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Singapore

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ
الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ رَبِّ الْعَالَمِ
اللَّهُمَّ صَلِّ عَلَى مُحَمَّدٍ وَآلِ مُحَمَّدٍ

Ya Rasulallah ﷺ,

I saw you once in a dream.

You were resplendent with the cloak of dignity, effervescent with the light of certainty, and majestic with the robe of wisdom.

I remember your face. They told me that your face shone brighter than the moon, but when you stood in front of me I wondered if the moon had borrowed her beauty from your brilliance. You glowed, subhanAllah, with a radiance so profound and so breath-taking I was afraid to come near you until you called me to you.

I woke up terrified. Someone had grabbed my soul and drenched it in ice-cold water. I told myself it wasn't you, you wouldn't waste your time visiting a soul like mine. The next day, a wise man mentioned in passing that dreams of you are true dreams.

These days, your absence has left a lingering bitter taste in my mouth. How wonderful it must have been to be able to wait outside your door for you, to sit and listen while you gave your sermons, to run out to the streets when you passed by. But perhaps what is more painful is the absence of your teachings, your wisdom, your kindness and your righteousness, in the hearts and minds of those who say they are imitating you but forget that you always had a smile on your blessed face, and that you were kind to everyone you crossed paths with.

They say I should be up in arms over the pictorial representations of you that some propagate, but it is more heart-wrenching for me to see my brothers and sisters lose their decorum in the name of defending you, and retaliating with just as much (sometimes more) venomous discourse and hateful speech.

Yet my heart has never felt more calm and at ease than when I am able to sit with your inheritors. Their every breath, every thawab, is a dhikr of Allah, and they have an incredible gift of pouring love for you into people's hearts. It always astonishes me when I find my cheeks hot with

tears after they speak of you, your comportment, your habits, your Sunnah, your Seerah, your magnanimity, and your brilliance. I am sorry, ya Rasulallah ﷺ, that I forget so easily.

They say we shouldn't speak of dreams of you if we ever want to see you in a dream again. I do not know if I will ever be blessed with another opportunity to be in your presence while I dream, but that single glimpse of your face feeds my soul to this day. I pray that we meet in Jannah, the most beautiful of abodes one day inshaAllah.

رَضِيْتُ بِاللَّهِ نَبِيَّ دِينًا وَبِمُحَمَّدٍ رَبًّا وَبِالْإِسْلَامِ

Love,
Santriani