

## Majlis 7: Hazrat Qasim

### Surah al-Fatiha

#### Bismillahir Rahmanir Raheem

Tonight is the night of 7th Muharram. Our Muharram majaaalis continues. We shall shed more tears for Karbala'. We will continue our matam. We will give money in the name of Hazrat Qasim. Volunteers will serve the mourners of Karbala'.

#### Tears! Matam! Donations! Volunteers!

Bibi Fatimah is watching all of us. Everyone will be rewarded on the Day of Judgement.

Our tears, our matam, our donations, and our volunteer work for Husayn will not be wasted. Husayn will reward us. Bibi Fatimah will protect us. Allah will be pleased with us.

Husayn, his companions and his family are in Karbala'.

The 7th of Muharram is a very tragic day in the event of Karbala'.

On this day, water was stopped from reaching Husayn's camp. It was very hot in Karbala'. As the days went by, the children became very thirsty.

The cry of, "Al-Atash! Al-Atash! Al-Atash!" became more frequent.

Tonight is the night of **Shah Qasim**, the 13 year old son of Imam Hassan and Umm Farwah.

'Ashura' came to the land of Karbala'.

'Ali Akbar gave the Fajr Adhan. Everyone prayed the Fajr Salat (Prayer).

One-by-one Husayn's companions went to the battlefield and gave their life for Islam. They all became Martyrs! Shaheed! Shaheed Al- Karbala'!

By Zuhr time, Imam Husayn was left with only his family, 'Aun-Muhammad. Qasim, 'Ali Akbar and

‘Abbas.

The companions of Imam Husayn whilst they were alive did not let Imam Husayn's family go to the battlefield.

No one was left now.

‘Aun – Muhammad were keen to help their uncle save Islam. They went to the battlefield and never returned.

Qasim took permission from his mother, Umm Farwah, to fight.

Then he went to his uncle, Husayn to ask for his permission to fight.

How can Husayn give permission to his brother's son to die? How can he allow a young child to die?

“Qasim, you are young. You are the only child of your mother. Qasim, you are my brother's son. I have promised my brother to look after you. My darling Qasim, you are the image of my brother. You remind me of Hassan. No, Qasim, no. I cannot allow you to die.”

Qasim was very disappointed. He went to his mother for help. His mother reminded him of the taveez his father had tied to his arm.

Qasim opened the taveez, and placed inside found a letter for Husayn. Qasim was pleased to see the letter. He took the letter to his uncle, Husayn.

Husayn read the letter from his brother, Hassan:

“Brother Husayn, a day will come when Islam will need to be saved by sacrifice. Husayn, I will not be alive on that day, however my son, Qasim will be there. It is my wish that Qasim should represent me on that day.”

“My dearest Qasim how can I stop you now. Go, Qasim, go.” He took Qasim to Bibi Zainab.

“Zainab, bring me Hassan's abaa and his turban.” Husayn dressed Qasim with Hassan's abaa (cloak) and turban.

“Zainab! Look at Qasim, doesn't he look handsome? He looks just like our brother Hassan.”

Tears flowed from Husayn's and Zainab's eyes as they remembered their brother.

Husayn then dressed Qasim with the battlefield uniform and gave him the weapons.

A young child with adult weapons! Qasim was so young that his sword touched the ground as he walked.

He could not mount his horse on his own. 'Abbas, his uncle helped him mount the horse.

The young fighter Qasim rode to the battlefield. A rider whose feet did not reach the stirrups, the foot straps on the horse, but he was keen to save Islam.

He was the young son of Hasan, the grandson of 'Ali and he was trained by 'Abbas.

Qasim fought gallantly, he fought a battle history will never forget. The enemy could not overpower him. One of Yazid's cowardly soldiers came from behind and hit Qasim on the head with a sword.

Qasim was covered in blood.

The young Qasim, thirsty for three days, could not take it anymore. He fell from his horse. As he fell he cried out;

“O, Uncle! Come Quickly! Help me, Uncle!”

Husayn and 'Abbas rushed to the battlefield.

Dreadful events then took place. The enemies of Islam thought that Husayn and 'Abbas were coming to attack them. They got scared. There was confusion.

Horses ran from one side to another, from here to there! From there to here!

The horses ran over Qasim, who was lying wounded on the ground. He got trampled on.

Husayn and 'Abbas were searching for Qasim.

My darling Qasim, where are you? Qasim! speak to your uncle. Qasim! Qasim! Where are you my son?”

Qasim could not reply. Qasim had stopped breathing.

When the enemies withdraw, what did Husayn see?

Qasim was not in one piece. The horses had trodden on him and torn him to pieces.

Imagine Husayn's feelings! His brother, Hasan's son lying trampled into pieces.

Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!

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

Qasim torn into pieces! His arms and legs scattered on the sand of Karbala'.

Husayn took off his abaya and spread it on the ground. He gathered the pieces of Qasim's body and placed them on his abaya.

He then tied the abaya into a bundle.

‘Abbas helped Husayn carry Qasim's trampled body.

When Husayn reached the camp, he cried out:

“Z-A-I-N-A-B! Help m Zainab. My heart is broken, Zainab. I have no strength left to carry Qasim's body to the tent. Zainab, ask Amma Fizza to help you take Qasim to the tent.”

The ladies cried and did matam for Qasim.

“Ya Qasima! Ya Qasima! Ya Qasima!”

***Inna Lillahi Wa Inna Ilaih Raja’oon!***

***We are from Allah and to Him we will return!***

**Matam al-Husayn!**

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