

**Assalamu Alaikum Wa Rahmatullahi Wa Barakatuhu**

**To the master skilled clever who can steer the boat;**

**My teacher,**

The skilled clever who was capable to help everyone with him to reach the shore, to the candle burning to light the path of others, to the flower which wilt with time to make other buds grow and bloom and take their role in life, to the one who will never be forgotten, and I will never forget his favours on me despite the short time period I have learnt from him.

And how can I forget those with his words lightens my heart which was almost dying, and how can I forget his favours and knowledge which moved inside me feelings which were almost disappearing, and how could I forget his strictness and anger which other people around did not understand, but which have transferred me from a speaking animal to a human being.

**My teacher,**

With all my sincere nerves I wrote to your pious facial features, but what to write and how to describe? Because if I have to write about you then it is compulsory on me to write what you really deserve to hear!

And now I stand and my pen and I unable in front of your presence, and in front of Allah and in front of your value and in front of your favours on me I stand in tribute in front of you my raiser, my teacher who didn't teach me the alphabets in school, or a rhyme which disappear with time, you didn't teach me to stand straight in the school queue or to beautiful my handwriting, or to draw a bird on top of a tree, you taught what no teacher holding a certificate bigger than the wall taught me, you taught me what my mother only taught me, you taught me what my Rabb told me in His book, you taught me what is beneficial to me when:

**(No money, no children will be of benefit)**

You taught me to come to my Lord with sincere honest heart ... you trained me to walk in that path which call people and say:

**(Oh peaceful soul, Get back to your Lord over satisfied)**

You taught me how to be a woman not the way cheap west sees, and not by the measurement of T.V advertisement and not by the words of magazines and newspapers but

you taught me to be a woman but the measurement of the Lord of the World, Al Wahhab, Ar -Razzaq, Al Qadir, Malik Al Mulk Thul Jabaroot.

### **My teacher,**

I apologize as my circumstances did not allow me to sit in your classes from morning till evening and I apologize because I didn't give the ink of my pen a chance to write your words and advices till the ink dries.

But as you said before: "Asiya the wife of Firawn did not require years for Iman to enter her heart, she required minutes and Iman entered her nerves.

And same your words in one class moved my feelings which were hidden for years, I couldn't stop my tears and I didn't know how time passed. You made me feel despite my loneliness away from my parents, my tradition, my language my food that I am In shaa' Allah from the winners with one word you said to me:

### **"Toobaa Lil ghurabaa"**

How to forget my teacher?

I wanted to write these words as I don't know if my death or yours is soon, I wanted to burst a spring of respect and appreciation before that day come, may be my words will lighten the grave of a student (me) of yours who your words lighten and teaching left a big impact on her and she wanted today to express her appreciation in front of Allah who will reward you what the human around you did not.

### **Respected teacher,**

If people are busy and they are lost behind life, and drowned under its dirty swamps and the greediness of its trade and business you will remain in my memory and in front of my eyes my respected teacher.

As you are the father, the teacher who gave his life without any return and I found no words in the dictionary of any language or between the lines of the books deserve to reach your respect and thank you.

So from me, you have all the respect and appreciation, you the spring who provided life for the thirsty, the thirsty one for Allah's khasyah and want to be watered.

### **My respected teacher,**

Maybe these words I wrote to you are the most honest words I ever wrote, as I wrote before love letter, anger letters, poems and essays, but this one is the honest one which came from my heart while my eyes dropping tears with every word written.

I ask you in front of Allah and in front of the people around and I hold you responsible.. Don't leave my soul to be lost in this life's dirty swamp. I beg you to remain my teacher in contact with me even if my devils (Shayateen) prevented me from contacting you or asking advices from you. Be my help and hidayah, train me and teach me maybe, who knows I might be a good student who benefits others too.

And I swear in front of Allah the khaliq the Bari', the Musawwir That I pay my life and my blood in return of a tree I shade under in the Day of judgement in one of Allah's Jannah.

I end my words hoping that I have found the wall which supports me and train me. Hoping that I found the TEACHER and I beg you to use my abilities, talents, work blood and soul for the sake of Allah.

**Sincerely yours,**

**D. J. S**