

I Know that My Book is the Qur'an



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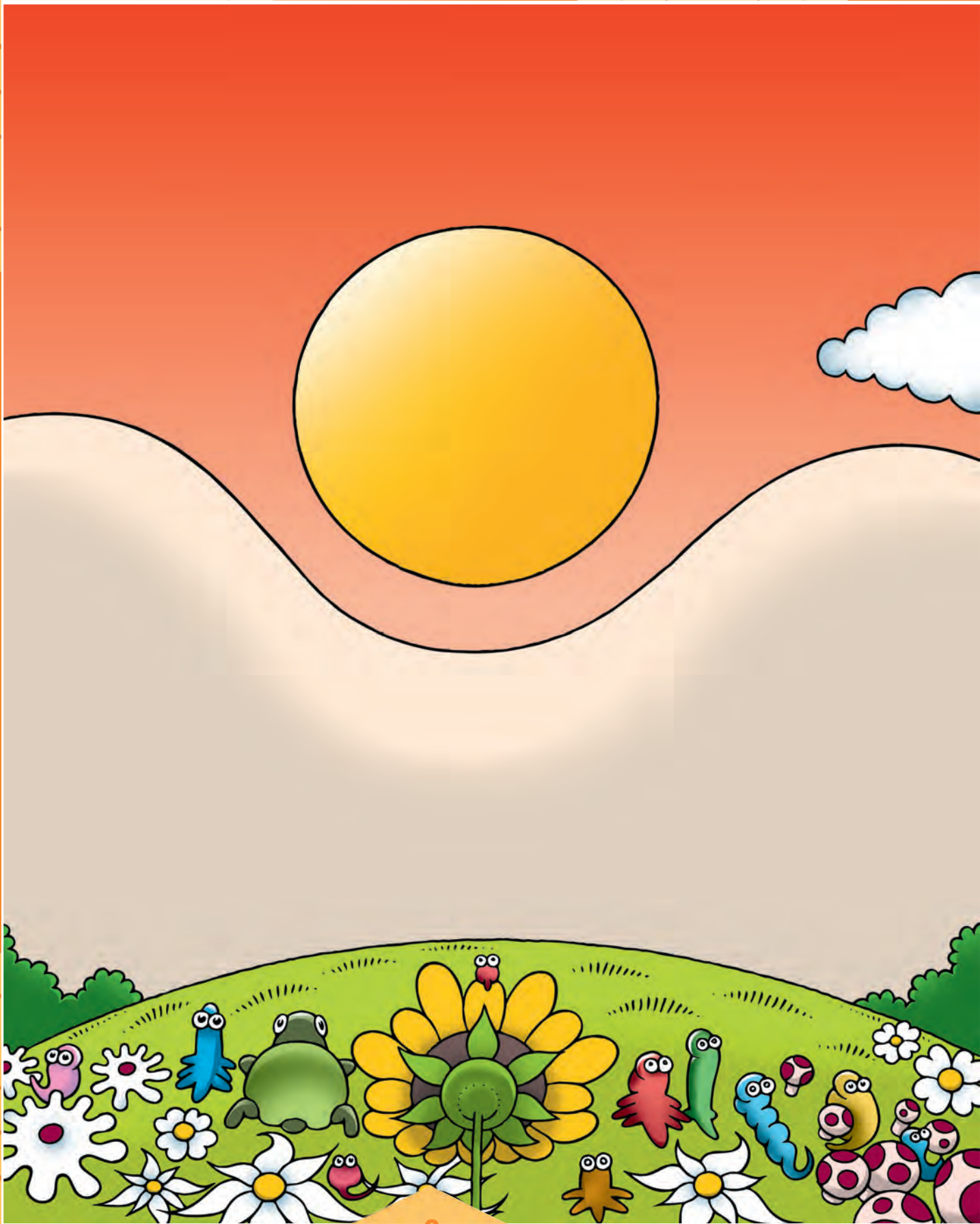
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It was a beautiful Saturday morning. The warm sun took away the chilly night air.

Behind the mountains the sun rose slowly in the sky. The rising of the sun seemed as natural as the falling of a stone.





Since there was no school today, Kareem was at home. First thing in the morning he had a nice breakfast with his mother and father. He thought about the things he had to do today. He realized he had a lot of free time.

Kareem decided to go outside to the yard. He wanted to go out and draw. He asked his mother if it was okay to take his drawing pad and crayons outside. When she said "yes" Kareem went outside and sat underneath a big tree.







Kareem sat himself down under the tree. He noticed that he wasn't the tree's only guest. High in its branches he saw twittering sparrows also enjoying the shade.

Kareem listened to their songs. He wanted to see with his eyes what he heard with his ears. He looked up.

He could see the sun's rays coming through the leaves. He looked even harder. Finally he caught a glimpse of the little sparrow. He felt very happy.

