



Ayatullah Al-Boroojerdi

The Great Leader

by

Abbas Al-'Abeeri

Translated by

Abbas Abu Sa'eedi



4053



ACC No. Status

Section

D.D. Class

NAJAFI BOOK LIBRARY

The Great Leader Ayatullah Al-Boroojerdi

by
Abbas Al-'Abeeri

Translated by
Abbas Abu Sa'eedi



ACC No. 21,156
Section Personalities
D.D. Class
NAJAFI BOOK LIBRARY

NAJAFI

Managed by

SE

Soldier

istana

IN THE NAME OF ALLAH

THE COMPASSIONFUL THE COMPASSIONATE



Identity of This Book

Title: The Great Leader Ayatullah Al-Boroojerdi
Author: Abbas Al-Abeer
Translator: Abbas J. Abu Sa'eed
Type & Edit: Jawad Al-Safi
Publisher: ANSARIYAN PUBLICATION
First Edition: 1995 A.D.
Circulation:

Foreword:



There were many requests, w
ugh letters or phone
calls, that had reached **Ansariyan Publications** from the dearest
readers, in which they were all asking for books and leaflets that
explain the biography of '*Ulama* and well-known scholars who got a
preceding rank in the knowledge and reasoning fields.

The matter that has urged this organisation, to study these
requests intensively with utmost care, furnishing the faithful
readers who have proved their high desire to study the Islamic
culture and its characters.

In the time when **Ansariyan Publications** is presenting the
series of "Meeting The Pious", it hopes that it will increasingly seize
the satisfaction of our beloved readers and meets their agreement.

May Allah bless us all.

ANSARIYAN PUBLICATIONS...

Introduction

The cultural assault rests on two bases: first, humiliating the original culture, and second, encouraging the successor foreign culture. Through this cultural withdrawal and disgracing the genuine culture, a society may feel to be despised in comparison with the others, heedless of its own culture and its peerless containments of treasures, begging the strangers, and offering its civilization very cheap.

This was the wicked manner adopted by the *Pahlavi* dynasty, to initiate its vicious policy during its intercourse with the West, which declared it as the deity of civilization and art, even of morals and religion, regarding the Orient as an example and source of rudeness and retardation, or at least to be called '*The Third World*'. Unfortunately, that Satanic policy was too efficient, to some extent. Thus the western world and its attitude imagined to be the world of freedom, human rights and the defender of democracy, in the public eye, especially the youth. Yet, the facts became as clear as noonday, and the era of the *Islamic* resurgence emerged, the era which returned the masses to the pure nature and disposition, to the *Holy Qur'an* and real dogma and its elements. In spite of the glittering and brilliant victorious achievements occurred due to the *Islamic* revolution led by *Imam Khomeini* (Q.S.), notwithstanding

the cultural and mental assault can be seen in various sensitive and important fields, still suffering from the western abnormal effects.

The educational certificates of the West, for example, are seducing many to this time, and the medicine that does not hold eminent and illustrious western marks has actually no effective influence.

Yet, a lot of western evidences are still firmly rooted in our land, meanwhile, the West is still selecting the style of clothes for us, determining the kinds of medals awarded to the winning athletes. Not only that, but also we expect it to distribute the literary prizes beloved by all. In any case, is it correct that we regard the West as our unique and lone model and standard? That West whose ill-favoured intention with its void mottos has been known by everyone, with its false claims in defending the democracy and human rights? What are the reasons for such feelings of inferiority towards the 15th *A.H.* century executioners? It is the West itself that awards its literary prizes to the impolite characters like Salman Rushdi, while it withholds the Moslim genius students from participating in the Olympiad of physics. We, unfortunately, are still looking at that West as our ideal, despite its repulsive and abhorrent policy in regard with apartheid. The *Islamic* world should seriously collaborate to establish an "*Islamic International System*", and deprive all connections between it and the western slogans and pretensions to democracy, freedom and

human rights.

Can we count, therefore, on the West, while we are witnessing the catastrophic scenes coming over the Islamic countries , such as: [*Bosnia-Herzegovina*], [*Algeria*],[*Palestine*]? Let those whom the *Molims'* affairs may concern them know frankly that a quick return to the warm and kind wings of the *Holy Qur'an* and his intimate patronage is indeed unavoidable. [*MEETING THE PIOUS*] series is then a practical attempt and earnest endeavour to return to our genuine identity, through the concise biography of *Islamic* culture stars. Those colossi whose scientific horizons may inundate the leaders of other ideological dogmas and well-known thinkers. One of the sensitive questions that disturbs and robs the West's sleep is the serious return of the *Islamic* nation to its identity, to its leading figures, to those who have paved the way of *Islam* by their honest contribution.

The "*MEETING THE PIOUS*" staff has made a pledge to investigate the biographies of seventy glittering stars of the high *Islamic* sphere, presenting them as lofty shining characters who struggled to rebuild the *Islamic* civilization.

Qom - *Baqiril 'Uloom* Research Foundation

Chapter One

The Beginning Days

Everyone works to his own manner:

The big classroom with its many shelves where the students can range their books along them, the noise caused by the children in the school yard, all that have arouse *Hussein's* learning insinct, who for the first time has put his feet inside the house of *mulla Mohammad Reza Nehadeh*. He was wearing a striped shirt and black trousers.

The boy began to search out the class room with his eyes attentively. Eventually he inquired into the upper side of the wall where a picture was suspended and drew his attention. *Hussein* couldn't divert his eyes from the picture which showed a man in a white cap with his eyes wide, moustaches, and odd ears; it was something interesting to the boy. Meanwhile, the teacher, wearing his medical glasses and who got brown beard, entered the classroom.

The teacher who seemed short and fat, sat where he always used to.

- Hellow dears. I hope you are alright. Today is the second of *Shawwal*, but we can still smell the aroma of the two *Eeds*; *Eed of Fitr* and *Norooz*. Anyhow, I would like to remind both the new and the failing pupils that the school has its rules and orders, which should precisely be observed. You must be polite and keep quiet. Instead you have to attach importance to the lessons.

- Ouch, ouch, ouch..!

That was the voice of *Hussein* son of *Mashhadi 'Ata-ullah* (the greengrocer), and thus the speech of the *mulla* was interrupted. So the latter shouted angrily:

- What happened?

- *a a ar* Give me with the pen, sir..!

- When shall you behave like a human being, *Ja'afar*?

- He's lying..

- And who else did that? The wall? You are lazy since last year, and apparently this year too. It is better that you go out and sweep the yard. By the way, clean the water-closet too..!

Again *mulla* went on his speech, saying: Very well, we shall have a general view of what we have learned previously. Those who like to sit an examination, can have it tomorrow, and after tomorrow I will test the others. Now try to read your lessons carefully and be ready.

'Ali Goudzi, whose face was sunburnt and have thin body got up and asked:

- How many lessons we must read for the examination?

- All that which we have already read.

Then the teacher turned his face towards *Hussein* and said:

- Well, *Hussein*! Come on here.

Hussein got up bowing his head and proceeded to the teacher. The *mulla* stroke gently on the boy's shoulder and asked him:

- Are you happy to be here in the school?

- Yes sir, certainly.

- Your father has told me that you have learned the alphabet and could recite the Holy Qur'an.

- That's right, sir.

- And what about writing? Can you write?

- Little.

- Very well, I will give you a lesson so that you can drill on it, until

noon.

The boy began to watch his master who was drawing some strange and queer lines, so he asked:

- What do these lines mean?

- They mean the date 1299.

- What?

- It is this year's date. Now go and practice. Don't forget to continue the drill at home too.

Before Seven Years:

The father was sipping his tea, taking small quantities each time. He turned towards *Hussein* and said:

- Have you gone to school today?

- Yes father.

- So, what have you learned?

The boy hurried and opened his copy-book,

- Look daddy, this is the first lesson.

His father had the copy-book, examined the lines on the light of a lantern.

- Well done. Well done my dear. Do you know what you have written?

- (1299).

- And what does that mean?

- It is the date of this year. That's what the master had said. But I

didn't understand what he has meant.

- That means that (1299) years had passed since the Holy Prophet (s.a) had emigrated from Mecca to Medina.

- And what does this denote?

- Well, to what number can you count?

- I can count up to 400, daddy.

- So, it means that more than 400 and 400 and 400 Eeds had gone by that event.

- Was you there, daddy?

- No, of course not dear. Neither me nor you or your mother. You were born only seven years ago, namely in 1292.

- You mean seven *Eeds* ago?

- Yes seven.

Here, the mother who was arranging the sheets and blankets for bed, called:

- *Hussein!* It is time to be in bed son. Go early to bed so that you can wake up early and go to the school.

The Examination:

The class was filled with the worried conversation hum of of the pupils.

Some are repeating poems they have learned, others are putting what they have learned of holy verses into their memories, while few pupils stood before the *mulla* to answer his questions to have their

knowledge tested by this examination.

The examination started at early morning and still. *Mulla* seemed very tired. He spoke to the rest of the pupils saying:

- I'm sorry dears, I think it is better to postpone examining the remaining pupils for tomorrow, by the will of Allah. You should take good care of your lessons. Of course I don't keep you from playing nor joking or laughing, but I mean that everything has its own time wherein to be performed. The lesson, too, has its time. Anyhow, I do not ask you but to listen carefully to my speeches. Now look at *Hussein*, he has been here for only one year, and yet he learned the three years lessons as a whole. He does not possess four ears. He is exactly like you. The only difference between you and him is that he attentively listen to every word I say, and if he didn't understand what I have said he asks. You can obviously watch his marks and level of knowledge and ...etc.

Mocking voices in the corner of the classroom interrupted *mulla's* speech.

mulla shouted nerviously:

- Who is that stupid. Let him introduce himself if he has enough courage. Or I will be obliged to punish the whole pupils.

Complete silence reigned. The class seemed uninhabited.

Abul Fadhl shattered the silence saying:

- But we didn't laugh, sir, *Mohammad Baqir* is the one who has laughed.

The teacher turned his face towards *Mohammad Baqir*, and stared at him rudely.

- *Mohammad Baqir!* Stand up, let me see you plainly. You have

been in this class since four years, but you still can't distinguish a class from a stable! Is there anything funny in my speech? Do you know that your answers in the examination were indeed a scandal?! Come here...Yes...Now, stand on one leg.

Then *mulla* looked at the other pupils, and gently spoke to them:

- As for you, you can leave now.

"Noor Bakhsh" School:

- Why did you stop eating?. Please have your food and don't consider etiquette. Make yourself at home, *mulla*.

- Thank you very much, *Haji*. I swear I ate you out of house and home!

A relieved smile drawn on *Haji's* face.

- I frequently tell *Hussein's* mother that *mulla* made us a lot of favours.

- Don't say that *Haji*, I did nothing. *Hussein*, thank God, is himself very clever, and he is eager to learn everything soonest possible.

- You behave modestly, *mulla*. The fact is that you are directing the best classes in *Borojerd*⁽¹⁾ with your much experience of teaching.

Haj 'Ali stood up and began to fold away the dining table-cloth, then he carried the dishes to the kitchen.

After that, he came back and sat again in front of *mulla*, and continued his conversation.

1- An ancient city south of Tehran.

- If *Hussein* is as you say, I am thinking to convey him to *Noor Bakhsh* school. Thus he shall get a special room.

Then *Haji* stopped talking for a while. Again he spoke, saying:

- As you are teaching in that school too, I request you very kindly to continue taking care of him. Be sure that I will never forget your being at pains to help him.

Bowing his head, *mulla* said:

- I am at your disposal *Haji* to do my best.

Haj 'Ali, while he was putting back the teapot to the tray, commented:

- In fact, teaching is the Prophets' job, and that which is given to teachers can, by no mean, be as their reward for the praiseworthy deeds they are doing.

Haj 'Ali, who then had an envelope from the shelf and submitted it to the *mulla*, continued:

- This is a small gift which I hope you will accept it.

- Never..!

- What for?

- You have already paid me my salary yesterday.

- Yes, but this has nothing to do with the class. It is only a gift to appreciate your extraordinary efforts with my son.

Here, *mulla* stood up asking the permission to leave:

- Well, if you don't mind I have to go home. I have a lot of things to do. You know, my wife is still ill.

- May Allah bestow health on her. Please give her our best regards.

The Delayed Father:

Mirza Mehdi, a friend of *Haj Sayyid 'Ali*, and after he had his breakfast, said:

- O *Sayyid!* There is no other place which is more beautiful than *Boroojerd*.

- Thank God. Finally you realised that. Did someone tell you that information? How could you leave this city with its good weather, and dwell at the edge of the world, in *Damghan*?⁽¹⁾

- Actually, I was forced to do that since the death of *Rabab* and *Mustafa*, as I felt that the whole world was driven out of my heart. So I decided to go to *Damghan* to sell a garden which I had inherited from my ancestors and then leave for *Kerbala* to spend the rest of my life, 'until God might determine a matter that was done'. May Allah have mercy upon her. She was a good wife. She always aimed to dwell in *Kerbala* and pilgrim the Holy Shrine of *Imam Hussein*(*a.s.*). That was the only hope of her. Whenever I remembered them, I wished I could stay, that night and die with them under the ruins.

- May Allah have mercy upon them. O *Mirza!* You desire and I desire, 'but God does whatsoever He desires'. Only Allah knows what is good for us.

- Praise belongs to God. We are pleased with what pleases Him. Really, the world goes with bitterness and sweetness, *Sayyid*. I have nothing to do with it.

¹ - A city in far north-west of Iran.

- Don't say that! You are now under 45 but still repeating your despondent words.

- They are not words, *Sayyid*. I believe that this is my last trip to *Boroojerd*..! I saw a dream last night. I dreamt that I arrived from a long journey while *Rabab* and *Mustafa* were sitting beside me. We had some fruit. Then *Mustafa* said to me: 'Why you have been late daddy? We have been waiting you for a long time'. Then *Rabab* spoke gently: 'Now don't leave us again'. You see *Sayyid*, I am sure I have got my wish.

Meanwhile, *Hussein* entered and said:

- Peace be upon you.

- And peace be upon you. Come here dear, what's your name?

- *Hussein*.

- May Allah bless you, son. Do you go to school?

Here, *Haj Sayyid 'Ali* replied:

- He went to school for a while and terminated <*Jami'ul Muqaddimat*> of *Soyooti*, logic and the collection of poems of *Sa'di Shirazi* <*Gulistan*>. Now he is continuing his study at (*Noor Bakhsh*) school.

- But why *Noor Bakhsh* school? Why don't you take him to (*Shazdeh*) school, or the school of *Haj mulla Asadullah*?

- Yes, but you know, *Noor Bakhsh* is our own school, and *Hussein's* maternal grandfather is its founder. Besides, it is near to our home.

Then *Mirza Mehdi* turned his face towards *Hussein* and spoke to him saying:

- Who is your teacher, dear?

- My former teacher was *mulla Mohammad Reza*, but now I've got

many teachers. I usually look after the good lectures.

- *Mashallah*. You must be 14 years old boy now. Don't you?

- Yes.

Engaging in the conversation with *Mirza Mehdi, Haj Sayyid*

Ali inquired:

- How did you know that, *Mirza*?

- *Hussein* was born few months before that doleful event, namely when *Rahab* passed away under the ruins.

Then *Mirza* stood and continued:

- Have you forgotten my and *Rahab*'s visiting you? Now please excuse me, I must go. I have a lot of things to do.

- It is too early.

- The caravan of *Kerbala-i Mustafa* shall move on Saturday, and I must go first to (*Soofiyan*)⁽¹⁾ to recite *Fatiha* in the shrine of *Sayyid Mohammad*. I have visited him just yesterday afternoon, and I called Allah asking him by the high rank of that *Sayyid* to forgive us our sins and muster all of us together, covered with his mercy, all-embracing.

- So, have the lunch with us today.

- No *Haj*, I must go to (*Silakhorbala*)⁽²⁾ near the old mosque. I will visit (*Haj Yadullah Goderzi*) my old partner, whom I was trading with his money. I want to see him and offer him my apology for what I might have done with him. He is a good man after all.

Mirza again kept silent, then he said:

- My late father had once told me that your family (*Al-Tabataba-i*) has dwelt in *Boroojerd* since two centuries, while the (*Goderzi*) family

1- A quarter of Boroojerd.

2- Another quarter of Boroojerd.

were here a thousand years ago, or maybe more.

Mirza Mehdi laughed and added: My family came to *Borojerd* only twenty years ago.

- Please do visit us in the evening.

- Well, maybe, albeit probably I will visit (*Mashhadi 'Abbas Quli Banna*) and I may spend the night there. Now farewell:

A Leaving Friend:

Haj Sayyid 'Ali woke up with panic caused by a noise in the house yard, and began to rub his eyes:

- What's happened?

- "*Haj Yadullah Goderzi* hammering on the door". *Hussein* replied. "He insists to see you. I told him you are asleep, but he argued to waken you".

Haj Sayyid 'Ali hurried towards the door. He realised that there is a calamity, when he gazed at *Haj Yadullah's* appearance with staring eyes. *Haj Yadullah* was wearing black clothes.

Haj Yadullah, forgetfully, passed over the greetings, instead he screamed at *Sayyid 'Ali*:

- Hurry up *Sayyid*!

- But, what's wrong?

- *Mirza Mehdi* is dead, may Allah have mercy upon him.

- May Allah have mercy upon him. But he was in good health this morning. "*Surely we belong to God, and to Him we return*".

- We left the quarter of (*Shuja't*) at noon, and in the way, he fell down near *Sultani masjid* and died there. It came quite suddenly, as I have been told. I think that we have to make the necessary preparation, *Sayyid*. Tonight is the night before Friday, and it is a blessed night. May Allah forgive us all.

- I will be ready in a minute.

Sayyid hastened to his room and soon came back putting on his complete mourning uniform so that to participate in the funeral ceremony of his friend.

The Grief-stricken Hearts:

The whole members of *Sayyid 'Ali* family assembled in his home, and *Sayyid's* brother was sitting, smoking hooka and blowing the smoke bitterly, until a blue cloud of smoke covered him. He spoke to his nephew, *Hussein* saying:

- So, you decided on travelling?

- Yes uncle. Tomorrow by the will of Allah.

- Travel means hardship and estrangement, and hearts hasten to their nests eagerly. Couldn't you stay and continue your study in *Boroojerd*?

Haj Sayyid 'Ali who was listening, immediately answered:

- Searching for knowledge is above all targets, brother. *Boroojerd* has given him all that it could, and it is time now to fly towards another place. Besides, travelling, hardship and estrangement, all that are

elements to make a person mature enough to be given too much responsibility.

- That's right. But a heart is only a piece of flesh not a stone. *Isfahan* is not (*Khorbala*) so that he can go and come whenever he likes.

Sayyid 'Ali, and as an attempt to put an end to this conversation, continued:

- It seems that *Hussein* has seriously intended to travel. He determined to learn and come back home.

Hussein's uncle sipped his tea deliberately, and with a smile he said:

- Well done, brother. It is time for him to marry. Let us be glad with his wedding before we face (*God forbid*) the destiny of (*Mashhadi Safar*). He slept in the evening but he didn't wake. What you say brother?

- Don't say that? *Azrael*⁽¹⁾ does not pay compliment to anyone as you know. *Mashhadi Safar* was more active and vigorous the night he died. We talked and laughed so much, and we determined to go on the next day morning to urge his brother-in-law to make it up with his father-in-law. But we were overtaken by his death the next morning.

- You are right, but as for *Hussein* it is still early and we shall do our best to him, very soon.

Sayyid 'Ali's brother stood up and said continuing his speech:

- Now I must go.

Then he turned to *Hussein* saying:

- Give my regards to *Noohul Din* and tell him that we have waited for him in the *Eed* but he didn't come.

1- The angel of death.

He, later kissed *Hussein* on his head commenting:

- May Allah guard you, son, and return to us admiringly honoured.
- May Allah protect and guard you too, uncle.

The uncle, accompanied with his wife went out, while *Hussein* and his father stayed at the house door until the formers disappeared in the darkness.

Chapter Two

Bon Voyage

Noohul Din got a small room on the second floor of *Sadr* School, and it is opposite to the school gate.

Noohul Din, with his white clothes, short hair, flowing beard, immoderate fatness, and short of stature, was handling a cup of tea and staring at the yard of the school.

"I hope I can have more profit from *Mirza Jahangeer Khan*. ", he mused, "but how to do it?"

He was deeply sunk into thought, when suddenly the mien of one of his beloved appeared.

- What am I seeing? My cousin *Hussein*..?! No that's impossible.

He involuntarily stood up quickly. "Yes it's him, it's himself". Then he shouted:

- *Hussein, Hussein* I am here!

He turned towards the clayey stairs. The two cousins finally embraced each other.

Noohul Din astonishingly inquired with hot tears:

- *Hussein Tabataba-i*, what are you doing here? What has brought you to *Isfahan*?

- What are you talking about, cousin? You, master of *Isfahan*!

- How do you do and how is my uncle and aunt?

- All of them are well and sending their regards to you.

- My room is in the second floor. Let's go.

Both cousins ran swiftly hopping on the stairs with unmatched happiness.

Noohul Din poured a cup of tea for his cousin, and said:

- Hot tea removes the hardship of the travel and its toil.

He stopped talking for a short time, then he continued:

- "How happy I am for your coming", he said after he has pored over his cousin. "I felt so gloomy that I didn't attend the lectures of *Mirza Jahangeer Khan*".

Hussein started looking at the school yard. He noticed a man who wore a black cloak and a hat, surrounded with some of the students. All were going towards the school gate.

- "Who could that man be?". *Hussein* inquired.

- He is the philosophy master, *Mirza Jahangeer Khan*⁽¹⁾. Rather he is the most significant master of philosophy.

Hussein pondered for a while, then he said:

- What a wonderous face!

- Why?

- He truly has a human dignity and solemnity.

- This is normal with the men of God. You will be more amazed when you know him better. Here under my room, another eminent master lives; *mulla Mohammad Kashani*.

- Why? Is he unmarried?

- Yes, he is a strange man. You will discover that soon. He

1- He was born in a village of (Dehaqan) in Isfahan circa 1224, and died 1328 A.H.

He spent most of his life as a farmer, but when he became 40 years old, he had much inclination to knowledge and study until he became one of the most prominent learned of his time within a typical period. He became very well-known in philosophy all over Iran. He used to put on his traditional uniform except during prayers where he puts a small turban. Jahangeer Khan spent 40 years of his life on teaching philosophy, Fiqh, Usool and maths. He composed a lot of poems about philosophy and explanations of Nahjul Balagha.

continually looked as immersed in thought.

Noohul Din remained silent for a while. Then he paid a look at *Hussein's* bag.

He uttered:

- Well, tell me! Is that all what you have brought with you from *Boroojerd*?

- Oh, I was about to forget. I deposited some objects with a blacksmith near the *Khan* of caravans.

In the Room:

It was evening when *Jeleel*, a friend of *Noohul Din*, remembered his friend. So he crept along *Noohul Din's* room, and sat on a thick carpet which was put on a higher level than the usual ground, where the religious students used to sleep. *Jeleel*, when anyone sees him for the first time, is a kind tall man with a flowing beard. He is a 40 years old person.

Noohul Din wanted to shatter the silence which reigned over the room, so he said, talking to his cousin:

- *Hussein!* Now, this is the honourable man whom I have told you about, before. A poet, a man of letters and a learned too.

Here, *Jeleel* hemmed before speaking, then he turned to *Hussein* saying:

- Your cousin is joking. He always tries to be mild with me. I am only a poor miserable man who, after all those years of studying, had

realised that knowledge is the only way to Allah, provided that a man should continuously think about the aim of seeking knowledge. This thought of a man is very essential in improving his course in the life. Exactly like an astrolabe, which guides a ship in the high seas.

Jeleel then put his left hand palm on his ear and began to chant quietly, saying the following:

O you who searches for evolution and completeness...

Through the school walls...

You study wisdom and geometry...

If there is no mention of God in your heart...

Then be sure that whatsoever you read is a mere whisper

Noohul Din smiled while he was introducing a cup of tea to his friend:

- I haven't seen you since a long time, friend!

Jeleel turned towards *Hussein* and said:

- Listen to your cousin's speech. He protects himself by blaming others. I have come today to blame him, and ask him: "Isn't there any place for *Jeleel* inside your memory?". Are you forgetting your friends so easily. Am I in Mars? My house is only few meters from here, behind the *masjid* of *sheikh Lutfallah*⁽¹⁾.

Noohul Din sipped his tea while he was looking at his friend with a smile:

1- The said *masjid* is one of the most remarkable tourist places in Isfahan. It is considered to be the highest level of Islamic architectural art.

- You are still repeating your previous words. First, I am sure that you are alive and being provided. Second, I have come to visit you before, but your neighbour *Mashhadi Kadhim* told me that you are absent from the quarter since a long time.

Jeleel laughed, and said:

- I was only joking with you. Indeed I have been in *Sabzewar*⁽¹⁾, or in fact in a village of *Sabzewar* looking for a learned.

Noohul Din asked surprisingly:

- Are you serious?

- "Yes". *Jeleel* answered.

- So, have you met him?

- Well, when I reached there, he was dead.

- So, your trip went in vain.

- Don't be cruel, my friend. The trip itself has a use. Now tell me about your cousin *Hussein*. Once you have told me about him, but...

Noohul Din interrupted him saying:

- Yes. Briefly, he is *Sayyid Hussein Tabataba-i*, from *Boroojerd*. A clever and active youngster. It is said that he has never been seen without a book, never. He and the book are two intimate friends, even when we were making trips to the orchards to spend a nice time and some relax. His father, my friend, who had studied in *Isfahan*, is one of the learned, and was memorizing the Holy *Qur'an* during his additional time. I heard that he loved philosophy and gnosticism very much. He is a punctilious reader and researcher.

Here, *Jeleel*, clapped his hands and said:

1- A city in the province of Khorasan.

- Bravo...Bravo. What a happy man I am tonight. Tell me *Huseein!*

With whom you have studied *Usool?*

- With *Sayyid Mohammad Baqir Al-Durji*⁽¹⁾.

- Wonderful! I have read his series of books regarding *Usool*.

Then he spoke to *Noohul Din*:

- My friend *Noohul Din*, I see that your cousin will be a man of high rank.

Again *Jeteel* started chanting, saying:

O you who are walking in the wide road...

Don't look at the dust with misery...

One day they may convert to a bracelet.

Noohul Din smiled and said:

- Provided that he listen to his cousin's advice.

- And what advice shall you introduce for him?!

- Not to be solitary like me, and be brave enough to ask others if a problem happened. Otherwise, he will be indefinite and unknown.

- What are you saying *Noohul Din*? The satisfaction of Allah is the real aim, and to live as a solitary is not indecent attribute. But rather it is a favor, sometimes. Reputation, high position, ranks,...all those are lethal poisons without the satisfaction of Allah.

He stopped talking for a while, then he continued:

- Remember, *Noohul Din*, *Haj 'Ali* the literature master (may Allah have

1- A great Faqih who died round 1342 A.H., and was buried in Isfahan. Many writings were compiled by him. Of those: Hashiyeh 'Alal Makasib (an annotation on Makasib - a book written by sheikh Murtadha Al-Ansari).

mercy upon him). He was an expert teacher. He had an idea regarding poetry which says: "The sweetness of poetry lies in its words and letters. While the best of it, is that which includes no labial sounds, as the poetry must come out of the mouth avoiding letters which are made by the lips".

- Yes, he was a skilled master.

- I have visited him lately before he dies in his clayey *'fallen down upon its turrets'* room at the roof, empty of anything called decoration or even furniture. He was, besides, alone. Now imagine, how can a blind old man, whose wife has died a long time ago, live alone? When I was there with him, I saw him dashing some hard bread into pieces, dipping them into a sour yoghurt, and when I saluted him, he asked me, with a low voice: 'who are you?' I said: I am your student, *Jeleel*. He said: The very one who, with the company of *Noohul Din* were representing the two covers of one book? I impressively answered: Yes.

Then he said with a sad voice: I wonder whether this food will urge your appetite to share me eating it..It is too difficult for anyone to accustom the hardship of the life. Anyhow *Jeleel*, I have accustomed on that.

- May Allah have mercy upon him.

- Yes, may Allah have mercy upon him.

A sorrowful silence overwhelmed the place..*Jeleel*, in an attempt to break that horrible silence, said:

- *Hussein*, your cousin *Noohul Din* is nearer to my heart than my brother. We lived together for more than twenty-five years. Now I beg your permission to leave. May Allah protect you. Don't forget to pay us a visit, *Hussein*.

- I won't forget.

- See you again.

Hussein's Problem:

The lecture of *Fiqh* concluded, and *Sayyid Mohammad Baqir Al-Durji* sat aside, answering the students' questions. Later on, silence conquered again, when all the students began to leave the class.

The master stood up and walked towards the gate. Meanwhile, the voice of *Athan* filled the city sphere, calling the people to the prayer.

Hussein was still gathering his things as to prepare himself to leave the place. Here, the master spoke to him saying:

- Has the matter been solved?

- Yes sir.

- I don't mean the lesson, but your cursed whisper..!

- Actually, I am still suffering from it. The damned Satan causes me to fall in the traps of suspicion. I still suspect myself when I perform *wudhu* (ablution), so I become forced to repeat it many times.

- I myself will cure you. Now let's go and perform *wudhu* together, then, we shall go to the mosque.

- But you will be late for the *jama'at* (congregational) prayer. I mean the people will be waiting for you.

- Don't mention it. I want to watch your *wudhu*.

Both of them walked towards the pool in the center of the vast yard. Soon they performed the ablution. *Hussein* became astonished

when he saw himself performing *wudhu* only once, this time.

Accomplishing the prayer, the master turned to *Hussein* saying:

- Try to avoid suspicion, and do not ever perform your prayer in your room. I also asked *Noohul Din* to observe you during the prayer. On the other hand, I will watch you carefully while you are performing *wudhu*. It seems that this is the best way to remove your useless whisper.

All-Glorious, All-Holy:

During the afternoon, when *Hussein* was coming from the philosophy lecture, he, as usual, directed to his room ignoring the crowd of the students at the room of *Meer 'Imad*. Anyhow, he was perfectly seen by *Noohul Din* who screamed:

- Where are you going? Did you attend the lecture of *Abul Ma'ali, Hussein?*

- He was sick and apologized for being absent. By the way, what's all that noise for?

- *Meer 'Imad* is still astonished because of what he has seen last night. When he opened his eyes he saw *mulla Mohammad Kashani* prostrating and mumbling: 'All-glorious, All-holy, the Lord of angels and the Holy Spirit', and the walls were repeating the same words after him. When *Meer 'Imad* inquired about that, *mulla* told him that it is not strange that every thing gives glory to Allah, but the strange is that how you heard that *tasbeeh* (glorification)?

- That's really very interesting. I will go there to hear more details.

A Haste Departure:

Hussein who was folding the table-cloth up, said to his cousin *Noohul Din*:

- I intend to go to *Boroojerd*, do you need anything?

- *Boroojerd*? What for?

- I received a letter from my father this morning, maybe he will arrange my travel to *Najaf*.

- *Najaf*? Have you satisfied your appetite with *Isfahan*? Aren't four years enough for you, cousin?

- *Najaf* embraces the '*Gate of the City of Knowledge*'⁽¹⁾. There exists the *Center of Light*.

- So, when you shall leave to *Boroojerd*?

- There is a caravan which shall start going towards there after tomorrow, by the will of Allah.

- You always were rash. Now, when shall I be able to write a letter to my father? Anyhow, I will write it tomorrow. By the way, please don't forget to ask *Isma'eel Goderzi* whether he has received the book (*Zadul Ma'ad*) which I have sent it to him. Also remember to give everybody my best regards and compliments.

Father's Instructions:

1- That is to say Imam Ali (A.S.), according to the Prophetic tradition which says: 'I am the City of the Knowledge and Ali is its gate'.

Hussein hurried off along the alleys of *Boroojerd* towards his home, filled with eager. Everything is as it was four years ago; *Noor Bakhsh* school, the store of *Haj Hussein Quli*, the house of *mulla Mohammad Reza*.

He murmured to himself:

- Everything remained as it was. They didn't change. Only people are changing; children grow up and old people become older.

Hussein was diving in his obsessions, suddenly he found himself in front of the door of his home. He pushed it quietly and then entered.

- May I come in?

His mother came out of the cellar, and soon tears gathered in her eyes when she saw her son. She embraced her returned son with great pleasure. His father too, hurried towards his son and kissed each other warmly:

- How are you son?

- Fine, father.

- Come on, you have just arrived in the most appropriate time.

Leading his son to the room, the father continued:

- Indeed you have a nice and good mother-in-law.

Hussein's mother, who was holding the tray of tea and some cookies, commented:

- She is really so, because she takes good care of our son *Hussein* better than me.

Hussein, in fact, was astonished with his parents' speech, so he asked wondering about that:

- What's going on, father? I am hearing strange words!

Here, someone knocked the door, then *Hussein's* uncle came in saying:

- May we come in?

- Don't follow etiquette brother, make yourself at home.

Hussein's uncle, accompanied with his wife, entered the house, and *Hussein* quickly jumped to clasp his uncle in the arms and saluted his uncle's wife.

The uncle seemed very happy when he said:

- What happened to you *Hussein*? Have you forget your uncle in those four years? Have you ever inquired whether your uncle is dead or alive?

- God forbid, uncle. I always search about your news.

- When the boys told me that you arrived, I was in home, so I told my wife to pay you a visit since I was very anxious to see you, son.

Hussein's mother who then began to pour the tea, said:

- We are unable, indeed, to recompense you for you increasing favours.

The uncle commented:

- My wife urged me so much to go to *Isfahan*. She always remembers you when she calls her son *Noohul Din* to mind. I can declare that she loves you more than her son.

The uncle's wife, while she was preparing her *chaddor*⁽¹⁾ replied:

- What can I do, man? They are both as my heart beats. Sometimes I become afraid that I may die before seeing them.

1- A cloak worn by Iranian women, and other Oriental people.

- "God forbid, my uncle's wife", *Hussein* commented.

Hussein's uncle then said:

- We recall you everyday, son.

- It is then my fault, uncle. I really was very eager to see you again. I was ignoring that eager tortures the hearts.

While *Hussein's* father was nipping a piece of cookie, said:

- It is not only eager which urged me to write you a letter, but also the sense of responsibility.

- "As soon as I received the letter", said *Hussein*, "I collected my luggage. I yearned for you very much, albeit my yearn and strong desire for *Najaf*."

- *Najaf*?

- Aren't you intending to send me to *Najaf*, father?

- What are you talking about son? I only was speaking to your uncle saying that *Hussein* became a man and so we must find him a suitable wife in order to make a blessed family.

With obvious disturbance, *Hussein* murmured saying:

- Have you called me for this reason? Didn't you think about my study likewise?

- Are you angry, son?

- I am only thinking about study and research, father, and I don't have any intention to marry. Marriage means that I must stop studying. No, no father, I won't accept that at least for the time being.

Hussein's uncle put his cup down in the tray, and said:

- Now, try to realise your father's feelings, dear. You are now a complete young man and your thinking about study is very natural, but

pay attention to the fatherly sense. Fathers do not think but about their children's future. Anyhow, who said that marriage is an obstacle on the way of study?

- If this is my father's desire, I won't object on condition that everything must be done quickly so that I can go back to my study.

The uncle, with a loud laughter and speaking to his brother, said:

- I told you that he is in a hurry too..!

Hussein's uncle's wife, who was then extremely happy, commented:

- Be not afraid of those who make noise, but of those who are bowing their heads in silence!

Everyone there laughed with great happiness and the tea tray was roving among them, carrying the cups which were full of tea, again, and the whole room sphere was full of the aroma of cardamom.

The Return:

Noohul Din was sitting near the pool, washing his clothes. Suddenly, his cousin appeared in front of him. He quickly shook the clothes off his hands, and said with mocking words:

- What happened? Have you returned from *Najaf*?

- As you see I came back, but this time not to your room.

- What do you mean? Did you become weary of me so soon?

- Celibacy has gone away and for ever...!

- Have you got married? What a foxy youngster you are! Why you didn't tell me?

- How should I know? I myself heard this news very lately.

- Congratulation, cousin...I also wished today to have some cakes and tea mixed with cardamom, and I was surprising why?

- So, the calamity of some are blessings with others.

- Tell me, how did that happen so swiftly?

- Actually, I found everything prepared there, and it seemed that they were in need of me in the last moment.

- Ha! ha!

- Laugh as you like, but as for me, I don't know what to accept and what to refuse. I have to go back quickly..!

- You became really a paterfamilias. Oh, I was about to forget, many have asked me about you. Have you promised to teach them *Al-Qawaneen*⁽¹⁾?

1- (*Qawaneenu Usool*), a book written by the famous learned Mirza Qommi, which deals mainly with the sources of Fiqh.

- I met them yesterday, and agreed to gather each Wednesday, an hour before the evening *Athan*.

- Where are you going? Wait a minute, I will hang the clothing and talk for a while.

- No cousin, I have no time for talking from now on. I became responsible for a family, and such a man must always return back early.

The Country of Love:

It was springtime. The weather became more beautiful in the eyes of *Noohul Din* and his friend *Jeleel* who were walking hastily towards the house of *Hussein*, passing through the narrow alleys. It was Friday morning.

Hussein was fully immersed in studying when he heard the knock of his companions at the door. He then hurried towards the door. Opening it, he was saluted:

- Peace be upon you.

- Please come in. Welcome, men of God. Come in, make yourselves at home.

Jeleel observed the clayey room which was empty except of some old normal rugs. Yet he felt that everything was diving in love. The pure love mixed with the deep human faith.

Then *Hussein* came in holding the tea tray, meanwhile he was repeating his greetings for the guests.

Noohul Din smiled, saying:

- We always recall you, so why don't you recall us as we are doing.

With affectionate voice, *Hussein* replied:

- It's only the difficulties of the life. I was in *Boroojerd*, and when I returned I was busy in finding a house.

- *Noohul Din* while he was sipping his tea, commented:

- Life is full of difficulties. Its roads are not covered with flowers and roses.

- I suffer because it takes a lot of my time. I always attempt to give the main of my time for studying.

Hussein then became silent for a moment and continued:

- Sometimes I think about myself, that if I was rich, I would spare all my time only to study. Then I come to my sense and say: Wealth may change my thought of study, as it may pull me to other directions, other than studying.

He smiled and added:

- When I receive the money which my father sends to me every month, I feel quite sure that it will not suffice me even for two complete weeks, while I feel that I can study more and more in the other two weeks, and make a clear progress.

Moving his head as to agree with *Hussein's* speech, *Jeleel* commented:

- Yes, that's right. It seems that poverty urges one's efforts.

Noohul Din who was still silent, smiled and said:

- Yes, and a student becomes a skilled master overnight. A master whose lecture in *Qawaneen* is attended by nearly one hundred students.

- I've heard many, eulogizing his lecture and style of teaching.

Then he turned towards *Noohul Din* saying:

- We must go now.

- "Where to?", *Hussein* inquired, "Must you leave so soon?"

- We thought to visit *mulla Mohammad Kashani*. Besides, we may delay you from your study. Goodbye.

- Goodbye, may Allah protects you.

- You too.

The Bygone Nights:

While the night was passing over, *Hussein's* wife was busy in gathering the luggage:

- Only few things remained to be collected...When shall we travel?

Hussein who was then reading, lifted his head, looked at his wife and said:

- After tomorrow, by the will of Allah. I bade farewell to everybody. I have got nothing here, in *Isfahan*. We shall stay in *Boroojerd* for a while, and then prepare ourselves to travel to *Najaf*.

- Really? My brother Isma'eel wants to travel to *Najaf* too. It is better to wait for him.

- We shall stay in *Boroojerd* for sometime. 'To join what God has commanded shall be joined' elongates lives and brings means of living.

- I feel sleepy. Aren't you going to bed?

- I will read some other pages. You sleep.

- There is a hard and tiresome travel in front of you. Come to bed

early, at least tonight.

- There is a lot of time for sleeping. Besides, life is full of travels.

In the Presence of the Master:

The sun was still shining from behind the hills to the west.

Hussein who arrived *Najaf*, was speaking quietly to the only apothecary in his small quarter, the *hakeem* (druggist) *Mirza Yahya*, saying:

- No *Mirza*, borage⁽¹⁾ and spikenard⁽²⁾ were very effective.

- It is the moisture, *Sayyid Hussein*, the moisture! The drug must not reach the water along that time. I will bring you some mustard oil⁽³⁾ to be rubbed on your feet before sleeping.

Meanwhile, *Al-Aakhond Al-Khorasani*⁽⁴⁾ was passing by, surrounded with some of his students. *Sayyid Hussein* said goodbye to *Mirza Yahya* and hurried to join the crowd of his master. He whispered to *sheikh Mohsin Yazdi*, saying:

- Where are you going, by the will of Allah?

- To the house of an *'Alim* who arrived *Najaf* recently. It's near.

Come and join us.

1- Plant with blue flowers and hairy leaves which are used in medical treatments and curing.

2- Plant with flat leaves and small aromatic flowers.

3- Plant with yellow flowers and (black or white) sharp-tasting seeds in long thin pods used to cure cough, icterus, worms, and arthritis.

4- (1255-1329 A.H.), one of the famous faqih of Shi'ites. Born in Mashhad and died in Najaf. He was considered one of the renowned marji'. *Kifayatul Usool* is one of his well-known written books in Fiqh which is still being studied in the various religious schools.

The guests took their places inside the small room, and silence reigned the room. *Sayyid Hussein* pulled out a paper and submitted it to his master. *Al-Khonsari* went over the paper.

sheikh Mohsin, who was sitting beside *Sayyid Hussein*, inquired about the paper, the latter replied:

- Nothing. Only a question about today's lecture. I couldn't ask my master then.

- "A good remark", *Al-Aakhond* commented, "We shall talk about it tomorrow, by the will of Allah.

The students then were listening to the coversation occured between the two learned, until the *Athan* for the evening was heard. So the whole stood up and went towards the Holy Shrine of *Amirul Mu'mineen Ali (A.S.)*.

Attention Everybody:

The *'Alawi* Holy Shrine was immersed in the sublime heroism of the immortal brave *Ali bin Abi Talib (A.S.)*, and whispers of more than one thousand two hundred religious scholars were being heard, mixed with the performers of prayers' supplication, and the invocation of the pilgrims. All were waiting for the master.

Sayyid Hussein rose and handed a paper over to his master *Al-Aakhond Al-Khorasani*.

Al-Aakhond Al-Khorasani, with soft voice, said:

- Some of our friends have argued with the subject lectured

yesterday. I ask *Sayyid Hussein*, himself to set the crux of the matter forth. I request all gentlemen to pay attention to that.

Sayyid Hussein Tabataba-i rose to introduce his issues. Everyone realized that a new learned is about to emerge during those moments. The admiration of *Aakhond* for this genius student was only the beginning of the same student's way towards the acme of sublimity.

The Lesson of *Al-Fosool*:

Sayyid Hussein Al-Boroojerdi concluded the lesson of *Al-Fosool*, so nearly two hundred students began to leave the place, one after another and deliberately.

- "What's the name of your master". An old man asked one of the students.

- He is *Sayyid Hussein Al-Boroojerdi*.

- And what he teaches?

- *Al-Usool*.

- I haven't seen him before!

- He came recently from Iran. He could draw the attention of *Al-Khorasani*. Rather, when *Al-Aakhond* discusses a matter, he looks at him to pick up whether he agrees with him or not, and when the master finishes the lesson, *Al-Boroojerdi* repeats the same lesson to whom he missed some or the whole points in the lesson.

- Then, he is no doubt, a learned?

- Excuse me. I have to go, or I will miss the lecture.

The Sad Learned:

It's just eight years (today) since *Sayyid Hussein* arrived here, in *Al-Najaf Al-Ashraf*.

He sat in one of the Holy Shrine's corners, with his brilliant face covered with gloomy outlook. The prominent characters he met in the city of *Ali* (A.S.) were passing by him one after another; Mohammad Kadhim *Al-Yazdi*⁽¹⁾ and other beloved persons.

He opened a book which was with him, and noticed a paper written by *sheikhul Shari'a Al-Isfahani*⁽²⁾ confirming his being a *mujtahid* and showing clearly his high rank.

He murmured:

- I wonder why my father wants me to return back to Iran? Is it maybe because my mother is sick, or..?

- "Why you are looking sad, *Sayyid*?", *sheikh Mohsin*, who was passing in front of him, cried, "Have you lost your ships in the high seas?".

- My father sent a letter asking me to go back. I dare not to leave whom I have loved here, in *Najaf*.

- When will you depart?

1- (1256-1327 A.H.) a great 'Alim of his time. Born in Yazd (Iran). The well-known compilation titled 'Al-'Urwatul Wuthqaa' in fiqh, is one of his written books.

2- (1266-1339 A.H.) a very prominent and remarkable 'Alim of Shi'ites. Born in Isfahani. He was faqih, wise, literate and mathematician.

- After tomorrow, by the will of Allah.

- Namely Wednesday. So, there is a lot of time to see your friends.

Let's go to the house of *Mirza Mohammad Hussein Al-Tabreezi*. I heard that he is ill since two days.

Therefore, *Sayyid Hussein* rose and left the Holy Shrine, intending to visit the sick friend.

Chapter Three

The Years of Dispelling

Death Predicts None:

Sayyid Hussein sat on the edge of his bed, and began to regard his father's face attentively. *Sayyid 'Ali*, who opened his eyes, murmured softly:

- *Hussein!*

- Yes father.

- Your mother has told me that you are preparing your luggage!

- Yes, that's right father.

- You have spent nine years in *Isfahan*, and other eight years in *Najaf*. Isn't that enough to stay here and be near to your old father? I may leave this world without seeing you again. Death predicts none of us about his coming, nor he knocks the door to get permission.

- What are you talking about, father?

- Then, what's the meaning of your return to *Najaf*, after all that glorious reception held by the people of *Boroojerd*? They need a learned who can guide and lead them.

-- That's right, father, but our city has a lot of *'Alims*. There is *sheikh Hussein Najafi* and *Haj Mirza Mohammad Hassan Tabataba-i*, who are more learned than me.

- Even so, don't you have to think about your father? I want you to be near to me in my last few days which remained from my life. Let me close my eyes while I am calm, quiet and undisturbed about your mother and your young brother.

Those passionate words did influenced the ambitious *Sayyid Hussein*, and could change his mind, at least for the time being, from

going to *Najaf*.

The Departure of The Parents:

Cold wind blew through the narrow alleys of *Boroojerd*, embracing each house there. *Sayyid Hussein* and *Sayyid Isma'eel* sat on the *Kürsi*⁽¹⁾, and on the other side was *Noohul Din* with his brown beard, sinking in his thoughts. Remembering *Sadr* school in this silent cold night. He lifted his head and said:

- O *Sayyid Isma'eel*! Isn't there any lantern? Studying in such darkness is so much harming the eyes.

Sayyid Isma'eel then stood up and lightened the a lantern. Putting it on the *Kürsi*, *Sayyid Isma'eel* said:

- I will prepare some tea. It gives warmth and enjoyment.

- "It is the best idea I have ever heard", *Noohul Din* commented, "Indeed the best one you have said since this morning".

When *Sayyid Isma'eel* left the room, *Noohul Din* came nearer to his cousin and whispered:

- Now, what are you going to do?

With low depressed voice, *Sayyid Hussein* answered:

- I have received a letter from my master (*Al-Aakhond Al-Khorasani*) after my father's death, in which he offers his condolences to me and expressing his desire to see me. When I prepared myself to

1- A square table covered with quilts and blankets with a brazier under it to heat the legs and body during the winter.

travel, the news reached me saying that he has died. May Allah have mercy upon him, as he was exactly like my father. Now, within six months I have lost two fathers. Losing them is a real death-blow.

- May Allah have mercy upon both of them.

- After the demise of *Al-Khorasani*, I feel as if I have no appetite or desire to go to *Najaf*. Everything in that city will certainly remind me of him. Moreover, I think that my staying in *Boroojerd* became more essential.

The mien of *Noohul Din* looked so glad, when *Sayyid Isma'eel* entered holding the tray of tea. *Noohul Din* screamed:

- Bravo, bravo *Sayyid Isma'eel*. You are exactly like your father (may Allah have mercy upon him) who always honoured the guests.

He then turned to *Sayyid Hussein* and commented:

- Yes, *Sayyid Hussein*, you are right. Stay in *Boroojerd*. The city is in great need of its citizens.

After sipping his tea, *Sayyid Hussein* said:

- And what about you? Are you going to stay here, in *Boroojerd*?

- In fact, I have decided to return to *Isfahan* after some months. Oh, by the way, *Jeleel* told me to give you his best regards, and seemed very sad to hear about my uncle's death. He aimed to join me in my coming to *Boroojerd*, but his wife was very sick.

He then pulled out a piece of paper from his pocket, and said to *Sayyid Hussein*:

- Look, *Jeleel* has written these few verses of poems of *Sa'di*⁽¹⁾.

Staring at the paper, *Sayyid Hussein* replied:

1- Sa'di Shirazi, a famous Iranian poet.

- May Allah protects him. Tell him to try to come next time.

- I have to go cousin. Don't forget that you are invited too by *Mohammad Hussein* in his home.

- I will come there with my mother and Isma'eel. We are all invited.

- So, see you there.

After a while, *Sayyid Isma'eel* hurried in and shouted happily

- Now, let's go. I am quite ready.

The whole stood up and walked towards the house of *Sayyid Mohammad Hussein Tabataba-i*.

The Pious Man of Dezfool:

It was *Tir*⁽¹⁾, and *Sayyid Hussein* who now was known as *Hujjatul Islam*, was sitting in his office preparing his daily research in *Fiqh* and *Usool*. He was immersed in studying, when somebody knocked the door. He used to hear such knocks especially after the death of *Haj Mohammad Hussein Najafi*, which caused many people coming to him asking about many religious issues. Anyhow, his time, *Sayyid* felt different against that knocking.

There was an old man, whose eyes were filled with faith beam, and divine light covers his forehead, and a long white beard.

- Peace be upon you, please come in.

- Peace be upon you. I hope I am not disturbing you in this early morning.

1- The fourth months of Persian calendar (June-July).

- Absolutely not. Please come in.

As soon the old man got his seat, he commenced introducing himself:

- I'm Mohammad Reza Dezfooli. My doctor advised me to leave Khozestan during the summer, and some of my friends asked me to come to *Boroojerd* for its nice weather.

The old man stopped talking for few minutes, then he continued:

- I am here since three days.

- Where have you spent those days? It seems that we were unable to be honoured and visit you as a sick, or receive you as a guest, so that to quench our thirst with your knowledge.

- God forgive me! Some have guided me to here. I have studied your commentaries on *Al-'Urwatul Wuthqaa*, and I couldn't find something more interesting than it.

- Thank you for your courtesy.

Boroojeri then went to bring the tea.

Sayyid Hussein spoke politely to the old man, when he came back holding the cups of tea:

- If you are intending to stay in *Boroojerd* for the whole summer, then I think it is good that you lead the performers of the prayer in the city's mosque, or you can even give some lectures.

- I came only for rest. I will be very glad if you admit me to have a general view on your books.

- Everything here will be at your disposal.

- Well, I think I will first have a look at your commentaries on *Usool*.

- Of course I haven't an independant book about that. It is only a commentary on the book of "*Kifayetil Usool*" of my master.

While saying these words, *Sayyid* was picking one of the books from the shelf. He then continued:

- I wrote it when I was in *Najaf*.

Mohammad Reza stood up, asking a permission to leave:

- I don't like to distract your attention. I think you have a lecture tomorrow?

- It is too early. Why don't you stay. I will be ready in a minute.

- In fact, I expect some guests from *Dezfool*. They may arrive in any minute.

- May Allah protect you.

- I beg you not to forget us when you supplicate.

Poisonous Arrows:

- "By the sacred words of *La ilahe illa Allah*", *Haj Yahya Dezfooli* screamed, and the whole crowd repeated after him saying:

- *La ilahe illa Allah*.

- *Mohammad* is the messenger of Allah.

- Repeat loudly: *La ilahe illa Allah*.

The coffin of *sheikh Mohammad Dezfooli* was flowing over the heads of the crowd like a boat which pushes its way through the high waves.

Drying his sweats, *Haj Mohsin Shoshteri* spoke to *sheikh 'Ali* saying:

- Have you informed *Sayyid Hussein*?

- Yes. *Mirza Habeeb* went to inform him.

Haj Shoshteri who was staring eastwards, continued:

- Look, here is *Sayyid*.

As soon as the crowd saw *Sayyid Hussein*, everyone repeated the salutation upon the Holy Prophet *Mohammad (s.a.)* and his Immaculate Family (a.s.).

After a while, the funeral ceremonies began and *Sayyid Hussein* proceeded to perform the prayer of *Meyyit*.

It was sunset when the crowd directed to *masjid Al-Mehdi (a.s.)*.

- "O *Sayyid!* these are the followers of the Late *Dezfooli*", *sheikh 'Ali* whispered to *Sayyid Hussein*, "They have come from different cities. Some came from *Shoshter*, others came from *Dezfool, Mahshahr, Abadan, Ahwaz*⁽¹⁾...etc".

sheikh 'Ali continued:

- The late *Dezfooli* bequeathed that people may come to you and have their solutions for their issues. As I know, not only *Khozestan* inclines to imitate you, but also the western part of the country has the same desire.

- Do you think that this is sublimity for me? It is a heavy responsibility. It is even a temptation. I see poisonous arrows in the horizons. Do you know why I became late to the funeral ceremony? I have been informed that these days some officials in the capital are spreading propaganda on behalf of the *Bahaist*, deriding the *Islamic* doctrines. Besides they are removing many Moslims from their positions and employing members of that wicked sect.

1- Cities situated in the province of Khozestan, almost inhabited by Arabs.

- "And what about the people?", *sheikh 'Ali* regretfully inquired, "What have the people of *Tehran* done?...Are they silent?"

- Whether the people of *Tehran* revolted against that or not, I would perform my duty whatever the consequences were. Don't forget, *sheikh*, to warn the people of the danger of the *Bahatism*⁽¹⁾ in your lectures and speeches.

- I will be at your service, *Sayyid*.

1- A religious sect developed out of Babism: began in 1863 A.D. by Mirza Husayn Ali in Iran. Flourished in the time of Mohammad Reza Pahlavi Shah of Iran and seized many important positions in the government. The said sect was uprooted by the Islamic Revolution. It is nowadays being brought out by Israel and the United States in order to be tasked with many indecent deeds.

The Project of *Mu'tamidul Dawlah*:

The governor's office of *Borrojerd* was sunk in bitter deep silence. Different characters who came to assemble, sat in consequence round the table in that office, aiming to solve the problem which suddenly emerged in *Boroojerd* and was seriously disturbing the capital.

The eyes were staring at the governor, with his short stature and swelled belly, who intended to break the silence.

- Dear gentlemen! In order that everything be alright, I will try to explain the event, and in brief. The accident happened as follows:

The general director of the census administration appointed one of his employees as his deputy, when the latter has adopted *Bahatism*. This news reached *Sayyid Tabataba-i*, who immediately phoned to the capital requesting the resignation of the said director from his position and that the matter should be taken under investigation. But *Sayyid* didn't find anyone who gives his ear to this subject in spite of his insistence. Therefore, *Sayyid* contacted the high responsables in the government, but his efforts were in vain this time too.

Then *Sayyid* decided to leave the city protesting against that. Up to now, the case seems to be not serious. But as you know, a great multitude is backing up *Sayyid*. Hence, the event became momentous, especially when it has been brought up in the mosques and religious schools. Concisely, people are requesting *Sayyid* to return to his own city, while he insists that the director of the census administration should first abdicate all responsibility.

Drying his sweats, the governor continued:

- I spoke by telephone with the officials-in-charge in the capital, specifically Secretary of State and even the Prime Minister explaining the issue for them. I have then received a strict instructions in regard with the same issue in order to form a special committee to search the matter. The same committee has the plenipotentiary powers in the negotiation.

After a fair cough, the governor went on, saying:

- Gentlemen! As you see, we have only two ways. Either expelling that *Bahaist*, or to confront the angry crowd of people. Undoubtedly, the first way sounds more logical. I, personally, think that even if His Excellency the Shah was here, his choice would certainly be this, too.

Colonel *Bakhtiyari*, the commander of the gendarmerie, commented:

- The governor is completely right. But responding to the people's request shall certainly weaken the position of the government and will suffer a loss of prestige, because maybe *Sayyid* will again be angry after one month, for example requesting the resignation of the governor himself this time. What shall we do then? I demand that this matter should be highly taken into consideration so as the people dare not to repeat this accident in the future.

Here, *Ardesheer Khan "Mufakhirul Mulk"* after amending himself, meddled, saying:

- The opinion of the colonel was completely logical. But we have to notice, that we are living in a real crisis and decisive calamity. So, why we should think about something which may or may not happen in the future, leaving the present in agitation? I believe that the best solution,

is that, which has been suggested by the governor. Otherwise, encountering an angry nation, means a fatal adventure.

Everybody shook his heads as a sign means agreeing with the proposal.

Then the governor turned his face towards his deputy and whispered, saying:

- The session no.21 was held by the presence of gentlemen; the commander of the gendarmerie squad commander, *Mu'tamidul Mulk*, *Mufakhirul Mulk*, and many other distinguished loyalist persons, and decided what follows:

Due to disregarding of the director of the census administration, imposing his rule illegally, the assembly made a decision to force him to resign, and request *Sayyid Tabataba-i* to return to his city.

The same committee orders the commander of the gendarmerie to put that decision into effect.

So, the decision document was then signed by the attenders.

Triumphant Return:

The loud voice of the assembly that was repeating the blessings upon the Holy Prophet and his Immaculate Family was the only voice heard during the reception of *Al-Sayyid Al-Tabataba-i*. A large carriage pulled by horses appeared. *Haj Mosa* who was very jealous, screamed in loud voice:

- Welcome, O you who gouged *Islam's* enemies eyes out. Send the blessings to *Mohammad* and his Immaculate Family.

The assembly, and in one voice, repeated:

- "*Allahumma Salli 'Ala Mohammad wa Aal Mohammad*"...

Someone whispered:

- So, *Sayyid* is coming?

- "A delegate has been sent by the government to ask him to return", another one replied.

- And what happened to that *Bahaist*?

- They expelled him. '*And they devised, and God devised, and God is the best of devisers*'.

Sayyid Hussein Boroojerdi got down and saluted the assembly, thanking them for their assistance and hearty support.

Sayyid Hussein then said:

- Thank God who disgraced the enemies of *Islam*, and '*Praise belongs to God, who has been true in His promise to us*'⁽¹⁾, where He says: "*If you help God, He will help you*"⁽²⁾.

You've made *Sahibul Zaman* (may Allah hasten his glad advent) delighted.

In this occasion, while the sacred month of *Ramadhan* is about to appear, we shall consecrate it by speeches about that Great *Imam* (A.S.) depending on the *sunni* and *shi'ite* sources so that we may fear the enemies and make them disappointed.

Again the blessings upon the Holy Prophet and his Pure Family was heard along with the admiration of the assembly seeing a unique leader who is able to struggle against the government, alone.

1- Holy Qur'an: 39/74.

2- Holy Qur'an: 47/7.

- "I kindly request the attenders to return to their work, untroubled", *Sayyid Hussein* added, " *God is the Protector of the believers*", and He will certainly guard His religion against the plots of the enemies".

Mourning the Children:

Sayyid Hussein accompanied with some other believers, were passing through the alleys leading to the school of *Noor Bakhsh*.

Ghulam Hussein Shalchi, who became astonished when he saw the crowd, hurried and whispered to *Ahmad Al-Khadim*:

- Where to?

- To the cemetery of *Soofiyan*.

- What happened?

- Nothing, *Sayyid* used to go there and recite the *surah* of *Fatiha* to the soul of his daughter who died lately during childbirth...

- Indeed, children are man's liver, especially *Sayyid* who got only this daughter.

The Appropriate Time:

Haj Ghulam Reza Sa'eedi, who was sitting in his son's room *Mirza Mohammad*, came with some of people of *Shams Aabad*. *Mirza Mohammad* while looking at his father's face, seeing that most of his

'head is aflame with hoariness', murmured:

- What's the hurry father?

- Your mother is alone. Besides, I have a lot of things to do.

- A great learned has come to *Mashhad* since months. You've better go and visit him father. Looking at the '*Alim*'s face is like worshipping.

- What's his name?

- *Sayyid Hussein Al-Boroojerdi*. He got many imitators in the western and southern parts of the country. It is said that he has come here to pilgrim and get some relax after the demise of his sole daughter.

- Since morning we were roving here and there...Why didn't you say that before?

- We still have plenty of time. Postpone your travel for another day.

- So, let's go now and visit *Sayyid*.

- Now?!

- Yes, with your uncle and *Haj Barat 'Ali* and many others. This is better and more honourable. Move now and put on your clothes.

Soon after that, some group was seen walking towards the house where *Sayyid Hussein* was dwelling.

The door was knocked, and *Mashhadi Ahmad*, the *Sayyid*'s servant, opened the door saying:

- Please come in.

Mirza Mohammad immediately commented:

- We are pilgrims from *Damghan* and like to visit *Sayyid*.

- Please come in, you've reached in an appropriate time. *Sayyid* was about to go out to visit *sheikh Hasan 'Ali Isfahani*.

The guests then went in, and everyone took his place.

Sayyid Hussein welcomed his guests, and with curiosity he asked them:

- What about the agriculture and the land?
- Thank God.

Then *Sayyid* with a low voice recited the following holy verse: "*Yet had the peoples of the cities believed and been godfearing, We would have opened upon them blessings from the heaven*"⁽¹⁾. Believing in Allah and His power brings the blessing, and thanking Him increases provision. "*If you are thankful, surely I will increase you*"⁽²⁾.

The servant, holding a tray of tea cups, entered and began to distribute the cups one after another maintaining the equanimity.

Now, *Barat 'Ali* who kept silent up to that moment, said:

- We are indeed lucky to find you and be honoured to pilgrim you. We've heard that you are intending to return to *Boroojerd*.

- Yes, by the will of Allah. I have received many letters asking me to go back. I will go after tomorrow, and maybe I shall stay in *Tehran* for sometime.

- Now, please *Sayyid*, excuse us. We have to leave.

- Forget us not during supplicating. May Allah protect you all.

The Gifts:

Sayyid Hussein returned to *Boroojerd* since few days, while his servant was for the thousand times repeating the news of *Sayyid's* trip to

1- Holy Qur'an/ 7:96 .

2- Holy Qur'an/ 14:7 .

sacred *Mashhad*. In the meanwhile he was relating that again to his brother-in-law:

- Yes, *Haj Yahya*. What can I tell you, and where from shall I begin? Shall I tell you about the delegates which were visiting *Sayyid Hussein* in *Mashhad* or *Tehran*? Or maybe I've better tell you about the matchless reception in *Qom*, *Arak*, *Malayir*...etc!

- I heard that you have spent few days in *Arak*.

- That's right. When we arrived there, we heard that *sheikh 'Abdul Kareem Al-Ha-iri*⁽¹⁾ has come to *Arak* to visit one of his kinfolks, so *Sayyid Hussein* decided to remain in *Arak* for some other days hoping to meet *sheikh Al-Ha-iri*..

Here, *Haj Yahya* called his daughter saying:

- *Fahimah*, *Fahimah*!

- Yes father.

- Where is the dinner? Is it dinner or *Sohoor*?⁽²⁾

- I'm coming father.

Then *Fahimah* came in holding the tray of the dinner.

- "I was about to be disappointed from the dinner as I was once so from the *Soohan*⁽³⁾ of your aunt's husband.

Defending her aunt's husband, *Fahimah* commented:

- What do you mean father?

- Nothing, but your aunt's husband went empty and came back empty too...!

1- The founder of Hawzah Ilmiyyah in sacred Qom.

2- Food eaten before the dawn of the fasting day.

3- A kind of candy made of flour and honey, which is very famous in Qom, about 150 kilometers south of Tehran.

The whole attenders laughed while they were encircling round the tray.

A Private Message:

Many days passed since *Sayyid Hussein*'s second marriage which occurred due to his first wife's urgent demand.

Sayyid Hussein was in his room teaching some of his students.

Mirza Abul Qasim said, while he was arranging his book:

- Are you coming on Saturday?

- Why not?

- Because we've heard that you are leaving to *Mecca* for pilgrimage.

- That's right, but not now. The next month, by the will of Allah.

- By the way, *Sayyid!* We heard that you have been invited to visit

Tabreez.

- In fact, I received a private letter from some believers, asking to have my permission to imitate me.

- Finally, the people of *Azerbaijan* realized the truth. Moon does not remain behind the clouds for ever...

- "Beware of *Satan*, son", *Sayyid* interrupted.

- Now, have you accepted their invitation, our Master.

- The banner of *Islam* is being held by *Sayyid Abul Hasan Al-Isfahani*, and everyone is imitating him. So, sowing dissension or stir up discord among the Moslems is not convenient for *Islam*.

The Arrest:

The old servant was sitting in a corner immersed in deep thinking.

- "What happened, *Haj?*", his host, who was one of the *'Alims* of *Kermanshah*⁽¹⁾, asked.

- They have arrested *Sayyid* near the borders.

- What?

- Briefly, when *Sayyid* was in *Al-Najaf Al-Ashraf* he spent one month there, meeting some prominent characters, like *Ayatullah Al-Isfahani*, *Mirza Nayeeni* and *Sayyid Dhia-ul Din Al-'Iraqi*. From there, we travelled to *Mecca* to pilgrim the Holy House of Allah. During our return, we passed by *Kadhimiyyah*⁽²⁾, where he received a letter informing him that he got a baby, and so he named him (*Mohammad Hasan*). Then *Sayyid Hussein* returned to *Najaf* again where he spent eight months. After that he decided to come back to Iran. As soon as he arrived *Qasre Shireen*, he was overtaken by the security officials who then arrested him.

- When did it happen?

- That was during the evening.

- And whereto did they take him?

- I don't know exactly.

- You shall stay here, in my home until everything becomes clear.

1- A city west of Iran.

2- A city north of Baghdad (Iraq), where the two Immaculate Imams; Moosa Al-Kadhim and his grandson Mohammad Al-Jawad (peace be upon them) are buried.

The Squad Commander:

Borojerd put a new uniform on. The security officials were seen everywhere, and *masjid Al-Sultani* was covered with black cloth, while the reciting of the Holy Qur'an was being heard from minaret of that *masjid*.

Abdul Kareem inquired:

- What happend, *Ibraheem*?

- "Didn't you know? The squad commander, *Abdullah Khan*, has been assasinated in his way between *Borojerd* and *Khurram Aabad*", *Ibraheem Al-Najjar* replied.

- Yes I heard that. But, what's the relation between the both events?

- *Shah*⁽¹⁾ will stop in *Borojerd* to recite *Fatiha* before continuing his trip to *Khurram Aabad*.

He stopped talking for a while, then he said:

- Aren't you coming with me to see *Shah*?

- I have children who are waiting for food.

- Look at the people who are going to the *masjid*. All of them want to see *Shah*.

- Leave me alone. You go and amuse yourself by seeing him.

He said that and continued his way towards his shop which was near the old *masjid*.

After about three hours, the assembly dispersed in all

1- Reza Khan.

directions...*Haj 'Ali Jum'a* was going back to his home to have food.

When *Mashhadi 'Abdul Kareem* saw him, he screamed:

- Come in, *Haj*. You must be holding some news.

- Many. *Shah* arrived the *masjid* and recited *Fatiha*, then he left.

Before his leaving, *Shah* asked one of the *Tabataba-is* a question, saying:

- How many persons in your family holding the name (*Sayyid Hussein*)?

- "Only one", *Sayyid Abdul Hussein* answered, "He is our *marji*' of *Taqleed*, and he is now in Mecca for pilgrimage".

Shah said:

- No. He is in Tehran now!

- "What for"? *Sayyid* inquired.

Shah answered: "Simply for some legal procedures. He was arrested near the border and was brought to the capital".

- You mean he is detained now?

Shah, who noticed a murmuring in various corners in the *masjid*, commented:

- Be quiet gentlemen! He is now in Tehran, and he is free to stay there or to go anywhere he likes.

Then *Shah* turned to *Haj Qa-imul Mulk*, his escort, and said:

- Call Tehran to let *Sayyid Hussein* dwell in the house of the representative of *Boroojerd* until I arrive there.

The whole people shouted the blessings upon *Mohammad*(س.ا) and his pure family(آل.س). After that, *Shah* stood up and left the *masjid*.

- "But why they have arrested him?". *Mashhadi 'Abdul Kareem* asked.

- When *Shah* left, we asked *Sayyid 'Abdul Hussein* the same

question. In reply he said: "It is said that some of the '*Ulama* of Isfahan have gathered in *Qom* and protested against the government's policy. Thus, the government suspected that *Sayyid* maybe one of those '*Ulama*."

After this conversation, *Haj* went towards his shop.

The Residence of *Thiqatul Islam*:

It was one of the autumn's afternoon. *Sayyid Mohammad Taqi Thiqatul Islam*, the representative of *Boroojerd* in the Parliament was sitting in his residence. The telephone rang suddenly, and his wife answered the call, then she turned to her husband, saying:

- *Mohammad Taqi!*

Thiqatul Islam stood up and had the telephone:

- Hello! Oh, peace be upon you Prime Minister...Thank God...What? A guest? Who is he? *Haj Sayyid Hussein Al-Boroojerdi?*..You mean he is in Tehran?..When did he come here?

- "He didn't come by himself", the prime minister answered, "He has been brought arrested, but everything is O.K. now. *Shah* has contacted by telephone, ordering that he must remain your guest until he arrives here".

- Very well, I am coming. Is there anything else?

He then put the telephone down.

- "What's going on?", *Thiqatul Islam's* wife inquired.

- Nothing. We shall have a guest.

- Who could that be?

- *Sayyid Hussein Al-Boroojerdi*.
- And who was on the phone?
- The Prime Minister.

Thiqatul Islam then hurried and put on his formal uniform, and when he arrived there, he found there the general staff, the Prime Minister *Mukhbirul Saltanah* and some other ministers and military commanders. Here, the Prime Minister gave *Thiqatul Islam* a smile, saying:

- Don't worry *Thiqatul Islam*. He arrived just now. I myself heard the news lately. You know, the country is passing a serious conditions. That was only a precautionary procedure. I have received a frank order to release him and let him be your honoured guest.

- "Anyhow, he is my cousin", *Thiqatul Islam* said, "That does not need orders or recommendations".

Few seconds passed, then a bright face appeared. *Thiqatul Islam* went quickly to receive his cousin. He bowed to kiss his feet, and he was supported by *Thiqatul Islam* to stand again, then the three persons walked towards a special car which was waiting them outside.

While having the tea, *Thiqatul Islam* asked *Sayyid Hussein*:

- Where did they arrest you?
- Near the borders, in *Qasre Shireen*⁽¹⁾.

Sayyid Hussein then spoke to *Thiqatul Islam* with blaming words:

- Everything you've done was well, but your bowing to kiss my feet has harmed me.

1- An Iranian city near the western border with Iraq. The same city was completely destroyed during the Iran-Iraq war on 1980 A.D.

- I know that you hate such deeds, but in fact, I meant something else by acting like that. I only wanted to show the officials the high position of a *marji*⁴, so that they may avoid doing such things in the future.

After few seconds, the door was knocked. It was the Prime Minister accompanied with some other ministers, who came to express the *Shah*'s and government's apology.

An Advice:

Presenting the tea cup, *Thiqatul Islam* said:

- How was your meeting with *Shah*?

- I didn't like to have such a meeting. You see, I was obliged to do so.

- What did he say?

- He said: "Do you need anything. I wish if you ask me something". I refused to ask him anything, but when I saw his insistence, I said: If I have to ask something, I hope that you order the responsables to increase the provisions of the soldiers of the general staff.

Sayyid then had a few sips of his tea cup, and continued:

- *Shah* was shocked with my request, saying: "This is the first time in which I hear that a religious person asks something which is related with the army and soldiers affairs, because I used to hear only the personal requests"..!

I, meanwhile was astonished, why does everybody become afraid

when he sees Shah? Rather, he seemed very normal to me when I was speaking with him.

- Did he say anything else?

- We have talked about many things, and I realised whatever he said. He was trying to focus on me in order to vex *sheikh 'Abdul Kareem Al-Ha-iri*. He was incessantly repeating: "We honour you to a high extent, and from now on we shall consult you instead of *Al-Ha-iri*". But answered him firmly, saying: 'It is better to consult *Al-Ha-iri* directly. I myself shall consult him whether you asked me anything'. I felt that I should advise him, anyhow.

With a growing sense of anxiety, *Thiqatul Islam* asked:

- Advise whom? This man whom no one dares to speak with?

- Yes. I have advised him not to avoid the religious scholars, and that he has to accept their advices, since they seek nothing but the country's and people's prosperity. Then I told him that I intend to go to Khorasan. When I said that, I felt that he turned very happy, and I became certain that he wants me to be away from *Qom* and the western parts, or at least stay in Tehran so that I can be easily observed. Due to his utmost gladness, he ordered his men to grant me fifty thousand *Tumans*. Maybe he thought that I would have confidence in his government..

- "It is a huge sum", *Thiqatul Islam* commented, "It can be invested to serve the religious affairs".

Sayyid interrupted him by saying:

- No cousin. That disagrees with the pride of *Islam*, therefore, I refused to accept the money, and said: "I will be in the hospitality of

Imam Redha (AS). Then he inquired about the date of my travel, I said: "Tomorrow morning, by the permission of Allah".

Here, *Thiqatul Islam* felt that he must leave now, and let *Sayyid* have some rest before his travel. So he stood up asking the permission.

Alas, What A Period:

- Thus, I spent about one hundred days in Tehran like a prisoner. They insisted on me to stay in there, but I refused, pretending that I have a lot of relations in *Boroojerd*. Then I travelled from Tehran towards *Mashhad* where I pitched my tent there for seven months.

The *Sayyid's* wife was listening to him while cooling her face by fanning it with a handy fan which was brought by her husband from *Mashhad*.

Sipping his tea, *Sayyid* continued:

- And from *Mashhad* I returned to *Qom*, and then to *Boroojerd*. They have withheld my passport to prevent me from travelling to Iraq to pilgrim the Sacred Shrines again.

While she was filling another cup of tea, *Sayyid's* wife said:

- Alas, what a period. Even pilgriming the holy shrines became forbidden.

Then she called to mind her return with *Haj Ahmad* from *Qasre Shireen* to *Boroojerd*, and cursed those who have arrested her husband wresting her happiness. She then looked at her husband and said:

- It seems that your meeting the '*Ulama* in Najaf was the very

reason for arresting you.

- "Anyhow", *Sayyid* commented, "I didn't come empty-handed".

The Years of Dispelling

At the same time that the silver moon was shining through the alleys of *Boroojerd*, some merchants and rich people were gathered in the house of *Sayyid Hussein*.

Mirza Mohammad Wali (The Syndic of the Merchants) inquired:

- Do you know why *Sayyid* has sent for us?

- "Tomorrow is the 17th of the months", *Haj Kadhim Khan* answered while he was playing with his beard, "We were expecting the goods to reach on 15th".

- What? The British and the Americans are filling the southern coasts like locusts and ants, and the Russians are invading the northern parts of the country. Thank God that *Boroojerd* is not in their way, otherwise, we may not be able even to protect our possession and honor.

- We are heedless of what will happen in the future.

- Nothing important will happen. Everything became muddled. Some say that Reza Khan fled the country. Days are bringing a storm, *Haj*, and man must keep his hat or it will fly with the wind.

- So...

Here, the speech was interrupted when *Sayyid Hussein* entered the room and got his place, then he began to explain why he has sent for

them:

- "Everyone knows what is going on in the country. It is facing destruction and a real calamity. People are hungry, and the poor becoming poorer. Today, for example, while I was returning from *masjid Al-Sultani*, I saw a tragic scene. I saw a woman embracing her baby, and some other children with pale faces were behind her. She blocked my way, and bitterly said: "O *Sayyid*! You are the deputy of the *Imam*(as), how can my children eat this burned loaf?". She held a bad-smelling burned bread which she bought with expensive price...

Yes gentlemen. I cried because of that depressing sight. That was a family devastated by hunger and homelessness, while you, the rich of the city and its merchants, are living in peace. Allah the Exalted says: "*You will not attain piety until you expend of what you love*".⁽¹⁾ For that reason, I have sent for you to show a sense of responsibility towards the poor and the indigent".

After that, one of the merchants stood up and delivered the donations and grants of his companions. Then *Sayyid* recommended *Haj Mehdi Istekharul Tujjar*, *Haj Mohammad Wali* the syndic of the merchants and *Haj Ibraheem Mushirul Tujjar* (counsellor of the merchants) to get the donations and begin to build a bakery which provides the people with good and cheap bread.

- "But *Sayyid*!", someone inquired, "The sum exceeds the building of a bakery, so what shall we do with the rest of the money? Isn't better to construct a factory for producing rugs and carpet with the rest of the money, and buy an electric generator?".

1- Holy Qur'an/ 3:93.

The idea was applauded by everybody, and the whole shouted sending the blessings to the Holy Prophet and his Immaculate Family.

It's Too Late:

As usual, the students gathered in the house of *Sayyid Hussein* in the afternoon. After a while, one of them asked:

- Won't *Sayyid* come today?

- "I don't know", said his companion, "Maybe he will be late".

Another one, trying to kill time, said:

- Gentlemen! Do you know why *Haj Ahmad* presents the tea to everyone except us?

- "Tea is only presented to guests", one of them answered with laughter, "while we are inhabitants. We come in the morning and leave in the evening".

The whole students laughed. Suddenly, *Sayyid* appeared, so everyone behaved seriously.

One of the students suggested with politeness: "O *Sayyid*! I think it's too late. *Athan* will be pronounced soon".

Sayyid, with a relieved smile, said:

- I tried to come sooner but I couldn't. So, I apologize.

- What happened *Sayyid*?

- You know that *Haj Hussein Qommi* has been exiled for Iraq due to the event of *Gohar Shad*. He returned to Iran recently and submitted the government a list in which he had recorded his proposals and some

recommendations. Of those were, the uniform freedom, and stop the obligatory unveiling of women⁽¹⁾, allowing the establishing of classes for teaching Qur'an and religious rules in the public schools. But the government has refused his requests in spite of the letters and telegrams which all were upholding those requests. Thus *'Ulama* from *Qom* and *Tehran* have urged me to intercede with the authorities on behalf of *Qommi* by going to *Tehran* and settle the case there. But some of my kinfolks and cousins advised me not to do that. Therefore, I think it's better that the tribes send telegrams to support *Qommi's* position, and if the government refused to accept the protest again, I then shall be obliged to travel to *Tehran* myself and I don't worry the consequences.

Thank God that the government has yielded to the public desire.

Sayyid continued, after he has dried his sweats, saying:

- *Qommi* has sent a telegram to me thanking me for my supporting his position, and that he intends to travel to *Iraq*. When I heard that he arrived *Malayir*, I hurried to welcome him. For that reason I have been late today. I apologize again for the delay.

The students showed a smile, and after a while *Athan* was heard.

A Visit:

Haj Kadhim Khan and *Mirza Mohammad Wali (Aminul Tujjar)* along

1- Reza Khan was highly influenced by *Müstafa Kemal Atatürk* (Turkish statesman and president [1923-1938]), especially during his visit to *Ankara*. So he tried to follow the same policy. One of the elements of that policy was unveiling the women which caused an uproar over it and threatened *Reza Shah's* throne.

with other believers were in their way to visit *Sayyid* in his home.

One of them whispered in his companion's ear saying:

- Didn't you inquire *Haj Ahmad* about the *Sayyid's* sickness?

- He told me that the doctors have advised *Sayyid* to undergo an operation in the capital.

When the gathering arrived the house, *Sayyid* was being assisted by some of his relatives to ride a car which was expected to go to Tehran. Tears filled the eyes of the attenders who were there observing that sad sight, that kind heart was about to be separated from its lovers.

Where Are We Now? :

- "Please hurry", the doctor whispered to the driver while he was perspiring, "It is serious condition".

- "It is impossible to drive faster than this", the chauffeur replied, "We will arrive in the morning".

- By the will and blessing of Allah.

Meanwhile, *Sayyid* woke up, and asked in a low voice:

- Where are we now?

- "We've passed *Qom*, *Sayyid*", the doctor answered.

Suddenly *Sayyid* cried:

- I am very well now, let's go back to *Qom* to pilgrim!

So the driver turned back towards *Qom*...

Sayyid accomplished his pilgrimage to the Holy Shrine of *Hazrat Ma'soomah*(A.S.), then the travel went on to the north.

- "We arrived. Thank God", the driver said.

The doctor who was with *Sayyid*, commented saying:

- You will undergo the operation soonest possible, *Sayyid*, by the will of Allah, and I will visit you whenever I have time.

Sayyid then, got out of the car deliberately, and by turning his face towards the driver, he said:

- I do not know how to thank you or appreciate your efforts...

- We did our job, *Sayyid*, we hope that you will spend good time here.

Surrouded with a lot of nurses, *Sayyid* walked through the corridor of the hospital.

Chapter Four

The Immortal Appearance

A Friendly Conversation:

Seventy days passed and *Sayyid* is still receiving hospital treatment.

- "We heard that *Shah* had visited you", one of '*Ulama* of Tehran inquired.

Sayyid, and while he was drinking his apple juice leisurely, answered:

- Yes, and it was a good opportunity to talk with him with regard to what the press is publishing nowadays of immorality against *Islam*.

- And what was his answer?

- He promised me to prevent that soon.

Sayyid added with a nice smile:

- I completely realise that he won't do it, because he is absolutely unable, since the reins of power and control are in hands of his masters. He is a mere puppet, and a charged person is excused, as it is said.

One of the masters in *Hawzah Ilmiyyeh* of *Qom*, who upto that moment was silent, said:

- How nice is the conversation between the friends. Time passes without feeling it. So, you have decided to return to *Qom*, *Sayyid*.

- Until this morning I was still hesitating about going back to *Boroojerd* or *Qom*. I have received many telegrams and met a lot of delegates. Anyhow, I made a sortes with the Holy Qur'an during my pilgrimage to the Holy Shrine of *Sayyid 'Abdul 'Adheem*⁽¹⁾. I opened the Holy Qur'an, so I got the following holy verse:

- {*And We sent down out of heavens water in measure and lodged it in*

1- In Rey, south of Tehran.

the earth; and We are able to take it away. Then We produced for you therewith garden of palms and vines wherein are many fruits for you, and of them you eat, and a tree issuing from the Mount of Sinai that bears oil and seasoning for all to eat⁽¹⁾.

One of the attenders said:

- What a sign! What did you mean by your sortes?
- Actually, I meant *Qom*.
- So, you have decided to dwell in *Qom*?
- Yes.

Everyone screamed with happiness and sent the blessings to the Holy Prophet and his Pure Family.

- "Gentlemen!", another one commented, "I have asked the doctor who supervises *Sayyid*, and he declared that *Sayyid* is enjoying the best of health, and that he can leave the hospital wherever he likes.

- "Tomorrow is Thursday", a second one added, "It is a blessed day for travelling and pilgrim *Hazrat Ma'soomah*(A.S.)⁽²⁾".

After that, all stood up and bade farewell to *Sayyid* who was smiling as to express his appreciation of their visit.

1- Holy Qur'an/ 23:18-20.

2- Hazrat Ma'soomah (Fatima) the noble learned and daughter of Imam Moosa Ibn Ja'afar(A.S.).

In The Way to Qom:

The sky was covered with the clouds of winter, and a cold wind was blowing over the sandy plains. The car which carried *Sayyid* and two attendants was racing to *Qom*.

- "Did the time for prayer begin?". *Sayyid* queried.

- Another half an hour remained for that. Maybe the time of prayer and the lunch will be in '*Ali Aabad*', by the permission of Allah.

Sayyid caught sight of a gathering from distance who came to welcome him.

- "I did not want you to inform the people about my coming", *Sayyid* commented with regret.

- They are doing that to show the pride at their *Sayyid*. When we arrive '*Ali Aabad*', the reception will be greater. The merchants of that city had arranged a big meal for the whole people.

Moosa Ibn 'Imran:

Mirza Qasim, who was looking at *Haj Mustafa Minabi*, said:

- Are you sure that *Sayyid* will arrive here?

- Of course. Our master has told us that, and he ordered us to open all the doors. Don't you here the voice of people sending the blessings to the Holy Prophet(sa)?... Here he is. Let's go.

Sayyid then entered accompanied with his attendants, and after a

short time, the whole rooms were filled with a huge number of people.

- "Why was *Sayyid* so late", *Mirza Qasim* whispered.

- That was because of the crowd, friend. It was very difficult to move a step forward, and the city became overcrowded with buses, cars and even trailers.

Sayyid then began to greet his people who were in front of a significant and honourable person, having the mien of a prophet. Soon after that, a poet stood up from among the assembly and recited some verses of poetry:

A visage similar to that of a prophet in nicety

A face like the full moon in beauty

Thou art Moses son of 'Imran

And thy white hand is a banner which is shiny

Mirza Qasim who wished to joke with *Haj Mustafa*, said:

- What happened? You didn't say a word yet. Why don't you, at least repeat: Bravo..Bravo..?

- O my friend! People say 'Bravo' to a poet that summarizes his poem, not to this fellow! Look! He is still shouting, paying no attention to anyone.

- You cannot evaluate the poetry, otherwise you will have another position.

The Importance of Water:

Many characters, such as *Haj Yahya*, *Haj Mohammad Wali* and others came to *Boroojerd* to see *Sayyid Hussein*. During the tea-party, *Haj Yahya*, with bitter accent spoke to *Sayyid's* attendant, saying:

- You see, we have lost *Sayyid* in the daytime!

- Don't exaggerate, *Haj!* 'Yet it may happen that you will hate a thing which is better for you'⁽¹⁾. Remember that *Qom* is the center of religion, and it needs *Sayyid* more than any other place. *Sayyid* was able only to lecture and lead prayer in *Boroojerd*.

- Anyhow, we have to be sorry for missing him. One cannot evaluate water except when he loses it.

- "*Haj Ahmad* is right", one of the attenders commented, "Let the benefit of *Islam* be greater than our personal desires. *Sayyid* does not give up a beautiful city like *Boroojerd* easily and go to *Qom*, where the salty water and the dry weather, unless he has a reasonable plea.

Haj Ahmad continued, saying:

- *Sayyid Ashrafi* was right when he said: '*Boroojerd* is proud to beget a great man like *Sayyid* and present him to the whole world', and do not forget that *Sayyid* will spend the summer here in *Boroojerd*, Which means that he didn't give up his birthplace.

Haj Yahya, who stood up to leave the place, said:

- Excuse us, *Haj*. Do you want me to perform any service for you in *Boroojerd*?

- Why all the hurry? Why don't you stay for some other days?

1- Holy Qur'an/ 2:216.

- There is a caravan of buses intending to leave to *Borojerd*, and I must hurry up.

The School of *Gohar Shad*:

The place was quiet, reigned by silence. There was no one inside the house but *Haj Ahmad* and *Sayyid Hussein*, who were drinking tea. *Sayyid* asked about the date, *Haj Ahmad* answered:

- Today is the twentieth of *Sha'aban*. That means one month had passed since we have come from *Mashhad*. The weather here is more convenient than *Qom*, *Sayyid*.

- Yes, but anyhow, we have to return back, since *Ramadhan* is close to us.

- But, *Sayyid*, here is better. Must we go to that boiling weather? Meanwhile, someone knocked at the door:

- May I come in?

- Please come in, *Haj*.

It was *sheikh 'Ali Al-Nahawandi*, who got in, deliberately. He shook hands with *Sayyid* warmly and sat near him.

- How do you do, *Haj*?

- Very well, Thank God. I heard that you have visited the *Radhawi* Library.

- Yes. In fact, it is a great library which contains valuable and precious books. It needs only an index, and I have recommended them to create one.

- "Look at this book", *Sayyid* continued while picking a book from the shelf.

- <*Al-Rejal*> of *sheikh Al-Toosi*?

- I was about to be disappointed at having it, until I decided then to compile a book reagrdng the same subject of *Al-Toosi*'s, but finally I got it.

- Have you compared between the two books?

- Yes, and I found some differences between them, since I have discovered that some of the dignities were not in my own compilation, otherwise, my book would be matchless comparing with the origin. Besides, my compilation included many essential notes and explanations.

Sayyid halted for a while, then he added:

- Thank God that I have found it before my return.

- What? Your return? Where to? I thought you have come here for this reason, I mean, the people of Khorasan are eager for your staying here in *Mashhad*, at least to spend *Ramadhan*.

- I was talking to *Haj Ahmad* about that. He also believes that I must stay, but I prefer to return.

- What are you saying *Sayyid*? On behalf of myself and 'Ulama of Khorasan and its people I request you kindly to stay in *Mashhad* and spend *Ramadhan* here, leading the prayer in the School of Gohar Shad.

- But...

- Please *Sayyid*, I do not want to leave you empty-handed. Allow me to convey this good tidings to them.

Sayyid bowed his head for few time, then he lifted up his head again with a smile drawn on his lips, which did raised the hope of the

attenders.

The Last Photograph:

Soundless moments conquered the house of *Sayyid*, while *sheikh Mujtaba Kashani* got a newspaper < *Ittela'at* > in his hands. Then he turned towards *Sayyid Mohammad Hussein Al-Alawi* (*Boroojerdi's* son-in-law), saying:

- What did *Sayyid* say when he heard the news that *Sayyid Abul Hasan Isfahani* has died?

Sayyid Mohammad answered:

- *Sayyid* was busy in his room with *Mir Sayyid 'Ali Kashi* and were engaged in a scientific argument. When we informed him the news, he burst out crying. After a while, the delegates gathered in *Sayyid's* house to console him. The whole city became paralysed with shock, then *Sayyid* asked the people to go to the Holy Shrine to swear allegiance.

Sayyid Mohammad Alawi then inquired:

- By the way, what was written in the newspaper?

- Nothing, except few lines under the late's last photograph.

- "May Allah have mercy upon him", *Sayyid Mohammad* said while he was staring at *Isfahani's* photograph, "He became very thin lately".

Then he stood up and said:

- I will show the newspaper to *Sayyid*.

After a short time, a gloomy voice was heard from the *Sayyid's* room. So, some of the people there murmured: "*Sayyid Mohammad*

shouldn't do that.

With a low voice, *Sayyid* said:

- He was a great man. He showed a high sense of responsibility and did his duty in the best way. May Allah recompense him for that, and May Allah muster him with just men and martyrs.

A Supernatural Call:

The time was the last days of *Ázer*⁽¹⁾, and a cold wind was blowing through the narrow alleys of *Qom*. *Haj sheikh 'Ali Akbar Nahawandi*, who arrived recently from a long and tiresome journey, entered the small room of *Sayyid Boroojerdi*:

- Peace be upon you.

- Peace and blessings be upon you too. Welcome...welcome *Haj*. Welcome who has left *Toos* and came to *Qom*.

- Our hearts are burning to see you, *Sayyid*, and I must be excused to leave my home and come to *Qom*.

- What are you saying, *Haj*? Now tell me, how is the situation there?

- I spent an additional one or two months in *Mashhad* after *Ramadhan*, then I decided to travel to Iraq to pilgrim the holy shrines there. So, I stayed in *Najaf* for sometime.

- How is the situation of its inhabitants?

- It is crowded with the citizens and the pilgrims because of two important occasions; the demise of the late *Al-Isfahani* and *Haj Hussein Qommi*.

- Yes, they were two outstanding persons of *Shi'ites*. May Allah have mercy upon them. In fact, everyone has the right to mourn forever and ever for them. May Allah have mercy upon them.

- Now, *Sayyid*, there exists no one of the prominent *mujtahids*, and the ark of religion became without a captain to lead it towards the shore of safety. All are waiting you to be the captain. The eyes of *Imam*

1- The ninth month of the Persian solar calendar.

Zaman (may Allah hasten his glad advent) are gazing at you, *Sayyid*.

- What do you mean *Haj*?!

- I'm not raving, *Sayyid*. I am saying the truth. Today I came here to relate a story happened to me.

Haj Nahawandi coughed, then continued:

- It was the 15th of *Thil Qi'deh*, in the evening, when I was in *Najaf*. *Ayatullah Isfahani* was in bed. Before that, he told me to lead the prayer on behalf of him. When I was sitting on my praying rug in *mihrab* (niche), I heard a dignified voice saying: "You have honoured my son, so, I will honour you...!" I then turned to the people, it seemed that no one has heard that voice. So, I became sure that I am the addressee, and remembered your staying during *Ramadhan* according to my desire. I think, maybe this was the reason why the late *Isfahani* had ordered me to lead the prayer.

Sayyid, submissively was hearing those effective words. In that sensitive moments, *Áthan* was heard from a minaret calling the believers to the prayer. So, *Sayyid* and *Haj Nahawandi* rose up and went together to the holy shrine.

The Master and His Student:

It was the 3rd of *Mehr*⁽¹⁾, and *Sayyid* was sitting in his room with some of the masters of *Hawzah Ilmiyyeh*:

- Students must pursue great accuracy in the examination, and

1- The seventh month of the Persian solar calendar.

whosoever succeeds, he shall win the privileges of continuing the study in *Hawzah* and get its reward. There is another matter, I request everyone to improve his handwriting, spelling and composition, and increase his general information by reading more about the history of *Islam* and *Tafseer*⁽¹⁾, since a religious scholar, in our time, needs all that knowledge. Besides, you should not forget encouragement which is very important. So, any student studies hard, in addition to his being serving his sacred religion, I will give him a good present.

- "We shall follow your instructions precisely, *Sayyid*", one of the masters commented, "Now would you please give us permission to leave?".

Meanwhile, *Sayyid Rashid* entered:

- Peace be upon you.

- Peace and mercy of Allah be upon you. How do you do, *Hujjatul Islam*?

- Thank God.

Sayyid Rashid who was an old man, sat and delivered a paper to *Sayyid*, and began to stare at *Sayyid*'s bright mien.

Sayyid unfolded the paper and read its content, then he turned to *Sayyid Rashid*, saying:

- You are one of my students in *Isfahan*.

- Exactly. I was teaching <*Al-Qawaneen*>⁽²⁾.

- You grew old. Me too. But you seem more infirm than me. Do you remember my answer to your crux?

- Yes I still remember, and still not convinced with your answer.

1- Interpretation of Qur'an.

2- A book deals with Fiqh.

Both *Sayyids* laughed, and *Sayyid Hussein* commented:

- Never mind. My answer will remain as it is, and you can insist on your crux.

They laughed again.

Then *Sayyid* slipped some money into the pocket of his guest. So, *Sayyid Rashid* intended to leave with great appreciation. Later on, a student came in holding a paper and delivered it to *Sayyid*. The latter turned to *Sayyid Rashid*, and said:

- Look, *Sayyid*, this student memorizes the whole <*Alfiyyeh*>...

- Me too. I still memorize it.

Then *Sayyid* began to read some verses and the student was completing them, in the same time *Sayyid* was smiling so as to encourage the student, saying:

- Well done, well done, you deserve a reward. Try to go on memorizing more and more.

Sayyid, then gave him an envelope that contained some money in notes.

- O *Sayyid*! I wonder how could you memorize the *Alfiyyeh* while you became eighty years old?

Here, *Sayyid Rashid* asked:

- I have a question about the last verses with regard to rhetoric.

- But, you know, I have not studied this art yet.

Sayyid Hussein replied:

- I will answer your question on behalf of him.

Then *Sayyid* began to explain some literary points precisely, until *Sayyid Rashid* opened his mouth with astonishment. He then said:

- You still memorize some information you've learned them during your childhood.

In the meanwhile, *Sayyid Mohammad Hussein Al-'Alawi*, the son-in-law of *Sayyid Hussein* enters the room and asks:

- O *Sayyid!* Have you paged through the book which I gave you yesterday afternoon?

- <*Al-Muraja'at*>? Yes, I have read it all.

- You read two hundred pages? With all busy time you got? Did you become tired?

- On the contrary. Reading does not make me tired at all. Rather when I am tired I go to read some pages to entertain myself.

Under Sentence of Death:

On the 13th of *Sha'aban* and before evening, *Sayyid Sadooqi* (the representative of *Sayyid Hussein* in Yazd) entered the room of *Sayyid* astonishingly.

- "May Allah charge you with good tidings", *Sayyid Boroosjerdi* inquired.

- It is very serious, *Sayyid!*

- What happened?

- Briefly, *Sayyid:* One of the *Bahaites* has been assassinated by a follower of him, but unfortunately, some of the believers have been accused of the assassination. The killers conveyed the case to Tehran, and by bribing high officials, one of the Moslems will be sentenced for

that assassination. The said Moslim is now in a solitary confinement waiting the execution on the 15th of *Sha'aban*.

- How did you get these information?

- It was only by accident; the government recommended that the Moslim should be put in a solitary confinement, but there was no empty one, so he was put with some other prisoners until one of the cells might become empty. The young met one of his kinfolks in the prison and told him the whole story. The young's kinfolk, when he got out, related the story to the young's family, and thus the news reached me.

- What a hard period!! One of the followers of *Sahibul Zaman* (may Allah hasten his glad advent) is being sentenced because one of the enemies of that *Hazrat* has been killed, and during the anniversary of *Imam Zaman*!!

- "O Haj Mohammad Hussein!", *Sayyid Boroojerdi* screamed, "O Haj Mohammad Hussein..!".

The secretary of *Sayyid* hurried immediately. He then was dictated some lines to be sent to *Shah* and the Prime Minister, and a third one to *Ayatullah Behbahani*. *Haj Ahmad* conveyed the said letters to Tehran. The telephone was ringing in many places of Tehran, while *Sayyid* seemed to be attaching a great importance to the case, and looked very serious.

News reached *Sayyid*, in the midnight of 15th of *Sha'aban*, informing him that the sentence of death has been annulled, so he thanked Allah very much.

- "You are still awake, *Sayyid*?!", one of his relatives asked when he entered the *Sayyid*'s room.

- Thank God, it concluded. Anyhow, whenever I sit alone, I believe that I am quite responsible for the innocents bloods and souls which are being violated falsely. What will my answer be on doomsday, whether such transgressing went on ahead increasingly?

- What have they done with that poor young?

- They have sentenced him to life imprisonment, promising that he would be freed in the appropriate time.

Zephyr:

The sky, in the morning of 15th of *Sha'aban*, was clear blue, and springtime soft gentle breezes were blowing through and round the alleys, giving new lives to the beings. Many groups of students were intending to go to *Sayyid's* house in order to congratulate him. Blessings on the Holy Prophet (s.a) and his Pure Family, mixed with glad chants and hymns eulogizing the anniversary birth of *Al-Mehdi Al-Muntadhar* (may Allah hasten his glad advent).

One of the panegyrists, who was eulogizing and praising *Sayyid* with charming voice, suddenly stopped talking.

- "*Sayyid* ordered him to stop reciting the poem and sit", one of the attenders answered *Sayyid Taqi* who arrived just now.

- What for? He has a nice voice.

- It seems that *Sayyid* does not like to be praised in personal, as he want the celebration to be only for the *Imam* (a.s).

Sayyid Taqi remained silent for a while, then he commented:

- This *Sayyid* is astonishing me! Last year, during the anniversary of *Imam Sadiq*(AS), one of the poets stood up and recited few soft and beautiful verses, that the audience believed he would get a good prize from *Sayyid*. In fact some of them had asked *Sayyid* to do that, but he refused saying that the poet was exaggerating in eulogizing him.

Afterwards, a blind man, who attracted the whole eyes towards him, rose.

- "This is *sheikh Yousif* who will recite some Davidic chants", *Sayyid Taqi* whispered.

O soft gentle breeze!

Bring jasmine from the roses of oases

Everyone sent blessings on the Holy Prophet(SA) and his Immaculate Family, loudly.

One of the audience whispered:

- Do you study with *Sayyid* everyday?

- "Yes, Why?", *Sayyid Taqi* answered.

- You are indeed lucky! You are looking at this shiny mien everyday. Did you know what has the Egyptian Minister of *Awqaf*(religious Endowments) during his visiting the *Sayyid*? Relying a question [What's your impression about the *Shi'ite* Leader?] the mentioned minister (*Al-Baqoori*)said:"He is the greatest personality I have ever seen in my life". The same minister, showing his expression towards *Sayyid*, afforded personally the whole costs of publishing the book titled (*Al-Mukhtasar Al-Nafi'*, by *Al-Muhaqqiq Al-Hilli*) in Egypt.

- "Are you dwelling in *Qom*?", *Sayyid Taqi* asked with wonder.

- Yes. I am studying the Persian literature. We must be proud of this great man. I have read, few days ago, the complete text of the interview between *Sayyid* and Architong (The U.N. secretary for striving against alcoholism).

- What was the subject of that interview?

- *Sayyid* was asked about the reason for considering alcoholic drinks as illegal in *Islam*. *Sayyid* answered: "Allah did honour Man by granting him the sense, putting him on the way of evolution. So, in order to protect such valuable divine gem, Allah had enacted a law so as to save sense from unconsciousness and paralysis. Thus, any drink which makes one to be thoroughly intoxicated, is absolutely *Haram* (illegal).

The U.N. official was highly influenced by the *Sayyid's* declaration, so he reported to the press that *Islam* is the only religion which prohibits alcoholic drinks decisively.

- Yes, *Sayyid* has successfully flourished the religion in Egypt, and *Darul Taqreeb Baynel Mathahib*⁽¹⁾, after intensive contacts and efforts with *sheikh Mahmood Sheltoot*, declared the *Imamate* Sect as one of the *Islamic* legal sects which can be followed by anyone who desires that. Now please excuse me, it's nearly eleven o'clock.

- Eleven? Then I must leave too.

- So, let's go together.

In the way, the master of the Persian literature said:

- By the way, I've heard about the gift of king *Sa'ood* for *Sayyid Boroojerdi*, but I ignore what was it.

1- The House of 'Approaching between the Sects'.

- It was a box containing fifteen copies of the Holy Qur'an, a piece of Ka'aba's curtain and some other things which were carried by the special delegate of the king. *Sayyid* then, accepted the copies of the Holy Qur'an and the piece of the curtain, but he refused to receive the other sendings. He sent a letter to the king expressing his apology in refusing the king's gifts. In the same letter, *Sayyid* urged the king to do his best in order to keep the union of the Moslims. Of course I've heard that from one of the employees in *Sayyid's* office, and the same news was published in the Egyptian *Risaletul Islam*.

The friends then, reached the crossroads. The Persian literature student said:

- Please excuse me. I have to go to *Maydan Kuhneh*⁽¹⁾. Good-bye.
- May Allah protect you.

Higher Than *Shah*:

It was nearly midday. *Sayyid Taqi Al-Husseini* was sitting in his room presenting the tea cups to his friends who came to visit him.

- "I wish you were attending *Usool* lecture of *Sayyid*", *Sayyid Taqi* murmured with regret.

- Why did *Sayyid* cancel the afternoon lecture?
- He does'nt have time. He is always busy. In the morning he teaches *Fiqh*, in the afternoon is his lesson about *Usool*, while in the evening he lectures (*Al-Rejal*). Besides, he receives a lot of letters daily.

1- Literally: The old square, a known place.

Then he has to meet many other people like *'Ulama* and governmental officials. In addition to that, he spares some of his time to visit the schools inside and outside the country, searching for the students' affairs. Also there are many mosques and libraries which he temporarily guards. Now he does all that while he is about eighty years old.

- "Is there any piece of bread to be eaten with this tea?", *sheikh Ahmad* whispered, "We are very hungry".

Another man replied with a note of mockery:

- What are you talking about? Thank God for this tea, otherwise *Sayyid Taqi* may record the number of tea cups and charge us for them...!

Then *Sayyid Ahmad* stood up and got a folded table-cloth.

- Hurrah! Hurrah! What a delicious bread...Now, we lack a piece of cheese..!

So, *Sayyid Taqi* delivered a glass can, which was on the shelf, and said:

- Please sirs! It is a good meal, isn't it?

- Yes. Today you have proved your generosity.

Everybody laughed...

Then *Ahmad* turned towards *Sayyid Taqi*, asking:

- Actually, I couldn't attend *Fiqh* lecture. Have you noted something important?

- Certainly! I will bring you the copy-book.

- Do you know this man, who is fond of *Sayyid Boroojerdi*, *Sayyid Taqi*?

- You mean the corpulent one? *Waheed Al-Roomi*!

- Yes.

- Once, when he was inquired about that, I heard him saying: I am from the north, and came to *Qom* to study in the *Hawzah*. So, *Sayyid* appointed a monthly salary for him, but he refused to accept it, pretending that he got a land there in the north. One year, the man's land was affected by drought, and he was forced to borrow some money, until his debts became huge. He then began to sell his furniture so that he can pay those debts. At last he was obliged to put his only bed up for sale, but he was paid cheap price which does not suffice his debts, so he became absolutely bewildered. While he was in such state, his door was knocked by *Haj Ahmad* who was holding an envelope. He gave him the envelope and went away. When *Waheed Al-Roomi* opened it, he found a cheque for the whole debts..!

- How did *Sayyid* know that matter?

- Even *Waheed Al-Roomi* does not know that. Since then, *Sayyid* gives him a monthly salary to cover his necessities of life.

- "I myself have witnessed more wonderful event than this one", *Sayyid Taqi* commented, "You know *Mirza Hussein Al-Sadiqi Al-Tabrizi* who lives in <*Khak Faraj*>⁽¹⁾.

- Yes, once I've heard that he and his wife have visited a doctor because his wife was surprised by the birthpangs. It was very difficult situation. The doctor, with proud note, said: "Your wife and the child would die without my help, therefore, I request you to name your child after my name (*Isma'eel*)", and *Mirza Hussein* agreed on that. The child remained weak and thin for about two months. Once, *Mirza Hussein*

1- A well-known quarter in Qom city.

came to visit *Sayyid* who commenced asking him: "You look grief-stricken!". *Mirza Hussein* told him the child's situation. *Sayyid*, who was grievously ignorant of the whole story, ordered him to change the name of his baby, and it will be recovered by the will of Allah...

- What happened then?

- He named the child "Emeer", and after that it became healthy.

- It is indeed wonderful.

Meanwhile, *Imad Mir Hussein* entered the room holding two parcels of books. *Sayyid Taqi* stood up to welcome him:

- Welcome my dear fellow. Gentlemen! I introduce my dearest friend during my studying in Tabreez. We were living in one room.

So, everyone stood up to welcome the new visitor who then sat near the table-cloth.

- I've arrived in the right time. Haven't I? I could meet the minister who was in the room of *Borojerdi*. Thank God! At last I could see a minister before my death.

- "Then you have to thank God because you are now in the presence of two ministers", *Mohammad Redha* said with a smile, "Yes, two ministers, but rather two *Shahs*."

- Higher than *Shah*.

After that, *Sayyid Taqi* spoke to *Imad*, saying:

- Don't be astonished, fellow! My friends have hired the upper part of their bodies. Really we are better than ministers, because we didn't sell our furniture for our debts, while those ministers have sold their country.

- "Gentlemen!", *Sayyid Taqi* said, "Walls have ears. Whosoever plays

with the lion's tail he will no doubt get a smash". With that speech, *Sayyid* was able to interrupt the political conversation. Then he turned to *Mir Husseini* and asked him:

- Now tell us, which minister you have met?

- The Minister of Culture accompanied with the editor-in-chief of <*Ittela'at*> newspaper.

- *Mas'uoodi*?

- Yes, *Mas'uoodi*. Someone there told me that the same minister had kissed the *Sayyid*'s hand, but *Mas'uoodi* didn't. After that, *Sayyid* spoke about the history of press and the first newspaper issued, so everyone became astonished when they heard those fruitful information of *Sayyid*. When the meeting concluded, *Mas'uoodi* proceeded and kissed *Sayyid*'s hand with honour. *Mas'uoodi* then said to some of his fellows: "*Sayyid* was talking about press like a genuine journalist..!

Mirza Ahmad said:

"In fact *Sayyid* is an encyclopaedist whose knowledge includes a great variety of subjects. Two weeks ago, I was sitting in *Sayyid*'s house waiting for *Sayyid Taqi*. Then I saw someone coming out of *Sayyid*'s room. Later I found that the man was the major general *Razm Ara* who presented his invention which was a compasses refers to *Qibla*. In the meeting, *Sayyid* spoke to the major general about different astronomical subjects which amazed him and caused the major general to appreciate *Sayyid*'s personality in a report to one of his escorts saying: I thought that *Sayyid* is a *mujtahid* in *Fiqh* and *Usool* only, but it seems that he is acquainted with most of the sciences.

At twelve o'clock in the midday, the attenders stood up and dispersed.

Only Sincerity:

- "Unfortunately, we have acquired great wealth but we lack the correct distribution. We have a magnificent heritage of narrations which are still hidden inside the books and volumes. By following a careful investment, *Islam* will certainly spread all over the world. Why don't we get representatives in Europe, America, Africa...etc. Now I began to think that we must send whom they are reliable, to different countries in the world".

Those were *Sayyid Boroojerdi's* words which were said in the presence of a group of '*Ulama* and teachers of *Hawzah*. Then *Sayyid* pointed to someone and continued:

- I have sent *Sayyid Muhaqqiqi*, for instance, to Hamburg and he achieved great success after passing some difficulties occurred mainly by estrangement. Now there are many classes for the Muslims there in which Qur'an and lessons of *Ahkam* (*Islamic* rules) are being studied. The wedding and funeral ceremonies are all being performed according to the *Islamic* rules. Of course, this project requires huge sums. A house, for example, rents at DM15000 while I was able to send him only DM10000, but the rest was collected by the help of the *Muslim* merchants there.

The above description was a suitable opportunity for *Sayyid Muhaqqiqi* who explained the problems and difficulties occurred to him in Germany, like moving from a place to another.

Sayyid asked:

- Have you a car?

- Regrettably, I haven't. When I need a car, I sometime ask my friends' one.

- *Sayyid* turned to his secretary, *Mohammad Hussein*:

- Tell the responsible for the financial affairs to provide a car for *Sayyid Muhaqqiqi*.

Then *Sayyid* spoke to the whole audience, saying:

"Gentlemen! I request you to bring up persons fitted and qualified for the world nowadays. Humble and adherence to duty and knowledge are the most essential matters people are looking for, to be in an '*Alim*'. I received a lot of letters, from Indonesia, England, America, France, Africa, the Far East and other countries, all are requesting me to despatch '*Ulama* and missionaries. Unfortunately, some letters remain unanswered for even one year. Uptill now, we could only send *Sayyid Al-Balaghi* to England, and *Sayyid Shari'a* to Pakistan, also *Al-Faqihi to Medina Munawwarah* and *Sadr* to Lebanon. Besides, I informed *sheikh Mehdi Al-Ha-iri* to be ready to travel to America. Anyhow, many other countries remained without '*Alim* or missionary".

Here, *Haj Ahmad* entered holding a tray of tea cups.

Sayyid then, after having a sip from his cup, continued:

- "There is another matter through which I loved to serve you. That is to say consolidating your relation with our brothers, the *Sunnites*. We all are *Muslims* and brothers, thus we must not give our enemy any opportunity to intervene and cause sedition or troubles among us. Avoid everything which may produce disunity within our religion. Please inform everybody to co-operate with our brothers in the time of

pilgrimage, and pay great attention to some matters like our using *Turbah*⁽¹⁾, because the enemies of *Islam* are distributing that we are prostrating for *Turbah* rather than dust. Today, we have got good relationship with our *Sunni* brothers, but we are still aiming for more improvement. I recommended *Sayyid Qommi*, who works in *Darul Taqreeb* in Egypt, to do his best for the unity".

Sayyid added:

- "The third matter which I would like to mention here, is that we have to encourage everyone who wants to serve *Islam*, in order to show the others that there are some people who indeed appreciate their deeds and efforts, even those who are not *Muslims*. I request everyone to inform me about the schools which pay special attention to the rules so that we can support them financially to improve their scientific and educational programs'.

- "We thank God for a person like...", *sheikh Muhsin* wanted to comment with admiration, but he was interrupted by *Sayyid* who continued:

- Would you stop repeating your old words?

- I am only telling the truth. One of my friends had told me saying: 'I met *Ayatullah Isfahani* during the last days of his life in Baalbek (Heliopolis), I said to him: O *Sayyid*! Death is certain. He replied: That's right, but what do you mean? I said: Who will take the responsibility of *Shi'ites* after you? So he pointed to his turban and said: I was ordered to guard this, and *Al-Borojjerdi* will continue that after me...!'

1- A piece of clay used in prayer for prostration.

sheikh Muhsin went on, saying:

- Thus, *Sayyid* when I hear your words, I remember *Isfahani's* words
(may Allah have mercy upon him).

Sayyid murmured, after bowing his head:

- If you are the one who will reckon me on the doomsday, my reckoning will be so easy. Allah, who looks at the inward of the selves will reckon me, and he does not look at the outward of the matters. He looks at the sincerity in performing a deed. On that day, sincerity will be the only way for rescue.

The Blessed Presence:

Haj Murtadha Soohani, who was then sipping his tea, said:

- Thank God, it was the will and desire of Allah, otherwise *Qom* is so far from *Borojerd*. For long years, we got neither water nor electricity or even paved roads...But now, the pipes of water and electricity are everywhere in the city. The situation of the hospitals has been so much improved. *masjid A'dham*⁽¹⁾ is now under serious erection. May Allah elongate his life, he does his best to help others. He always blames his students for hiding their problems from him.

Kerbala-i Hussein shook his head agreeing with *Haj Soohani*, and said:

- He refuses any present from the poor. Yesterday, I saw *Mirza*

1- One of the most significant mosques in Iran. It is situated exactly next to the Holy Shrine of Hazrat Ma'soomah(A.S.)in Qom. The dome of the mentioned mosque said to be the greatest among other mosques in Iran.

Kadhim Dawatchi. He was very sick, so I told *Sayyid* about it, and he gave me some money to give it to *Mirza Kadhim* who told me that he got three drafts from *Sayyid* up to now. So I asked him to inform *Sayyid* who maybe heedless of that. But *Sayyid* answered: I know that, I felt that you needed it.

Haj Murtadha, with a smile, said:

- The purchasing power is increasing these days because of the coming religious scholars to *Qom*. They are now more than six thousand, while the pilgrims are also visiting the Holy Shrine here in a huge number every year.

- Why you say that? Don't you know that we occasionally pay a lot of drafts to *Sayyid* in order to be expensed in many religious ways?

A man, meanwhile enters, and thus the conversation was cut.

The Immortal Memories:

Sayyid, whose elder son *Mohammad Hussein* was looking at a newspaper, was having his breakfast.

- Aren't you going to have your breakfast?
- I feel quite satisfied, father.

Then he continued referring to a news in the paper:

- Listen to this news, father: "*Ayatullah Boroojerdi*, and according to the medical world, is the only one who reads without wearing an eyeglass, in spite that he has reached the eighth decade of his life'.

- "Thank God", *Sayyid* whispered.

After that, *Sayyid* leant upon a pillow, and said:

- That is one of *Imam Hussein's* (A.S.) blessings. I have kept three memories from *Boroojerdi*; the first: Once I was afflicted with a severe eye disease that no doctor could cure me. When the month of *Muharram* came, as usual the '*Ashoora* ceremonies began. Some were dying their heads with mud. I was then crying for the calamity of *Kerbala*, so I stood up and had a few of that mud and put it on my eyes. Since then I didn't get eye disease.

- And what about the second memory, father?

- The second one is when I once was riding my ass. In the way, the animal stumbled and I fell on my right hand, so my thumb broke and I wasn't able to write with my right hand.

- For that reason you began to write with your left hand father?

- Yes, after regular drills. While the third memory is that I used to

reproach any student for his speaking during the lesson. So, I vowed that if I did that again I would fast for one complete year. The days passed, and once I reproached a student ignorantly, so I fasted for one year as I have promised.

- A complete year!?

- Yes son.

In an attempt to change the subject, *Sayyid's* son said:

- By the way, what about the issue of the agrarian reform?

- You must rather call it the agrarian destruction. *Shah* is intending to destroy the agriculture of the country. He sent me a telegram about that, and I advised him not to follow that project. Then he despatched his prime minister in an attempt to convince me. The prime minister and other ministers talked saying that many *Islamic* countries have performed such reform except Iran. I answered them: Those countries have changed their royal regimes, and if Iran wants to follow them, it must first change its monarchy. Thus they got no response for my comment, and then they went.

- By the way, father, one of the '*Ulama* of *Gorgan*'⁽¹⁾ asked me about your compilations saying that *Sayyid* lacks such books in spite of *Sayyid's* reputation. *Mirza Hussein* told him: On the contrary, *Sayyid* has a lot of books. Of them are: *Hashiyah 'ala Kifayetil Usool*; *Hashiyah 'ala Nihayetul sheikh Al-Toosi*; and some other commentaries on *Mustedrekat Fihristil sheikh Muntajabil Ameen Al-Razi*, and commentaries on *Kitab Al-Mabsoot* (a book deals with *Shi'ite* learned families), and an epistle in regard with the source of *As-Sahifah*. Another book titled [*Mustedrekun*

1- A northern city of Iran.

fi Rejal Al-sheikh], some books regarding the sources of books such as *Tahtheeb, Man La Yehdherhul Faqih, Al-Istibsar, Al-Khisal, Al-Amali, Tajreed Asaneed 'Ilalul Shara'i, Fihristil sheikh Al-Kafi*, a book in *Fiqh* (from *Tahareh* to *Diyyeh*). Then *Tabreezi* told him that *Sayyid* has called some '*Ulama* to compile a book in the *Shi'ite* traditions. The man became astonished and asked: Then, why don't *Sayyid* print his books? *Mirza Hussein* answered saying: *Sayyid* thinks that there exist many books which should be published first. So, more than three hundred books have been published until now (namely since fourteen years). Then that '*Alim* showed his desire to publish the *Sayyid's* books if the latter gave him a permission.

Sayyid lifted his head:

- Tell that '*Alim* that the book <*Jami'ul Ahadeeth*> has been prepared for print.

Then *Sayyid* stood up and went to his library.

Yoghurt And Cucumber:

The time was the evening of the 15th of *Ramadhan*.

Sayyid Taqi was in the house of *Mirza Hussein Al-Tabreezi* having *Fotoor*. *Mirza* presented a cup of tea for his guest:

- This tea is mixed with cardamoms, specially prepared for *Sayyid Taqi*.

Sayyid Taqi was then having his porridge made of meat. He said:

- One month passed since *Sayyid* became absent from attending the

congregational prayer, isn't that right?

- Yes, that was on 15th of *Sha'aban* during the opening of *masjid A'dham's* library, when *Sayyid* stumbled in his house yard, and so his right leg became seriously injured and his foot thumb broke too. Therefore, *Sayyid* was forced to stay in bed. But today he went to *masjid 'Adham* and led the noon and afternoon prayer.

- So, has the library been inaugurated?

- Of course not! This matter was discussed today, and it was decided that new inviting cards for the 7th of *Shawwal* should be printed.

- May Allah grant him healthy very soon. In fact we all are forever in *Sayyid's* debt. Lately, he began to read the newspapers, and if he found in them something disagrees with *Islam*, he gives it a suitable answer. Few days ago, *Sayyid* read a report in an Egyptian magazine which he absolutely denied and refuted it. So, he ordered one of the *'Ulama* to prepare an appropriate response to the writer of that essay. Before that, he read another report in an Indian magazine saying that other religions, particularly *Buddhism* have highly influenced *Islam*..! *Sayyid* then, and speaking to the whole *'Ulama*, said: "Do not stop like that! Answer them". Also you may remember, when some persons from an extremist sect have attacked a woman in *Yazd*, killing her children and then fled. This accident made *Sayyid* very worried and unquiet. He immediately made his contacts with different sources, until the corrupt gang fell in the hands of justice, and some of them were sentenced to death.

- A man like *Borojjerdi*, who receives huge sums from everywhere but he abstains to touch them, instead he distributes them in various

canals without having some of them for him, is indeed an honourable and pure man. He gets his living from his land in *Boroojerd*. I remember, once I and his son-in-law entered his room without prior notice, we found him having his lunch which was only cucumber and yoghurt. His son-in-law protested saying: "Isn't there any other food better than this. You are an old man, and you should have foods which are rich in vitamins". *Sayyid* answered with an unforgettable statement, saying: "I have accustomed myself on this kind of food for eighty years. You want me to change it now?"

- Why you stopped eating? You didn't eat very well!

- Thank God. May Allah bless you all and have mercy upon your ancestors.

- May Allah have mercy upon the whole believers.

While folding the table-cloth, he continued:

- Whatever we speak about this man, we are unable to fulfill.

According to my information, he has contributed in building or repairing more than one hundred and thirty-four building in Tehran, and more than one thousand *masjids*, schools, hospitals, public libraries and even bathrooms, in Iran, Iraq, Lebanon, Africa and Europe...Evenso, his food was only cucumber and yoghurt!

- We ask Allah by the high rank of *Imam Hussein*(AS) whose birthday anniversary is tonight, to elongate *Sayyid's* life and bless it.

- By the way, I have talked with *Sayyid* regarding the charitable deed which you have told me about, and *Sayyid* said:

- "Give me the estimate sum needed for that and I will write a draft". Now, how much do you think it needs?

- I shall leave that to you.

- Try to give me some numbers, then come early tomorrow morning. while I will prepare the *Sayyid's* draft, then go and bring your bride soonest possible. My congratulations for you both.

- Thank you very much. Excuse, I have to leave.

- I will be waiting for you tomorrow morning.

- May Allah protect you...

Chapter Five

The Departure

Grief Clothes:

Sayyid Taqi, who recently rented a new house, woke up and got his breakfast hurriedly, then he spoke to his wife saying:

- We are not in *Tabreez*, you woman! We have no kinfolks here. We know no one and no one knows us. Now tell me what do you want me to bring you? Quickly, I must hurry...!

- What's wrong with you, *Taqi*? We arrived only yesterday from *Tabreez*, don't you want to have some rest? Sooner or later you will reach the lesson in time.

- I will come back soon. Who said I am going to the lesson? I've heard, this morning that *Sayyid* is too sick, so I intended to visit him...!

- Then, don't forget to bring some meat, onion and potatoes with you when you come back.

- Very well, good-bye.

- Bring some bread too.

- "Bread too", *Sayyid Taqi* answered.

Sayyid Taqi walked quickly through the alleys until he could arrive to *Mirza Hussein's* house:

- Peace be upon you.

- Peace be upon you too. How do you do, *Sayyid Taqi*?

- Thank God. By the way, how is the *Sayyid*? I've heard that he was not well.

- It happened in *masjid A'dham* Thursday night, when *Falsafi* was lecturing on the *minbar*(pulpit), *Sayyid* was not feeling very well. In the house, when *Sayyid* wanted to go upstairs, he felt that his heart was

beating strongly. Anyhow, he was in a good state during the morning when he performed the prayer. Later on, he wanted to make vomit while he was performing *wudhoo*(ablution). Yes, *Sayyid Taqi*, while you were playing and enjoying your time in *Tabreez*, we were in emergency here.

- What did the doctors say?

- Dr. *Sabahi*, Dr. *Qaraghezü* (The director of *Nikoo-i* hospital in *Qom*), Dr. *Nabawi* and Dr. *Qa-imi* from Tehran, also *Sayyid's* private doctor (*Mudarresi*), all of them agreed that it is a severe coronary thrombosis.

- May Allah grant him complete health. Indeed he is our ship's captain.

- Allah is the best Healer. Last Friday the doctor came here and injected tonic into *Sayyid*, so he opened his eye a little and spoke to *Sayyid Falsafi*: "Did *sheikh Mohammad Taqi Qommi* travel to Egypt?

- "The diplomatic relations of the two countries collided". *Falsafi* answered.

With weak voice, *Sayyid* murmured:

- I have struggled so much to improve the relation between the *Muslims*, and I was very hopeful about that. I will write a letter to *sheikh Sheltoot* asking him to do his best to meliorate the conditions.

Then *Sayyid* shut his eyes.

- What's the opinion of the doctor about *Sayyid's* state? Did...

- God forbid! Allah alone knows that. Supplicate *Sayyid*, supplicate.

- I will go...Do you need anything?

- No, just tell my family not to wait lunch for me.

- Very well, good-bye.

Go to Bed:

It was a little after midnight. *Sayyid Mohammad Hussein 'Alawi* (*Sayyid's* son-in-law) sitting near the bed of *Sayyid*, and trying to avoid the attraction of the sleeping. The servant was sitting at the room corner looking at *Sayyid's* face which was surrounded by a halo of light. The door was occasionally being opened, and some women appear asking about *Sayyid's* situation.

Within that time, *Sayyid* opened his eyes:

- What's the time now?

- It's twelve thirty.

- What are you waiting for? Go to your beds.

- You are not accustomed to sleep on bed, and we thought that maybe you will fall down. Therefore, we decided to remain here for a while.

Sayyid closed his eyes again. Pain was attacking his heart from time to time, and he was about to make vomit. So the doctor, who was there injected analgesic into him, so he became a little better and went into a deep sleep.

After an hour, *Sayyid* opened his eyes again and murmured:

- Go to sleep now...

- There will be a lot of time for sleep, *Sayyid*.

- I said, go to sleep, all of you...

- "Very well, we will go to sleep". *Sayyid's* son-in-law said that and then he lay on a small rug.

Professor *Maurice* :

On the 6th of *Farwardin*⁽¹⁾ before the noon, ten hours have passed on the heart attack. Many telegrams from all over the country inquired *Sayyid's* situation, hoping a long life for him, and *Sayyid* was answering them with great appreciation.

Professor *Maurice*, the significant master in the University of Paris, came personally to Tehran in order to supervise *Sayyid's* state. He travelled to *Qom* immediately.

- "Professor *Maurice* has come from Paris especially to see you, *Sayyid*", doctor *Nabawi* spoke to *Sayyid* with respect, "Do you permit him?".

- I have no objection.

After a while, *Sayyid's* situation became worse and he was given first aid. Meanwhile, professor *Maurice* reached and got the permission to see *Sayyid*.

- No...Don't let him enter.

- But why, *Sayyid*?!

- Don't you see, I am not in a situation to meet anyone. I represent *Islam*, so I don't want to look weak before him...

Sayyid was very nervous, but the attenders were completely understanding the feelings of their *marji'*, so they quickly began to prepare the room, and *Sayyid* put on his turban.

Professor then entered the room hurriedly and made accurate tests.

1- The first month of the Persian solar calendar.

Then he declared that he recognized the state:

"Infarction in the heart, a lung tumor, coronary occlusion".

A quick cure was done, so there was no further vomit, and the heart beating became regular, and so, the general situation of *Sayyid* grew better. Thus the first medical report was issued:

« The general situation of *Hazrat Ayatullah Boroojerdi* is highly improving. He spent a good night. Today, thank God, the fever was greatly reduced.

In half past ten on the night of Tuesday, a meeting was held comprising professor *Maurice*, Dr. *Nabawi*, Dr. *Mudarresi*, Dr. *Musawat* (the director of public health department in *Qom*), and Dr. *Moosawi* (the director of gendarmerie health department). The meeting confirmed that *Sayyid's* situation is now very well and satisfactory.

The whole country became glad for this news and lights were seen everywhere celebrating this occasion.

After two days, professor *Maurice* left *Qom* holding very valuable gifts.

Teista:

In the afternoon of the 9th of *Farwardin*, the weather was warm, while Dr. *Nabwai*, *Sayyid Mohammad Hussein* and *Sayyid Ahmad* (sons of *Boroojerdi*), and *Sayyid Mohammad Hussein* the *Sayyid's* son-in-law were sitting in the room.

Dr. *Nabawi*, who was reading a newspaper, said:

- Look what professor *Maurice* has declared to the reporter of *Ittela'at*, when he was asked about his impression on his visiting Iran, "I have lived unforgettable hours in *Qom*. I confess that I have been highly influenced by *Boroojerdi*. His high spirituality was filling my soul, since I have never held any person in awe like *Boroojerdi*. I am proud to be one of those who participated in curing him.

The telephone rang, and the holder said:

- Doctor, there is someone who wants to speak with you. He seems to be a foreigner.

- Hello! Yes please.

- Hello! I am Teista, the American newspaper reporter. I've just come from Beirut and I hope to get an interview with *Ayatullah Boroojerdi*.

After few moments, the door was knocked and a blonde young man appeared. He introduced himself again, saying:

- I'm Teista, a reporter of an American newspaper.

"The situation of *Sayyid* does not encourage anyone to meet him now". *Sayyid Mohammad Hussein* said that, while he was welcoming the guest.

The reporter showed a smile and said:

- Then can anyone give answers to my questions?

- Why not?

- Can you tell me how is the normal life of *Sayyid*?

- He has a very regular style of life. He wakes up at two hours before the dawn. Then he performs the prayer and after that he goes to study some books until the *Athan* of the dawn. Later on he recites Holy

Qur'an, and again he returns to the studying. After a while, he gets his breakfast, which normally consists bread and some cheese, then he continues his reading until ten o'clock. After that he prepares himself for the lectures. More than one thousand students attend his lectures. When the lectures conclude, he sits to meet those who come to visit him, until the *Athan* of midday. He then performs his prayer and after that he gets his lunch. *Sayyid*, then spare a part of his time to read the letters which arrives him daily. So he reads about seventy to one hundred letters and makes the necessary notice on each envelope. After that he takes some rest and meets some other people until the evening. Then he gets the supper after the evening prayer. Again he passes over some letters until the midnight, then he goes to sleep for three hours only. He has appointed one day a week to reply the private letters and another day for answering the *Fiqh* issues.

- Where is he now?

- The house is divided into two parts: a part where he meets the people and practice his cultural activities, while the other part is specialized for his family.

- Is the other part, old and ruined like this part?

- It is maybe worse.

- Can I have a look over there?

- Yes, please come in.

Sayyid's son-in-law led the reporter through the cellar to the other side.

- Where is *Sayyid* now?

- He is sleeping in his room.

- I beg you to let me have a look at him, even at the door.

- Come in please.

When the reporter had a look over the room, he said, with pity:

- Wonderful! How can a great man like him live in such a humble house? Have you ever been in Vatican? If you have been there, you would see the remarkable and luxurious castle in which the Pope of the Catholic Christians lived. *Shi'a* do not need any propaganda or missionary. Suffice it to say that such an honourable man lives in such old place. This will be enough to attract the world towards you...!

It is too early:

Time: In the night, at half past eight.

Attendees: The Prime Minister's deputy, the governor, the general of the public security.

The above characters were in *Sayyid's* room, and when the formalities concluded, they asked the permission to leave. *Sayyid* murmured:

- Please have your supper first, then leave.

Here, *Sayyid Alawi* stood up and led the guests to another room.

After a while, *Sayyid* opened his eyes and called his son-in-law, saying:

- Have you got your supper?

- Yes.

- What about the guests?

- Yes.

- Was there enough food?

- Thank God, the table-cloth was full of food.

- Thank God. Don't leave them alone.

- The *Sayyids* are many, and the food is sufficient. Moreover, no one expects any formalities while you are in such a situation. It is enough for anyone to have a piece of bread as a blessing.

- That is wrong. You are living here and those people are your guests. *Islam* insists on honouring the guest whatever his position is.

After that, the guests left, and *Sayyid* shut his eyes and went in a deep sleep.

In the midnight, *Sayyid* opened his eyes and asked about tomorrow, and one of his relatives answered:

- Thursday.

- "Thursday?", *Sayyid* asked with his voice trembling, "What's the time now?"

- It's too early.

Sayyid then called his wife, and said: "Bring me my shroud!"

His wife brought him the shroud which he kept before for this occasion. She was drying her tears...staring at her dearest husband who began to search his shroud and smell the *Turbat* of *Imam Hussein* (AS) which was spread throughout the shroud's foldings. He then returned the shroud to his wife saying:

- Put it somewhere near me. I may need it tomorrow morning..!

Again *Sayyid* went in a deep sleep, and hours passed. *Athan* from the minaret of the Holy Shrine was heard.

One of *Sayyid's* kinfolks put his hand on *Sayyid's* hand, so, *Sayyid* opened his eyes and heard *Athan* submissively.

Sayyid Boroojerdi stood up for *Tayammum*. He then performed the morning prayer...Dr. Mudarresi, who remained all the night awake to watch *Sayyid's* condition, entered.

Sayyid muttered:

- I have seen a dream, that I built a big house near *Imamzadeh Ja'afar* in *Boroojerd*. A house which was bigger than all houses...!

He, then continued:

- What is my food today?

- "I don't know. Shall I bring you some milk?", one of the attenders answered.

- Why not?

Here, the doctor objected saying:

- Milk? No..No..It will urge you to make vomit. A cup of tea is enough.

Sayyid had his tea, after drinking it, he felt that he want to make vomit. Besides, his pains became severer...!

Immediately the doctors came and began to give him the needed first aid.

- "It is the death!", *Sayyid*, with interrupted words said...!"Death is right...Leave me now, O Allah...*La ilahe illallah...la ilahe illallah...la ilahe illallah...*

Finally...The great heart stopped beating for ever.....!!!

Abul Majd:

It was one o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday.

The pure corpse was lying motionless, after ninety years of continuous struggle.

The coffin was flowing over the heads of the people like a boat passing through the waves, towards the Holy Shrine, then to *masjid A'dham*, where he was buried.

Mirza Hussein who was among the crowd, whispered in his fellow's ear, saying:

- He emitted his last breath at seven thirty. His pure corpse was washed in a small bathroom in his house. The ceremony of washing the corpse and putting on the shroud ended at eleven thirty. The government declared that day as an official holiday all over the country...I remembered *Abul Majd* the representative of *Darul Taqreeb*, in the *Islamic* conference, when he visited *Sayyid* (may Allah have mercy upon him) and recited some verses of poetry, :

Pack up and leave towards the great leader

Quench your thirst, in his presence, from Kawthar

From his justice and truth altogether

I wish I could spend months with Imam or for ever

Then he ended his poem saying:

*Allah had honoured me to pilgrim Fatimah
Among people who glorify and praise Allah*

- *Shah* will be in peace from now on. He will do what he likes.
Changing the items of the constitution, perform the Agrarian Reform.
There will be no one who can object.

- Don't be bothered, fellow. We have Allah.

An Old Friend:

Sayyid Habeebullah, who was drying his tears, said:

- May Allah have mercy upon him. He was matchless and unique..!

The *Sayyid's* son was staring at his father's bright mien, and his tears were dropping like pearls on his grey beard. He asked:

- I heard my mother saying that *Sayyid* was contacting *Sahibul Zaman* (may Allah hasten his glad advent)!!

- Yes my son...There is no doubt in that...I myself witnessed that.

- How?

- I was with a friend of mine called Hasan, maybe you know him.

- The long thin fellow?

- Exactly. We were going to *Jamkeran* together during the Fridays' nights, hoping that we may meet our master *Sahibul Zaman* (may Allah hasten

his glad advent).

A year passed but we could not get that honour. One night, Hasan visited me and asked me to go to *Jamkeran*, but I refused, saying: I became disappointed from being able to meet our *Imam*(AS). When he insisted, we went there afoot. During our walking, we met a man who seemed to be a peasant. I then felt as if this man is *Sahibul Zaman*. So I told my fellow: Go and ask him something...! Hasan went and the man gave him a coin. Then he turned to me saying: As for you, you can have your request from *Sayyid Boroojerdi*. When you return, go to *Boroojerdi* and tell him: Why are you heedless about the fellow in Egypt...?!

Then the man left us and went away, but we remained astonished. I looked at the coin but I didn't find any engraving on it, except a mark like the letter (X)...

After three days I went to the *Boroojerdi*'s house. When he saw me, he commenced saying: 'Where have you been?? I've been waiting you for a long time'. I made my apologies to him, telling that I got many works to do.

He said: 'Your request is with me...You want to travel to *Kerbala* to pilgrim *Imam Hussein*(AS)'...

Then he gave me some money which sufficed for the trip. Thereafter, I told him the message of *Imam*(AS). Then I argued that I haven't a passport. He said: You shall not be in need of it. Just repeat this *Du'a* (supplication) - he taught me a supplication -, then he said: Allah will help you to cross the borders without any problems.

- "Have you then travelled to *Kerbala*?", the son asked.

- Yes. I went and came back peacefully. The wonderful thing here,

is that I arrived there before my fellows who got passports and were delayed near the borders.

The father, while looking compassionately to his son, continued:

- Very well son, you have an examination tomorrow, and you've got to study hard.

- I have geography tomorrow. I have read it three time, father, and bought some breads as my mother wanted that.

- Now go son. By the way, do not forget to bring me an aspirin. I have a splitting headache.

The Choppy Sea:

One week passed since *Ayatullah Al-Udhma Sayyid Hussein Al-Boroojerdi* has died. *Sayyid 'Imad Mir Hussein*, who came from *Tabreez* to participate in the funeral ceremony, he is now preparing himself to get back. He spoke to *Sayyid Taqi*:

- Would God I had come to *Qom* and studied at the hands of him...What a pity..! The choppy sea was here in *Qom*, while I was thirsty in *Tabreez*.

- Don't worry friend... His sciences shall remain immortal, and his students are doing their best to record his books and compilations. Some of which have been published by his permission like *<Al-Badrullah Fi Salat Al-Jum'a Wal Musafir>*⁽¹⁾ and *<Nihayatul*

1- By Ayatullah Muntadheri.

Tabreez>⁽¹⁾.

- I heard that he got a unique method in teaching.

- You are right. His method was quite new. For example, when he was teaching *Fiqh*, he was relating traditions from both *Shi'ite* and *Sunni* sources. Thus, *Fiqh* got a higher position, and more than one thousand students were attending his lectures⁽²⁾ who came from different places in Iran.

- "Would you please buy for me those books which you have mentioned and send them to me by mail to *Tabreez*", *Sayyid 'Imad* requested, while he was standing up.

- Yes, of course, provided that you give my regards to the whole friends there.

- Good-bye.

- Good-bye.

Sayyid and Rulers:

Sayyid Taqi, who was peeling a cucumber with a small knife, said:

- I was eager to visit you since a long time.

- "That's very kind of you, friend", *Mirza Hussein* said with a smile, "But why didn't you bring the whole family so that we might have lunch together?"

- Actually, today we got some guests; my mother-in-law and her son,

1- By Ayatullah Fadhil Lankarani.

2- Some of his students were: Martyr Mutahhari, Beheshti, Rabbani, Fadhil Lankarani, Subhani, Makarim Shirazi, Safi Gulpaigani, Akram Penah, Setoodeh, Al-Ameeni, Al-Muhseni, Al-Noori, Al-Tesooji, Muntadhari...etc.

who came from Tehran. Her son told me that he attended the funeral ceremony held by *Shah* for *Sayyid Hussein Al-Boroogerdi*, and heard that the orator has mentioned that there was a compact relation between *Sayyid* and *Shah*.

- Does your brother-in-law live in Tehran?

- Yes. He came with his mother during her return to *Qom*..

- You were witnessing, *Sayyid Taqi*, how much they harmed *Boroogerdi* when he was alive, and when he died they pretended that there was a compact relation between them and *Boroogerdi*.

Sayyid Taqi commented:

- In fact, *Sayyid* was not aloof from the rulers..!

- I didn't expect a student like you, who studied in the hands of *Sayyid*, saying that. You are quite heedless about what's going on behind the curtains...Now, if you want to know the truth, know then that *Shah*, in the eyes of *Sayyid*, was a mere illiterate person. *Shah* himself once had told his Prime Minister that his father (namely *Reza Khan*) was an illiterate, anyhow he was, to some extent, clever. But the son has got nothing at all.

Sayyid (may Allah have mercy upon him), was forced to flatter him. Many times he refused to meet him. Once, *Sayyid* heard that *Shah* ordered the train officials to stop it in *Qom*, during his return from *Khozestan*, in order to visit *Sayyid*. When the late *Sayyid* knew that, he became very disturbed, and said: I think he wants to have some photographs with me in order to put them in the album which contains his and his wife's pictures...!

Sayyid was aware of *Shah*'s intentions, and he always opposed his policy strictly. I remember when *Shah* wanted to change the Persian

letters into Latin characters, *Sayyid* resisted his project declaring that the only aim of that is to separate the *Islamic* nation from its culture. I won't permit or agree with that as long as I am alive.

- But *Sayyid*, sometimes, was supporting *Shah*!?

- When the public benefits require that. *Sayyid* was aware that *Shah* does not seize all the affairs of the country in his own hand, since foreigners were ruling most of the sensitive positions, and were pressing severely to influence the government. Once, a letter was sent to *Sayyid* containing a picture of *Shah* and his wife who was unveiled, so *Sayyid* commented: It seems that the sender of this letter is heedless that I know all that, but what can one do since *Shah* is unable to face those pressures. It is not good that the country be so weak. Russia is lurking, also the west, America, all those powers are aiming to have some benefits in Iran. So, if *Shah* felt that he became weak inside the country, and his throne is trembling, he would seek the help of the foreigners. Therefore, we must flatter to prevent him from relying on those foreigners. He is still young, and the young are usually conceited. Moreover, we cannot do anything, as the nation is not united and still weak. Sometimes we protest, but carefully to avoid complete isolation between us and the government, because I am sure that people will not stand with us to the end.

- Wonderful! Was that the real thinking of *Sayyid*?

- Yes. He always supported the revolutionary movement. Don't you remember how he opposed the court decision which said that *Ayatullah Kashani* should be prosecuted, when the complainants claimed the twelve thousand *Tumans* which *Kashani* was owing them. So, *Sayyid*

interceded and sent 12500 *Tumans*. *Sayyid* was moving according to the benefit of *Islam*. For example, to marry a woman from the People of the Book is legal in the opinion of *Sayyid*, but when he heard that *Shah* wants to marry an Italian woman, he issued a *fatwa* forbidding that marriage, realizing that if the leader of the country married a foreigner, that will certainly injure the nation's benefits. The text of that *fatwa* was as follows:

« *Forbidding marrying a woman from the People the Books, is common among the Faqihs of Shi'a Imamiyyeh* ».

- So, this must be clarified and declared for the people, so that they may not be deceived by the tricks of the government.

- This is the duty of everyone. The nation must certainly be awakened to be able to face challenges. Sometimes, I become sure that we lack a leader who can organize us, who can point to the right path...

One day *Sayyid* heard that someone intends to publish a book which contains the *Fiqhi* issues as poems. He commented saying: 'Publishing such a book is illegal'. When he was asked about the reason, he said: 'I have read some insulting words in the foreword of that book, related to some caliphs. So the *Islamic* unity will receive a severe blow because of that book'. In another occasion, *Sayyid* heard an orator, who was talking about the caliphate of *Imam Ali*(AS), assaulting on the first, the second and the third caliphs. So, *Sayyid* became angry and said: 'What is the meaning of inflaming the war between *Shi'a* and *Sunni*, while Israel is attacking the *Muslims* and committing carnages everyday.

Thus was *Al-Boroojerdi*:

- When he travels, he takes nothing with him except what suffices him in his trip in spite of the huge sums of money he receives. One day, some barefooted came to him, so he immediately ordered his men to give them some money, and present offerings to them. In the same day, when *Sayyid* sat to have his lunch, he found some meat on the table-cloth. He asked about its source, and he was answered that it was taken from those offerings given to the barefooted. So he refused to eat it, and ordered them to give it to the poor.

- In Tehran, it is said that *marji*'s and '*Ulama* are having a luxurious living exactly like the rulers. These are, of course rumors which are being distributed by the colonists in order to urge the people to disgrace the religious scholars.

Mirza Hussein murmured, saying:

- Maybe you want to know how *Sayyid* and his family were living! *Sayyid* was eating the worst kind of bread. Some of his kinfolks have recommended the baker to improve his bread. But the baker said: 'What can I do. It is because of the flour which they bring from *Boroojerd*. So, if you want better bread, then give me better flour'. They told *Sayyid* about that, but he refused to support this plan.

How do Rulers Live?:

Do you like to know the manners and behaviours of his sons. Know then, that once, one of them came to *Sayyid* requesting some money to buy a book. *Sayyid* commented: It is not a good idea that *Ahmad* buys the book (*Mandhoomatul Sabzewari*) at twenty-five *Tumans*. Now, how can I afford that sum?

Is this a luxurious living which the hypocrites pretend?

In another occasion, I witnessed someone who called one of *Sayyid's* sons as (the son of *Ayatullah*), and when *Sayyid* heard that, he became angry and said: '*Mohammad Hasan* is still a student, and he must not be called (son of *Ayatullah*). Moreover, he spends twelve *Tumans*, while I myself spend only fourteen in spite of my expenditure'.

Mirza Hussein said with regret:

- I'm sorry, I was attracted by the conversation and forgot to bring you a cup of tea...

- "By the way!", *Mirza Hussein* continued, while he was standing, "I want to tell you that I am going to *Tabreez* tomorrow..

Finally, *Sayyid Taqi* sipped his tea deliberately, and bade farewell to his friend, then he went out with evident happiness.

Contents:

Foreword.....	3
Introduction.....	4
Chapter One	
The Beginning Days	
Everyone Works To His Own Manner.....	8
Before Seven Years.....	10
The Examination.....	11
Noor Bakhsh School.....	13
The Delayed Father.....	15
A Leaving Friend.....	18
The Grief-Stricken Hearts.....	19
Chapter Two	
Bon Voyage	
Sadr School.....	23
In The Room.....	25
Hussein's Problem.....	30
All-Glorious, All-Holy.....	31
A Hasty Departure.....	32
Father's Instructions.....	32
The Return.....	37
The Country Of Love.....	38
The Bygone Nights.....	40
In The Presence Of The Master.....	41
Attention Everybody.....	42
The Lesson Of Al-Fosool.....	43
The Sad Learned.....	44
Chapter Three	
The Years Of Dispelling	
Death Predicts None.....	47
The Departure Of The Parents.....	48
The Pious Man Of Dezfool.....	50
Poisonous Arrows.....	52
The Project Of Ma'tamidun Dawla.....	55
A Triumphant Return.....	57
Mourning The Children.....	59
The Appropriate Time.....	59
The Gifts.....	61
A Private Message.....	63
The Arrest.....	64

MASAFI BOOK LIBRARY

Managed by Masooma Welfare Trust (R)

Shop No. 11, M.L. Heights,

Mirza Kaleej Baig Road,

Soldier Bazar, Karachi-74400, Pakistan

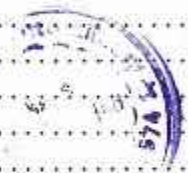
#4053

The Arrest	64
The Squad Commander	65
The Residence Of Thiqatui Islam	67
An Advice	69
Alas, What A Period	71
The Years Of Dispelling	72
It's Too Late	74
A Visit	75
Where Are We Now	76

ACO No. _____
 Section _____ Date _____
 D.D. Class _____ Status _____
NAJAFI BOOK LIBRARY

Chapter Four
 The Immortal Appearance

A Friendly Conversation	79
In The Way To Qom	81
Moosa Ibn 'Imran	81
The Importance Of Water	83
The School Of Gohar Shad	84
The Last Photograph	86
A Supernatural Call	88
The Master & His Student	89
Under Sentence Of Death	92
Zephyr	94
Higher Than Shah	97
Only Sincerity	102
The Blessed Presence	105
The Immortal Memories	107
Yoghurt And Cucumber	109



Chapter Five
 The Departure

Grief Clothes	114
Go To Bed	116
Professor Maurice	117
Teista	118
It Is Too Early	121
Abul Majd	124
An Old Friend	125
The Choppy Sea	127
Sayyid & Rulers	128
Thus was Al-Boroojerdi	132
How Do Rulers Live	133
Sources Used In This Book	134

Due date

یہ کتاب آپ کے پاس امانت ہے۔ اسے پڑھیں، اس کی حفاظت کریں اور بروقت (اوپر درج آخری تاریخ تک) واپس کریں۔ تاخیر کی صورت میں مجرماتہ آدا کرنا ہوگا۔
بخلفی بک لائبریری سوچو بازار کراچی فون: 7211795

۲۲۶

How do Rulers Live?

Do you like to know the manners and behaviours of his sons. Know then, that once, one of them came to *Sayyid* requesting some money to buy a book. *Sayyid* commented: It is not a good idea that *Ahmad* buys the book (*Mandhoomatul Sabzewari*) at twenty-five *Tumans*. Now, how can I afford that sum?

Is this a luxurious living which the hypocrites pretend?

In another occasion, I witnessed someone who called one of *Sayyid's* sons as (the son of *Ayatullah*), and when *Sayyid* heard that, he became angry and said: '*Mohammad Hasan* is still a student, and he must not be called (son of *Ayatullah*). Moreover, he spends twelve *Tumans*, while I myself spend only fourteen in spite of my expenditure'.



Ansariyan Publications
P.O.B 37185/187 QUM
Islamic Republic Of Iran
Tel 741744

