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This book was prepared under the guidance of Professor Dr. Mehmet Emin Ay, an expert in the field of Islamic religious education. Its goals are to prepare children to take the Companions of the blessed Prophet Muhammad as a role model by getting to know them better. Readers should be able to leave the virtual world of the internet and return to the "Age of Happiness" when our Prophet and the Companions around him illuminated the world. Therefore, throughout this book we have the Companions talking about themselves, our prophet and the other Companions. It should be made clear that the events narrated have been carefully chosen from authentic sources.

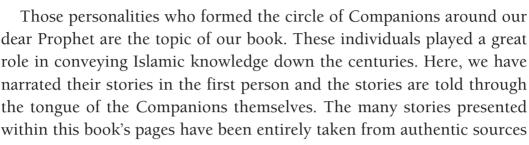




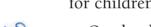




READING OUR BOOK



of hadith, although in order to better reflect the spirit of this age they have been sometimes modified. Nevertheless extra care has been taken not to harm the genuineness of the events. We believe that in following this method our book will be an important and effective educational tool for children.



Our book is laid out in such a way that it can be read over a year, just like our book "365 Days with Our Dear Prophet." The events described start with the first revelation of the Quran to our Prophet and ended with the reign of Uthman ibn Affan. In addition to the virtues and the events in the lives of the Companions, the events that they witnessed are frequently referred to in our book. By this we aim to impart to our children the knowledge of what kind of historical adventure we have gone through.

We have tried to avoid the concepts and the events that children might have difficulty understanding. Yet from time to time there will be places that are difficult for them to comprehend. This is where the help of parents and teachers comes in. To understand today's events in the world the story of the early Muslim conquests and establishment of new cities may need to be clarified through history lessons.

It is our desire and hope that by learning about the exemplary lives of these great women and men who were willing to sacrifice everything they had in order to pass on this beautiful religion to us we can be worthy of their trust, following in their footsteps and leading peaceful, virtuous lives.



















































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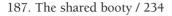












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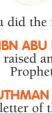
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KHADIJAH AL-KUBRA SPEAKS:

Syria in summer, Yemen in winter

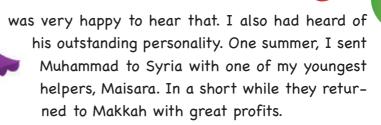
Our beautiful city of Makkah lay on the caravan routes that carried goods from one land to another. Silk, spices, fabrics, and jewelry, all laden on the backs of camels, would enter the streets of Makkah. The sound of the bells hanging on the necks of the camels would fill the air.

The caravans used to rest for a while in our city. We Arabs used to earn our living from buying and selling.

Since our city lay on busy caravan routes our job was easier. On top of that, the first house of worship, the Ka'bah, was located in our city. Every year our city was filled with pilgrims. We used to host them. Even though I was a girl, my father, Khuwailid, encouraged me to learn how to buy and sell.

In a land where girls did not count for much, his actions were indeed daring and courageous. When I grew up, I hired people to work for me. Because our city was very hot, our caravans used to go to Syria in the summer where it was cooler. In the winter we sent them to Yemen, where it was warmer. Since I had hired my employees from the most trusted men of our city, soon I had become very wealthy. There was a man in Makkah by the name of Muhammad, whom everyone loved and trusted. One day, he came to me and told me that he wanted to work for me. I







A Peaceful Home

At that time, I had two small children and my husband had died. Even though I was wealthy I was very lonely.

I came to know Muhammad better as we worked together. He was kind and gentle; and at the same time he was a skilled businessman. All the caravans I sent with him always came back with lots of profit. Peace and blessings came to my home because of his presence.

Not too long after, with the help of our relatives, I married Muhammad. I was the happiest woman on earth. I now had a happy home and a wonderful husband. Keeping my hus-

band happy was the most important goal of my life. His big smile always helped me forget all my troubles. He always tried his best to make me happy. We had three daughters together, Zainab, Ruqayyah and Umm Kulthum. We also had sons: Abdullah and Qasim. We also had young Zaid, who we loved like a son. But I'll let him tell you his story...









From slavery to true happiness

During my childhood, bloody fights took place everywhere in Arabia. One tribe would attack another tribe all the time. With the exception of those months that were sacred, they would attack each other without pause and cause many deaths. One day, when I went to visit our relatives with my mother, an attack of this kind took place. Armed riders encircled us and capturing me, took me to a city I had never seen before. That city was Makkah. I was about nine or ten years old at the time. In a huge market where there were many like myself, they put me on sale as a slave. Very soon, a man with a smiling face came and bought me. He took me to a lady he was calling aunt, and gave me to her as a gift. From that moment on, that was my home. There was an unusual feeling in my new home. Somehow, it was beautiful. The lady, whose name I learned was Khadijah, and her husband treated me like I was their own child. Her husband's name was Muhammad. I thought of him as my father, not as my master. Both husband and wife made me forget that I was a slave. I was treated as part of the family. They shared their food and everything else with me. As the days passed by, my father Harithah and uncle, Ka'b, showed up at our home. They had searched everywhere for me, eventually finding me in Makkah. They asked me to go back with them. My master Muhammad left the choice to me and said: "Dear Zaid! I am not forcing you. If you like, go with your father. But if you want, you can stay here with us."

I loved my father and my uncle, but I did not want to leave my master. I first hugged my father and then I explained my decision: "Dear father!

I would like to remain in Makkah with my master, Muhammad. I love you very much, but I cannot find anywhere else the peace and happiness I have here in Makkah."

My father had thought that I was kept in Makkah against my will. So when I told him personally about my decision, he was surprised of course. He was a little sad, but comforted nonetheless. He returned to our home without me.

HAZRET KHADIJAH SPEAKS:



"Do not be afraid, Allah wouldn't abandon you!"

When my dear husband reached the age of 35, he used to pass his time on certain days meditating and thinking about who created the universe and the meaning of life. I had great respect for his act. When he went to the cave on Mount Hira outside Makkah in order to have quite time to think, I used to make food for him to take.

It was the year our youngest daughter, Fatimah, was born. This time my dear husband remained in the cave for a long

while. He was there for almost the whole month of Ramadan. I sent our servants from time to time to see how he was doing. They would come back telling me that he was all right. Still, I couldn't help but worry about his health and comfort. I was worried one morning. My dear husband showed up at the door. His face was very pale. After sleeping for a while, he told me what had happened. While Muhammad was quietly sitting in the cave, a voice that suddenly com-

manded him: "Read!" He was very afraid, as the voice was coming from a great light. Then, he heard the same voice twice more. The light squeezed him firmly and then let him go. My dear husband asked: "But what should I read?" The owner of the voice said: "I am Jibrail, an angel. Allah has chosen you to be His prophet!" Then the same angel taught him to recite the first verses of the Qur'an. After my dear husband told me all these things, he said: "What is happening to me, Khadijah?" His voice was filled with concern. My worry was gone. I believed that my dear husband was the prophet that many people were waiting for. My cousin Waraqa was a knowledgeable man. He read the books that Allah had sent to Jesus and Moses. I remember he once said: "Allah is going to send the last prophet to mankind. He will come very soon." This was exactly the same event as Waraqa had told us. I looked into my husband's eyes and said: "Do not ever be afraid that the One God is going to abandon you! I believe you are the last prophet that is going to be sent to humanity. Allah will never abandon somebody like you who is honest, kind and helpful to others."

ALI AL-MURTADA SPEAKS:



"Don't tell anyone"

I knew my cousin Muhammad from the time I was born. I often felt that he was closer to me than my own father, Abu Talib. Since my family's financial situation was not good, I went to live with my cousin. My aunt, Khadijah, was a wealthy woman. Because of that, my cousin used to help me a lot. I never felt like a stranger in their home. I used to play with their children all the time. We had lots of fun together.

One day, my cousin and his wife were making some strange movements in one of the rooms of their house. I did not understand what they were doing. In the end, they sat down and they turned their heads first to the





right, and then to the left. Then finally, they stood up. I entered the room and asked them what they were doing. My cousin, like always, was smiling. He said: "I'll explain to you what we were doing. But first, you have to promise not to tell anyone."

Right away I gave him my promise. "Of course," I said. "I will tell no one." Then he sat me in front of him, and began speaking from the bottom of his heart. "O Ali!" he said. "You are an intelligent boy. I have no doubt that you will understand what I'm about to tell you. Allah created all of

us. He has sent me as a prophet. The thing you just witnessed was the namaz, a special prayer that we make to the One God. The Angel Jibrail came to me and brought me the first verses of the Qur'an," he said. "Jibrail asked me to give the good news to everyone in Makkah to leave their idols and have faith in Allah. The name of our faith is called Islam. It is not only the name of the religion I am bringing, but it was also the same name of the religions that the other prophets brought. Would you like to also enter into Islam?"

Though I was only ten years old, I listened in amazement. There were some Makkans who were called Hanifs. They had said the same thing. They believed in Abraham's religion, but they lived far away from people. I had to think about what my cousin had just told me. For this reason, I said: "Give me some time. Let me talk to my father. If he allows it, I will become a Muslim." My cousin and his wife said this was okay, but they said that no matter what my decision was, I should kept things a secret. For the time being, Allah did not want this matter to be revealed to the people.



Why should I ask my father?

I thought about what my cousin told me, about entering Islam. Doing this would mean rejecting the many gods and goddesses that the Makkans prayed to. If the people came to hear about this they would be angry. Also, my father, Abu Talib, was a very important person in Makkah since my grandfather, Abd ul-Muttalib, had died. I am sure his friends would not be happy with the news that I accepted Islam. Maybe my father would tell me not to enter Islam, or maybe he would tell me to wait for a while; but I had to ask him. I thought about this until the sun came up the next morning. So many times I wanted to talk to my father about it, but a voice inside of me kept telling me to wait. Finally, I went outside. There was a beautiful clear sky. All the stars that shined lit up the horizon. It was almost sunrise. Our city was waking up to a new day. I thought about Allah, who created all these things. I thought about what He deserves from us. Since He gave us all of these beautiful things, wouldn't it be disrespectful to Allah to worship these idols? I knew that idols were just pieces of stone or wood, which could do nothing to help or harm us. But why were the Makkans worshiping these things? Why couldn't they direct their faces towards the One God? Why were they being so ungrateful? When morning came, I went to my cousin Muhammad. Smiling, he asked me: "What has happened O Ali? Did you talk to your father?" I told him: "No. But I've decided to accept Islam. I am becoming Muslim without asking my father. I've realized one fact: Why should I ask him, when Allah gave me life without asking my father?" As I explained my decision to my cousin, my heart filled with joy. Up until that moment Muhammad had been my older cousin. Now he became not only my prophet, but, at the same time, my master and teacher.





"Allah will protect us!"

I was the closest friend of our beloved Prophet before he received his mission. When he was chosen as a prophet by Allah, I immediately believed in him. I wanted to be together in paradise as I was in this world. Since the time Islam began to spread, the Makkans began torturing the believers. Our numbers were few, and we couldn't help those Muslim brothers and sisters who were horribly bullied and beaten. At a time we were sad to be under such oppression. I decided to go some other land where it would be easier to follow Islam. I hadn't informed our Prophet about my decision. I had a friend among the Makkans by the name of Harith. Harith was not a Muslim, although he was fair and honest man. He did not participate in torturing and bullying the Muslims. When Harith saw me being sad, and when he learned that I was going to go to Ethiopia, he made me an offer: "Don't go to that land. Let me tell everyone that I have taken you under my protection."

I liked this idea. Harith kept his promise. I started reciting the Qur'an and praying namaz in my courtyard.

Some time passed, and Harith came to me and said: "I can no lon-

ger protect you. There are too many complaints from the Makkans." I

was worried and nervous. I didn't make a show of my religion in public. So who could be complaining about me?

I learned later that when I was reciting the Qur'an, some Makkans secretly listened to me. Some of them entered Islam. No







matter how kind the man Harith was, he couldn't take a chance to make his friends angry. I thanked him for the help he had given and I said: "Allah will protect us!"

SALMA, UMM UL-KHAIR SPEAKS:



"Is our Prophet all right?"

My son Abu Bakr had entered Islam. Since we were his family, we did not oppose this move. Nevertheless, we were worried about him. Those Makkans who used to love him and Muhammad suddenly became very hateful towards them. As a mother, I had wanted my son to be okay.

One day, my son had fainted and they brought him home. He was unconscious. I was very scared. The Makkans had finally done

something to him. This is what I expected all along. The Prophet, my son and their friends had gone to the Ka'bah. A fight broke out there and one of the Makkans beat my son until he collapsed. I quickly put Abu Bakr into his bed. I waited the whole evening for him to open his eyes. When he finally did I felt so happy and thankful. The first question my son asked was: "How is our Prophet?" I felt confused and uneasy. I tried to tell him: "My son, are you alright?" But he kept repeating the same question: "Is our Prophet okay? Did

anything happen to him?"

I didn't know anything. Then Abu Bakr said to me: "My dear mother! Go and see how our Prophet is doing. I cannot eat until I find out if he is all right." I got up and went to someone I knew. Nothing had happened. The Prophet Muhammad was okay. When I told my son this news, he became happy. He continued to rest in our home. What kind of relationship did people have to the Prophet? How could Islam establish such bonds of

brotherhood? My heart grew warmer towards Islam. I came to believe in the Prophet and I embraced Islam with my Muslim brothers and sisters.

ZUBAIR IBN AL-AWWAM:



News that scared me

Talha ibn Ubaidullah, Sa'd ibn Abi Waqqas and I were very good friends. We were all at the same age, and we even grew up together. We had an unbreakable friendship. When we turned sixteen, our older friend, named Muhammad, said that he had been chosen by Allah to be a prophet. This was interesting for me to hear. We all loved and respected Muhammad very much. No one had ever heard him tell a lie. Now, he was saying he was the chosen messenger, so we believed in him. After a short period of time, we all converted to Islam. After we became Muslim, our friendship grew even stronger. Now we were brothers in Islam, ready to even lay down our own lives for our dear Prophet. One day, a man who was not aware that I had become Muslim told me that our prophet was kidnapped. He was taken away by the enemies of Islam, who prayed to idols. These idols were statues carved out of wood or stone. These things were worshipped by the same people who made them! The idols did not make their worshippers, the worshippers made the idols! Since no one pointed out how ridiculous this was, the Makkans continued with this practice year after year. When I heard this bad news it made me very angry. I took my sword from its sheath, and went to my friends to tell them. I took them along with me, and we were all ready to save our dear Prophet from the kidnappers. When I got there, I found our Prophet having a talk with his enemies.

Thank God! The news I got was wrong! When our beloved Prophet saw me

ready to use my sword, he asked me what was going on. I explained the situation to him, and for this, he prayed for me at length. At that time, the number of Muslims was pretty small. Thus, I had become the first of the Muslims to remove my sword from its sheath for the cause of Islam.

SA'D IBN ABI WAQQAS SPEAKS:



Under the moonlight

I was born in Makkah, but my family was originally from Madinah. We were distant relatives of our dear Prophet's mother, Hazret Aminah. For this reason, our master Muhammad used to love me, but I found out about his prophethood in a very strange way. One night, I had a dream that had a great effect on me. I was in a pitch black place. I was unaware of my surroundings, because it was too dark to see. I didn't know where I was. What was I doing here? When was I going to leave this dark place? Then, I saw a full moon rise. It was as white as snow. Its light covered everything. A little further on I saw my friends – who were close to me – glowing under the light of the moon. They were Abu Bakr,

Ali, and Zaid. I was very happy to find them near me. "How long have you been here?" I asked them. "Not too long," they replied. When I woke up, I thought about this dream, and what it could mean. Did it contain a secret message? I was unable to reach a conclusion.

After a week, I found out from a friend that our master Muhammad was secretly teaching Islam. I searched everywhere for our dear Prophet. Finally, I found him praying on the top of the hill near the Ka'bah. Abu Bakr,

Zaid, and Ali were there with him. There it was! My dream! The full moon symbolized our dear prophet, Hazret Muhammad. My close friends had become Muslim before I did. Right there and then, without hesitation, I became Muslim.

TALHA IBN UBAIDULLAH SPEAKS:



"Do not reject him!"

Although I lived in the same city as our dear Prophet, I only learned that he was preaching Islam when I was in a faraway place, Busra al-Sham, a town south of Damascus. The caravans starting their journey from Makkah for trading had to stop by Busra. Most of the people who lived there were Christians. There were many old churches, monasteries and wise monks. Once, I travelled to Damascus and stayed there for a long time. During my return trip, I had taken a break in Busra, as always. That year, there was a big market in the town. People from many lands came and filled the streets. While I was walking in the market and talking to the people, I heard a monk speaking: "Is there anyone among you from Makkah?" "Yes" I said, "I am from the people of Makkah." The monk immediately came up to me and asked: "Has 'Ahmad' appeared?" I was puzzled. Who was this "Ahmad?" The monk explained what he meant and added: "He is the last of God's prophets. Our holy books tell us that he will come towards the end of time. He will appear in Makkah and will spread his faith in that town. Then he will move into a place where there are a lot of date trees."

I listened in amazement to the words of the monk. I had not heard of a prophet appearing in Makkah. As I left, the monk gave me this advice: "If you see that prophet, do not reject him! Believe in him as soon as you can and join his cause!"

On the way back to Makkah the words of the monk completely filled my mind. What exactly did he mean? Was a prophet of God really going to appear in Makkah?

When I arrived back home, I asked my family if anything unusual had happened in the city while I was gone. "Not really," they said. "Except that the grandson of Abd ul-Muttalib has been claiming he's a prophet." Without wasting any time, I found our dear Prophet Muhammad. I explained to him what had happened during my stay in Busra. And I became a Muslim!



ABDUR RAHMAN IBN AWF SPEAKS:



A new name, a new life

There were not many people like me in Makkah. When I say "like me"... well, let me explain: We Arabs used to worship idols, drink lots of alcohol and do all kinds of evil deeds. However, praying to wood and stone always seemed like nonsense to me. I couldn't understand at all why people acted like this. Additionally, I had never tasted the drinks which made people drunk. In fact, I loathed such things. There were very few people in Makkah who did not get involved in these kinds of bad acts. Since I was into trading, I would often go to lands outside of Arabia. I knew about Christianity, Judaism, and other faiths. But one day I learned about a religion by the name of Islam that was spreading secretly. And it was in Makkah, my own city! My close friend, Abu Ubaidah, whom I loved very much, told me that he wanted to enter into this new faith. I was

surprised. But since he was a mature and intelligent man, I had respected his decision. "Why don't you come along with me?" He said to me. "I don't want to go alone." I accepted his offer, and we went together. When I saw another close friend, Abu Bakr, there, I was both surprised and glad to see him. Our master, Prophet Muhammad, was talking in a remarkable way. He was so effective in his way of teaching that I accepted Islam right there. At that time the number of Muslims was not large. My name was Abdul Ka'bah, which means "Slave of the Ka'bah." After I became a Muslim, our dear Prophet changed my name to Abd ur-Rahman. This new name was more proper for a believer, since it meant the "Slave of the Most Merciful." From then on everyone called me by my new name. I was very happy, of course. I had a new name, a new religion and a new life.

AMMAR IBN YASIR SPEAKS:



Brother-in-law of my mother

My father Yasir was brought from Yemen to Makkah as a slave. After a short while, he married my mother, Sumayya, who was a slave like himself. Along with my parents I felt like a stranger in Makkah. We had neither relatives nor property. We used to earn enough to feed ourselves, but we struggled to live in our small house with great difficulty.

When the light of Islam began to spreading in Makkah, one of my friends took me to our dear Prophet. He was a man who was always smiling. The words that came from his blessed mouth were like pearls of wisdom. Whatever he said was filled with good news. What I heard from him pleased me so much. Therefore, I didn't delay in entering Islam. Yet I was the only thing that my parents had. When I went home one evening I told them that I had become Muslim. My poor mother

began to weep. "We don't have a family in Makkah. If the chiefs find out you've become a Muslim, they might kill you. Who will protect us?" I told her that she shouldn't worry, for Allah is our protector. I



used to work during day, and whenever I had spare time, I visited our dear Prophet. Once, he recited verses of the Qur'an to us. They were from Surah at-Takwir. Here, Allah gives explanations about the rewards for good and the punishments for evil on the Day of Judgment. When our sweet prophet finished reading, he turned to me and said: "Go and read this Surah to your mother and father." This was a difficult mission. My parents were worried about me; so would they listen to what I had to say?



The girl who escaped being buried alive!

When I returned home, I sat in front of my father and mother. "My dear mother, I was again with our dear Prophet," I said. "Please don't be angry with me. If you allow me, I would like to read a Surah for you both. It's a Surah I learned today." Neither one of them objected, so I began reciting nervously. In one of the verses, I recited: "For those who buried their daughters alive..." and I caught a glimpse at my parents' faces. This verse said that this horrible deed would not go unpunished. In those days, the ignorant Arabs hated having daughters. If a newborn was a girl, she would often be killed by being buried alive. When my mother heard this verse, she began crying. Tears came pouring down her face. She started to talk to me, expressing her feelings. So I stopped reciting and began to listen to my mother, "When I was born, upon hearing that I was a girl, my father grew upset. Although he was very humble and kind, he was afraid

that people would laugh at him for having a daughter. Indeed, soon after, the ignorant people pressured him, and my poor father couldn't resist anymore. He dug a hole in the ground and decided to bury me. But they say I looked at his face so innocently that he couldn't do it; so he took me back to my mother."

My mother then turned to my father and said: "So this is how I was saved and I lived till the age of marriage. I had the opportunity to marry you. But not all girls were as fortunate as I was." Both of my parents came into Islam. Allah showed how groundless their worries were and gave them both the honor of being called Muslims.

BILAL IBN RABAH SPEAKS:



Slave and master are equal before Allah

When Islam began to spread throughout Makkah, I was a slave to a very mean man. When I heard our dear prophet say: "The slave and master are equal in the eyes of Allah," I couldn't believe my ears. I had never expected to hear such words coming from anyone in Makkah. They made me work very hard jobs and I was not paid of course. The unbelievers, who did not treat their slaves kindly, were not pleased to hear such words. They began saying: "So does that mean that we are now equal to the slaves whom we bought with our own money?"

I had decided to become Muslim. I certainly knew that my master would be very angry. Nevertheless, I went to our dear Prophet and embraced Islam. For sure, everything went as I expected.

My master began torturing me when he found out. He made me undress and then lie on the burning desert sand. He would place heavy rocks on