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A Silent Reconciliation

by Sumaiyah Khan

Where Muslims come home to reflect

A Silent Reconciliation

By Sumaiyah Khan
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He sighed, trudging towards the bathroom. His day had consisted of chai, tables, charts and angry clients. He had come home to find out that the heat wasn't working in the apartment. He spent the rest of the evening under two sweaters and two pairs of socks, trying to understand what had happened and where to go from here. The argument from this morning had been in the back of his mind all day, weighing on him. He hadn't spoken to her since he got home. The air in the apartment felt tense.

She had filled her afternoon with flashcards and textbooks, pushing thoughts of this morning to the back of her mind. She knew she wasn't completely wrong; she knew he wasn't either. She didn't know how to solve this. It was easier not to think about it, except all she had done all day was think about it. Walking out of the kitchen, still lost in thought, with her arms dripping from wudu, she noticed him standing alone in the living room. Silently, she fell into place behind him.

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Allahu Akbar.

He spoke the words out loud and felt their significance. *Allah is Greater*. The words were comforting, in a way, putting his concerns about work, bills, home and the rest of it into perspective. These words felt like a built-in reminder Allah had put there just for him—a

reality check. Everything that had felt impossible and overwhelming just moments before now felt possible, knowing he wouldn't be going through it alone. His Lord was letting him know Who was Greater, and he felt the weight lift from his shoulders as he put his burden into the hands of the One to whom it wouldn't be a burden at all. The One who was capable of taking care of him, of taking care of everything. His Lord was greater than everything he was facing and everything on his mind. Thinking about it almost made him feel as if he didn't have a care in the world.

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Sami Allahu Liman Hamidah.

She blinked. Honestly, she hadn't been paying all that much attention before this, but those words brought her into focus. Moments before, she had praised Allah, albeit without thinking – out of habit – and yet, here was a reassurance of something she had forgotten. *Allah listens to those who praise Him.* It was a powerful statement. Allah had heard her. She had praised Him and He was listening. He was letting her know that He was all ears, just before she would be closest to Him. They fell into sujood, and she knew she didn't have to face anything alone. The Most High, the Most Powerful was listening to her; He was there to help. All of her worries melted away as she unloaded her burden on the One who wasn't burdened by anything. He who didn't need intricate explanations, He who understood her even better than she could ever understand herself.

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Subhana Rabi Al-A'laa

Glory be to my Lord, the Most High...Oh Allah, make me content and satisfied with everything you have blessed me with. Enable me to fulfill my responsibilities, to be fair and understanding and open-

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minded. Help me take on my challenges with the trust and certainty that You will make them easy on me. Make my intentions pure, and give me sincerity...

He stayed in sujood for just a while longer, silently, knowing that even without saying anything, Allah knew what was in his heart. He knew what he was feeling, He knew what he needed, and He would take care of everything.

التحيات لله والصلوات والطيبات

At-Tahiyatu Lillahi Was-Salawatu Wat-Tayyibaat.

All of my words, all of my actions, and all the good things I do are for Allah. He was her priority. He was there whenever she needed him and she felt motivated, and uplifted, knowing that if she made an effort to do everything for Allah, he would do even more for her. She felt more focused and her head felt clear. With Allah on her side, everything else would fall into place.

السلام عليكم ورحمة الله

Assalamu Alaikum wa Rahmatullah

May Allah's peace and blessings be upon you. They finished their prayer, and turned their heads to either side in salaams. He looked back at her. She lifted her head to meet his eyes, and the air felt different than it had just a little while ago.

"Indeed in the remembrance of Allah do hearts find rest."

– Surah Ra'd, Ayah 28

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