

## Can Chance Be Considered A Proof?

The young son did not sleep that night. Instead, he spent the night praying and prostrating. He was raising his hand to call God, and forgot that his arms got tired. He recited different parts from various supplications he had memorized, kept repeating some sentences, raised his head and glanced at the sky with the moon in the middle with its amazing gentle silver rays, in a way that no star could be seen.

As if the stars let the moon which is greater and stronger to take its place while they surrounded the moon in a magnificent view. At that moment the boy remembered verses from the Quran: ***“Whatever beings there are in the heavens and the Earth do prostrate themselves to Allah.”***

All the stars and planets prostrate before God. “They are all praying”, he said. “They are all doing what I’m doing, or maybe I’m doing something similar to what they are doing.” Then he stared at the kneeled moon and stars in its vicinity. He imagined the sky as a huge mosque in which the moon was acting as a leader for those stars in their majestic prayers to God. He wished he could be in the place of one of the stars, even a small one, to participate in that holy and impressive prayer behind the moon.

He wished that all creatures could participate in that universal prayer. Suddenly he remembered a verse from the holy Quran, in chapter of Haj, he memorized by heart that verse and began reciting: ***“Seest thou not that to Allah bow down in worship all things that are in the heavens and on Earth, – Sun, Moon, stars; hills, trees, animals; and a great number among mankind? But a great number are (also) such as are fit for punishment.”***

He felt that the prayer ceremony he was looking at is much greater than what he could imagine! There were mountains, trees and animals participating in this prayer. There were also a lot of people and he has joined them at that night. He was repeating the following while prostrating:

Glory to the Exalted God!

Glory to the One Who deserves Glorification that no one else does!

Glory to the most Mighty and most Generous!

The son's prostration took a long time while he floated with his thoughts. He visualized the leader of the group in his mind, the luminous moon, and the galaxies and meteors behind. He extended his vision to reach millions of millions of trees lined for prayer and the humble hills and mountains, which seemed to be nearly cracking before God's Magnificence. He went with his imagination further and passed the mountains to reach the animals and groups of fish and birds, different in types and colors. They were all praying and glorifying.

Then he visualized the picture of Kaaba surrounded with millions of praying people occupying all places in order to complete the universal prayer. Thus everything and everyone in the universe was prostrating to God, the Creator of the skies and earth. Looking at another part of that picture, on a small corner, there were small groups of people scattered each prostrating to something like an idol. Those deviated groups seemed like ill spots in a beautiful portrait.

The young man got up late. He didn't sleep much, but he didn't feel like sleeping more. He was happy that he didn't miss the Morning Prayer because he slept after performing the prayer. He has felt spiritual satisfaction because of the previous night and his participation in the universal prayer with the rest of creatures that were worshiping God. He compared his feelings to those of the ones who are suffering from emptiness. He also compared his feelings to those that he had before he found God himself following the lessons that he received from his father.

He got up from his bed to find out that his books, which he had left scattered, were organized on his desk and his clothes, which he had left everywhere, were put in their proper places. "Who did that?" He asked.

His mother greeted him and told him that breakfast was ready. He greeted his mother and said: "Who has tidied up my room and clothes and put everything into its place?"

"No one", she replied.

**S** No one? How could this be?

**M** No one. Did you leave the window open before you went to bed?

**S** Oh... yes... yes!

**M** Maybe the wind is the one that moved your books and clothes and then they got organized without intending to be so.

**S** Mom! Are you kidding? What are you saying?

**M** This might happen. You know that powerful winds may do something like that.

**S** This is impossible, Mom! It must be you who did it.

**M** No! Never! I didn't enter your room since yesterday. Well, come on son to have your breakfast.

He left his room while still thinking of what has happened. Once he entered the living room, he got shocked by something even stranger. Papers were scattered throughout the living room, covering everything including the rug and the furniture! When he looked closely, he found out that it was the address book's sheets were scattered everywhere. "O God! What has happened?" Before asking his mother, who was in the kitchen, about this chaos, the phone rang. It was his father on the phone saying:

**F** Son! There is an urgent matter and you must go to see the printing press owner, Abu Ahmed. He needs you for something important.

**S** OK Dad! But there is something you should know about.

**F** I don't have time right now. Call Abu Ahmed before you leave home just to make sure that you find him there.

**S** What's his phone number?

**F** Look for it in the phone book.

**S** But the phone book is torn and all the sheets are scattered around in a strange way. Do you know who did that? And why?

**F** I don't have time right now. You think of your problem and solve it Good-bye for now, son.

The son looked right and left and thought for a while then rushed to the kitchen started questioning his mother about what was going on.

**S** Who had torn the phone book and who scattered the sheets around? Why did it happen? Where were you at that time? And how can I find the phone number of Abu Ahmed now?

His mother looked at him calmly with sympathy and then said kindly:

**M** Son! Calm down. There is no need to be agitated. Your father was angry about something, and he couldn't find anything to calm his rage except the phone book, which was at his reach. He tore its sheets and then opened the window before he left.

**S** Why did he open the window?

**M** He opened the window; so that the wind may possibly rearrange the sheets of the phone book. He also left a bottle of good glue for the wind may spill it on the book and glue the sheets together to have the book rearranged as before.

**S** Oh! Yes, now I understand! This is the laboratory where I should experience the practical lessons of

the “Organization Proof.”

**M** Don't you think that this experience is worth the loss of this copy of the phone book?

**S** It is really worth it. This scene will never be wiped out of my mind. I'll have this picture in my collection with other pictures. Please wait I'll fetch my camera to take a photograph before collecting these sheets. I want to take a laboratory-based photo for the Organization Proof.

He took a photograph (for the Organization Proof), carried the camera and went to Abu Ahmed's place without calling him. He reached the building in a hurry and went straight into the office of Abu Ahmed. The man wasn't the usual Abu Ahmed whom he knew; he found Abu Ahmed busy reading some papers with hundreds if not thousands of scattered papers here and there in the office. He was completely absorbed in reading the papers as if he was looking for something specifically. When he saw the young man, he cheerfully came to greet him and said:

**A** You arrived just on time. I remember that your talent in literature and your good knowledge of poetry made you the closest person in the area who is capable of helping me to win the prize.

**S** Which prize do you mean?

**A** The prize of the Arab Authors Association for the best poem celebrating the golden jubilee for the association's establishment.

**S** Are you a poet...?

**A** No...

**S** So how do you intend to win the prize when you compete against the most prominent Arab poets in the field?

**A** My son! It is so simple. I'm using a practical method.

**S** What is this so-called practical method that will lead you to winning the prize of the Arab Authors Association?

**A** Well! Come in, I'll show you.

He opened the back door and proceeded towards the main hall. The son found this place different from what it was before when he used to come with his father. He used to see the place in good order, where the hall was surrounded with shelves full of books with ordered letters located in a beautiful manner in front of each one of them. The employees stood in front of each shelf to take the letters and put them in the frames positioned in front of each according to the text mentioned above each frame.

When they have finished one page, they started with the next one. Everything takes place around the

hall, while its center was almost empty. But today there was a very big container at the center of the hall. All the contents of the shelves were removed and placed in that container, which was now full of letters.

Employees were shaking the container strongly left and right and sometimes circulating it in order to mix the letters. Then from time to time one of the employees came to have a handful of letters and place them randomly and then pass them to a printing machine. Afterwards Abu Ahmed would take the printed page to read carefully. He would then append the sheet to the rest of papers that the young boy saw when he first entered.

The young boy didn't understand what was going on around him. He turned to Abu Ahmed and tried to say something but his tongue stammered and didn't know what to say then Abu Ahmed said."

**A** Have you learned how to create a poem in a practical way?

The young boy nodded his head to mean no, without speaking a word and Abu Ahmed continued:

**A** The strategy is based on the probability and chance. We mix the letters randomly in order to get a sample poem by chance. And of course we may not be able to have such a poem in the first, second or even the hundredth times but by repeating the process, there is a possibility and probability of creating a great and wonderful poem to win the first prize and to give the master poets an overwhelming defeat after competing with our artificial poem, which is created in this way.

The young boy felt he was getting dizzy because of what he was hearing from that sensible man, who was talking madly. He wished he could say to Abu Ahmed: "poor mad" but the boy controlled his nerves and asked a question:

**S** Are these workers crazy?

**A** No, I asked them to do so after consulting with your father. Actually your father asked me to do that because of our long friendship. He also said that he was ready to pay the salary of these workers during this period. We also agreed that you should come and help us read those heaps of papers that you saw in the office to find the poem that wins the first prize.

A funny smile appeared on Abu Ahmed's lips as well as his workers, who stopped the work after they have finished what was agreed upon. The face of the young boy lit with a big smile after being taken by surprise. He hugged Abu Ahmed, kissed him and said:

**S** How great are you and how great is my father who planned this experiment to prove the organization proof to me?!

Then he turned his face towards the workers and said:

**S** Let me take a photograph of you while you're busy mixing the letters. I'll make an album of those

photos and will name that album “ The Illustrated Monotheistic Book”

Before leaving happily, he stopped by Abu Ahmed’s office and took a photograph of that heap of sheets, which were printed by putting the letters randomly. He didn’t bother reading a single sheet for he was totally confident that a good rhythmic poem could never be created by following a blind and random structure even if the workers continued mixing the letters for the rest of their lives

He rushed to the street without having any clear idea of where to go. The echoes of the last experience preoccupied his mind and imaginations. He was thinking about how his father clarified to him practically that any organization cannot be accomplished without an organizer and that a perfect task has to have a task planner. This means an organization without an organizer can never exist and...

“Stop!”

He turned his face and saw a police officer shouting at him because of jay walking

The police officer asked him: “Which village you came from? Aren’t you familiar with the traffic laws, don’t you like complying with the system?”

He answered him while the word “system” was banging in his head:

**S** Neither... I’m from this city.

“Great! So, you are a rebellious young villain... go to that officer sitting in the car” the police officer said.

He turned his face towards the direction where the officer pointed and saw another officer wearing the same uniform... he noticed a system in the uniform of the officers which distinguishes them from others. He also glanced at the stars on the shoulders of the officers which indicated the policemen’s rank.

When he reached the other officer, he explained to him that he should adhere and respect the traffic laws which had been set by regional and international experts in the field so as to save the lives of motorists and pedestrians. The officer also mentioned that ignoring the law would incur him certain punishment ordained by law if he is over 18 years old.

The young boy thanked the officer for his kindness and before leaving him he asked with a smile:

**S** Why don’t you leave cars to run at random; maybe they’ll order by coincidence without the need for laws or experts?

The officer laughed and didn’t respond; he didn’t know what was behind the young boy’s question. But the boy turned to the officer and asked him:

**S** Would you allow me to take a photograph of your traffic organization? “A photo of the traffic organization?! How?” The officer exclaimed.

**S** “You and the police officer will stand near the traffic light close to the pedestrians crossing where cars and pedestrians can appear.”

The officer didn't oppose and accepted the young man's request. So the young man added a new sheet to his “Illustrative Monotheistic Book.”

In his way back home, he saw a sign-board on a building; it said “World Health Organization.” He repeated this phrase in his mind, organization... World Health Organization, Agricultural and Food Organization, United Nation Organization... International Organization... Regional Organization... Information and Knowledge Organization... Management Organization... Judiciary Organization... Organization... organization.

Organization is spread in all aspects of human's life, and every organization is set by an organizer, either a group or an individual. Nobody can ever believe that the organizers of these organizations have no knowledge and expertise in their fields. So how come some ignorant people say that the Universal Organization had been created by chance, accidentally and blindly without the existence of a Wise, Knowledgeable, Powerful Creator?!

He returned home after walking around the city seeing the sign of organization in every place in the city. That was a very practical lesson for him in the “Monotheistic Laboratory”, which exists everywhere. He now understands what his father meant when he said he'd find out where this laboratory was located. Thus wherever he sets his eyes, a sign of “Monotheism Laboratory” is found if he could infer its meaning.

He arrived at home hungry and found that food was ready. It was his favorite meal. His younger sister said with a beautiful smile: “I cooked this meal especially for you because Mom told me that you like it and because she was tired and could not cook it herself. So I've prepared the meal for you.”

He thought for a moment of what his younger sister who couldn't even boil an egg had said. After a moment, he laughed in a meaningful way when saw his mother standing close, waiting to see his reaction. Then he said:

**S** Excellent! Splendid! My young sister! Even you have participated in giving me practical lessons about “Organization Proof”...

Then he looked at his mother and said:

**S** God bless you Mom! I know that my young sister cannot even boil an egg. But I've never thought before of the relationship between the food I eat and knowing God through the “Organization Proof” that my father showed me theoretically and practically. Anyway, I thank you all for this wonderful scheme.

His mother answered: “Taste the food first; try this here.”

When he ate the first morsel of food, he found it tasteless but he was shy to reject it. So he swallowed it and asked his mother:

**S** Mom! Did you forget to add salt to the food?

“No son” she replied. “I did add salt. Try this side of the dish.

He took a morsel from the side where his mother pointed to, but as soon as he put that morsel in his mouth, he couldn’t control himself, so he immediately threw that morsel out of his mouth.

“What happened?” His mother asked. “Aren’t you hungry?”

**S** Mom it is extremely salty... it’s too salty to be eaten.

**M** So eat from the middle. Try to eat from here.

He then took a morsel from the middle of the dish and put it in his mouth carefully. It was delicious. So he raised his head and said:

**S** Mom! What is the meaning of this lesson?

**M** It means that quantities also have their own role in organization, you can’t use salt randomly, but the quantity should be reasonable. The Quran stated: “***Every single thing is before His sight, in (due) proportion.***” So if this quantity is increased or decreased, it will spoil the food or its arrangement completely. Isn’t it the case, son?

**S** Well–done! Thank you Mom; thank you my little sister, and thanks Dad!... Also thank you God for making me part of this family organization which lead me to the right path.

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