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The following morning, Warqa visited Dr. Miyad and saw that she was feeling better. The doctor appreciated Warqa's visits. When Warqa expressed concern about her friend's health, Dr. Miyad said that she seemed upset.

"Oh that's to be expected."

"You are right. A lot of processes take place in the body when it is in such a state."

"What processes?"

"There is a network of nerves in the body. It carries impulses between the brain and all of the different parts of the body. Hence, sensations like cold, heat and pain are received through the nerves. There are millions of nerve cells carrying out this job."

"How do they function?" asked Warqa. "The brain is the centre of the nervous system. It controls all of the muscles and organs. Thus, when we touch something hot, the hand is withdrawn very quickly. We may not think much about such actions, but what the Creator has planned is really a source of wonder."

Dr. Miyad continued to speak. Warqa enjoyed listening to her simple explanations and wished she could stay longer, but she didn't want to tire the doctor.

Warqa said, "Your words are so interesting and I am in need of religious knowledge, especially about the Great Creator, since I lack such information. I can't answer the questions of skeptical people. At first, I planned to attend medical college, but my exam results weren't good enough."

"My religious knowledge has nothing to do with college," Dr. Miyad told her. "In fact, I knew many things before I went to the university."

"That's wonderful! You knew about your religion early on."

"Yes, from early childhood my brother encouraged me to read. He helped me to understand many difficult matters."

"Which of your brothers helped you?"

"I only have one brother. He always took care of me when I was sick. He's everything to me."

"May Allah protect you both," Warqa said.

Dr. Miyad added, "He has not gone to his clinic because of me. He stays near me when I'm sick."

"I thought he worked here."

"No, he has his own clinic."

Warqa looked at her watch. She felt that she had stayed long enough and that her grandmother might be in need of her. She got up, saying, "I 'm sorry to leave you again. I must take care of my grandmother."

"Don't worry, my dear; my brother will soon come."

"Then I'll see you tomorrow, " said Warqa.

"Please do come."

"I may trouble you with my questions."

"Not at all. I'll be happy to see you whenever you come."

When Warqa visited her friend the next day, she asked about her health and when she would begin work again.

"I feel fine, except for some pain near my spleen. I'm waiting for my laboratory results."

Warga said, "I hope nothing is wrong with your spleen, although I think this organ is not very important."

Dr. Miyad smiled and said, "On the contrary, it is very important. Every organ God has created has its own importance.

"The spleen is similar to a movable graveyard, rea1ly. It receives the dead red blood cells, which usually die after two months. It is interesting to see the iron particles carry the dead cells for burial and return to produce new ones."

"Do the iron particles produce red cells?"

"No," said Dr. Miyad, "but it is helpful in their manufacture. The main process involved in making the red and even the white blood cells takes place in the bone marrow. So you can see what a wonderful factory there is inside the human body. Each organ has its own special function."

"Please continue," urged Warga.

"The cardiac system exchanges the gases through the circulation of blood. Oxygen is carried to the tissues by the blood and, on the way back to the heart, remnants of burnt out tissues are transported in place of the oxygen."

"You mean that the blood's circulation helps the digestive system?"

"Yes, that's what I mean," replied Dr. Miyad.

"The respiratory system helps as well. We breathe as long as we are alive, yet we never think about the Creator's design of our breathing apparatus. The necessary gas, oxygen, is provided and carbon dioxide is removed. Hence, our blood is purified and whatever substance is useless is discarded. It is the delicate design of Allah. Consider the digestive system. We eat and drink whatever we like, but we forget that Merciful Allah has given us the organs, which make use of starches, proteins, fats, minerals, water and vitamins. These organs remove the unwanted waste products from the body."

Warga then asked, "What about the liver?"

"The liver is a large reddish-brown organ which secretes bile and purifies the blood. It is similar to a defence front." Dr. Miyad hesitated, giving Warqa time to think. Then she asked how her grandmother was. Warqa replied that she was much better and that that was why she was able to leave her for a while. Her grandmother wanted Warqa to go back and attend her college lectures from the coming week, but Warqa had not yet made up her mind about it.

Dr. Miyad said, "You have been absent from your studies for a long time. You should return to them. I'll be near her while you are away."

"Poor grandma," said Warqa. "She has tried hard to give me a comfortable life. She loves me very much, but I feel so lonely, since I am her only grand daughter.

Her son, my father died when I was one year old, and my mother died shortly after my birth."

"Neither of us has a sister, let's be sisters to each other."

Warqa's face brightened as she asked, "Will you have me as your sister?"

"With great pleasure," the doctor replied.

"That's settled then. I wanted you to read this book." She held out a book entitled '**Perfection in Islam'** towards Warga, who took it and said good-bye.

Two days later, Dr. Miyad had recovered and was once again on duty, and she made a point to visit Warqa's grandmother every day while Warqa was at college. Warqa read the religious book and asked

her friend for another volume.

She really wanted to understand what she had read, and spent many hours at the hospital, reading and discussing various questions with Dr. Miyad. Warqa was greatly influenced by the doctor and longed to be with her always. One day she asked the doctor, "Is it true that the body's cells change?"

"Yes. Everything: the cells, the blood, the fat, the proteins, even the nerve cells are changed. Basically, the complete body structure is renewed and replaced every ten years."

Warqa commented, "Even the nerve cells. Does that mean a person could forget his previous knowledge and memories?"

"This is one of the mysteries of creation, and because of this we can understand that memory is not matter, and that it cannot be explained. It is a spiritual phenomenon with no physical characteristics. If it was matter attached to the nerve cell, then one would forget everything with the passage of time. One would have to re-learn everything again and again, even one's name and one's father's name. The average human being gathers nearly half a million pictures in his memory each day. Thus, tens of billions of images are stored in his memory during his lifetime, in addition to the other information received through the other senses."

Warqa was listening attentively and said: "What an enormous number! It's difficult to believe."

"It is an enormous amount. Some scientists say the memory can hold enough information to fill nine million volumes. Consider how great is the wisdom of the Creator."

Then Warga asked, "With such facts, can't we prove the existence of Almighty Allah to unbelievers?"

"It can be," said Dr. Miyad. "But some may even deny the existence of the universe. They deny such a reality and think that everything is an illusion."

"Who are these people?"

"They are those who deny the Creator, the universe and themselves. They doubt the existence of everything and try to persuade others to consider everything as merely a dream or as their imagination. In any case, we can refute their claims by ascertaining whether or not they are sure of such claims."

"Of course, they are sure," Warga, commented.

"If they are sure, then they profess certainty in some matters, which is in contrast to their claims of doubt. This then devalues their doctrine of belief."

"That's quite true," said Warga. "Please continue."

Dr. Miyad said, "We can ask them whether they consider our profession of faith to be in opposition to

theirs or not. If they agree that there is a contradiction, then they must also agree that these opposites cannot meet. This is a fact, which cannot be doubted, and, therefore, it follows that certain statements cannot be denied. If they say that there is no such impossibility, the two parties may both be right. Then those who believe in the Creator can also be right."

"That's logical," said Warqa.

"There are other proofs which we can discuss later, when we meet again, God willing."

Warga said, "I know you are very busy but I am really looking forward to our next chat."

"Which will be on the day after tomorrow," said the doctor. "Meanwhile you can read this book."

Warqa took the book and left. She read the book carefully and thought seriously about it. At their next meeting, Warqa was ready to listen to her friend. She welcomed her warmly and they sat close together to continue their discussion.

Dr. Miyad began, "Those who doubt the existence of everything should be asked to prove their doubt. If they cannot, then their claims are groundless."

"But suppose they can," said Warqa.

"If they say they can, then they should be asked if there is a relationship between the proof and its outcome. If there is no relationship, then it is of no value. But if they claim there is, then they must believe in a cause that brought about such a result. Thus, there is a law of cause and effect."

Warga noted, "They may reject such a law."

"They must have evidence to do so," said Dr. Miyad.

"Otherwise, their claim is groundless. If they can produce, evidence, then they are confessing to the law of cause and effect."

"I should take notes, " said Warga.

"That's a good idea, " agreed Dr. Miyad. "You won't forget various points"

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