

Hadrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad

(By: Chaudhry Muhammad Ali M.A)

Our holy master and late Imam, the third successor of the Promised Messiah peace on him – has been gathered to his eternal rest in the bosom of his Creator and Lord and the Creator and Lord of us all. The Jamaat reeled under the shock of his sudden demise and felt like a rudderless boat in the high seas or an orphan who is left alone in a hostile world but that is perhaps not the true measure of the quality of our feelings at the time of his departure. Yes, we were indeed orphaned but were not alone. Nor was for that matter the boat rudderless. Perhaps we were down but not out. We had God, the Living, Ever Gracious, Ever Merciful God of Islam Who stood by us and among us and indeed presided over the historic proceedings following this great catastrophe. He was our hope, and refuge and sustenance. Nevertheless it must be admitted that the intervening hours between deprivation and the Manifestation of Qudrat-e-Thania – the secondary Expression of the Divine Will were the hours of great anxiety and stress. We were afraid but hopeful. It was a state of suspended animation. We knew that God stood by His promise to bless us with His own Chosen Caliph once again, provided the Jamaat sized up to a certain spiritual standard in His Sight. It was indeed a time of grave trial for all of us. It was indeed His mercy and forgiveness that He visited us again and blessed us with His elect, His own Chosen Caliph, the fourth manifestation of His Will, the worthy successor of the Promised Messiah and Mahdi – on him peace – Hadrat Sahibzada Mirza Tahir Ahmad, may Allah grant him long life, health, strength and success in all his ventures and may He grant us the courage and quality to follow him to the end of our capacities. His election to this exalted station and immediate installation in this office was indeed a unique spiritual experience. It was a genuine, deep, heart moving and soul-stirring experience, both individually and collectively out of which the Jamaat emerged restrengthened, reassured and rehabilitated more than ever before. Our fears vanished like a dream and were replaced by a deep sense of gratitude and relief. The Jamaat had rediscovered itself for the fourth time in succession after the passing away of its august Founder. Thus the onward march of this spiritual army of Islam continues with a renewed zeal and vigour. Allah be praised and thanked for it. We are glad and grateful to God that he did not forsake us in our hour of need. We are also sad. We have a mingled sense

of loss and gain of grief and joy. It is a genuine experience and can be possible only at an authentic spiritual level. It seems that except for the few intervening but passing moments all along it has been a continuation and extension of the old into the new. The Quranic maxim has been incontrovertibly demonstrated that Shaheeds – Prophet's, Caliphs and martyrs – do not die. They live and survive as long as their cherished ideals and goals and attainments and their successor and followers live and survive and remain committed to these goals. Hadrat Hafiz Mirza Nasir Ahmad our late Imam is not dead!

I do not therefore, write these lines to lament his demise but to remember him as he lives in my heart and memory. Also, the purpose of this article is not to write down his biography. It will be too big a task for humble and inadequate individual like the present writer. I shall merely restrict myself to the role of any eye-witness. I shall try to set down my reminiscences and on occasion the reminiscences of some other witnesses regardless of any chronological order. I confess I feel like the squirrel which talked about the mountain for Hudur, our late Imam was indeed bigger than the biggest of mountains and greater too. He was a gift, a miracle of God vouchsafed to us and to all mankind. Allah in His infinite knowledge and wisdom knew what kind of leader we needed in our recent past. He was made to order. Limitations of space and circumstance do not permit a detailed study of his mutli-dimensional personality and performance. He lived in very turbulen times and so did the Jamaat. The way he faced the challenges posed to the community and steered it to ever greater strength and safety, is a saga of courage, wisdom, love and forbearance, a very large heart and an extreme reliance in the One and Only source of succour and light – God. It also reinforces our faith on our present and future for we are convinced more than ever before that the Imam and Khalifa of the time is divinely appointed and equipped with the innate ability to lead the community through any vicissitudes that might lie ahead.

Now to turn to the subject in hand, let us begin at the beginning. To my mind, the pre-Khilafat part of Hudur's life is also very important. In the Holy Qur'an Allah makes the Holy Prophet on him peace and blessings, declare: "I have lived mong you a whole life-time. Therefore, don't you reflect"? The Holy Prophet lived for forty long years among the Meccans and they fully knew him for the great man he was. They could judge his present in the light of his past. This indeed is the standard form of scientific induction whereby we proceed from the known to the unknown, from the seen to the unseen. The belief in the unseen is based on the solid bed-rock of the seen, the observed, the experienced. Now what is true of the Holy Prophet – on him peace and blessings of Allah – is, mutatus mutandis, also true of his spiritual Son the Promised Messiah and his successors. In this context, a study of Hudur's life prior to his appointment as Khalifa is a legitimate and very rewarding exercise.

Hudur's pre-Khilafat life is an open book. The present writer had the honour to observe him at very close quarters since after he came into very close contact with him in May, 1944. About his life prior to 1944, I shall quote among others, Mirza Muzaffar Ahmad, Mirza Zafar Ahmad, Mirza Dawood Ahmad, his cousins and early childhood playmates and companions.

Hadrat Amman Jan, the revered spouse of the Promised Messiah and grandmother of Hudur had practically adopted him as her own child and ward and had him shifted from the parental house to Hadrat Amman Jan's residence. Says Hadrat Mirza Muzaffar Ahmad:

Before I joined the college at Lahore, my father had also sent me to Hadrat Amman Jan and thus Hudur and I lived together and were very happy indeed I noted that Hudur would always ask permission to leave whenever he wanted to get out. The words in which Hadrat Amman Jan used to grant permission still resound in my ears. The words were indeed a prayer. She would say "Yes dear, you may go. May Allah be your refuge and succour". She would pronounce these words with deep feelings of love and longing. As the film of old memories unwinds itself, I visualize Hudur sitting in Masjid Mubarak taking lessons of the Holy Qur'an from Hafiz Muhammad Ibrahim, reciting and repeating the lesson to commit it to memory, for the first and basic part of his education was to memorise the text of the Holy Qur'an. We would have our day time meals with Hadrat Amman Jan. more often than not, she herself used to prepare the meals and serve hot chapaties. In winter, the evening meal was taken in the big room which was also our bed room and through which you had to pass to reach Baitud-dua, the small room for prayers. The food was served either on the carpet or on a low table around which we would sit. In summer, evening meal was taken in the upper part of the compound and was similarly served on a kind of wooden platform. Hadrat Muslih Maood – may Allah be pleased with him – used to pay his daily visit to Hadrat Amman Jan, his mother, immediately after Maghrib prayers and would stay in her blessed company for quite some time. He would walk and stroll about in the room or the compound and converse with her at the same time. On these occasions my father – Hadrat Mirza Bashir Ahmad – would also join. During vacation, Hadrat Mamoon Jan, Dr. Mir Muhammad Ismail, - Hadrat Amman Jan's brother used also to be present. Conversation mainly centred on religious topics, like Ahmadiyyat and Islam. Dinner used to be taken between Maghrib and Isha prayers and was served after Hadrat Mushlih Maood had taken his leave. I remember once Hadrat Muslih Maood during one of the visits addressing us children said, "The Holy Qur'an is the word of God. It is a veritable ocean of knowledge. Cultivate the habit of pondering over it. If as a result you fail to bring out a pearl, at least you will get hold of a mere shell to show that diving deep into this ocean is a habit with you." Those days were indeed full of love and bliss. It was in this kind of clean and

chaste environment that Hudur was brought up under the benign and personal supervision of Hadrat Amman Jan.

After memorizing the Holy Qur'an, Hudur passed his Honour-in-Arabic Examination (from the Punjab University) and later joined the Govt. College, Lahore where he studied for four years and passed his B.A. Examination. In those days Ahmadiyya Hostel used to be situated on Temple Road and was later shifted to Chauburji, Bahawalpur Road. During his stay in the college, Hudur initiated the serial publication of small folders and pamphlets which were printed on quality paper and could be read in a few minutes. Their publication and distribution created quite a stir and interest in the College circles and proved to be an attractive method of communication of truth. This led to quite a few debates and discussion groups in which both Ahmadi and non-Ahmadi students participated.

About these folders, Dr. A. R. Tabassum one of Hudur's class mates and the recipient of Presidents Prize on his book "Wisdom to the East", relates an interesting story:

About a fortnight after the college reopened following the vacation, Hudur founded the Association 'The Top Ten' Hudur was unanimously elected its President. It was decided that each month the association would bring out a folder containing extracts from the writings of the Promised Messiah and printed on art paper to be distributed among students of Lahore colleges. Every member of the Association was allotted one or two colleges where he was supposed to distribute the folders. Law College fell to my lot. Since I was also working in my off hours as the Editor of a newspaper, I was given the added responsibility of seeing the folders through the press. I would arrange the printing of five thousand copies of the folder each month, and give them to Hudur. Payment of the printing bill was made out of our monthly membership subscriptions. The first pamphlet I remember was 'on the Existence of God'. Before long, the folders became quite famous. Non-Muslims reacted with great anger and quite a few attacks were made on Hudur's person. One day Hafiz Hoshiarpuri who was senior to me by one year and was a close friend took me to Maulana Zafar Ali Khan. The Maulana used to write against the Jamaat in his famous daily the Zamindar. The Maulana didn't know I was a Ahmadi. We requested that he recite his latest poetic composition which he did. But its opening lines were full of abuse against the Jamaat. Hafiz Hoshiarpuri intervened and said, 'Maulana it is too much. Mr. Tabassum, here, is an Ahmadi! The Maulana apologised. He invited Hafiz Hoshiarpuri to visit him along with me daily. The next day, the prolific Maulana wrote down a full page against me and a couple of days later addressed a public meeting in Masjid Mubarak adjacent to the Islamia College. Some non-Ahmadi friends took me to the meeting. I was the main target of the speech. When the Maulana saw me, he shouted, 'He is the loose-tongued and brazen-faced criminal. He should not be allowed to walk out of this

meeting alive. Give him the hiding of his life and break his bones. This created quite a furore and the audience rose in a body to rush at me when a loud dignified voice rose above the noise of the crowd:

‘I as President of the Top Ten, order A. R. Tabassum, a member of the Top Ten to report to me within ten seconds yes. Ten Seconds!’ Everybody was stunned and for a moment all froze in their tracks. I had recognized the voice, and availing of this brief respite I jumped out and reached the fringe of the crowd where Hudur accompanied by some half a dozen Ahmadi students all carrying hockey sticks stood at bay. Once again Hudur announced in a loud voice:

“We have not come here to disturb or to break bones. We are here merely to stop those who want to break the bones of a poor helpless creature!” After this Hudur quickly left. We all followed suit. What happened was that Hudur and his companions on their way back from the river Ravi had just thought of listening to the Maulana speak and had arrived in the nick of time. The incident shows the quick appreciation of the situation on the part of Hudur, the split second decision, the appropriate action including the parting words, all marks of a great leader.

Dr. Tabassum relates another interesting incident. The final B.A. Exams. were being held. Three or four of our class fellows knocked at my door at about 12 O’clock the night and roused me from my sleep. They told me that the question paper of the morning session had leaked out and that they had managed to secure a copy for use. These gentlemen did not belong to the community but held Hudur in great esteem and wanted him to see the question paper beforehand. They knew I was very close to Hudur and asked me to accompany them on this clandestine ‘mission’. I desisted but they would not listen to my excuses. We reached the Ahmadiyya Hostel at 12:30 midnight. Hudur was fast asleep. They woke him up and offered the question paper to him with great pride and flourish. Hudur refused and said:

“I only deserve reward of my own labour. I shall never accept credit which is unearned. You have tried to help me according to your own lights and I am grateful for it. My only request is that I may please be allowed to sleep.”

Dr. Tabassum says: I particularly noted three traits of his personality even at that time.

(1) He was never despondent. He would always look at the bright side of things.

(2) He had a very fine and refined sense of humour. His smiling face and bright eyes acted like magic and left those who met him spellbound.

(3) He would never backbite.

Dr. N.A Perwazi visited Faisalabad (then Lyallpur) immediately after Hudur was elected Caliph. One of Hudur’s classmates who was a non-Ahmadi said this to Professor Perwazi:

‘You people are very lucky. You have come by a leader who is a great man. During our student days we used to say: We do not know whether your grandfather was a prophet or not but if you claim to be one, we will readily accept your claim and being true.’

Another of his classmates who was a close friend of Hudur told the present writer that Hudur commanded great respect among his friends. We used to cover our heads whenever we found him approaching.

Mr. Junaid Hashmi who was Hudur’s playmate in childhood once told me: ‘Hudur was fond of shooting. He had an airgun. We used to get out to shoot birds, doves in particular. His aim was very good and he could hit the target almost every time. He also had a pony which he rode with great assurance.’

He also had a pet – a rabbit on which Hadrat Nawab Mubarka Begum wrote a poem – (Tashhiz, May, 1983). Hadrat Mirza Muzaffar Ahmad says:

After the College we had the chance to be together in England. Hudur was at Balliol College, Oxford. (He was doing his honours with PPE – Philosophy, Political Science, Economics). His other cousins Saeed, Zafar and I were in London. Later I too shifted to Oxford in 1938. Hadrat Chaudhary Muhammad Zafarullah Khan also used to visit Oxford whenever he happened to be in England. In Oxford Hudur visited the different Libraries and bookshops regularly. (The present writer would like to add here that in 1967 Hudur again visited Balliol College and the Bodleian Library in company with his wife Hadrat Syeda Mansoor Begum). He followed his studies with great interest. After his successful return from Oxford, he also stayed in Egypt for some time to refresh and polish his Arabic.

Hadrat Mirza Zafar Ahmad Bar-at-Law writes:

“Hudur was my cousin. I have been very close to him since my early childhood. I have had the occasion to watch his noble qualities for over 60 years. Of course we were very free with one another. He lived with Hadrat Amman Jan whose heart’s delight he was. Not that she did not love me. Whenever I visited Hadrat Amman Jan, I found her teaching and educating him with great affection. Since Majsid Mubarak was attached to her residence, Hadrat Muslih Mauood would pass through it each time he went to, or returned from the mosque. As soon as Hadrat Amman Jan would hear Hadrat Musleh Mauood’s footsteps, she used to announce, “Children, now please go to the mosque to offer prayers’. At this we would briskly perform our ablutions and hasten to join the congregational prayers. Hour of play were fixed and it was Hadrat Amman Jan’s standing order that Hudur must offer Maghrib prayers in Majsid Mubarak. In case there was a likelihood of staying away a little late, he used invariably to take prior permission.”

He was also fond of small game. On holidays we used to get out to the villages near Qadian like Nangle and Bhaini. Hudur’s aim was phenomenally good. To

start with, I wasn't so good a shot but later on I too improved. But Hudur's aim was so accurate that he could hit a flying wasp with his airgun. As we grew up, we graduated from sparrows and doves to ducks and partidges and then to big game. Our party used to go to the river Beas or to the hilly country near Pathankot. The canal near Qadian was also a favourite place to where our elders also used to join and some time was spent in aquatic competitions.

Hadrat Musleh Mauood loved him. I do not think he was ever harsh to him. Hudur was married to my aunt Syeda Mansoorah Begum in 1934. This brought us closer still. In England he was at Oxford while we three were in London. But we made it a point to meet occasionally in Oxford or London. Hudur's circle of friends understood his station and had great regard for him, not unmingled with respect, Akbar Masood – a grand son or a great grandson of Sir Syed Ahmad Khan was such a friend. His contacts with his friends remained alive and were maintained throughout his life.

The write of this article could name scores of his friends. They belonged to all kinds and classes of men. He disliked snobishness but his circle of friends extended to highest levels of society. But it also included the poorest and the lowliest. He met all on equal terms. When he was sent to jail during 1953 anti-Ahmadiyya riots on the strange charge of possessing an ornamental dagger – a family heirloom, he acquired many more friends in the central jail. He had quite a few \ 'Odes' for his friends, Yusuf in particular 'Odes' are a gypsy tribe. Once Hudur was very ill and was confined to bed. No one was allowed to be received in audience. Yusuf apparently did not realize that the restriction to see Hudur also applied to him, so sure he was of Hudur's kindness. The Private Secretary's office told him pointblank that he must come some other day and try his luck. But he persisted and was indifferent to all remonstrance. The news of his presence was somehow conveyed to Hudur, perhaps in the form of a complaint about his intransigence. But Hudur ordered that Yusuf be conducted to Hudur's bed room where he was received with great warmth. Yusuf disclosed that he had disturbed Hudur to remind him of his promise to give him a lamb of a rare breed of sheep. Hudur smilingly ordered that a lamb in fulfillment of the promise and two sheep of the same breed of Yusuf's choice be given to him. The fact was he loved all mankind, and he had an unlimited capacity to love. He loved even animals, particularly horses. Once he said to me: I love horses because the Holy Prophet – on him peace loved them. He was fond of the Arab horse, its faithfulness, its speed, its stamina and took great pleasure in recounting its great qualities and prowess. He often expressed deep regret over how western society was using this noble animal for gambling. Among men, he loved children most. Children too reacted in kind. During his 1970 visit to West Africa, his love for the exploited African and their child overflowed its banks. He would raise babies and infants,

hug them and caress them with great affection and tenderness. It was in Spain, I think, when a baby saw him from across the road and ecstatically tried to reach out to him with such persistence and loud cries that the parents had to bring him to Hudur to be petted.

Mirza Daood Ahmad (Col. Retired) Hudur's cousin says:

I can still visualize the scene when Hudur was being brought up under the affectionate guardianship of Hadrat Amman Jan. He was ten or eleven years old and extremely handsome, fair coloured, clean and neatly clad in a longish jacket. By nature neither too shy or retiring, nor too forward and free. Despite being so young, his carriage had an air of dignity. He suffered from no complexes, recognised no economic or class barriers and knew his obligations and carried them out fully. His closeness to Hadrat Amman Jan had standardized his Urdu accent.

Hadrat Amman Jan maintained a good table. Hudur also liked good food but he was not fond of eating. He was above greed or avarice of any kind. He had a kind of self sufficiency which did not seem to leave him in need of anything. He was fond of sports and also games and would go out on Fridays with his air gun and companions. He was very regular in prayers and offered them in Masjid Mubarak. When he joined Madrasa Ahmadiyya he proved to be an ideal student. He was extremely regular in classes and in doing his assignments and would never leave arrears of work. He was equally regular in sports. He played foot ball, hockey and volleyball. He also played Kabaddi with his cousins. He was fearless and brave. It was the summer of 1929, Hadrat Musleh Mauood was in Kashmir but Hudur had come back to attend Jamia Ahmadiyya of which he was a student. It was the month of September, Hadrat Master Chiragh Muhammad came rushing from the village Khara with the news that the Sikhs of adjoining villages had let their animals overrun and destroy the standing crops of Ahmadi farmers of Khara and were benign upon causing trouble. Hudur was playing Hockey at the time. Some twenty two or twenty three young men were present in the play ground. He stopped the game and led them all without the least waste of time or hesitation to the place where the Sikhs were playing havoc with the crops. Hundreds of Sikhs armed with all kinds of weapons were ready spoiling for a fight. Hudur's was the first party to arrive and they had nothing with them except hockey sticks.

In Govt. College Lahore, I was with him for two years. His subjects in B. A. classes were English, Arabic and Philosophy. Maulvi Karim Buksh, a lecturer in Arabic despite his known religious fanaticism, was always full of praise for Hudur and used to say, 'Nasir is a real gentleman!'

Mian Muhammad Ibrahim, Headmaster retired and another of his teacher, says: A teacher has to maintain discipline and a receptive climate in the class. My method was to ask a question of the class, identify one particular student and

require him to stand up and answer the question. I had just joined the Talim-ul-Isalm High School, Qadian as teacher of English. When I put a question to the class, the whole class shouted back the answer. I told the class only one student who would be pointed out by me would answer the question. Other must stay quiet. I warned that any violation of this order would be severely dealt with. Then I put another question. But the whole class again answered in chorus, perhaps, by sheer force of habit. At this I asked those who had shouted to stand up in their seats to face the consequences. There was complete silence in the class. All kept quiet. Only one student stood up and said, 'Sir, I am afraid I shouted'. This student was none other than Hadrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad, the future successor of the Promised Messiah, peace be on him.

I can not do better than quote Hudur himself about his early childhood. He reminisced sometimes about his childhood in his speeches and addresses. The following extracts will throw some light on his childhood:

"I was born on November 16, 1909. When I grew-up and became conscious of things, I had not joined school and used to memorise the text of the Holy Quran. I still remember that the accommodation for the guests of the Jalsa Salana used to fall short of the requirement. (**Alfazi** March 8, 1979 and 4 Oct 1967).

"I have had the honour to be under the direct guidance and instruction of Hadrat Amman Jan. Even in my early childhood I noted that despite the presence of three or four maids and female servant's, Hadrat Amman Jan even when she was ill and felt thirsty would herself get up to fill the tumbler of water and drink. We felt very awkward. We said why she should do it when she was so ill and weak. But she would invariably reply, 'Why should I trouble other to do the chore while I have the strength to do it myself'. This lesson of my childhood was unconsciously but permanently instilled in my mind. (**Alfazi** March 2, 1966)

"In our childhood we never thought of limiting our duties to a few hours. Indeed we never expected to be told that we would be on daily five hours duty and be free for the rest of the time. We used to report for duty early in the morning and returned to our homes after 10 to 11 P. m. It was indeed a very congenial climate conducive to voluntary duty, All were eager to serve. All were inspired by this sentiment. I remember Mamoon Jan (Hadrat Mir Mohammad Ishaq) saying: Children, now you must be tired. It is also the time for supper, you may go home. We did not really want to go. We would stay put in the office and keep on doing whatever small tasks suiting our years were given to us. (**Alfazi** Feb. 14, 1969).

"This reminds me of another incident pertaining to our trainings and education which I would like to recount. Hadrat Mamoon Jan Hadrat Mir Mohammad Ishaq who functioned as the Afsar Jalsa Salana, for a very long time had a very mild temperament and a soft heart. I have been a student of the Madrasa Ahamadiyya and I do not remember if he ever was angry. But during one Jalsa

Salana, a guest came to him and complained that he had arrived the very day but when he reached the room in which he was supposed to stay, he found it locked and no volunteer on duty was present. I think it must have happened on Dec. 23 or 24th when the guests just begin to arrive. Hadrat Mamoon Jan was very angry. He summoned the volunteer concerned. I still remember the scene so vividly. When the volunteer reported, Hadrat Mir Sahib did not ask him to explain. Instead, he gave him a slap on the face. Now this particular volunteer though young was quite grown-up, that is, for his age group he looked quite mature. Hadrat Mir Sahib slapped him first and asked him to explain afterwards as to why he was absent from duty and was responsible for putting the guest to inconvenience instead of welcoming him. (**Alfazi** Feb. 1969)

“I have witnessed beautiful examples of the spirit to serve They are so beautiful that they ought to be mentioned again and again to enable our younger generation to know the way the guests should be looked after. I was very small when I joined the fourth or the fifth class of Madrsa Ahmadiyya that is immediately after I had memorized the text of the Holy Quran. Our younger Mamoon Jan, Harat Mir Sahib used to be the Afsar Jalsa Salana. He would attach us to his staff for the sake of our education and training. He took good care of us and made us do full days work. I remember we used to be on duty till eleven in the night even if we had merely to sit and wait in the office or to do the light work of filling letters or to perform similar other duties in keeping with our age.

“Once he told me at about me at about 9 or 10 p.m. to go round the guestrooms of the Madrasa Ahmadiyya and find out if any guest was facing any difficulty__or otherwise stood in need of something. That evening Hadrat Mir Sahib had allowed a cup of tea to each worker. In those days tea was provided to the volunteers once or twice during the Jalsa Salana. This used to be a prepared kind of tea, with sugar and milk added to the brew. It used to be a half Kashmiri and half Punjabi concoction. I was making the round of the rooms meeting the guests and trying to find out how they were faring. The door of a room was a little ajar. I was just a child with a hot earthen cup of tea precede me into the room A guest in the room who was running temperature thought that the little volunteer had brought the tea and perhaps medicine for him. This small lad was just a few seconds ahead of me. The guest thus mistakenly extended his hands (I say mistakenly because our brother Ahmadi guests have great deal of self-respect and are not the asking kind. This particular guest was running very high temperature. Little wonder, therefore if he misjudged the situation). He said, “Have you brought this hot cup of tea for me? What a nice and good little boy you are!” For the child it was a moment of extreme test and trial. The guest would have refused the cup pointblank if the child had given the slightest hint or impression that the cup was not for the guest but for the volunteer himself. I stopped short of entering the room

lest I should disturb this strange scene. I wanted to see how the small worker emerged out of this situation. The child, however, without disclosing the true position and with a cheerful countenance, said, without the least hesitation ‘Yes, Sir this cup is for you since you are ill. May I also bring some medicine if you so desire?’ Now you can’t say the child was indeed full of great love and beauty. The real determinant of such exemplary self control was, in fact, the spirit and the ardent desire to be of service to the guest. Without any hesitation or reluctance declared that the cup was indeed meant for the guest who was sick. The scene was so beautiful that even now when I describe it, I can vividly see the half ajar door, the face of the child, the guest and their relative positions. The scene is simply imprinted on my memory and wherever I remember it, I enjoy it to my hearts content.” (Alfazi Feb. 14, 1969)

“This is an incident which happened in my childhood. I was very small at the time but I can still recall the experience with great nostalgia. I used to offer my Aqsa prayers in the Aqsa Mosque for in Masjid Mubarak they were offered very late. I had just joined Madrasa Ahmadiyya and Hadrat Amman Jan had directed me to offer my prayers in Masjid Aqsa to ensure that I got adequate sleep and gave full attention to studies. I usually used the stairs which are close to the main entrance to Dar-i-Masih, the residence of the Promised Messiah. The street is now electrified; but it was without light at that time. One evening when I got down, I found that the students of Madrasa Ahmadiyya were going in a single file to Aqsa Mosque. Visibility was mild but somehow I joined the group. But I could not see in the dark. As a result, my foot fell on the slipper of the student in front to me. He thought some student was deliberately trying to be funny. He turned round and registered a slap on my face. He didn’t know whom he had hit and why. I felt that if I confronted him he would certainly feel disrespected, therefore, to save him, from mortification I stepped aside and re-entered the file at some other point. (Alfazi June 8, 1968)

“I remember an experience which I had when I was a student in Govt. College Lahore. It was an off day and I happened to be going to Qadian. It so happened that another passenger who was very hostile to Jamaat Ahmadiyya also found his way into the compartment in which I was sitting. From Lahore to Amritsar, he continued to abuse and vilify me and I continued to answer with politeness and smiles. He got down at Amritsar but my patience and cheerfulness seemed to have hit him hard. He said, ‘If you can find two hundred missionaries of your brand, you will win us over to your side. I did my best to cause offence but you took no notice and continued to smile.’ (Alfazi May 12, 1971)

“God is the giver of intelligence. He can also take it back. A college classmate of mine was rated one of the top few and was supposed to join the Indian civil service. He was preparing for the Exam. Whenever we, the Ahmadi

students, would arrive to attend the College, we found him waiting for us to hurl abuses. He was indeed a great fanatic. We have been taught to wish well and pray for him who abuses us. We, therefore, would hear him abuse, but nothing is hidden from God, nor is there anything which is beyond His Power. He who was supposed to take the I.C.S examination was taken to the mental Hospital just when he was to take his Intermediate examination. (Alfazi August 4, 1972)

“Once the seating accommodation in the Jalsa Gah (the open air auditorium where speeches and addresses are delivered to the Gathering) fell short of the ever-increasing requirements at which Hadrat Musleh Mauood expressed his displeasure. The visitors were just too many for the existing arrangements. In Qadian, the seating accommodation consisted of temporary brickwork to provide steps on which wooden beams were placed resulting in an enclosed stadium. In short the seating arrangement were found inadequate and Hadrat Musleh Mauood was displeased because of which the workers and organizers were naturally very much upset and unhappy. I felt that if we could get enough courage and worked hard we could rebuild and extend the seating accommodation of the Jalsa Gah. I was very young at the time and believed that my opinion would not be taken seriously. Therefore, I approached my uncle Hadrat Syed Mahmoodullah Shah who was also on duty in the office. I said, ‘I am sure that if we face the situation with courage, we can by God’s grace enlarge the auditorium by working through the night. Therefore kindly put it up before Hadrat Mamoon Jan Hadrat Mir Muhammad Ishaq, the Afsar of the Jalsa.’ He said, ‘Since you are the author of this scheme. You should put it up your self’. I still remember how conscious I was of my small age and felt that my submission would carry no weight. But my uncle, Hadrat Syed Mahmoodullah Shah Sahib honestly believed that since the idea was not his, he should not take credit for it. But I persisted in my request and with love and a little persuasion. I was able to enlist his good offices for putting up this scheme with due propriety. Hadrat Mamoon Jan (Hadrat Mir Muhammad Ishaq) summoned the right person for consultation and it was agreed that we should go ahead with the work. Workers who had been busy throughout the day performing their regular duties pertaining to the Jalsa, worked some hundreds of them, through the night.

“They carried the wooden beams from Retichhalla to the auditorium which was situated near the college building. On one side the entire brickwork was dismantled and rebuilt to provide support to the beams. The volunteers worked like men possessed. I remember the work was finished and the last beam was being placed when the Fajr Azaan was proclaimed and we heard the words : Allah is the greatest These words still resound in my ears. When Hadrat Musleh Mauood graced the enlarged auditorium, he was very much pleased. Thus the auditorium was adequately extended and all present fully accommodated.”