

Alhassanain (p) Network for Islamic Heritage and Thought

# WHEN HE WILL COME

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Nabal Cultural

## **In The Name of Allah**

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### [WHEN HE WILL COME]

The depressed and crestfallen red flower shrub had embraced her knees in her arms, rested her forehead on her branches, raised her head with a faded sight glanced at the mourning willow and slowly whispered:

“I am tired, I am very exhausted.”

The mourning willow with the help of the wind, turned her branches towards the red flower, bowed her head a little so as to clearly hear her voice:

“Did you say you are tired? Have I heard clearly? You are also tired like me?”

The red flower shrub who had become surprised from the answer of the mourning willow raised her head above and asked:

“You? Are you also really tired? Why you?”

The mourning willow affectionately rested her twigs on the shoulders of the red flower and said:

“My grievance and distress cannot be related. My sorrow and grief is not a story of yesterday and today. From the time that I recognized myself, I am living with this sadness. But you do talk with me. Speak out your grievance and ailment for me. Maybe, you will be alleviated. Maybe, a little of your sadness and disappointment will be lessened and diminished.”

The red flower that had begun to cry and the dew tears, which had encircled in the eyes of the leaf said:

“My sorrow is not a trivial sorrow. My fatigue and tiredness is not little. I am so much broken hearted that the melody and singing of any canary or nightingale cannot make me cheerful. I am tired as I have rested too much on the flower, and my buds and flowers have withered and faded due to the hands of the passer-bys”

...And then suddenly, the red flower burst into tears and the dew tears started raining from her eyes. The rivulet was until now flowing slowly besides her and was unintentionally hearing her tales. With the falling of the drop of the red flowers tears on her bosom, she became disturbed, suddenly curled and twisted and brought herself near the red flower and said:

“My kind hearted friend! How nice you speak of my heart. How best you express the sorrow and grief of my heart.”

The red flower turned herself towards the rivulet, cleansed her tears with the help of her own twigs and asked:

“You? Are you also sad? You never worry about anything. You are always cheerful and happy. You travel a long way in the plains. Why are you also grief stricken?”

The rivulet, with her wet eyes cast on the tearful eyes of the red flower said:

“All these travels, pursuit and search are not due to happiness. It is due to restlessness and uneasiness. As if I do not see the drought? As if I am not aware of the thirstiness of the trees? As if I am uninformed that everyday many of the flowers wither and fade away due to the draught and thus die away?”

My father, grandfather and great grand father always used to say: A person will come, who when he will wash his hands in the rivulet, the water

will become so much abundant and plentiful that no tree or grass will remain thirsty on this earth. I am always expecting and waiting for him. I walk long distances only to search him. Look at me injured and scald legs! I was never happy and till the time he does not. Come, I shall never become happy.”

The red flower shrub that was with astonishment listening to the sayings of the rivulet until now felt that she is still having too much to say, but when she saw a deer limply coming, she shouted “Friends! Look over there!”

The mourning willow and the rivulet turned towards the place where the red flower was pointing and with astonishment saw a beautiful deer coming towards them with tears in the eyes and blood flowing from his legs. Till the eyes could see, the blood in the leg of the deer could be seen from the place he was coming.

The deer, crying and mourning brought himself towards the rivulet. He said ‘Salaam’ and then sat there due to extreme tiredness.

The rivulet brought herself up so that he could drink a little water and to soften his tiredness. The mourning willow with her hanging branch started to blow air and the red flower compassionately asked him:

“My honorable friend! Who has put you in such a condition today? Who has wounded your legs?”

The deer closed his eyes, heaved a sigh and said:

“My sorrow and grief is not due to my legs. I am heart broken. My main wound is not this injury. It is a terrible time that I am passing...”

The mourning willow encircled the deer with her twigs and asked:

“Are you having an injury other than this on your body?”

The rivulet looking at the deer said:

“Who has broken your heart and made you sad?”

The deer looked at his wounded leg and said:

“My injury is not a fresh Injury. If there is an opportunity and no hunter is around, then surely I shall relate my sadness and tell you what my pain is.”

The mourning willow said:

“Then, first and foremost, allow us to heal your wound so that if the hunter arrives, you are well enough to escape from his hands.”

The rivulet started to wash the wounded leg of the deer and said:

“Fortunately, your wound is not so deep. The arrow has passed from besides the flesh of your leg and has wounded it.”

The deer whose injured leg had begun to feel more pain in the hands of the rivulet, weeping and groaning said:

“You do not know with what difficulty and pain I have escaped from the hands of the hunter.”

When the rivulet had completely washed the injury, the red flower placed a petal on the wound and the mourning willow with its soft twigs fastened the petals over the wound. The deer breathed a sigh of relief and felt that the pain in the leg had decreased.

The red flower smiled and said:

“Now, then tell us what is your real pain, the pain from whom you are always in agony and sadness.”

The deer stretched his injured leg rested it on willow tree and said:

“Yesterday, the wolf devoured my child and ate it.”

The back of the willow, on hearing this news became more fatigued (curved) the rivulet unexpectedly shivered and the tears filled the eyes of the red flower. The deer before anyone could speak or question continued saying:

“I liked and loved my only son, but all my pain and difficulty is not limited to this”

The red flower, mourning willow and the rivulet, all the three said in unison:

“All your pains and hardship is not limited to this? Bereavement greater than this...”

The dear said:

“This is a great pain, but my main Injury is very deep. My pain is the pain of awaiting and expectation. The pain of this life is mixed with escape. Everyday, from morning to evening, I am in a state of escape and avoidance either from the hands of the hunter or from the fear of the wild animals. Impatiently and uneasily, I am always running. In the night, due to extreme tiredness and fatigue, I fall down in a corner. But even those nights, I do not feel asleep due to fear and restlessness. I know that I shall not be in such a condition for ever; I know that a day will come when a person will surely come and will bring with himself peace and tranquility. I have heard that when he will come, no wolf will eat the child of a deer and the arrow of no hunter will strike at the legs of any deer. I know that surely someone will come but I do not know who he is or when he will come.”

The legs of the mourning willow became wet due to the sudden sprinkle of the rivulet. All of them asked each other:

“What has happened?”

The rivulet said with excitement:

“An idea has struck my mind. The place from where I flow everyday, a cottage exists wherein a learned old man lives. He should know the answer of many questions. Let us go and visit his cottage.”

The deer said:

“It is a good idea. I am prepared, even with this limping leg, to run towards the cottage all the way.”

The mourning willow looked at her trunks and said:

“It is a good idea, but my root is in the ground. How can I come with you to the cottage of the old man?”

The red flower said:

“Even I am bound like but I also like to see the man.”

The deer said:

“There is no remedy. The rivulet and I are having the legs to travel. We will ask the questions and bring their answers for you.”

The willow and red flower looked at each other and said:

“You should do the same work. There is no other way.”

The deer and the rivulet became read to travel, but before the departure, to red flower gave some twigs from he buds to the rivulet and said:

“Convey my Salaam to the learned old man and give these twigs to him as gift.”

The mourning willow also kept some fresh green twigs besides the gift of the red flower and said:

“Convey my salaam also to the learned old man.”

The rivulet and the deer began to travel. In the beginning of their travel, the rivulet advised the deer that upon reaching the cottage of the old man, he should take the twigs and flowers from him, as he could not protect those things for a long time in her hands.

The deer accepted the advice of the rivulet and both of them continued their journey. When they reached the cottage of the old man, the deer took the twigs and the flowers from the hands of the rivulet and knocked at the door of the cottage.

The cottage of the old man was in the middle of the plains without any wall or fortification. The door of the cottage was opened but the deer did not wish to enter it before first seeking permission.

After a while, the old man with a white beard and a shining face came out of the cottage with a walking stick.

The deer said Salam and the old man slowly came towards him. I caressed and touched gently on it heads of the deer and said:

“O’ beautiful deer, Salam upon you surely, you have been injured that you have come to me. Come, come inside the cottage and take rest for that will do something for you.”

The deer said:

“I thank you very much, kind old man I have not come here due to m injury. If it is not a source of trouble then come besides the rivulet so that and the rivulet can ask you the questions which we are having. Real the mourning willow and the red flower shrub also wished to come but they could not walk. They conveyed their salaam to you and sent these gifts for you.”

The old man stretched his hand with surprise and confusion, took the flowers and stared at the beautiful eyes of the deer. He said:

“O’ my honorable deer, I thank you, also the mourning willow and the red flower. Such a nice and beautiful gift. I never like to cut a flower or to remove a twig. I shall plant and cultivate the gift of the willow and the red flower over here, in front of my cottage so that I shall always remember them. The old man kept the flowers near the cottage’s window and along with the deer, reached the rivulet. The rivulet said Salaam to the old man, shook hands with him and kissed his shining face.

The white beard of the old man was shining like an emerald in the water of the rivulet.”

The old man sat besides the deer and the rivulet and exclaimed surprisingly:

“What are the questions that have made you take the pain of traveling such a far distance?”

The rivulet said:

“I flow everyday from besides your cottage and I hear your prayers and supplications every night. It never struck me that I could ask my questions

from you. I even know that you perform Wuzoo near the fountain at the other side of the cottage. I understood that no water is so sweet smelling as the water of your Wuzoo...”

The rivulet paused for a while and continued:

“Today, when I understood that the deer and the red flower and the willow are having the same questions and pains that I am having, suddenly it struck me to come to you and ask you our questions.”

The rivulet tried to come near the old man and said:

“We are all waiting in anticipation for a person in whose hands no flowers become withered, the one, who when he will come, all the oppressed animals will take refuge in him. We know that surely he will come, but we do not know whom he is, where he is and when he will come? And we do not know what we should do so that he will come sooner...”

The rivulet had not yet finished her queries, when the deer signaled him to keep silent and to look at the face of the old man.

The old man was listening to the words of the rivulet, slowly and slowly tears were flowing from his eyes, as much as the rivulet was talking, the tear of the old man was flowing more. The rivulet and the deer, looking at the tears of the old man started to cry and both of them said:

“Has our questions disturbed you and made you sad. We did not wish...”

A sweet smile sat on the tearful face of the old man and said:

“No, O my dear friends! I have not become disappointed by your questions... but... you gave freshened the sadness of my heart. O’ how I wished people were also having recognition and understanding as you are having...”

The old man heaved a sigh of relief, cleansed his tears and continued:

“Really, the pain and hardship of awaiting and expectation is not yours only. I am also burning for many years due to the waiting.

When he will come, the earth will be filled with peace, tranquility and purity (of heart).

When he will come, oppression will vanish, evil will go away and goodness will reign in the earth. Will take the place of enmity.

Every man who likes goodness is waiting for him. All the Prophets have said that he will surely come.

He Is famous as MAHDI, but his real name Is MUHAMMAD. No one knows where he is and when he shall come. Those who are better have sometimes been able to see him. He himself goes and visits his friends...”

When the talk of the old man reached here, tears choked his neck. He looked near his surroundings and slowly said:

“Even I who am not eligible have seen him once” ...and tears broke the peace. The rivulet asked in bewilderment “Then, is it for this reason the water of your Wuzoo is sweet smelling?”

And the deer said:

“And your look brings relief to the heart?”

The old man as if he had not heard their voices continued saying:

“But the most important problem is what we should do so that he will come sooner.”

The deer and the rivulet both said:



“We should prepare ourselves and others for his reappearance. Till we do not prepare ourselves...”

The rivulet and the deer interrupted the speech of the old man and questioned:

“How should we prepare ourselves?”

The old man said:

“We should prepare ourselves in such a way that he likes and approves of us. We should behave in such a way that he likes us. He is living and present. He travels on this same earth and breathes in the same air. He sees all our works and actions. We should do such a work that he becomes satisfied from us. You have traveled a long way. Just as you are waiting for his coming, just as you are opposing evil and oppression, just as you like and take pains that others also become good like you, just as you are kind and compassionate with each other, they are a type of preparedness and readiness. The ointment of the injury of the deer was performed by your hands. That you reach to the pains and hardships of one another, it itself is a form of preparedness and mobilization. I am confident that he loves you and he is satisfied with you.”

The old man looked at the sky and said:

“Now then, I have taken much of your time. Now is the time of prayers and your friends are waiting for you.”

And then he got up from his place, rested on his stick and said:

“Really, do not forget this saying other than all these sayings.”

The rivulet and the deer asked with surprise:

“What is that which we should not forget?”

The old man looked at the sky and said:

“Dua (Supplications). Do pray so that he will come sooner.”

**End**

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