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Majlis 10: Hazrat 'Ali Asghar

Surah al-Fatiha

Bismillahir Rahmanir Raheem

Tonight is the 10th night of Muharram. Tonight is the eve of 'Ashura'. A very tragic night. A very sad night. The last night for the 72 martyrs of Karbala'.

The last night for brothers to be with their sisters. The last night for sisters to be with their brothers. The last night for fathers to be with their children. The last night for mothers to be with their children. The last night for little Sakina to be with her beloved uncle 'Abbas and dearest father Husayn.

Indeed, a night never to be forgotten.

A night to shed more tears. A night to do more matam.

The Night of 'Ashura' on the Land of Karbala'

Mothers are sitting with their children. Umm Laila is with 'Ali Akbar, Umm Farwah is with Qasim, Bibi Zainab is with 'Aun- Muhammad.

What are these mothers of Karbala' telling their beloved children?

They are preparing them for Jihad. They are preparing them to sacrifice their lives. Preparing them to die!

Why? Because they know Husayn is on the right path. The right path to save Islam!

Let us send our salaams to those mothers of Karbala' for sacrificing their most precious for Islam.

'Abbas the Alamdar! Like every night, 'Abbas was guarding the camp.

Where was Husayn?

Husayn had gathered all his friends and companions in his tent.

“My friends, my companions, tonight is the last night. Tomorrow is the day of ‘Ashura’. Tomorrow is the day of Shahadat – martyrdom! None of us will be spared by Yazid's soldiers.”

Imam Husayn continued:

“My friends, my companions, you have suffered enough. There is still time to save your lives. Escape in the darkness of the night. I will have no objections. I will forgive you. Go, my friends! Go, my companions!”

Imam Husayn blew the candles off. There was total darkness.

Anyone could have escaped without being seen or embarrassed.

After a while, Husayn lit the candles.

How many ran away? One? Two? Five? Ten?

No one! Why did they not run away to save their lives?

Because, my fellow Husayni, they had recognised the truth.

Because they knew Husayn was right.

Because they knew Husayn was on the true path.

Because they knew their sacrifice would save Islam.

Husayn was lucky to be blessed with true friends and best companions, – faithful, truthful and pious!

Our greetings to those 72 martyrs of Karbala’ for their great sacrifice for Islam.

Imam Husayn made the biggest sacrifice.

In one day, he sacrificed his brothers, nephews and children on the land of Karbala’.

He remained patient after seeing so many dead in one day.

Did Husayn complain?

No, never!

On the contrary, after sacrificing his 18 year old son ‘Ali Akbar he looked up at the sky and said:

“Ya Allah, give me more patience. Ya Allah, is there anything else I can give for Your sake?”

Allah's will was Husayn's command. Husayn was prepared and willing to sacrifice his family. He never prayed to Allah to save his family.

Instead he prayed for Patience! Patience! And more Patience!

Allah! What a big Heart Husayn had in Karbala'!

'Aun – Muhammad had been killed. Qasim was trodden to pieces. 'Abbas was lying on the bank of River Furaat. 'Ali Akbar's chest was torn open with a spear.

Is there anymore to sacrifice?

Tonight is the night of 'Ali Asghar. The little Mujaheed – the little soldier and the youngest Shaheed.

'Ashura' came to the land of Karbala'.

One-by-one, Husayn's friends and companions were martyred.

'Aun – Muhammad, Qasim, 'Abbas and 'Ali Akbar went to the battlefield and were martyred.

By Asr time Husayn was left alone.

The time had come for Husayn to go to the battlefield. Husayn said Fi aman Allah to everyone.

Husayn, with his sword Zulfikar on his waist, mounted Zuljiana, his horse.

Husayn rode his horse to a small mount, he then called out loudly:

“Is there anyone to help me? Is there anyone to help the grandson of the Holy Prophet?”

With this call, the grandson of the Holy Prophet, was giving one last chance to Yazid's men, the men who called themselves Muslims – the followers of the Holy Prophet.

Hypocrites! That's what Yazid's men were.

No one answered Husayn's last call. But Husayn heard the sound of crying coming from his camp.

Husayn turned around and returned to his tents.

“Zainab, your brother is still alive. Why are you crying?”

“My brother Husayn, when you called out, **“Is there anyone to help me?”**, 'Ali Asghar fell from his cradle.”

Husayn knew what 'Ali Asghar was trying to say.

Husayn went to Umm Rubab. 'Ali Asghar was on her lap.

He was crying and Umm Rubab was trying to comfort him.

Husayn picked up baby 'Ali Asghar and whispered in his ear. 'Ali Asghar stopped crying. He looked up at his father and smiled.

"Umm Rubab, I am taking 'Ali Asghar to the battlefield with me so that I can get some water for him."

What did Husayn whisper in 'Ali Asghar's ear? What made 'Ali Asghar stop crying, and to smile? Husayn had whispered:

"My son, 'Ali Asghar, do you want to come to the battlefield with me? Asghar, do you want to show your strength on the battlefield? Come, let us go, my little Mujaheed, my little soldier, Asghar."

Umm Rubab changed 'Ali Asghar's clothes.

Imam Husayn carried 'Ali Asghar to the battlefield. It was very hot. 'Ali Asghar was thirsty. Husayn covered baby 'Ali Asghar with his abaa, to protect him from the scorching sun.

Yazid's men saw Husayn approaching with something in his hand.

"Look, Husayn is coming with the Quran. He has no one left to help him. With the help of the Quran he is hoping to win."

Husayn walked to Yazid's soldiers. By moving his abaa he uncovered 'Ali Asghar.

He held 'Ali Asghar high with both his hands and said:

"O soldiers of Yazid, you feel I have offended you, but what has this little child done to you? His mother's milk has dried up. He has not had a drop of water for three days. He is dying of thirst. I beg you to give water to this innocent little child."

Not one of Yazid's soldiers brought any water for 'Ali Asghar.

Once more Imam Husayn begged:

Maybe you think that when you bring water for this child, I will drink it too. I will put this little child on the ground. You can come and give him water yourself."

Husayn placed 'Ali Asghar on the burning sand of Karbala'.

'Ali Asghar lay quietly on the hot sand of Karbala'. He turned his head and stared at Yazid's men.

No water came for 'Ali Asghar.

Husayn picked up 'Ali Asghar and said:

"My son 'Ali Asghar, my darling, you are too young to fight with a sword or a spear. My little Majaheed, my little soldier, you are a grandson of 'Ali. 'Ali Asghar, fight your Jihad with your tongue."

Little Asghar stuck his dry tongue out and moved it over his dry lips looking towards Yazid's men. He fought Jihad with his tongue.

The little soldier shot a strange arrow – his dry tongue.

It hit the hearts of Yazid's soldiers who had children of their own. They became restless. Some started crying.

They spoke amongst themselves:

"Husayn is saying the truth. What has this child done to us? Why is he punished like this? Let us give him some water."

Umar Saad got worried that his soldiers will turn against him.

The little soldier's fight was very effective. Little 'Ali Asghar was fighting Jihad his way.

Umar Saad ordered his best archer:

"Hurmullah! What are you waiting for? Silence the little child! Don't you know he is a grandson of 'Ali? Hurry, shoot your arrow, before it is too late."

Hurmullah aimed an arrow at 'Ali Asghar. A small arrow for a little child? No! An arrow not with one head, not with two heads, but with three sharp heads.

Why? Why an arrow with three heads for such a small child?

My fellow Husayni! You will not be able to stop crying when you hear what happened next.

An arrow with three sharp heads flew across the desert of Karbala'. It was heading for 'Ali Asghar. Husayn saw the arrow coming. He covered 'Ali Asghar with his arms.

The arrow reached Husayn.

The arrow went through Husayn's arm and lodged in the tiny neck of 'Ali Asghar.

'Ali Asghar died instantly.

Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!

Poor Husayn, the poor father, who came to get water for his little child.

Instead of water, 'Ali Asghar got an arrow in his neck.

What shall Husayn do now? What shall Husayn do now?

Husayn gently pulled the arrow from 'Ali Asghar's tiny neck.

My fellow Husayni, put your hand on your heart and imagine the scene – a father removing an arrow from his child's neck. What a tragic scene!

Blood gushed out from 'Ali Asghar's neck.

A voice came from the ground:

“No, Husayn, do not let 'Ali Asghar's blood fall to the ground, otherwise no crops will ever grow from this earth.” Husayn looked up at the sky.

A voice came from the sky:

“No Husayn, do not let the blood gush towards the sky, otherwise, no drop of rain will ever fall from this sky.”

What shall Husayn do now? What shall Husayn do now?

The sky is refusing, the earth is not happy to accept Asghar's blood.

Poor Husayn wiped 'Ali Asghar's blood on his face.

Husayn started walking towards his tents.

He saw 'Ali Asghar's mother – Umm Rubab – standing by his tent. A mother anxiously waiting for her baby.

Husayn thought:

“How can I face Umm Rubab? What shall I tell her? How can I tell her that her baby has been martyred without water? How? How?”

Seven times, Husayn went forward and then turned back,

Saying:

Inna Lillahi Wa Inna Ilaih Raja'oon!

We are from Allah and to Him we will return!

He finally reached the tent where Umm Rubab was standing. “Rubab, come and take your 'Ali Asghar. Rubab, your little soldier has died for the sake of Allah.”

Umm Rubab took her little child, 'Ali Asghar. She hugged him and cried her heart out.

“Come with me Rubab. Enough, Rubab, enough. Let us bury our baby Asghar”

Husayn and Umm Rubab walked to the back of the tents.

Husayn dug a small grave with his sword, the Zulfikar.

Umm Rubab placed 'Ali Asghar in the small grave.

My fellow Husayni why should we not cry tonight? Why should we not do matam tonight?

Have we ever heard of any other father and mother digging a grave and burying their own child?

Where can Husayn get water to sprinkle on 'Ali Asghar's grave? There is no water to sprinkle on 'Ali Asghar's grave.

Husayn sat by the grave crying.

Tears poured on the grave. 'Ali Asghar's grave was sprinkled with Husayn's tears.

Inna Lillahi Wa Inna Ilaih Raja'oon!

We are from Allah and to Him we will return!

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