

**365 Days**  
*with the*  
**Prophet**  
**Muhammad** ﷺ

*Written by*  
**Nurdan Damla**

*Illustrated by*  
**Osman Turhan**

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with the

# Prophet

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## Day 1

### He is Coming to Our World

**T**he earth was full of colourful flowers, small birds, tiny flies, and all kinds of fruits and vegetables. Children were running around happily. Rivers were flowing with great joy. Though every part of the world was beautiful in a different way, somehow it was an unhappy place. Strange events were taking place on it everywhere.

People had forgotten Allah, Who had provided all these beautiful things. They didn't worship Him, but rather many different things. Some people worshipped fire. Some worshipped the sun. Yet others worshipped even the cattle

they ate. They used to seek help from the toy-like figures they themselves carved out of wood and stone.

These objects were called idols. But in reality, it was Allah Who created the stones, fire and wood.

He created the cattle and the sun. It was Allah Who deserved their worship. The rich oppressed the poor. The female children were unwanted.

The poor people were looked down upon. The old were forgotten. The sick went untreated. In short,

there was no respect for humankind. No one wanted to

obey the laws of Allah. There was total chaos. It was difficult indeed for the world to be a home to such loveless and ignorant people.

Allah had sent many messengers since Adam. The messengers called their people to worship Allah alone, to follow the straight path, to do good deeds, and always to remain honest. But each time, the people were deceived by Satan after a while and quickly forgot the dos and don'ts of the messengers.

Five hundred years had passed since the coming of Isa (Jesus). Now the world was ready to receive another prophet to stop the injustices, oppression and cruelty going on everywhere. He would appear and bring the world peace, justice and prosperity. But when would he come?



## Day 2

### The Kabah, the Diamond of the World

**N**ow, it was close to the time for the appearance of our prophet. The ruler of Makkah was Abdul Muttalib, a descendant of Ibrahim (Abraham) and soon to be the grandfather of our prophet. He loved the Kabah very much and did everything in his power to

protect it. He was a great host for those who came to go several time around the Kabah. It was sacred for many people.

Allah had asked the Prophet Ibrahim and his son, Isma'il (Ishmael), to build the Kabah. He told them that this holy place was a place of gathering and a place of worship. He asked them to invite people to go on a pilgrimage to the Kabah. So the pilgrimage became a special, religious visit related to the Prophet Ibrahim. Since then people had held the Kabah in great esteem, but they forgot the religion of Ibrahim and began to worship idols.

Still, they respected the Kabah itself.

Large crowds who travelled from far away places came to visit the Kabah in Makkah. But the great interest shown by those who loved the Kabah bothered some evil people. At the head of the people who hated the Kabah was Abrahah, the ruler of Yemen. Abrahah wanted to stop people from visiting the Kabah, so he constructed a great temple and covered it with gold. Then, he invited people to his temple. He wanted this temple to be the central shrine instead of the Kabah. The shrines

were special places related to some godly people, but not to prophets. A long time passed, but not many people came to his temple. So, Abrahah became very angry and decided to destroy the Kabah. He quickly started making preparations.

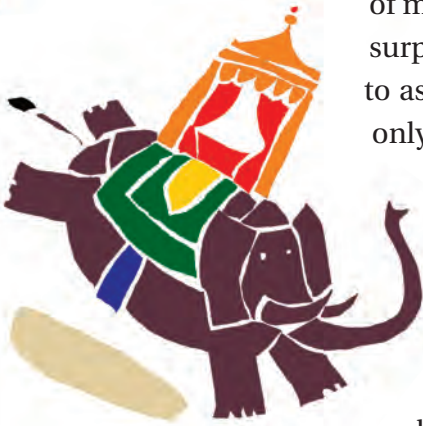


## The Owner of the Kabah

**T**o destroy the Kabah, Abrahah put together a large army. One morning he set out for Makkah with his army. In Abrahah's army, there were giant elephants he had ordered from faraway places and the like of which Makkans had never seen in their lives. Abrahah clothed them in colorful fabrics. The strongest of them was a huge elephant he called Mahmud. Mahmud was leading the rest of the army, shaking the earth as it walked. Abrahah was sure that in one attempt Mahmud would destroy the Kabah. When the army approached Makkah, a group of soldiers seized the belongings of the Makkans. Among the properties plundered by Abrahah's soldiers were two hundred camels belonging to Abdul Muttalib. From a nearby hillside, they were able to see the Kabah like a shiny diamond. Before entering the city, Abrahah wanted to see the leader of Makkah. For this reason he sent for Abdul Muttalib. He told him that he had come only to destroy the Kabah, and if no one offered resistance, no bloodshed would take place. Later, he asked him if he wanted anything from him. Abdul Muttalib replied, "Your soldiers grabbed two hundred







of my camels. I want them to be returned to me.” Abrahah was surprised at this response. He said, “I would have expected you to ask me to not destroy the Kabah. But I see now that you are only after your own camels. I had really thought highly of you.

I realize now that I was mistaken about your character as a respected ruler.” Abdul Muttalib answered, “I am the owner of the camels and have the responsibility to protect them. As for the owner of the Kabah, it is Allah Himself and He will surely protect it.” At this answer

Abrahah went into a rage. He screamed, “He will not be able to defend it against me.” Abdul Muttalib shouted back,

“We shall wait and see.” He got his camels back and returned to

Makkah with them. Going straight to the Kabah he prayed, “My Lord, Your servant protected his own property, and now it is Your turn to protect what belongs to You. After this he told the people of Makkah to leave the city, and he himself left with them and climbed a hill to have a bird’s-eye view of Makkah. They could follow all that would happen from there.



## The Birds of Ababil

**A**brahah thought that there was no longer any barrier between him and the destruction of the Kabah. Without losing any time, he gave his army the order to march. At that very moment Mahmud, the giant elephant that Abrahah trusted so much, knelt down and sat on the ground. The soldiers tried very hard to get Mahmud to stand up. But it was no use. When they tried to face the army towards Yemen, he was getting up, but as soon as they tried to turn him toward the Kabah, he knelt down again. Nothing worked.

While Abrahah and his army were busy trying to get Mahmud to walk towards the Kabah, an unusual event took place. All of a sudden, a cloud of birds hovered above the army. They were the birds of Ababil, and each one of them was carrying small pebbles in its beak and claws. It was strange. They were acting as if they had had an order from one and the same source. All at once, they dropped the clay stones on Abrahah’s soldiers.

As soon as a soldier was hit, he fell to the ground. Abrahah was in shock.

Together with a few soldiers he began running away. But while he was running, a few pebbles hit him, and he fell, too. These tiny birds had destroyed a mighty army.

Thus Allah saved the most precious diamond on earth.



## Day 5

### World Celebration

**Y**ou were not in this world. There were other human beings and other children. There were very few good people. Mischief had spread everywhere. A leader had to come to guide the world. He had to bring happiness. Allah, the Almighty, had promised that He was going to send a leader and guide. Every creature knew this. The whole world needed it.

On a Monday in the month of April in the year 571, something very special happened. That day, the world was extremely happy. It was filled with joy. What was it? What had happened? The face of the earth was bathed all over in a very special light. The guest that the world had been waiting for had arrived. While the world was impatiently awaiting this news, many strange things took place. The Jews who heard this got upset that this new prophet had not come from within their own community. He was the most special servant of Allah. He was the greatest prophet. Right up to that day, all the prophets had praised this prophet – Musa (Moses), Dawud (David), Isa – all of them had given the news of his coming!

Yes, the long-awaited guest had finally arrived! All Muslims, children as well as adults, then called him, “The prophet.” So we too are going to call him the same: “The prophet.”



## Day 6

### The Birth of a Prophet

**T**here was a happy mother in a house in Makkah. She was the sweetest and the happiest mother in the world. Her name was Amina. She was the mother of the expected baby. She was glowing from excitement, smiling from ear to ear. He was to be the greatest of all prophets. Everyone in the room gathered around him. All of them were saying the same thing, “What a beautiful baby!”

The name of the baby’s father was Abdullah. Unfortunately, he died before ever seeing his baby. But his grandfather was alive. He was strong, lovable, and generous. He was Abdul Muttalib, the chief of Makkah. The neighbors went directly to Abdul Muttalib, “Good news! You have a beautiful grandson! “No baby like him has ever come to this world,” they said. Abdul Muttalib immediately came





back to his home and hugged the baby. He was full of joy. His face was also glowing. He said, “Let his name be Muhammad ﷺ. Let my grandson be liked everywhere and praised everywhere! That is why I have given him this name. Take care of him well; the whole world will know him.”

Muhammad’s grandfather sacrificed an animal for him. He invited many people to come and share his joy. It was a huge celebration. Even the poor took part in the festivities. A sweet happiness had spread everywhere. The city of Makkah was brighter than usual because baby Muhammad was there.



## Halima, the Nursing Mother

**M**akkah was a crowded city. The babies could not stand the weather there. It was a tradition of the Makkans to give their newborn babies to another mother, known as a nursing mother. The nursing mother would feed and nurse the baby for several months and take care of him in a place with cleaner air.

Amina and Abdul Muttalib searched for such a nursing mother to hire, so that she could take care of baby Muhammad ﷺ far away from Makkah. Around that time, some nursing mothers had come to Makkah from the plain of Badiya. The dry, clean air of the desert plain was the best place for the health of a baby. These women were looking for a baby to take care of. They found some babies and returned to their homes in the desert, but Abdul Muttalib could not find any nursing mother. Most of them did not want to take Muhammad because he was without a father; whereas, if they saw him, they would have wanted to take him. It would be impossible for them to go without him.

There was a very young woman who came on the back of her donkey from Badiya. She was wandering on the streets of Makkah with her husband and her camel. Her own baby that she was carrying in her arms was crying. There was not a drop of milk in her breasts because she was hungry and tired. During the trip to Makkah, they had a lot of trouble. Her donkey did not want to walk. The old camel did not give a drop of milk. They had come to Makkah with great difficulty. Now, on the streets of Makkah, she was looking for a baby to nurse. Then the poor nursing mother and the grandfather of a baby without a nursing mother met. Halima smiled. What a wonderful and good-hearted man he was! The old man said, “I have a grandson. Nobody wants to take him because he is fatherless. Would you be his nursing mother?” Halima was pleasantly surprised. She did not want



to go home empty-handed. She talked to her husband and then accepted the offer. The grandfather took the nursing mother to the baby.

Her heart was warm and full of joy and happiness. While the nursing mother, Halima, was staring at baby Muhammad with great admiration, he smiled. Halima took him into her arms and nursed him. What a surprise! How was it possible? Her milk was more than enough for both of the babies. Because of the difficulties she had faced on her way to Makkah before seeing baby Muhammad, she had no milk at all. Amina kissed her baby and smiled upon him. She was happy because she had finally found a nursing mother for him. Now, he was going to grow up well. So, she prepared him for the journey. She gave nice costly gifts to Halima, and then entrusted her baby to her.

She knew that Allah, the Almighty, was going to protect her baby. They sent baby Muhammad off with prayers.



## The Baby that Brought Great Fortune

**B**eautiful baby Muhammad ﷺ was leaving Makkah. The nursing mother and her husband wrapped up the baby and headed toward their home. They were wondering how their journey would be. The distance was long, the donkey was weak, and the camel was without milk. With all of this in mind, they headed out. After a short while, they took a break.

In order for infants not to become sick, they had to drink plenty of milk. For this reason, mother Halima had to feed herself properly, but during the trip how could they find milk and other nutrition? Halima would be so happy if the old camel gave some milk.

Halima's husband Harith reached for the udders of the camel. He was going to milk her. He would be pleased even if she gave very little milk. He could not believe his eyes.

Milk was dripping from the camel's udders. He immediately started milking. The container in his hand was filled to the top and started to overflow. He shouted to his wife with great excitement, "Halima! Halima! This baby you took is a wonderful baby! Look at the milk! It's unbelievable! This child is bringing us great fortune. He must be blessed!"

Halima looked at baby Muhammad with great hope and said, "This is my wish, too." They drank the camel's milk until they were full. They strapped the baby's back on to the camel and with great hope and joy, they continued on their journey.

Once they were on the road, they saw another



surprising thing. The same donkey, which had been walking with great difficulty while coming to Makkah, now, as if it were not the same donkey, was strong and was trotting quite fast. He was trying to carry the guest on his back as quickly as possible to the place where they were heading.

How wonderful it was! In a moment, so many things had changed. Suddenly, Halima's milk increased, the old camel began giving milk, and the weak donkey became strong. What did this all mean? Of course, this was all because of the baby Muhammad, who was to become a prophet, although no one knew yet.

Halima and her husband arrived at their home without any trouble. Now, baby Muhammad was at Badiya.



## Halima's Home

**L**ately, the rain-filled clouds had never come to the plain of Badiya. For a long time, it had not rained. Because rain meant life, everyone's eyes were always on the sky, expecting rain. The life of all animals depended on the water. Without rain, they were left hungry, weak and without milk. People also needed the rain in order to eat meat and to drink milk. These were all they had, and without rain, none of it would exist. Children were becoming hungry and their faces were pale like flour. How wonderful life would be if rain came. When everyone had water, everyone would be happy again. The days passed in this hope and expectation.

There was just one home that seemed to be different, as if it was from Paradise. It was the new home of baby Muhammad ﷺ. It was Halima's home.

In this home, as in no other, there was great joy and plenty. While other animals were hungry and could not give a drop of milk, Halima's animals were full of milk and able to supply it. Her children were different from the others too. While the other children were hungry and pale, hers were well-fed and strong. She knew very well the reason for all of these sudden changes. This baby had brought them blessing and joy.



## Halima's Sheep

**T**he other mothers who had chosen not to nurse Muhammad ﷺ were all puzzled. When they saw Halima's fat animals, they yelled at their shepherds, "Go and see



how Halima's shepherd fed their animals." The animals are so full of milk that when they walk they are unsteady, and milk just drips and drips from them.

Even the shepherds were puzzled. Their own animals were eating at the same places but were not well-fed. They went to Halima and asked how this could be possible. In response to hearing this question over and over again, she replied, "I swear that this is not a matter of grazing of the animals. This is simply God's secret gift. Everything started during our return from Makkah." They could not make sense out of Halima's explanation. They left with the same puzzled faces with which they had come.



## The Desert Flowers Blossom with Joy

**W**hen the rain they waited for never came, they were in a very difficult situation. They decided to pray to Allah. They went to a nearby hill, taking their hungry camels, sheep without milk, and weak children. They sacrificed some animals and asked Allah to send some rain. Not a drop of rain came. When they were ready to go home, an old woman shouted, "Wait, listen! There is a baby at Halima's home. When she returned from Makkah, there was great abundance in her home. That baby brings good fortune! Let's bring him here. Maybe when he arrives our prayers will be accepted!"

They asked Halima to bring the baby so that they could say their prayers with him present. When Halima climbed up the hill, she wanted to cover the face of baby Muhammad ﷺ in order to protect him from the sunshine. At that moment, she noticed a white cloud hover over the child like a curtain. She was sure now that he was a special baby. She kept this a secret and told no one. Someone from the crowd took the baby from her arms and prayed, "This baby is Muhammad of Makkah, who brings blessings to his home. Please Lord, for his sake, give us rain!"

As soon as the prayer ended, the sky was filled with clouds. The cloud that was following baby Muhammad all of a sudden turned into a rain cloud. Immediately, a shout of joy rose to the sky, "Rain, rain, rain!"

There was a celebration all over the plain. The flowers grew sturdy and strong. The land was beautiful again. From that day on, all the animals filled themselves when they grazed, and people filled themselves with meat and milk. Maybe not everyone realized it, but those who took a lesson from what they saw, knew now that all of this abundance was given for the sake of Muhammad.







Day  
12

## The Nursing Mother's Joy

**A**s Halima promised, she raised Muhammad ﷺ with great care. She taught him to say words one by one and to speak fluently. It was now time to send back the children to their parents. Halima was sad about this. Over time she had begun to feel a bond with him and did not want to see him go, but she had to send him back. Even though she and her husband wanted him to stay, they reluctantly got him ready. Finally, they set out for Makkah. The people in their tribe had also gotten used to baby Muhammad. They too did not want to see him go. As Halima and her husband were leaving, the others shouted behind them, "Please do not take him back. Let him stay some more with us. We haven't seen a child like him before! He brought great fortune to us. Let him stay for a little longer."

In fact, Halima wanted this more than anyone else. At the end of the long journey, they reached Amina's house. Amina had missed her baby very much. As Amina was kissing and hugging baby Muhammad, Halima explained how Muhammad was different from

every other child and how all the others in the tribe loved him. She continued describing how nice and well behaved a boy he was and how he was different from the other children. She described in detail how he slept and walked and talked. As she described these details, Amina was filled with joy.

In those days there was a plague in Makkah. Amina was afraid that the disease would reach her child. Halima was also worried about this, so she had the courage to ask her, "Can he stay with me a little longer? I am afraid that he will catch the disease if he stays in Makkah."

Amina and Abdul Muttalib were willing to send the baby away a little longer, just to make sure he was safe and healthy. Halima was so excited that she felt the whole world was hers. She held tight to baby Muhammad and returned with him to the desert. The flowers gave off a lovely fragrance just for baby Muhammad's return. Everyone was spreading the news, congratulating each other, "Good news! Muhammad has returned!"



Day  
13

## The Cloud that Became an Umbrella

**M**uhammad ﷺ was growing up rapidly. Muhammad had some nursing brothers. In those days, infants who drank milk from the same woman but did not have the

same mother were called nursing brothers. Whenever nursing brothers went outside to feed the animals, Muhammad was often left alone. In fact, he also wanted to go to the countryside, wander around, see the flowers, feed the lambs, and spend time with them. One day, he told his nursing mother about this. His nursing mother did not want him to go. She didn't want him to be under the sun all day, but when she saw how sad Muhammad was, she couldn't be against it any longer. She gave permission for him to go out with his brother and sister the next day. Muhammad was very happy.



One day, he was going to go out with his nursing brother and sister, Abdullah and Shayma. While Halima was getting him ready, she repeated the same thing to her children, "Take care of him well. Protect him. Don't let sunlight hit his head."

Shayma promised her mom that she would take care of him. While walking, hand in hand, they followed the lambs.

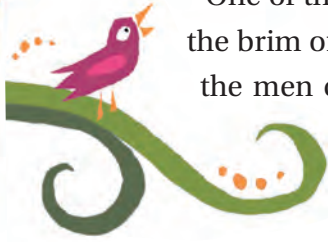
While Muhammad was walking around, he thought about the sky, the sun, and the earth and how the Creator had made them so beautifully. Who would make them this beautiful? The Creator had made them this beautiful. The more Muhammad thought, the more he loved Him.

Just as the warm sunlight caressed his skin, a white cloud as thin as a thread appeared above him and shaded him. Wherever he went the cloud followed him. It was like an umbrella. As he walked along the road, the cloud never left him. Muhammad did not know what was going on. His nursing sister, Shayma, noticed this cloud. She was amazed at how this cloud followed her brother. When they returned home in the evening, Shayma described the events to her mother. Halima was not surprised to hear any of it. In fact, she was happy because she too had seen the cloud over Muhammad when he was just a baby. She knew that he was a special child and she knew that he would later become a great man. For this, she thanked Allah.



## Two Men in White

**I**t was a sunny day. Muhammad ﷺ went to the countryside again with his brothers to let the lambs graze. The lambs wandered around joyfully. Muhammad sat near one corner of the herd thinking deeply, while his nursing brother, Abdullah, was in a deep sleep under the shade of a tree. Suddenly, two strange men in white appeared before Muhammad. They carefully watched him from a distance. You could tell that they were good people, even from far away. They greeted him with a great big smile.



One of them was holding a gold plate in his hands. There was snow filled to the brim of this plate. Muhammad looked at the men in amazement. Quietly, the men came near to him. Carefully, without harming him, they laid him on the ground and washed his chest with the snow. When they finished, they just disappeared. Muhammad was neither scared nor in a panic.

During this time, Abdullah woke from his sleep and saw everything that happened. He ran home and told his mother, “Mommy, mommy! Two men laid my Makkan brother on the ground. They were doing something to him.”

His nursing mother got very worried. She ran over to Muhammad. There didn’t seem to be anyone around. Her dear boy’s face was just pale. Halima asked, “My child, what happened to you?” Muhammad told her the story.

He was around 4 years old and one of the most handsome children. Halima was worried more than before after this event, because she knew that he was a very special boy. She discussed it with her husband, and they decided to give him back to his mother before something scary happened to him.

When they arrived at Makkah, Halima explained everything to Amina but she was not surprised. Amina said, “Yes, my son is special. He will be a great man.” She then gave Halima lots of gifts. Abdul Muttalib was so happy. His grandson had grown up healthy, and he was four years old. Makkah and Muhammad were reunited again. Halima hugged and kissed him for the last time. She was happy that she had returned him safe and sound. This incredible child was now going to live in Makkah with his mother, Amina.

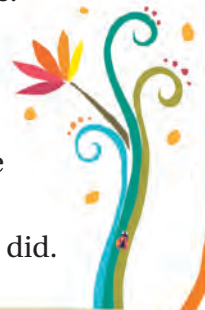


## Living with His Mother

**H**e was a sweet, healthy child. Living in the desert had been very good for him. He grew up there without getting sick. Now he was in his mother’s warm arms. With his return, the house was filled with light. Everyone – his mother, grandfather, aunt and uncles – loved him very much. His youngest uncle, Abbas, was his playmate. Since they were close in age, they got along very well.

Muhammad ﷺ helped his mother around the house, because he didn’t want his mom to get upset or tired with housework. He was such a decent child. His mother was so amazed at how much he cared about cleanliness. He was polite and attentive. He was truthful. He hated lies. He was very well mannered.

The children of Makkah liked him very much, just as the children of Badiya did. They would compete with each other just to play with him. Muhammad



never singled out any of his friends. It didn't make any difference whether someone was poor or rich, ugly or handsome, he made friends with everyone.



## Missing His Father

**I**n a very short time, his name became known all around by word of mouth. Those who saw him were left in amazement. They told everyone about his manners and respect for others.

Muhammad ﷺ was now six years old. He was living happily in his home in Makkah. He and his mother finally had the pleasure of being together.

One day, Amina decided to take her son, Muhammad, to see their relatives in Madinah. She wanted to take Muhammad to visit them and to visit the site of his father's grave. His nanny, Ummu Ayman, was also going to go with them. A short time later, the three of them set out on the trip. It was going to be a very long journey. Muhammad was very excited and anxious. He was going to meet his uncles and visit the site of his father's grave. Day and night, they travelled on the back of the camel.

They arrived at Madinah after days of travelling. Madinah was a beautiful city when you could get many fruits and vegetables. They arrived at Muhammad's uncle's house. His uncles hugged and kissed the nephew they were seeing for the very first time. Amina took Muhammad along with her to the site of his father's grave. Muhammad's father, Abdullah, had been a very kind man. He passed away without being able to see his little boy. Amina was so sad about this.

To see his father's grave made Muhammad very sad. Who knows how much he would have loved his father if he had been alive! He would have shown him so much respect and obeyed him. They finally left the grave.

Even though he was missing his father, he knew he had to be patient and just accept this.



## Unforgettable Days

**T**he children in Madinah loved Muhammad ﷺ. This was the first time they had seen a child like him. They too were very good children, but Muhammad was different. He

was polite, smart and kind to everyone. All of his friends gathered around him and took him to tour Madinah. Muhammad really liked this beautiful city.

He got along very well with his cousin, Unaysa. They would play in the garden every day. His uncle's house was like a mansion. The birds made a nest on the roof of this house. Muhammad and Unaysa would try to make the birds fly away from the house. Muhammad enjoyed this very much.

There was a huge pool in the back yard of the house. In just a few days, he learned how to swim. His friends came over to swim with him. They played so many fun games. They rode horses. They shot arrows. They raced each other. This beautiful city became even more beautiful and fun with all of these games. The citizens of Madinah hosted Muhammad and his family with pleasure. These were the best and most fun days of Muhammad's childhood. He would always remember these days because they were unforgettably good childhood memories.



## Good News

**M**uhammad ﷺ was very happy in Madinah. He liked the city very much. It seemed as if the days were swiftly passing by at his uncle's house. One day, he was sitting with his nanny, Ummu Ayman, in the backyard of their house. Two Jews passing by the house saw Muhammad. They started to observe him carefully. It seemed that they had found someone they were looking for. Muhammad became uncomfortable with their stares. He quickly went inside. When they saw him go inside, they asked his nanny, Ummu Ayman, "What is this child's name?" The nanny did not know them. She was confused. Worried that they might do some harm to him, she asked, "Why do you want to know?" "Don't be afraid" they replied, "He looks like a child we are looking for. That is the reason why we asked. Could you please tell us his name? We do not mean any harm." The nanny felt sure that they did not have bad intentions. "His name is Muhammad," she said. Both of their eyes glowed with joy. They smiled as they looked at each other. Probably this was the child they were looking for. They requested the nanny, "Could you please call him here?" The nanny, Ummu Ayman, called him over. They observed him closely. They requested permission to take a look at his back. On Muhammad's back was a birthmark. Anxiously, they remarked, "Yes, it is he!" The nanny was more confused than before. One of the Jews said, "This boy will become the last prophet. He fits the exact description of the last prophet from our books." The other added an explanation, "The mark on his back is the mark of prophethood." Thanking



Ummu Ayman, they departed, and so the first signs were discovered in Madinah. Was the expected guide to be Muhammad? Everyone was curious about this. To see him was a great blessing. How happy were those who had his love, and how great an honor it was to be able to see him.



## The Mother Who Passed On

**M**uhammad ﷺ had made great friendships in Madinah. He lived many joyful days, but it was time to return to Makkah. His grandfather and other relatives were waiting for him in Makkah. He said his goodbyes and departed with his mother and nanny, Ummu Ayman.

They travelled day and night into the dry desert. His mother, Amina, was weak and tired and couldn't focus. After a few days of travel, she suddenly became ill. They were to take a break at the village of Abwa. During the break she collapsed. Muhammad ran to hug her. Amina was burning with a high fever. He ran back and forth in order to find help. Amina's strength and breath was weakening. Muhammad laid his mother in his lap. He understood that she was seriously ill. He was weeping silently. Amina opened her eyes for a moment and softly said, "Water?" He gave his mother some water as she gave him a long stare and held his gentle hands. These were her last words. She hugged her son for the last time and passed on to the next life.

The people of Abwa came running to them and helped to dig a grave for her. Allah loves those who love Him. Even in the most difficult times, He would help them. Since Muhammad loved Allah very much, Allah always helped him. In his most difficult times, Allah gave him strength.



## Muhammad with His Grandfather

**W**ith tearful eyes, Muhammad ﷺ and his nanny set out again leaving Amina in the cemetery of Abwa. After a long and tiring journey, they reached Makkah. The news of Amina's death echoed in Makkah. Everyone felt sad. Muhammad was left without a mother or a father. His old grandfather held him tight. He was going to take care of this



orphan from now on. This good-hearted grandfather was generous and liked to do favors for everyone. He would distribute food to the poor and would feed all of the hungry. He would even think of the hungry animals living in the wild and would take them food.

He was like Muhammad's mother, father and everything to him all in one. The caring grandfather would take him everywhere he went. They would never remain separate from each other.

Muhammad was only six years old, but he was a very mature child. He tried hard not to be a burden on his relatives and tried his best not to upset them. His aunts and uncles who noticed this, tried to give him more attention. His youngest aunt, Safiya, and his youngest uncle, Hamza, became friends with young Muhammad. For his patience and good manners, Allah gave Muhammad the strong love of his family as a gift.



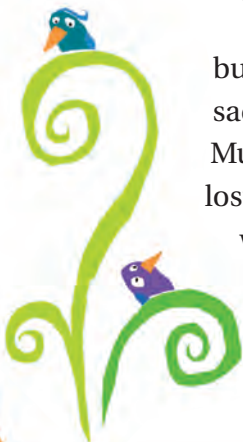
## His Grandfather's Prayers

**A**bdul Muttalib had a cushion he always kept in front of the base of the Kabah. No one could sit on it other than himself, but he would take great pleasure, if Muhammad ﷺ sat there. To those who wanted to bring him down from there, he would say, "Leave my son alone! He is going to be a great man someday." No one other than Muhammad could enter Abdul Muttalib's room either. This kind-hearted grandfather would eat his meals with him. He wouldn't let anyone start their meal before Muhammad joined them. Because Muhammad had so much love from his grandfather, he was very happy.

Abdul Muttalib was a very hard working man. He would not waste even a moment. Anyone who was in trouble would run to him. He would help everyone and would not turn away from anyone.

One day Abdul Muttalib lost his camel. They looked everywhere for it, but simply could not find it. Muhammad didn't want to see his grandfather sad, so he also went out to help look for the camel. A long time passed by. Muhammad wasn't anywhere to be found. Young Muhammad seemed to be lost. His grandfather became worried. He was so upset that he couldn't decide what to do. He forgot about his camel and started looking for his grandson.

Helpless and upset, he ran toward the Kabah. He opened out his hands to Allah and prayed, "My Lord, please return my grandson to me." His tears poured down into his beard. He looked long and hard into the distance. At that moment, he noticed someone approaching from afar. Yes, yes!





It was him! It was his beloved, sweet grandson who was coming and with him was the lost camel. Muhammad had found the camel and was bringing him back. His grandfather ran toward him and gave him a great big hug, “My dear son! I was so worried about you!” Abdul Muttalib exclaimed while tightly hugging him, “From now on I am not going to let you leave my sight. I am not going to send you anywhere alone.” From that day on, Abdul Muttalib never left Muhammad alone. Muhammad was growing up safely protected under his grandfather’s care. Everyone loved him. He was treated differently from others and was given special attention, but he never acted spoiled.



## The Child Praised By Kings

**A**bdul Muttalib had to leave Makkah for a little while. As the leader of Makkah, he went to congratulate a king who had just been crowned. He could not take Muhammad ﷺ with him. The journey was long and tiring. Besides, it was an official meeting. It would not have been nice to bring a child along.

When he set out on his journey, he was joined by the nobles of Makkah. But his thoughts were continuously about his grandson. After a long trip, they finally arrived. The king showed great respect to Abdul Muttalib. For several days, he showed great hospitality and welcomed his guest in his palace.

One day during their stay, the king called Abdul Muttalib to his side. He said, “I am going to share a secret. It’s about you.” Abdul Muttalib was surprised. “I’m listening, Your Majesty,” he responded. “What is this secret?” he asked. The king was a good-hearted man, who was knowledgeable and had read many books. He said, “According to the books I read, there is a boy growing up in Makkah. He has a birthmark of prophethood on his back. He has no mother and no father. He is living with his grandfather. According to these books, he will be the last prophet. There will be no prophet after him. That is why he is of such value. He was chosen and praised both in the heavens and on earth. He will keep mankind from committing bad deeds, and he will guide them to the true path. He will always do good things and will spread love and goodness around the world.”

As the king explained, Abdul Muttalib became excited. The description sounded exactly like his grandson. This could not be anyone but his grandson, Muhammad. The king was aware of everything. He looked carefully into Abdul Muttalib’s face and said, “According to my books, this grandfather must be you! The signs point to you.”

Abdul Muttalib had already sensed that his grandson would be a great man one day. Hearing the same thing from a king had excited him more, “Your majesty, what you are saying is certainly true. I have a grandson who is a treasure. According to your





description, it must be my grandson, Muhammad.” The king was glad to hear that he had not been mistaken. He advised Abdul Muttalib, “Be sure to take good care of him. People with bad intentions may bring harm to him, but Allah will help him. When that child grows up, he will accomplish great things.”

Both the king and Abdul Muttalib were convinced that this child was Muhammad. The king gave many gifts to Abdul Muttalib and sent him on his way. Abdul Muttalib missed his grandson dearly. He was impatient to see him as soon as possible. After a long and tiring journey, he finally reached home. He hugged and kissed his grandson. From now on, he was going to take better care of him than ever before.



## A Giant no More

**A**bdul Muttalib, grandfather to Muhammad ﷺ, was liked by many in Makkah. Most of this great leader’s life had been spent doing good to others and favors for the people of Makkah. He would do everything within his power to make the Makkan people comfortable in life. For Muhammad, during times of loneliness, his grandfather was like a giant mountain that he leaned on. But lately he was unable to get out of his bed. He was ill. He was now very old. It was now his time to leave this world. He knew this too. He had one concern. He was afraid that after he died, his little Muhammad would be alone. It was bad enough that he was without a mother and father. What would he do if he were to lose his grandfather too? This old grandfather called his children and grandchildren to his side. Muhammad hadn’t seen his grandfather this sick before. He was speaking with great difficulty, just as Muhammad’s mother had done before dying. The thought of losing his grandfather started to sink in. He started to cry. If something happened to his grandfather, how would he deal with this? While he was thinking about this, his grandfather called for him, “My son, my dear Muhammad!” His voice sounded weak, “It’s time now for me to go. When I’m gone, your uncles will look after you. Tell me, which one of your uncles would you like to live with?” Muhammad had many uncles.



Every one of them gave Muhammad thier love, but he loved Abu Talib the most. He hugged Abu Talib, and Abu Talib hugged him back. His grandfather was extremely happy about this, because he knew that of all of his sons, Abu Talib was the one to take the best care of Muhammad. From his deathbed, he cried out to his son, “Abu Talib, my son! I am leaving Muhammad in your care. Do you promise to take good care of him?” Abu Talib replied, “Don’t worry,

my dear father. I am going to take Muhammad into my home and watch over him as if he was my own. I am going to protect him from all harm and evil. I promise you this.” This old grandfather was comforted by his words. With peace of mind, he looked long and hard at his grandson for the last time. With that peace, he departed from this world. The child Muhammad, the dear boy, who would some day be the prophet, was still only eight years old.

In a short time, the bad news spread quickly. Everyone in the city was in tears. Some even came from faraway places just to fulfill their last duty to Abdul Muttalib by attending his funeral. The city of Makkah was struck with grief. All of the shops were closed down for several days. The great chief had died. Sometimes Muhammad was sobbing. Sometimes he hid himself in a corner and cried silently. After the funeral service, his uncle hugged Muhammad and wiped his tears. From now on, he was going to act as a father to this unique child.



## In His Uncle's Home

**A**bu Talib had a small house in which he lived with his large family. But his heart was so large that it was big enough for everyone. He opened both his heart and his home to Muhammad ﷺ.

Now, he was one of the children of this home. His aunt, Fatima, used to treat him very well. Muhammad was also very respectful toward her. She used to love this polite and respectful child like her own. She used to comb Muhammad's hair before her own children. She used to feed him first. Her own children were never jealous of him though, because they too loved Muhammad. He was happy in that home. Allah, the Most High, had given him an uncle like a father, and an aunt like a mother. Wherever he went, his uncle used to take him along.

Abu Talib couldn't do without Muhammad. He wouldn't sit at the table without him. When he was ready to eat, he used to say, "Where is Muhammad, go and call him." When Muhammad sat at the table, everybody would leave with a full stomach. When he was not there, nobody was completely full.

Muhammad would never sit at the table before washing his hands. He would say "bismillah" first and then start eating. He wouldn't blow on the food, but he would wait patiently for it to get a little cooler. He used to eat food in small bites and always whatever was in front of him. He wouldn't start eating before the elders did. He had excellent manners.



His uncle and his aunt wanted him to be well fed and comfortable. They did everything possible to give him whatever he needed. Muhammad was very comfortable in that home. He used to love his uncle, aunt, and cousins as if they were his own family. Love rained from the sky. Blessings showered down upon the world. A lot of these blessings poured into the humble home of Abu Talib. All of them became full and well fed. The faces of the children brightened, and utter joy spread around the home after Muhammad joined them.



## Rain Drops In Open Hands

**F**or a long time, it had not rained in Makkah, and the soil was very dry. All of the plants and trees were dried up. The fountains were not running. Children were getting sick, and animals were dying of thirst. After the death Abdul Muttalib, his son, Abu Talib, had become the chief of Makkah. People trusted him very much. They used to love and respect him. Helplessly they came to him. They said, “For many days now, it has not rained. Our children are hungry, and our animals are thirsty. The gardens in the countryside have dried up. If it goes on like this, we will suffer a real disaster. Could we ask you to come with us to pray for rain?” Abu Talib agreed immediately. He was thinking the same thing, anyway. What else could he have done? It was Allah Who sent rain. If He wished, it would rain; if He did not, it would not.

Before going outside to say the rain prayer, he wanted to take somebody along who was better than anybody else. He thought for a while. This could not be anybody other than his nephew Muhammad ﷺ. He immediately ran to him and called him for this purpose. Together, they went to the Kabah. Abu Talib, with the people who gathered there, prayed to Allah, the Most High, to save men from thirst, for the soil to be filled with water, for the grass to become green again, and for the animals to feed themselves to their fill. The beautiful Muhammad had also opened up his hands and was asking Allah, the Most High, to send rain. All the begging eyes were directed towards the sky. Everyone was waiting silently. As if they had received an order from a central place, all of the rain clouds flew from every direction to the Kabah, and a couple of raindrops fell on Muhammad’s tender skin. The raindrops, which were coming one by one at first, kept increasing. Now, the rain poured down everywhere. All the people waited in the rain until they got soaking wet. The prayer of Muhammad had been accepted.



Just like a hungry baby, the soil was sucking up the pouring rain. The grass grew, the flowers blossomed, and the animals were full again with the coming of the water. The children could drink it. Everybody was happy. All of this was realized



because Muhammad had opened up his hands to Allah. With the belief that he was going to be a great man, his uncle and all those around him departed.



## The Child Helping His Uncle

**T**ime was flying. Muhammad ﷺ was now ten years old. He was still staying with his uncle. His uncle was working very hard to feed his children. Muhammad was feeling sad to see him working hard and sacrificing everything for their comfort. He was looking for ways to help and support his uncle.

One day, an idea came to his mind. He could herd his uncle's sheep and then his uncle need not pay for a shepherd. In this way, Muhammad could help and add to the family budget. He told his uncle about his idea.

At first, his uncle didn't agree to it. But somehow Muhammad tried very hard to convince him, and in the end, he was successful. But this time, his aunt, Fatima, opposed it. How could their little baby whom they wanted to protect like their own eyes go outside to take care of the flock? They couldn't be pleased to see him all day under the burning sun of the desert. But Muhammad wanted to do this so much that, with his sweet tongue and intelligent talk, he was able to convince his aunt too.

From now on, he was going to take care of the sheep. Working was not something shameful but sitting back and doing nothing was. He hated to sit without doing anything. He used to love to work. Now, he was getting up early in the morning, taking the sheep and going to the countryside. There, all day he was shepherding the sheep. While the sheep were feeding, he was thinking deeply. He greatly admired the Creator Who had

created the sky with the sun and stars, the One Who had made the face of the earth beautiful with thousands of colorful flowers. Muhammad examined the mountains, stones, and plants that Allah had created. He was trying to understand Allah's greatness.

So many days passed by. He was a child who was able to find beauty in everything and never complained about anything. He always loved, and he was always loved. His love went deep into the hearts of men.



## Muhammad Fell Asleep

**O**n some nights, there was merrymaking in Makkah. Muhammad ﷺ had heard about it from his friends. He didn't know what went on there. One day, when he was taking

care of his sheep, he told his friend, “If you can take care of my sheep tonight, I would like to see this entertainment in Makkah.” His friend agreed. After leaving his sheep to his friend, Muhammad set out for Makkah.

From the scene of the entertainment, he could hear tambourines, whistling, and all kinds of musical instruments. When he approached this place to see how the people enjoyed themselves, he sat down. But as soon as he was seated, he felt a certain heaviness and he fell asleep. The next morning he opened his eyes with the first rays of the sun. It caressed his head with a great light, waking him up. He looked around, seeing nothing but an empty place. Last night, he had come to this place to watch the fun. It had been so crowded, but now, there was no one around him. Without seeing anything, he had fallen asleep. He was amazed that he did not remember anything. He immediately stood up and went back to his sheep. His friend asked what he had seen. Muhammad explained to him all that had happened. His friend could not believe it. Several days passed and again there was merrymaking in Makkah. Once more, Muhammad left his sheep with his friend and went to Makkah to see what happened. Again, this time he wanted to sit down and watch but he fell asleep. It was only the following morning that he was able to get up. When he opened his eyes and saw that the everyone had gone, he was amazed. Muhammad decided that Allah probably didn't want him to go to such places, because of the way people used to drink and behave in an ugly way. It didn't suit such a fine young man to go to these kinds of places. From then on, Muhammad never again wanted anything of this kind.



## The Tears of Muhammad

**T**he years had passed quickly. Muhammad ﷺ was now 12 years old. He was growing up in the loving home of his uncle. In those days, Abu Talib was making preparations.

He was planning on going to Damascus. He loaded his camels. He was going to sell the things he had loaded to earn some money to take care of his children. Muhammad had learned about his uncle's plan to go away and got upset. Now, was he going to be separated from his uncle after the separation from his father, mother, and grandfather? As he thought of this, his eyes were filled with tears. While his uncle was getting ready to leave, he started crying silently. No matter how hard he tried to hide it, it did not escape his uncle's eyes. He immediately approached his dear nephew and asked, “Why are you crying, my sweet boy? Muhammad bowed his head. He wiped his red eyes. Holding the rope of the camel that was being loaded he responded, “Are



you also going to leave me, uncle? I have neither a mother nor a father. Where are you going, leaving me like this? Hearing these words from his nephew, Abu Talib's heart went out to him. How could he go, leaving him with teary eyes? He decided to take him along with him to Damascus. He told him to go and get ready. The other uncles and aunts of Muhammad, who heard this, opposed it. They said, "The road is dangerous, and it is really hot. You cannot take him to Damascus. Muhammad could never stand it. He could get sick." Abu Talib ignored their objections. He mounted Muhammad on the back of his camel. Both the uncle and nephew were very happy. They set out along with a crowded caravan going to the same place. Muhammad was on the back of the camel behind his uncle. The burning rays of the sun had spread everywhere. The caravan was moving sometimes smoothly while at other times the feet of the camels would get buried in the desert sands. Beautiful silver clouds floated above them and gave shade to the caravan. A small cloud floated above the camel Muhammad was riding. The travellers didn't have a difficult time at all. They moved on easily. By the grace of Allah and for the sake of Muhammad, they were having a nice journey under the clouds.



## The Child Awaited on the Way

**T**he travellers moved slowly across the remote desert. Day and night they travelled some distance. When they were about halfway through their journey, they became very tired. To take a break, they headed for the town of Busra where they could dismount from their camels. Busra was a nice town with a lot of trees. Its water was sweet, and its weather was cool. They would take a break near the monastery in that town.

There was an old monk living in this little monastery. This man of religion was the monk Bahirah. Every day, he used to climb to the roof of the monastery and observe the travellers approaching. He was carefully examining every caravan. It seemed he was waiting for an important traveller. According to the books he was reading in the monastery, in these days the last prophet must have come to this world. The Jews too were waiting for the coming of this prophet. Bahirah was very curious about him. He wanted to see that beautiful man very much. Besides, the books he read said this prophet would go through this very monastery. It was time now. It would not be long before the coming of the traveller he was awaiting.

That morning, again he was on top of the roof. Suddenly, his eyes lit up. It seemed he had found what he was looking for. The travellers appeared from afar. There was a white cloud above the travellers. For a long time, monk Bahirah could not take





his eyes off the cloud. The cloud was moving with the travellers. It seemed it wanted to protect someone among them from the sun's burning rays. He wondered if the prophet whose name was mentioned in the books was among them. As the travellers approached, monk Bahirah became very excited. It was as if his heart would leap out of his chest. He observed them with great attention.



As planned, the travellers took a break near the monastery. They had their camels drink some water. They were planning to eat and take some rest. Bahirah rushed down from the roof of the monastery. He went to the travellers and invited them for a meal. This way, he could learn of everyone in the caravan. He was getting impatient about seeing the expected prophet.

The travellers accepted the invitation and went in. While they were eating their meal, Bahirah watched each one of them. But, unfortunately, he could not find what he was looking for. The person who was described in the books was not among them. Sadly, he left the building. He looked towards where the camels were and couldn't believe his eyes. The cloud was still there. Just like an umbrella, it was giving its shade to someone.

He immediately came back and asked his guests if there was anyone else among them who had not come in for the food. The travellers answered all together, "All of us are here. There is only a child left, and he is protecting our stuff outside." Bahirah said, "Please call that child to come in. I am inviting him also for the meal." Abu Talib immediately stood up and went out to bring Muhammad ﷺ in.

A little while later, Muhammad came into the monastery with his uncle. Who was this? Could this be the moment he had waited for so long? Monk Bahirah's eyes brightened up with happiness. What he was waiting for must have been this child!



## The Happiness of Bahirah

**T**he monk Bahirah had been able to pick out Muhammad ﷺ from among the caravan travellers. When the beautiful, shining faced child entered, Bahirah was trembling and somewhat nervous.

Muhammad, being well mannered, politely went in and sat down at a place to which they showed him. He started eating the food that was served. The monk Bahirah watched him until he had finished his food. Then he quietly approached him. He wanted to get a better look at him. The child was exactly as described in the books. There was brightness in his face. The monk asked him several questions. Muhammad answered to the satisfaction of Bahirah.



Intelligence, good manners, courtesy, respect... he had all of them. The best characteristics were united in Muhammad. There was one more thing that Bahirah was curious about. If there were the seal of prophethood on his back, the monk would have no more doubt in his mind. He asked Muhammad for permission to look at his back. Yes! The seal of prophethood was there—

exactly as described in the books! He was now very sure. This child was to be the Prophet Muhammad Mustafa who was expected everywhere. Trying to hide his excitement, he asked Abu Talib, “What relation is this child to you?” Abu Talib was afraid that some harm would come to his nephew. For this reason, he did not tell the truth, “He is my son,” he said quietly. The monk was confused, “This cannot be, according to what is written in the books. This child does not have a father. He must not be your child.”

Abu Talib believed now that no harm would come from the monk Bahirah. This time he told the truth, “Yes, he is not my son. He is my nephew.” The monk continued his questions, “What happened to his father?” Abu Talib replied, “When his mother was pregnant with him, he died.” The monk shook his head approvingly, “Yes, it is also written in the book.” And then he leaned over and whispered in Abu Talib’s ear, “Take the child and return to your home.” “Why? Has something happened?” asked Abu Talib. Bahirah told him, “This child is going to be the prophet who has been expected for a long time. According to the sacred books he is going to be the last prophet. At this moment, everywhere along the route that you are taking, he is awaited. If you take him to Damascus, they will recognize him. They might try to harm him. In my opinion, you should not stay. Take him and return to your home.”

Abu Talib was affected very much by the words of the monk Bahirah. Of course, he wouldn’t want any harm to come to his nephew, Muhammad. He would do everything possible in order to protect him. He sold all he had right there and set out on the return journey. Both uncle and nephew returned to Makkah without going to Damascus.

The monk Bahirah was honored to see the one who would be the prophet as described in the books, and he was glad that he had prevented any harm from coming to him. For this reason he was very, very happy.



Day  
31

## The Mountain of Arafat

**A**fter the warning of the monk Bahirah, Abu Talib never allowed his nephew to go out of his sight again. Wherever Muhammad ﷺ went, Abu Talib took him with him. One day, the nephew and uncle had started a journey together. They were taking some stuff to sell at the fair of Zulmajaz, which was in a faraway place.

While on the journey, Abu Talib was very thirsty. The water that they brought was finished. It was impossible to find any water around there. At that moment, his nephew came to his mind. He knew that where Muhammad was, there wouldn't be any hunger or thirst. With a low voice he said, "My nephew, I am very thirsty." Muhammad turned around and looked at him. His uncle's lips were dry. Abu Talib knew that Muhammad would want to find water very much, but here in the middle of the desert where could he find it? Muhammad dismounted his camel and prayed to Allah. As soon as he hit the soil with his heel, water started gushing forth, just like a fountain. His uncle's eyes brightened up! He looked at his nephew in amazement. Muhammad filled the container with water and extended it to his uncle, "Here it is, my dear uncle, take it."



Abu Talib drank his fill of the water. He was not thirsty any more. He knew that his nephew was a great person, but he believed in this one more time with the miracle that had just taken place in front of his eyes. He hugged his nephew lovingly with pride and praised him.

They continued on their journey, peacefully. Wherever the Prophet-to-be set foot, the water never dried up. They called it the fountain of Arafat. For many, many hundreds of years, the fountain of Arafat has been flowing. Even today, the pilgrims who go there in order to perform Hajj, use this water to drink and cool down.



## Day 32

### They Called Him Muhammad Al-Amin

**M**uhammad ﷺ was not a child any more. During the time he passed in his uncle's house, he had become a handsome youth. He was of average height, and quite tall.

His hair was black, strong, thick, and curly. His eyebrows were close to each other, and his eyelashes were long. The pupils of his eyes were pitch black. His features were beautiful. His teeth were white like pearls. He always had a smile on his face and the words he uttered were always pleasant.

He wouldn't injure anyone. He would see only the best side of everything. He would think positively about life. He used to speak fluently. For this reason everyone admired of him. They were fond of listening to him. Those who met him once wouldn't want to leave him. He had a difficult childhood, but he would become an exemplary model later on for everyone.

His honesty and truthfulness were legendary. As he grew older, his fame spread all over Makkah. Talk of his good manners and morals passed from mouth to mouth. He became the most trusted person in Makkah. People used to trust him with their most valuable belongings because he would properly protect the things entrusted to him. He used to help everyone. For this reason in every heart there was a place for love of him. Everywhere they talked about him. They used to say, "Muhammad would never lie. We cannot trust anyone as much as we trust him." They loved him so dearly and trusted him so much that they added another name to his name. They called him,

"Muhammad al-Amin", Muhammad the trust worthy. Amin is Arabic for the person whom they trusted. It meant "the person who would never lie or betray anyone." It meant "always loved, always respected." It meant "the person who always had beautiful things and always reminded men of beautiful things." Whether for friend or foe, Muhammad would protect everyone's life and property.

His existence in the city of Makkah gave everyone a sense of safety and security. Because Muhammad's presence promised peace and love, safety, trust, and truthfulness, Makkah was experiencing all of them now. From now on, he was Muhammad Al-Amin of the Makkans.

