been in the Masjid for every Salaah. I then realised that this Imam was no ordinary Imam but was actually among the Abdaal hidden among the common people.