

Lapidation

In the Name of God, The Compassionate, the Merciful

It was mid-day with feverish weather.

The fire was blazing, the flames looked like a horrible dragon that would engulf humans. A column of smoke was rising and spreading over space bringing back everything under its tarred cover.

The ringing shouts of burning people could be heard from the heart of the fire and was heavily shaking the ground and cutting chest of space to go up to sky along with smoke.

It was a terrible inferno as the executioners stood in a circle watching the people burn.



In siege of the wicked executioners, the city of “Yemen” was in an ambiguous and noisy state. Some people were being burned in the cruel flames while others were escaping.

The burnt people whose wove and woofs had been torn, turned to ashes and dispersed, but the frightened survivors, in fear of losing their lives, sacredly ran away heading towards mountains, deserts, and plains, remaining bewildered and confused.

That horrible inferno and terrible scene was made by Dhunovas, a filthy executioner.

He was the ruler of Yemen and was an arrogant, tyrant, misled, and defamed Jew.

Najran, one of the cities of Yemen, looked like other cities and was being ruled by ‘Dhunovas’. Its entire population was Jewish.

One day at sunset ‘Dhunovas’ was reported that the residents of ‘Najran’ had converted to Christianity. When he received the news, he became extremely furious so much so that he was about to die.

Seconds later with an angry face, and eyes out of his sockets, he called his army commander, ordering him to blow the trumpet for military assembly and prepare a massive corps at the dawn the next day.

The night passed and dawn arrived, the corps was put on alert. Before sunrise Dhunovas along with his corps set out for Najran. They finally reached after crossing some halting places.

They took a fresh breath of air and started attacking the Christians of Najran. The Christians who were very attached to their religion, resisted and defended themselves.

Dhunovas who got extremely furious and ordered a deep, large pit to be dug and filled with fire. It seemed he wanted to repeat Namrood's event where a massive fire to burn Abraham was produced, and be an example for future criminals and incendiaries.

When the pit was dug, they kindled a burning flame in it. It was not unlike a horrible, furious, devastating, and disastrous inferno.



An inferno which had been outlined and prepared with the help of Dhunovas' satanic thoughts. An inferno which required victims who were undoubtedly the Christians.

Dhunovas had filthy intentions and wanted to create an inhumane disaster. He wanted to commit a dirty crime.

He wanted to leave a dirty sign in the pages of human history.

He wanted to throw the Christians in the flames in order to burn them in his raging fire.

Finally he fulfilled his decision and with utmost brutality dropped the Christians of Najran into the fire, while they were still alive. One by one they burned and turned into ashes.

A few people who had escaped, reported this unprecedented news to Roman emperor and let him know what Dhunovas had done.

The Roman emperor promptly wrote a letter to the Ethiopian ruler, Najashi, ordering him to terminate his rule in Yemen and massacre all the Jews in that territory.

Najashi enforced his command exactly.

Initially he removed the brutal Dhunovas, then massacred all the Jews. He then sent a new ruler to Yemen called Abraheh.

It was night. A heavy, fussy, and horrible night.

A night in which sleep was rejected, and the seeds of fear were scattered in the heart.

That night everybody was thinking of the night, and the monster.

The monster that was not imaginary, who was in a human's dress.

The monster that had come from darkness to the land of light.

In the darkness of the night, wherever you went, there was talk about the monster.

The monster was selfish, egoistic, dirty, blood licking, brutal, invasive, and destructive.

That night, the beautiful city of Mecca, would face an unexpected event.

The muddy homes were not silent like other nights.

The weak lights of lanterns were cutting the darkness, finding their way outside with fear.

The echoes of humming were breaking the silent night, rising and waving in the quite spaces of the city.

The fable of monster is pleasant to hear, the fable in which the monster is the hero.

The monster who glooms, who has a disgusting state of wickedness, who wanted to fight the light, who wanted to come to fight the origin of light. But the monster did not know that fighting with light is equal to elimination.

Abraheh, the ruler of Yemen, was the monster who had engaged all to notice him.



For some time Abrahah had been thinking of building another shrine to avoid people from visiting the Kaaba. He hoped his new shrine would attract more people and force them to bring there their annual presents and vows there instead.

In order to achieve this filthy desire, he built a glorious and beautiful temple.

The temple had marble walls with gold and jewels inside, colored carpets, beautiful golden curtains, colorful designs, and crystal candelabrum.

Abrahah's satanic plan was undoubtedly very skilful. Through this hoax he wished collect a lot wealth and rejoice in it. He wanted to remove people from the illumination of light and bring them to the deepest levels of darkness. He desired to replace right with wrong. However, what Abrahah did not know was that one day his plans would be defused, his false temple would be forgotten and his empty wishes squandered.

The day arrived when Abrahah ordered the people to visit his temple instead of the Kaaba. People refused to follow this order and avoided the temple. Abrahah was humiliated and disgraced by the people.

As he realised his wishes would not come true, he became angry and took a wild decision.

He decided to destroy the Kaaba completely so that the people would be disappointed and would be

forced to visit his temple instead.

Once the people of Mecca heard this news, they were worried and went to find a way to defend the House of God, a true temple of the truthful.

Someone said:

“If the monster with this massive corps comes to our city, he will destroy the Kaaba, kill the people, and replace fear and disappointment with peace and pleasure. Something must be done about it.”

Everyone agreed.

Someone else said:

“If he arrives, everything will be covered with darkness. Families will be destroyed and everything will be eliminated. We must clamor.”

To this too, everyone agreed.

At that moment, someone arrived and shouted:

“Oh people, listen carefully. I have just been informed that Abraheh has unjustly decided to prepare his army. We, who are very few, cannot resist this large army and will definitely be defeated.”

Those who were looking for a chance to refuse the fighting became happy and kept quiet. But those who found their wealth and life worthless in defense of right and truthfulness and did not wish to stay away from devotion and sacrifice bravely shouted and said:

“So, what should we do!”

“Doing nothing!? “

“Accept shame!?”

“Accept abjectness!?”

“Let them oppress through trickery?!”

“Allow an invasion?!”

“Allow the destruction of the Kaaba?!”

“Never, never, ever, it will not be so!”

“We will stand up. We will not sit,”

“We will sacrifice,”

“Me, you, and us all,”

“We must start fighting the oppressor,”

“We must stay firm.”

“We will get help from God,”

“Yes, yes, we must,”

“There is no other way,”

“Enthusiasm, unity and love will be now effective,”

“Otherwise, with fear, and laziness we will be oppressed and despised,”

“We have to stand up in front of the dark monster,”

“We will capture him or kill him,”

“He will be better in the grave than alive on this earth,”

“If the monster attacks, we must make a move,”

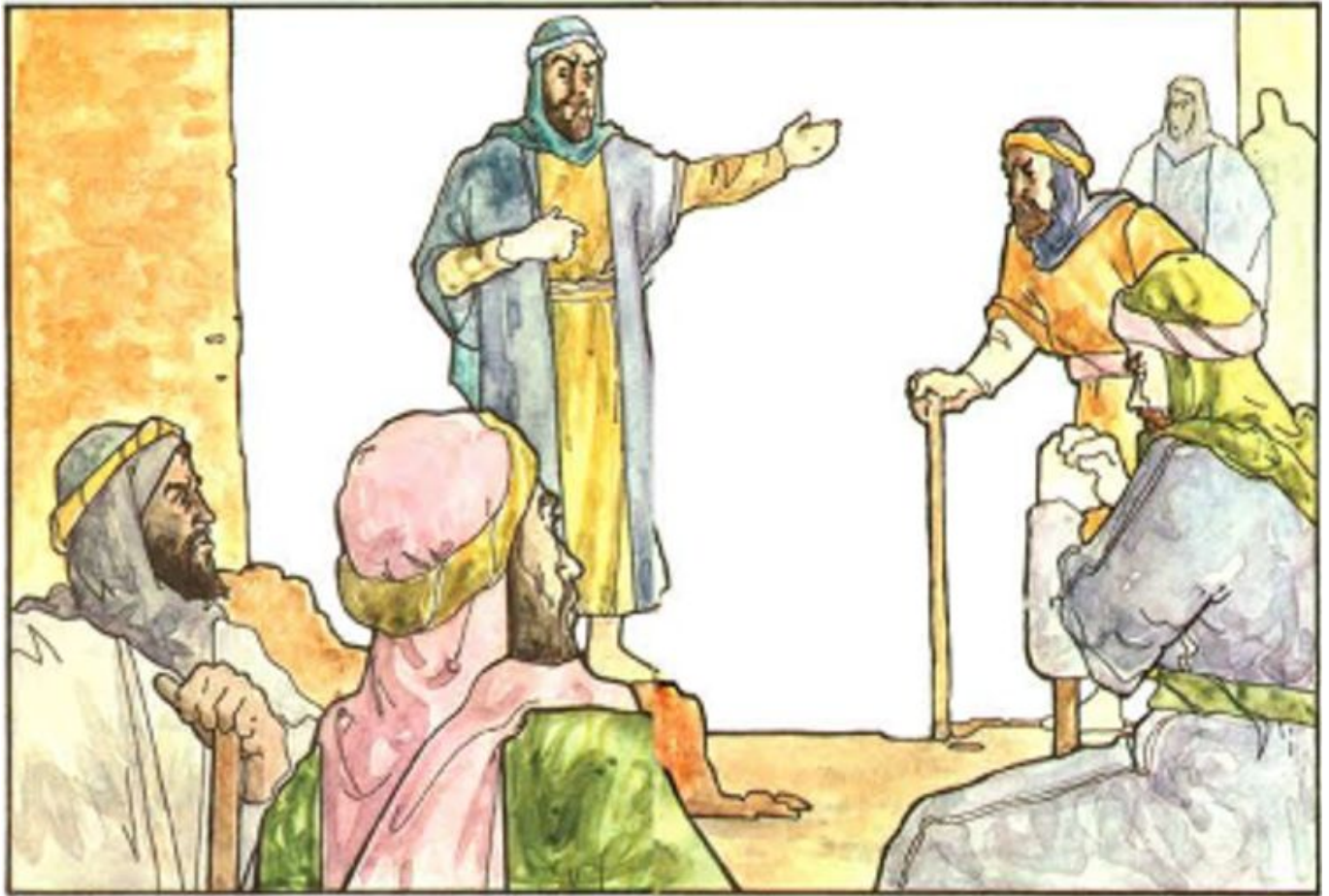
“We need to get rid of him,”

“Nothing worth less,”

“We cannot be silent,”

“We have to spread the word without cry,”

“We must make our move and like a furious lion we have to face the monster.”



One day, in the morning, before the city of Yemen was illuminated by the sun, a huge army under the command of Abrahah slowly crossed the city gate and headed to the deserts.

All around them they could only see the sandy desert. It was silent, huge, hot, and dry and there was no sign of water or plants.

Abrahah's corps consisted of a group of elephant riders and a group of foot soldiers.

They departed for their journey and travelled through the days, while resting at night. Finally, one day, as the sun was resting in its saffron-colored bed, they arrived at the gate of Mecca.

Abrahah ordered the elephant riders to help the foot soldiers in raising tents so that they could spend their night there and attack next day, destroying the Kaaba completely.

The believers of Mecca, who did not want to see the Kaaba destroyed, broke their silence and moved to defend the Holy sanctuary of Mecca. But while Abrahah's army was huge and well prepared, they were very few in number.

They were did not have military equipment, hence they were defeated.

They were superficially defeated, although such a defeat was indeed a victory.

Although hey physically lost, they found splendor and honor, they removed disgrace and weakness and

they did not accept abjectness.

In spite of them being outnumbered, they fought with their heads up high and accepted their situation as it was.

Yes, they were defeated, but they won. Unlike King Hemya who was defeated by Abraheh, and because of fear of death, rescued himself and helped another criminal.

This defeat was unlike the defeat of the head of Gotham who when he saw himself trapped in the hands of Abraheh, accepted weakness and meanness like a wicked person and insisted him in achieving his goal.

This defeat was unlike the ruler of Ta'ef who surrendered to Abraheh without fighting and in fear of the destruction of the well-known idol temple city, Bayt-o-lat, secretly accompanied him as a guide. This ruler died on the way.

At the tragic sunset, the sun saying good bye to Mecca and its people was going to shorten its golden rays after a few moments and silent.

As time passed, the redness of aurora was decreasing and the darkness of the night was increasing until there was no news of the sun or its redness. Abraheh ordered some of his soldiers to go Mecca together. They went in the darkness of the night, and stole a huge amount of money including two hundred camels of Abdul-Motaleb, and brought them to Abraheh.

Everybody was familiar with Abdul-Motaleb. He was the doorkeeper of the Kaaba and the chief of Mecca. He was also the head of the tribe of Quraish and the most powerful man amongst the Arabs. Amongst the famous people, his greatness and magnificence was renowned.

He was a true and enlightened believer and was very hard working and generous. Abraheh feared Abdul-Motaleb's generosity and freedom. Hence, he decided to befriend him.

As a result, the next day before sunrise, Abraheh called one of his inmates a worriedly said to him:

"Right now go to Mecca and find Abdul-Motaleb's house and tell him quickly to come to me."

The man performed his order and in less than an hour soldiers saw a white-haired, firm, and good looking man. He approached the tents with heavy paces which showed his sense of dignity.

As he approached the soldiers, they took a few steps back to open his way. When he arrived in Abraheh's royal tent, one of the doorkeepers informed Abraheh of the arrival.

Abraheh confusedly came down from his chair, kindly welcomed him, called him to his own tent and sat him beside himself.

He turned to face him saying:

"Oh! The master of the Arabs and chief of Quraish, we have no fight with you. We have come here to ruin the Kaaba. Now tell us what you require us to meet it and....."

Before he finished his words, an imagination quickly passed his mind. "I might not meet his request. I might be disgraced in front of him and I will lose my dignity and honor! He might require me not to ruin Kaaba and to forget it and I will be forced to return my way to home."



As such thoughts crossed his mind, suddenly Abdul-Motaleb with nice and heavy tone broke the silence and said:

"I have never extended any land for request to anybody and I will not, especially to a selfish oppressor like you. Anything I want, I will require it from the Creator of the Universe and its Creatures, The God of the Kaaba. The only thing I want from you is my lost right."

Abraheh looked as if he had forgotten the plunder of the previous night, confusedly dropped his head, and thought. After some moments, with great selfishness he shook his head saying:

"I do not know what you mean! What lost right?"

Abdul-Motaleb with the same constant gravity, moved on his chair and with an attractive look, stared at

Abraheh's stern face. This look caused a horrible typhoon in him and collapsed his mountain of selfishness and said:

"The only request I have is for you to return my camels."

Upon hearing his request, Confusion captured Abraheh as he deeply thought:

"What does he mean? I do not understand. What sort of request is this? It is surprising!"

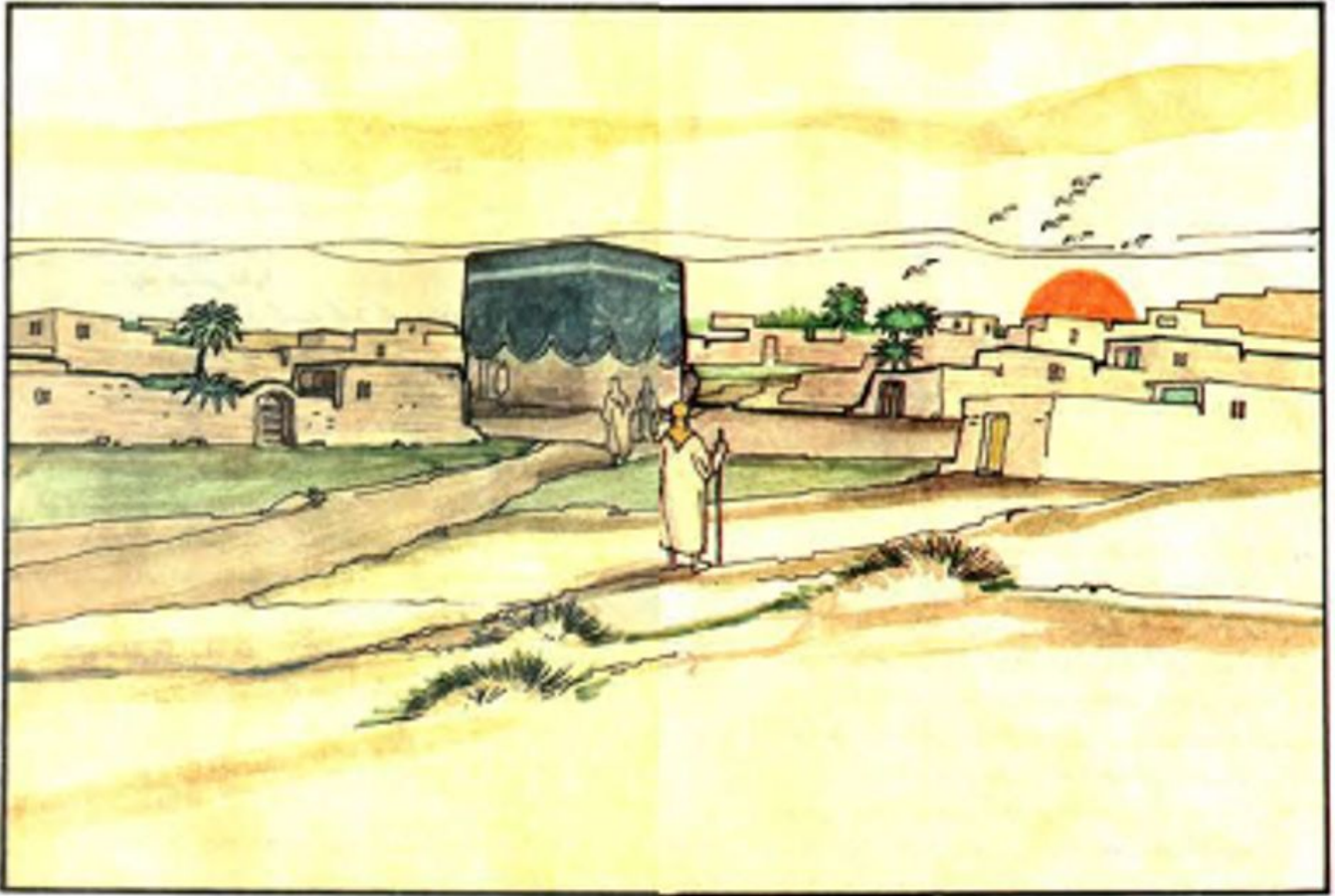
Then with shocked eyes Abraheh looked at Abdul-Motaleb and toughly said:

"It is surprising! I expected more than this from you. I thought that since you are the chief and head of Quraish, you would be interested in supporting and looking after the Kaaba more than anything else and you would be worried to hear the news of its destruction more than anybody else. But now, despite my expectations I found you are not worried about the Kaaba, but you think about your own camels. I was expecting more concern from you. But this is not so!"

Abraheh himself was hoping that by saying this he could stain the high personality of Abdul-Motaleb. However, Abdul-Motaleb with a bright and open face demonstrated his peaceful and certain heart. He looked at Abraheh for a short while, then smilingly said: I am only, the owner of my camels for which I have come here. The Kaaba too has its owner who defends it."

Abdul-Motaleb finished his speech and left the tent with his returned camels, heading to his home.

He sent the camels to Mount Hira to graze and returned to Mecca.



Since he knew some of the Meccan believers had tried to fight Abrahah and were defeated in the process, he told everybody to go promptly to their homes and spend the night there. In the morning, with their families, they were advised to go to the surrounding mountains to take refuge so as not to be hurt as Abrahah and his army enter the city and attack the Kaaba.

After hearing Abdul-Motaleb's talks, Abrahah was incredibly horrified. The expression of "Kaaba has its owner who will defend it" would sometimes appear in his mind like an unsolved puzzle, causing him to think.

It sometimes seemed as like a terrible nightmare torturing his conscience, and sometimes playing at his wicked wish and existence like a dreadful typhoon racking his selfishness. His facial mood showed signs of worry, while confusion was filling his existence. Like a foolish mad man, he was talking to himself:

"What? Does the Kaaba have an owner? If so, who is he?"

"I do not know, but it is not ownerless."

"Maybe Abdul-Motaleb himself is the owner."

"No. No, Never! He is the owner of his own camels."

"So who might be the Kaaba's owner?"

"I do not know either."

"Who is responsible to defend the Kaaba?"

"What do I say!"

"I find no answer as far as I think!"

"I might have listened wrong! Or maybe he has said an unmeasured and unknowing thing!

"No, he has not made a mistake. He has certainly said the right thing and I have heard it right too."

"In this case, so who is its owner? Where is he? why did Abdul-Motaleb not introduce him to me?!"

"I am absolutely confused. I myself too, do not understand what I am saying!"

"By the way, it is not unlikely that he has pulled my legs.

"But no. He is a generous man and generous men are unlikely to do so"

"O my God, I am tired, I am going mad, I do not know! No matter who the owner is, I will ruin the Kaaba. But how? Who is its owner? What is his name? Where is he? Owner of the Kaaba...."

He was utterly confused. His gloomy face was inflamed with anger and worry. His eyes were out of their sockets and he was humming:

"What will happen tomorrow?"

"I am extremely confused!"

"What will happen tomorrow?"

"I never know!"

"This Kaaba, this Kaaba"

"Where is its owner, who is he?!"

"If it has an owner, what is his name and sign?"

That night, the night was gloomy, fussy, and terrible.

The people of Mecca were thinking of the next day and the monster.

The moonlit atmosphere of the city was under sorrow; it was informing the city of an unpleasant event.

Everywhere people were speaking about the monster, the city was in shock.

An unclear movement was seen. The city people, group by group, were packing their luggage and hurriedly preparing themselves to take refuge in the mountains nearby at dawn.

During those feverous and obscure moments which were full of hurry and worry, a single rumour was enough to make the unusual situation of the city worse.

At night, that selfish, wicked, dreadful, and human-like monster called Abrahah was thinking about tomorrow behind the city gate and was preparing his corps for the next day's invasion.

Although he was thinking about the Kaaba and was frightened and confused, he was still thinking of destruction and corruption. It was as if he was digging his grave by his own hands and going to it by his feet.

After midnight, Abdul-Motaleb, left home on his own with short steps and graving as high as the sky scratching mountains under moonlit shade and went toward the Kaaba. As he arrived there, he extended his hand and strongly held on to the Kaaba's curtain billing and cooing:



“Oh! My God! My praise upon you,

Who is able and the rescuer,

Everybody's hope is you,

Who is the only judge,
The Kaaba is your house
Look after by your house,
The Kaaba's enemy is your enemy,
Destroy your enemy,
“Knock down the monster,
to be an example for other monsters;
Although you cannot be frightened,
But pull him under chains,
Monsters are your mulish enemies,
Down with your mulish enemy.
Long live you name and your light,
Be cultivated your house forever.”

As he finished his bill and coo, he left the curtain, heading to a mountain hopefully, and stayed awake until dawn. He spent the night expecting, to be witnessed by his own eyes after the invasion and to see the destruction of the monster.

Night passed and dawn arrived. The sun rose its head from the silvery lap of the horizon and shined its golden rays over Mecca.

The people who had left their city before sunrise and accommodated in the mountains looked tired, upset, and worried.

Worried about the unpleasant event.

Worried about the monster invasion.

Worried about the Kaaba being destroyed as it is the origin of light, base of truthfulness, lovers, and the true temple of monotheists.

The worry and expectations had taken away everyone's patience. The worrying moments were passing by very slowly until the immigrants from the tops of the mountains saw Abrahah along with his corps.



The tents were collected and the horn of readiness was blown. The soldiers were divided into rider and infantry as they began to move.

Abraheh, who was riding an elephant in front, slowed his corps for a moment, then ordered to proceed.

The movement toward Mecca began and God's enemy corps crossed the city gate entering Mecca.

The mountain immigrants were very worried.

The corps, like tamed slaves, was ready to hear Abraheh's command to attack the Kaaba and ruin it. Abraheh, being the commander of an army who was ready to unjustly fight the truth, was worried as well as glad.

Sometimes he was very happy, though he looked very anxious and worried.

Sometimes, he left his heart to Satan's temptations and other times he was horrified and furious as he remembered that the "Kaaba, too, has its owner who defends it."

He wished to ruin the Kaaba so his temple would flourish and was worried for not understanding the real meaning of "Kaaba, too, has its owner who defends it."

Abraheh had not ordered his corps yet and doubtfully was thinking about victory. The people of Mecca, too were very worried. Suddenly, a horrible storm began and the weather was darkened. The whole

situation changed within a few seconds.

Mecca was covered with uncertainty, taking with it worry and horror.

Hearts started beating like headless birds. Eyes stopped moving like dead statues. It looked as if God's wrath had shaded over the city to engulf the monster and his corps completely in its blazing mouth in order to scatter their warp and woof by its burning flames and finally cause their wicked names to be forgotten forever by dispersing their ashes to clean up the vast scene of human life from their wicked existence. Their graves became only pages of dusted history and in many ways, their demonical and satanic story was to be a source of advice and example for the future.

It was day and the weather was dark. The sun was awake, but it was dark.

There was no sign of clouds, nor was there news of night birds, yet the weather was still dark.

The darkness of the weather which was caused by the opening of a large number of birds' wings was surprising and mysterious.

That day the mysterious birds from every corner flew over the dull space of Mecca making the city dark.

Abraheh who was horrified and frightened was staring at those birds. He opened his mouth to say, "Go ahead and ruin the Kaaba.", but by fear and alarm, his mouth was could not open completely and no word came out.

His heart was beating and his face turned pale. Shocked, he stayed at his place. As he had come with mace, club, elephant and corps was confused and extremely puzzled.

In this situation, he felt it was raining. He soon realised that it was not snow, rain, or hail.

Meanwhile, the right hand commander of the army who was ordering his soldiers shouted, but his breath rotated in his throat and stayed in his chest. He quietly and slowly dropped from the elephant on to the ground. He looked as if he had died many years ago.

Abraheh who had been disgraced by this event ordered his corps:

"As quickly as you can, find out from where that horrible arrow shot the right hand commander and killed him. Let me know the final result as soon as possible."

The corps, frightened and hurriedly, found out and said:

"The great commander knows that there is no trench or shelter. All the enemies have retreated, taken refuge in the mountains, and evacuated Mecca. Therefore, as much as we searched, we did not find anybody."

Abraheh whose anger caused him to look stern and flamed shouted:

"So, why did the right hand commander die?"

One of the corps who after long searching found the cause came rashly forward and said:

"I saw with my eyes that some sand, as small as a lentil, dropped over his head and made a hole in his brain which destroyed him."

Abraheh was pale faced and confusedly thought a bit. Then he said:

"What? What are you saying? You must look further to find out the real cause."

The soldier fearfully said:

"If you do not believe me, take a look at his body to find the truth."

Before searching any further, the news of another commander's death arrived who died by some sand that came from the sky.

The birds were fog-like and covered the whole city of Mecca.



The weather was still dark and suddenly the noise and fuss began.

The sands started severely raining and the Yemen corps, those pro wild monsters, were falling like autumn leaves from their saddles.

As Abraheh found all doors closed for him and could not resist, he released the order to retreat.

The survivors were escaping from Mecca and mysterious birds, too, were flying overhead dropping on their heads the fatal sands.

The last bird dropped sand, after which nothing fell, hit Abraheh on the head. The great monster was sent to the world of inexistence.

The monster disappeared and the people Mecca were happy for his defeat and destruction.

After the death defeat of Abraheh and his corps, the Holy House of Mecca found more greatness and got higher credit and its glorious fame increased in the Arabian Peninsula.

The Arabs considered that year an auspicious year calling it the "Year of the elephant". It was in this year that another luminescence appeared in that land covering the world under its animating spirit and nourishing heart like a spring of fragrant flowers His light which is neither dying nor decreasing became a guide and leader for mankind.

It heated.

It enlightened.

It saved.

It created activity.

It donated existence and brought life spring.

Finally his eternal and God-colored name became a decorating agent of mankind's history.

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