

REMEMBERING

Al-Hajjah Farizah Rabbat Umm Ibrahim Al-Yaqoubi Al-Hasani

By Shaykh Muhammad Al-Yaqoubi Al-Hasani

‘Grief and sorrow upon the loss of my heart’

My Dear brothers and sisters, relatives, friends, students and supporters throughout the world: *As-Salamu ‘Alaykum Wa Rahmatullah Wa Barakatuh*. “Indeed, we belong to Allah, and to Him we must surely return!”

With grief and sorrow, I share with you the tragic loss of my beloved wife, my companion, and the love of my heart Al-Hajjah Farizah Aal Rabbat, known as Umm Ibrahim, Rahimaha Allah, who is also the mother of my three children (Aisha, Ibrahim and Ismael).

Allah chose her out of this world to enter al-Jannah on the very birthday of His Beloved Prophet (*sallallahu ‘alayhi wasallam*) through the door of martyrs. I do not object to His Will: we belong to Him and our return is to Him; whatever He takes is undoubtedly His, and whatever He gives is undoubtedly His.

She left this world on Monday 12th of Rabi’ Al-Awwal, 1427 (April 10th 2006), around 5:00 pm in a car accident while she was driving from our home outside Damascus toward the city to visit her family and attend a mawlid. At the same time, I was leading a mawlid feast in the city. She died at 37 years of age, and was approximately five months pregnant with a baby boy who also died. Just a few hours before the accident we had agreed to name him Shareef.

With her in the car, she had our three children, Aisha, Ibrahim and Ismael who are 8, 6, and 5 years old respectively; and her maid Nour. By the Bounty of the Most Generous, they survived the accident but were all injured at various levels. They are still in hospital being treated. Please continue to make *du’aa* for them.

On Sunday night, (the night of 12th of Rabi’ Al-Awwal), we had a blessed mawlid gathering in our home. Monday, the day she died, we had brunch together with the kids and I told her I wanted to take her and the kids in August to al-Madina al-Munawwara, where she can deliver her baby. She was extremely happy and took my word that I will name the boy Shareef.

I left home at 1:30 pm on Monday for a dars and a mawlid in the city. At 5:15 pm I received the news of the accident and immediately headed to the hospital, only to find out that she had given her last breaths. Later on, the rescuers told us that when they reached her she was still alive moving her

lips (presumably with *shahada*, and *dhikr*) but could not make it to the hospital.

As an English teacher, Umm Ibrahim worked in a neighboring school teaching the first three grades. She has had this job for the past three years and always considered it an important mission; it fulfilled her ambitions. She liked to improve herself through reading and training, through which she acquired many skills in recent years, including NLP and Homeopathy. She loved social activities and had a strong personality. She was an excellent housewife and a great cook.

But most of all, what distinguished Umm Ibrahim, and the reason for which I had chosen her as a wife, was her righteousness, persistence in worship, and her sincerity to the *deen*. For instance, in the last few months of her life, she used to pray 100 rak’as of salah everyday. She recited *Surat al-Baqara* everyday, oftentimes with *Surat al-An’am*. *Qiyamullayl* decorated her nights, and was something she would hardly miss.

She always had new ideas to promote *da’wah* and attract people to the true way of Islam. She devoted her life to her family and to students of sacred knowledge. After prayer and recitation of al-Qur’an, nothing was dearer to her than serving the students, cooking for them, and taking care of their needs.

The night before she died, she prepared food for my guests as we were having a feast in our home on the occasion of 12th of Rabi’ Al-Awwal, the anniversary of the Birth of the Beloved of Allah. Six days earlier, on Tuesday 6th Rabi’ Al-Awwal, she cooked for 150 guests, insisting she did not want to order the food. She used to prepare the most delicious food at our weekly dhikr session for 50 people. One week before she died, she said, when I was trying to convince her to order food, “I find cooking for the students light and easy, and I don’t want to be deprived from its rewards. I know what they like, and the food brought from the market is fatty for them”. Such was her amazing dedication.

Moreover, she liked *jabrul Khawatir*, so at Eid times, she used to prepare bags full of sweets and gifts to hand over to kids in poor neighborhoods. She used to make Eid parties for the foreign students and organise special programs for their children.

Some 3000 people attended her funeral, which took place on Tuesday after Zuhr prayer at Jami’ al-Badr in Damascus.

Three years ago, upon a visit to Bab al-Saghir cemetery, where my ancestors are buried, she said to me, "When I die, bury me in the graves of your family, I want to be with Ahlul Bait."

By the Grace of Allah, she was buried bearing a grandson of the Beloved Messenger of Allah, in the grave of my mother, Al-Sayyida Ameenah Mansoor al-Jaza'irly al-Hasani, who passed away also in the month of April in 1996, just a few months before myself and Umm Ibrahim got married. Umm Ibrahim had met my mother one week before my mother died. Her grave is only a few meters away from the daughter of Imam al-Husain, Sayyidah Fatima al-Sughra.

I am happy with her now, and I was happy with her before she died, as she was happy with me. In the past few weeks before she died, she told her mother and a few friends over the phone, even the morning of her death, how happy she was in her marriage. According to a Prophetic statement when a woman dies while her husband is happy with her she will enter al-Jannah. I have seen several signs that she will be in al-Jannah. Obviously, the servants of the Ahlul Bayt will be in al-Jannah, let alone the wives or mothers of Ahlul Bayt.

Many outstanding personalities and scholars spoke during the three-day sessions of condolences held on her behalf. They included: Sayyif al-Fatih al-Kittani, Shaykh Dr. Sa'id Ramadan al-Bouti; Shaykh Krayyim Rajih, Shaykh Dr. Abdullatif Farfoor, Shaykh Abdullah Rabih, Shaykh Abdul Aziz al-Khateeb, Shaykh Abul Hasan al-Kurdi, Shaykh Ahmad Ramadan, Shaykh Na'im al-'Araqsoosi, Shaykh Sariyah al-Rifa'i, and many others.

Last but not least, I would like to offer my deepest thanks and gratitude to all the scholars, the friends, the students, male and female, in Syria and throughout the world, who supported me and my children and Umm Ibrahim's family in this difficult time in every form. Nothing is enough to thank the many thousands of brothers and sisters in Damascus and around the globe who stood with us during this trial.

I beg you to continue your du'aa for the full recovery of



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ters, and shaykhs and 'Ulama, and everyone who made Du'a for her and for me and for the children in the best way. May Allah protect them and their families, their parents and their children and allow us all to meet in Jannatul Firdaws in the company of the Elect and the Beloved of Allah, *Rasulullah Salla Allahu 'alayhi wasallam*.

Allahumma Ameen.

The unworthy servant of the people of Allah,
Muhammad.

the children. Make du'aa especially that Allah help the three children cope with the loss of their mother, and that the shock, when they learn the news, may easily be absorbed. Make du'aa for her parents, as the tragic loss is indeed difficult for them. And please do continue to make special du'aa for Umm Ibrahim that Allah grant her Mercy and Forgiveness and reward her with Jannatul Firdaws.

I end with the following dreams. A Syrian sister saw Umm Ibrahim coming into a room, filled with light. Umm Ibrahim said to her, "Don't worry about me; I am in the best state". A brother by the name Zahir saw her calling Imam Abul Hasan al-Shadhili, which shows the blessings in the attachment to our great shadhili silsila, as she was part of it, took tariqa over a year ago. Another sister saw on the same morning she died, that a righteous woman passed away in Damascus, during the day, she learned of the death of Umm Ibrahim.

Yes, indeed Umm Ibrahim did not survive the accident but in fact she did survive in my heart and I am sure she will survive in the hearts of those who love her.

May Allah grant her the highest ranks in al-Jannah and the company of my Grandfather, our Master, the best of creation, the Beloved Messenger of Allah, *Salla Allahu 'alayhi wasallam*. May Allah give her her book in her right hand and let her enter Jannah without reckoning. May He make her grave a garden from the Gardens of Paradise. May Allah reward all brothers and sis-