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The 1 O'clock Visitor

This story was based on a true story. More details are found below

Source: <https://storiesformuslimkids.wordpress.com/2019/02/01/the-1-oclock-visitor/>

There was a poor family of three which consisted of a mother, a father and a young daughter who was in primary school. They didn't have much but they could just barely survive from day to day. Alhamdulillah. Although they were not rich in terms of money, they were rich in terms of happiness and peace.

They were good practising Muslims, always praying their five daily prayers on time and always obeying Allah's rules and fearing His punishment. They were afraid of displeasing Allah so they always chose to follow His laws no matter how hard it got. It was difficult living in this place but they persevered on. Their village back home had no available jobs and times were bleak. Therefore they had to migrate to this big, old town for a better life. School was also free for needy students there.

One day, the father of the family was tested with a huge test. He had to leave the country for many months for his job. His wife and daughter had no choice but to stay with the wife's dad's small apartment in the next town, until he got home. He left the family with a little amount of provision. Just enough for them to survive those months without him.

A month passed and the daughter suddenly fell very ill. She had a terribly high fever and her right side was aching. The mother was very worried indeed. But she didn't have any money to

send her daughter to the clinic. There was just not enough cash to spare. She wanted to call her husband but she did not want to worry him. Furthermore, they did not have a telephone in the house. She would have to go the payphone at the milk bar to call her husband. And that would cost money. Calling overseas was not cheap at all. Therefore, she decided not tell her husband yet.

All she could do was to pray 2 rakáahs to Allah (swt) every now and then. She put a small wet towel on the girl's head and a bigger one on her body and made duáa to Allah, again and again, asking Him sincerely to help them. She read some Quran every few hours and tried to calm herself down. Alhamdulillah, Allah was keeping her hopeful, patient and at peace, generally. She knew Allah will take care of them.

She kept giving her daughter cuddles and paracetamol. Alhamdulillah, praise and thanks to Allah, the paracetamol was working in keeping the daughter's high fever under control but the medicine was running out. They had to even use the grandfather's fever medication. But her fever was not going away. No doubt, the mother was very certainly still a little scared and worried for her child but she had no choice. Her eyes were wet with tears whenever she made her duás. In her heart, she knew that everything that is given by Allah is good for her.

Asking the neighbours for assistance was out of the question. She was too shy. She knew no one in her father's neighbourhood. She was also very careful about not asking people for money. She was not raised to beg or ask people for loans.

The grandfather was also a very quiet man, always keeping himself busy with just praying at the nearby mosque and reading books from the library, now that he had retired and walking with a walking frame. He made more duáa too, seeing how hard the situation was for his daughter and granddaughter.

A few days went by. Both the mother and the grandfather were getting more and more worried. The little girl was still not improving. In fact, her temperature seemed to be slightly increasing with each passing day. The last dose of medicine was almost gone.

Then, suddenly, at 1 AM one night, they heard some loud knocks at the front door. The mother put on her Hijab quickly and went towards the door. The grandfather was awakened and rushed as well. They were both nervous and anxious to find out who it was but neither of them wanted to open the door. Until finally, they agreed to open the door together. "Bismillah!" they both said as they unlocked the door rapidly.

"Assalaamuálaykum," said the visitor, who was dressed neatly in his suit and tie. In his hand was a huge black briefcase.

"Waálaykum salaam," said the mother and grandfather in unison.

"Can I come in to check on your sick granddaughter?" said the man.

Surprised, the mother and grandfather looked at each other, turned back to the man and said, "Sure! Please do come in!"

The man turned out to be a doctor! SubhanAllah. He did some medical procedures onto the little girl, one after the other and he finally came to a conclusion after about 20 minutes. The mother and grandfather just looked on anxiously. They could not believe what was happening. They didn't say anything but in their minds, they had so many questions. Who told this doctor to come? How did he know they needed help? Why did he come although all clinics are closed? When did he hear about them? The questions were endless.

"Your granddaughter's case is a little difficult. But I'll give you a prescription for some more medications that you can buy in the morning from the pharmacy. I have some extra painkillers and antibiotics right now with me. I'll leave that with you so you can give to her now, for the next several hours.

I've already injected her too. But don't worry. Her fever will subside and she should start feeling better within the next two hours or so, in shaa Allah! Get her to drink water as much as she can. We need to keep her hydrated. In two days, bring your granddaughter in to see me at my clinic, I'll check on her progress," the doctor said as he handed them his name card.

The mother and the grandfather smiled at each other. "Alhamdulillah. Alhamdulillah," they whispered. They were certainly relieved but at the same time, they knew that they could not afford the further medication. Nonetheless, they remarked, "JazakAllah khayran, Doctor. We appreciate it greatly. Thank you. Thank you so very much."

The doctor then walked to the front door and waited awkwardly next to it for several long seconds.

The mother opened the door, intending to let him out. Her mouth was uttering, "JazakAllah khayran, thank you, barakAllahu feek," again and again.

"Wa iyyakum, wa iyyakum," the doctor promptly replied, walked through the door frame but he didn't walk away yet. He just stood there, outside the apartment, still waiting awkwardly.

"Sorry, sister. This is hard, but I have to ask you for the fee for this after-hours, in-home, private consultation," the doctor explained.

"Fee? The fee? Oh my. I'm sorry, doctor. We didn't know we had to pay," the mother shuddered.

"What do you mean, sister? You called my clinic and requested for a doctor's immediate visit to your home tonight. You said that you couldn't wait for the morning as the situation was quite urgent. I had to travel for a couple of hours out of the city to your faraway town. It was not an

easy trip too, sister. I'm sorry but it is not right for you to pretend that you didn't know you had to pay for this private visit," the doctor barked.

"By Allah, we.... we.... nnn...never called you!" the mother stuttered.

"Oh my. I can't believe it. You are stingy and a liar too?" the doctor accused abruptly. He was tired. It was a long day and now he thought he had to go home empty-handed.

"No, doctor. I swear, by the One who created me and you, we don't even have a phone in this house. We cannot afford it, doctor."

"What?? Aren't you so-and-so? Isn't this the apartment number so-and-so? Of So-and-so Street?" the doctor asked gruffly.

"Er..... No, doctor. That's my neighbour, next door," the mother wept, feeling over-whelmed.

"Yaa Allah! SubhanAllah! Astarghfirullah!" The doctor regretfully cried. He understood and felt remorse immediately, "By Allah, I had no idea that I had come to the wrong address! Wallahi, it is Allah who sent me to you tonight! There is no such thing as coincidence. SubhanAllah. It is fated by Allah that I treat your daughter tonight. Sister, I'm sorry. I'll go to your neighbour's house right now and I shall return soon, in shaa Allah."

The doctor left at once to treat the neighbour's daughter and true enough, he came back soon after.

"I'm sorry, my dear sister and my beloved older brother. I have been a horrible man. I shouldn't have accused you without checking. I am at fault. I have made you anxious, upset and sad. Do forgive me. I was too tired and I had let my anger control me. If you don't mind me asking, can I know your story please? Please let me know of what has happened to you and your family," he earnestly requested.

"My husband is currently away on a difficult job overseas. He'll be away for several months. He can't find any other job, you see. But Alhamdulillah, we always have enough. Yes, we are poor but we never beg or ask for loans. We always work hard and Allah has always given us just enough. Alhamdulillah. Although my husband hasn't left us much. But it is supposed to be just enough. This is my father's house and I am staying with him until my husband returns. Every night, I pray 2 rakáahs Sunnah

and I make a sincere duáa, asking Allah to help us in all matters but now, since my daughter is very sick, I make even more duáa. All I can do besides making plenty of duáa, praying and giving her a bit of medication is just putting two wet towels on her to keep her fever down," the mother disclosed between her sobs.

"SubhanAllah. It is Allah who sent me to you. Don't worry, alright? I will pay for all your child's treatment and medicines. I will also give you a monthly allowance until your husband comes back," the doctor calmly offered.

The mother and grandfather were shocked at the doctor's generosity and cried tears of happiness, "Alhamdulillah! Alhamdulillah! JazakAllah khayran." The grandfather hugged the doctor so hard that the doctor had tears in his eyes too.

Quran:

14:34

وَمَا سَأَلْتُمُوهُ وَإِن تَعُدُّوا نِعْمَتَ اللَّهِ لَا تَحْصُوهَا إِنَّا لِلْإِنسَانِ
لَظَالِمُونَ كَفَّارُونَ

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And He gave you from all you asked of Him. And if you should count the favor of Allah, you could not enumerate them. Indeed, mankind is [generally] most unjust and ungrateful.

*** Brief meaning:**

(s.a.w.) = Sal Allaahu alayhi wa sallam = may peace and blessings of God be upon him

Allah = God, The one Almighty God

Allah (s.w.t.) - When writing the name of God (Allah), Muslims often follow it with the abbreviation "SWT." These letters stand for the Arabic words "Sub-haanahu Wa Ta'ala," or "Glory to Him, the Exalted." Muslims use these or similar words to glorify God when mentioning His name

Prophet Muhammad ﷺ = Prophet Muhammad (p.b.u.h.) = Prophet Muhammad (s.a.w.) = Prophet Muhammad SalAllaahu 'alayhi wa

Sallaam = Prayer of God be upon him (Prophet Muhammad) and peace

SubhanAllah = How perfect God is! Glory be to God!

Alhamdulillah = All praises and thanks to Allah

Sahaba or **As-Sahaba** (Arabic: الصحابة), meaning the companions, refers to the companions, friends and family of the Islamic prophet, Muhammad.

Jazākallāh (Arabic: جزاك الله) or **Jazāk Allāhu Khayran** (جزاك الله خيرًا) is a term used as an Islamic expression of gratitude **meaning** "May God reward you [with] goodness." The phrase Jazak Allah itself is incomplete.