

Section One

His miracles during the Major Occultation

Comprised of fifteen traditions

881–882. Kashf al-ghumma¹: I will mention two incidents which occurred fairly recently and a group of my reliable brothers narrated them to me. In the suburbs of Qilla, there was a man called Isma'īl b. al-ʿasan al-Hirqalī who belonged to a village called Hirqal. He died during my lifetime but I did not see him. His son, Shams al-Dīn, narrated to me the following:

My father informed me that during his youth, an abscess had appeared on his left thigh which was the size of a fist. Every spring, it would crack and open and blood and puss would flow out of it. Its pain prevented him from performing many of his tasks. He resided in Hirqal and one day went to Qilla to see the blessed [scholar] Sayyid Raḥīm al-Dīn `Alī b. ʿAwās, may Allah be satisfied with him, and complained to him about his suffering and he had expressed his desire to get it treated. [Sayyid Raḥīm al-Dīn] had gathered the doctors of Qilla and had showed them the abscess.

They had said, “This abscess is on the saphenous vein and its treatment is dangerous. If it is cut, there is a chance of excessive blood loss and consequent death.” Sayyid Raḥīm al-Dīn, may Allah sanctify his soul, had said to him, “I am going to Baghdad, where the doctors may be more knowledgeable and skillful than [the doctors] here, so accompany me.” He mounted along with him and they had gone to see the doctors.

[The doctors] had repeated what the [doctors of Qilla] had said and he had become heartbroken. Sayyid b. ʿAwās had told him, “The sharia permits you to perform prayers in these clothes. Try to keep yourself clean [from the blood] but don't strain yourself because Allah, the Exalted, and His Messenger have prohibited it.”

My father had replied, “When the state of affairs is such, and since I have come to Baghdad, I will visit the Holy shrines at Samarra', peace be on them, and then return to my family.” Sayyid (b. ʿAwās) had appreciated the idea. So, he had left his clothes and belongings with Sayyid Raḥīm al-Dīn and had left.

He recounted, “After entering the shrine and visiting the Imams, peace be on them, I descended into the cellar (sardāb) and appealed to Allah, the Exalted, and to the Imam, peace be on him.

I stayed in the cellar for some part of the night and remained in the shrine until Thursday. Then, I went to the River Tigris, bathed, and put on some clean clothes. I filled a jug I had with me with water and mounted to set off towards the shrine. On my way, I saw four horsemen emerging from the gates of the city.

On the outskirts of the city lived some nobles who watched over their sheep and I thought that these men were from them. We reached each other and I saw that there were two youths among them. One of them was a slave who was beginning to grow a beard. They were all armed with swords.

There was an old man amongst them whose face was covered and had a lance in his hand. Another was armed with a sword and had a cloak which was covering the sword and was under his armpit. The old man—who had a lance—stopped on the right side of the road and placed the end of the lance on the ground. The two youths stood on the left side of the road and the man with the cloak stood in front of me.

Then, they all greeted me and I greeted them. The man with the cloak asked, ‘Are you returning to your family tomorrow?’ I replied in the affirmative. He said, ‘Come forward so that I may see what is distressing you.’ I didn’t like them to touch me and I said to myself, ‘These are Bedouins who do not keep away from impure things (al-najīsa). I have just come out of water and my shirt is wet.’ Nevertheless, I went near him.

He held me with his hand and pulled me to himself. Then, he started feeling one side of my body from my shoulder until he reached the abscess. He squeezed it with his hand and I felt its pain. Then, he sat on his saddle as he was earlier. The old man said to me, ‘You have become successful, O Ismā‘īl!’ I was amazed that he knew my name. I answered, ‘God willing, we are successful and so are you.’ The old man said to me, ‘This is the Imam.’ I rushed towards him, clung to him, and kissed his thigh.

“He started riding while I was following him and was still clinging to him. He said, ‘Go back.’ I replied, ‘I will never leave you.’ He said, ‘It is better that you return.’ But my answer was the same. The old man said, ‘O Ismā‘īl! Don’t you have any shame? Your Imam has ordered you to return twice and you are disobeying him?’ Confronted with such a statement, I let go of him. He went ahead a few steps then turned to me and said, ‘When you reach Baghdad, Abū Ja‘far—meaning the caliph al-Mustan‘īr—will inevitably ask for you. When you go to him and he offers you something refuse to accept it.

Tell my son, Sayyid Raḥīm al-Dīn, to write to `Alī b. `Iwān. I will advise him to give you what you want.’ Saying this, he went along with his companions. I was standing there and watching them until they disappeared from my sight. The grief of his separation seized me and I sat down on the ground for some time then started walking towards the shrine.

The caretakers of the shrine gathered around me and said, 'We see that the color of your face has changed. Has something troubled you?' I replied in the negative. They asked again, 'Has someone fought with you?' I answered, 'No. Nothing of this sort has happened to me. But, I ask you, do you know the horse riders who were with you?' They replied, 'These were noble sheep-owners.' I said, 'No, he is the Imam, peace be on him.'

They asked, 'Which one is the Imam? The old man or the man with cloak?' I replied, 'The man with the cloak.' They asked again, 'Did you show him what was causing you pain?' I replied, 'He held it firmly and caused me pain.' Then, I uncovered my leg but there was no trace of it.

I was confused from astonishment and checked my other leg but there was nothing there too. When the people saw this they took hold of me and tore my shirt. The caretakers took me to the storeroom and withheld the people from coming close to me. The supervisor of Mesopotamia was in the shrine at that time.

He heard the shrieks and had asked about the reason. They had informed him about the incident and he came to the storeroom and asked me my name and the time I had come from Baghdad. I told him that I had come at the beginning of the week. He then left. I slept in the shrine, performed the morning prayers, and left. The people came out with me until I was quite far from the shrine and then they returned.

I reached [the village of] Uwān and spent the night there, then left early in the morning and set off for Baghdad. [When I reached there] I saw a huge congregation of people at the old arch. They asked anyone who was entering the city about his name and lineage and where he was coming from. They asked me my name and where I had come from. When I informed them, they gathered around me and tore off my clothes and there was no strength left in me [to protect myself].

The supervisor of Mesopotamia had written to Baghdad and informed them about my conditions. Then, they carried me to Baghdad and a massive crowd gathered around me and I was nearly killed by their pressure. The Qumm Minister had summoned al-Sa`īd Raḍī al-Dīn and he had come to verify the authenticity of this news. May Allah have mercy on both of them.

"Sayyid Raḍī al-Dīn b. ʿUwān came with a group of people and we met at the gateway of al-Nābī. His companions dispersed the people who had surrounded me. When he saw me, he asked, "Are they talking about you?" I replied in the affirmative. He dismounted and uncovered my thigh and there was nothing there. He fainted for a while then held my hand and took me to the minister while he was crying.

He said, "Your honor! This is my brother and the closest of people to my heart." The minister asked me about my story and I informed him. He summoned the doctors who had examined me earlier and had been ordered to cure me. They said, "It has no cure except that it be cut off, which would lead to death."

The minister said to them, "Suppose it was cut off and he did not die. How much time would it take for it

to heal?” They said, “At least two months and a white hole would remain in its place where no hair would grow.” The minister asked, “When did you last see him?” They replied, “Ten days ago.” Then, the minister uncovered the ailing thigh and it was exactly like the other thigh and there was absolutely no sign of [a wound] on it. One of the doctors shrieked, “This is the work of Christ.” The minister remarked, “Since it is not your work, we know whose work it is.”

(His son continued), then, he was taken to al-Mustanʿir, the caliph, who asked him about the story. He had told him what had happened and the caliph had offered him a thousand dinars. When the dinars were brought, the Caliph had said, “Take these and spend them.” He had replied, “I don’t dare to take even one coin.” The Caliph said, “Whom do you fear?” He answered, “From the one who did this to me. He said, ‘Do not accept anything from Abū Jaʿfar.’” The Caliph started crying and became angry and [my father] left without taking anything from him.

The most needy of Allah’s Mercy from his servants, ʿAli b. ʿIsḥāq—may Allah forgive him—says:

I was narrating this incident to a group of people who were with me. Shams al-Dīn Muḥammad (Ismāʿīl al-Hirqalī’s son) was present there and I did not know him. When I finished the story he said, “I am his son from his loin.” I was amazed at this coincidence. I asked him, “Had you seen his wound before it was healed?” He said, “No. At that time, I was just a child. But I did see it when it had healed.

There was no sign of the wound and hair had grown on it. I asked ʿAḥmad al-Dīn Muḥammad b. Muḥammad Bishr al-ʿAlawī al-Miṣawī and Najm al-Dīn ʿAidār b. al-Aisar, may Allah have mercy on them, who were respected, noble, and distinguished people. They were my friends and very dear to me.

They informed me that this story is true and that they had both seen him during his illness and after he had been cured.” His son told me that after this incident, his father used to be in a state of intense grief due to his separation; to such an extent, that he had gone to Baghdad in the winter and had every day, visited Sāmarrāʾ and returned to Baghdad.

In that year, he had gone back and forth [between Baghdad and Sāmarrāʾ] forty times in the hope that this would occur for him again but we don’t always attain what we desire. He died with this desire and passed off into the Hereafter with his grieves. May Allah be his guardian and ours on account of His Mercy, His Obligation, and His Nobility.

Al-Sayyid Bāqī b. ʿAḥwat al-ʿAlawī al-ʿUsaynī narrated to me that his father ʿAḥwa—who was a Zaidī—was suffering from hernia. He used to protest to his sons about their Imāmī beliefs and would say to them, “I will not testify to your beliefs and will not believe in what you believe until your master—i.e. the Mahdī—comes to me and relieves me of this illness.” He used to repeat this sentence quite often.

Once, we were sitting together late at night when my father shrieked and called us to help him. We rushed to him and he said, “Go and join your master. He left me just now.” We went out but saw no one.

We returned to him and asked him [what happened]. He replied, “A man came to me and said, “O `A`wa!” I said, “Who are you?” He answered, “I am the master of your sons. I have come to relieve you [of your illness].” Then, he extended his hand, squeezed the place of my ailment and left. I touched that place with my hand but found no trace of the ailment.” His son continued, “He then lived like a gazelle without an illness and this incident became very famous.” I asked others—other than his son—who informed me about and acknowledged [this story].

Many similar stories have been narrated about him. For instance, groups of people who had got lost on their way to Hijaz and other places had been saved by him and he had taken them to where they had intended to travel. I am not mentioning them for the sake of conciseness. I will suffice with the stories that I have narrated which occurred nearer to my time.

883. Jannat al-ma`wa: Story Thirty-Two:

In the month of Jum`ad al-Aul, 1299 AH, a man named Mu`ammad Mahd entered the city of Kadhmain. He was a resident of Burma . . . He had traveled at sea for six days with a steamer. His father was from Shiraz but he was born and lived in the aforementioned port. Three years before the aforementioned date, he fell terribly ill. Although he was cured from it, he had become deaf and dumb.

He had beseeched (tawassala) the Imam's [who were buried] in Iraq, peace be on them, for cure. He had some relatives in Kadhmain—who were amongst its famous traders. He came to them and stayed with them for ten days. By chance, at the time of departure of the steamer for Samarra, the water was turbulent.

So, [his relatives] came to the ship, handed him to the other passengers—who were from Baghdad and Karbala—and asked them to take care of him and look after his needs due to his inability to express them. They also wrote to some of the dwellers of Samarra' to take care of him.

When they reached that noble land and holy region, he went to the illuminated cellar (sardab) in the afternoon of Friday, 10th Jum`ad al-Thani of the aforementioned year. In the cellar was a group of reliable and holy people. He had gone to the blessed ledge (al-uffa) and cried and pleaded for a long time.

He had written his condition on a wall in front of him and would ask those who were looking at him to pray for him and intercede on his behalf. His crying and beseeching had not come to an end when Allah, the Exalted, returned to him his speech.

Due to the miracle of the `ujja, peace be on him, he went out of that holy place with an expressive tongue and eloquent speech. On Saturday, he was taken to the class of the chief of the jurists, the teacher of the scholars, the leader of the Shias, the crown of sharia, the leader of the Imamiyya, our majestic master and great teacher, al-`ajj M`rz Mu`ammad `asan al-Sh`raz—may Allah delight the Muslims by his long life. This man recited the blessed Sura of al-Fatiha in a way that those present

acknowledged it was [recited] correctly and pronounced perfectly. That day became a day of witnessing and that place became a place of praise.

On the 21st night [of the month], the scholars and the learned had gathered in the holy courtyard with joy and happiness. The air was lit up with lamps and lanterns. They rendered the above incident into a poem and distributed it in the cities. In the steamer, along with the cured person, was a poet of the Ahl al-Bait, peace be on them, who was none but the learned and intelligent al-ʿAbbās Mullā ʿAbbās al-ʿAffār al-Zanzār al-Baghdadi. He had seen this man in both his conditions of sickness as well as complete recovery. He had recited a long poem⁴ in this regard which he read there.

When this news reached the great composer of poetry, the supported master, the intelligent litterateur, the pride of the seekers, and the honor of the ʿAlawīs, al-Sayyid ʿAidār b. al-Sayyid Sulaimān al-ʿIllā, may Allah support him, he sent a letter to Sāmarrā, the contents of which were as follows: “In the Name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful. The winds of the Imam’s generosity blew from the Holy Region and its beautiful fragrance has spread far and wide.

The tongue of its dumb visitor was set free after he stood in their presence; beseeching and supplicating. Therefore, from amongst the group who has served His Holiness, I desired to compose a poem about this great miracle and to distribute it. I would also like to congratulate the most learned scholar of the time, the chief of the handsome, the branch of the tree of Muḥammad, the lighthouse of the Islamic nation, the symbol of the sharia, and the Imam of the Shias, so that I may perform both forms of worship in the presence of these two holy personalities.

So, I have composed this poem and I gift it to his place of residence, Sāmarrāʿ, in the hope of it being accepted. And Allah will bring out what is desired (he then mentions the poem⁵).

884. Tanbūh al-khawāḍir (aka Majmūʿat al-warrām)⁶: Narrated to me the majestic and noble Sayyid, Abū I-ʿāsan ʿAlī b. Ibrāhīm al-ʿUrayḍ al-ʿAlawī al-ʿUsaynī, from ʿAlī b. Namī, from Abū Muḥammad al-ʿāsan b. ʿAlī b. ʿAmza al-Aqsānī—while they were in the house of the honorable ʿAlī b. Jaʿfar b. ʿAlī al-Madīnī al-ʿAlawī. He said:

There was an old cloth-washer in Kāfa who was famous for his piety, asceticism, and worship and followed the path of the righteous. One day, I was sitting with my father and this old man was speaking with him while he was faced towards him. He said, “One night, I was in the mosque of Juʿfā which is an old mosque.

It was midnight and I was there alone for solitude and worship. All of a sudden, three people entered the mosque. When they reached the center of the courtyard, one of them sat down and touched the earth with his right and left hands. Suddenly, water started coming out from it. He performed ablution (wuḥūʿ) with it and indicated to the other two to do the same. Then, he went forward and they prayed behind him and I too prayed with them.

When he finished his prayers, I was dazed by him and his amazing act of bringing out the water. I asked the person who was on his right, 'Who is he?' He replied, 'He is **عبد الله بن عمرو** al-Amr, the son of al-**عاصم**.' I went near him, kissed his hand and asked, 'O Son of Allah's Messenger, Allah's blessings be on him and his family! What is your view about `Umar b. **عاصم**? Is he on the right path?' He replied, 'No. But perhaps, he may receive guidance. He will not die until he sees me.'"

This news was new for us. A long time passed and `Umar b. **عاصم** died and no one spoke about him having seen the Imam. When I met the pious Shaykh, ibn al-N^udiya, I mentioned the above incident to him. Then, in refutation of the incident, I said, "Didn't you mention that `Umar b. **عاصم** will not die until he meets the **عبد الله بن عمرو** al-Amr about which I mentioned?" He answered, "And how do you know that he did not meet him?" Later, I encountered **أبو إسماعيل** Man^uqib, the son of `Umar b. **عاصم** and talked with him about his father.

He said, "One night we were with my father while he was suffering from the illness that ultimately led to his death. His energy was sapped, his voice could hardly be heard, and all the doors of the house were closed. Suddenly a man came to us. His entry frightened us but we were too astonished to ask him. He sat beside my father and talked to him for a long time and my father was crying.

Then, he stood up and when we no longer saw him, my father faintly said, 'Make me sit up.' We made him sit up and he opened his eyes and asked, 'Where is the man who was with me?' We replied, 'He left from where he had come.' He said, 'Go look for him.' We went in search of him but all the doors were locked and there was no sign of him. We returned to our father and informed him of the situation and that we could not find him. We asked him about that person and he replied, 'He is the **عبد الله بن عمرو** al-Amr.' Then, his condition worsened and he lost consciousness."

885. Al-Sul^u al-mufarrij `an ahl al-**am^un**⁷: In the month of **shafar**, 759 AH, my master, the great, the majestic, the most learned, the complete example, the precise researcher, the possessor of all great characteristics, the one who the learned referred to, the honor of the scholars, the one with perfect faith, `Abd al-Ra^um^un b. al-`Amm^un, informed me the following through a letter with his own handwriting:

The servant of Allah, the Exalted, who is in dire need of His mercy, `Abd al-Ra^um^un b. Ibr^uh^um al-Qab^u'iq^u states, "I used to hear in [the city of] **hilla**—may Allah the Exalted protect it—that the revered **Jam^ul al-D^un**, the son of the most majestic Shaykh, the jurist, **Najm al-D^un Ja`far b. al-Zahdar** was afflicted with paralysis. His paternal grandmother treated him after the death of his father with every possible treatment for paralysis but to no avail.

She was advised to take him to the doctors in Baghdad and she took him to them who treated him for a very long time but without success. Someone told her, 'Why don't you put him for one night under the dome of the famous place in **hilla** called 'Maq^um **عبد الله بن عمرو** al-Zam^un'? Perhaps, Allah, the Exalted, may make him healthy and cure him.' She did so and put him under its dome for one night and the Master of the Time, peace be on him, made him stand up and rid him of his paralysis.

“After this incident, we became companions and it seemed that we would continue [being friends] forever. His house was a place of companionship and all the high statured people of [Milla](#), their youth, and the children of their kind would gather there. I asked him about this incident and he said, ‘I was paralyzed and the doctors failed to cure me . . .’ and he told me the story that I had heard many times in [Milla](#).

He said, ‘The [Divine] Proof, [Ib al-Zam](#), peace be on him, told me, when my grandmother had put me under the dome, “Stand up.” I pleaded, “O Master! I have not been able to stand up for more than a year.” He repeated, “Stand up, with the permission of Allah, the Exalted,” and he helped me stand up. I stood up and my paralysis was dispelled. The people rushed towards me and almost killed me. They tore off my clothes and took them as blessings and [some others] gave me some clothes to wear. I returned to my house whilst there was so sign of paralysis in me and I sent the clothes to their owners.’

I heard him narrating this story repeatedly to the people and to those who would ask him to narrate it, until he died. May Allah have mercy on him.”

886. [Al-Sul](#) al-mufarrij `an ahl al-[m](#): A reliable person narrated to me an incident that is very famous amongst the inhabitants of Najaf al-Ashraf, may Allah protect it. It goes as follows:

The house which I am living in now—and the year is 789 AH—belonged to a good and righteous person called [usayn al-Mudallal](#). The [s](#) called Mudallal, which connects the two walls of the Holy Shrine are named after him and [the story] is well known in the holy city of Najaf. He had a wife and children and was struck with paralysis. Consequently, he couldn’t stand up and his wife would make him stand up when it was necessary. This continued for a long time and his family experienced extreme tribulations. Soon, they became dependent on the people who treated them harshly. In the year 720 AH, one night, after a quarter of the night had passed, he woke up his family.

They got up and saw that the entire house and the roof were shining with light to the extent that their eyes were dazzled. They asked him, “What has happened?” He had replied, “The Imam, peace be on him, came to me and said, ‘Stand up, O [usayn!](#)’ I answered, ‘O Master! Do you think I can stand?’ So he held my hand and helped me up. And here I am, as healthy as I can be.

He then said to me, ‘O [usayn!](#) I use this [s](#) to visit my ancestor [[Am](#) al-Mu`min]. Lock it every night.’ I responded, ‘I heard and I will obey Allah and you, my Master.’” Then, he had stood up and had gone to the holy shrine at Najaf, visited the grave of the Imam, peace be on him, and had praised Allah, the Exalted, for the graces that he had received. To this day, that [s](#) is a place that the needy go to fulfill their desires and no seeker returns disappointed due to the blessings of the [Q](#)’im, peace be on him.

887. [Qabas al-mi](#) [b](#) [10](#): The truthful shaykh, [Ab](#) [asan](#) [A](#) [mad](#) b. `Al b. [A](#) [mad](#) al-Naj^{sh} al-[airaf](#)—known as [ibn al-K](#) in Baghdad and who was a brilliant and reliable person and was considered truthful by both Shias and Sunnis—informed us in the last days of the month of [Rab](#) `al-

Awwal, in the year 442 AH, from al-ʿasan b. Muḥammad b. Jaʿfar al-Tamīmī, from Abū I-Wafīʿ al-Shārazī, who was a friend, that

Abū ʿAlī Ilyās, the governor of Kerman, arrested and imprisoned me. Those who were guarding me kept telling me that he intended to harm me. I became very worried and began supplicating to Allah, the Exalted, through the Prophet and the Imams, peace be on them. On the eve of Friday, I finished my prayers and went to sleep.

I saw the Prophet, Allah's blessings be on him and his family, in my dream and he said to me, “Don't ask me, my daughter, and my sons from the desires of this world except what you seek for the obedience and satisfaction of Allah, the Exalted. As for my brother, Abū I-ʿasan [ʿAlī b. Abū ʿʿlib], he will take revenge for you on he who has oppressed you.” I asked, “O Messenger of Allah! How can he take revenge from the one who has oppressed me whilst a rope was put around his neck and he did not take revenge and his rights were taken from him and he said nothing?!”

He, peace be on him, looked at me with a state of surprise and said, “That was because of a covenant that I had taken from him and an order that I had given him. He had permission for nothing but to act in accordance [with what I told him] and he did so. Woe to those who act aggressively towards the guardian [appointed] by Allah. As for ʿAlī b. al-ʿusayn, [you must ask him] to save you from the rulers and insinuations of the devils.

As for Muḥammad b. ʿAlī and Jaʿfar b. Muḥammad, peace be on them, [you must ask them] for the Hereafter and the obedience of Allah, Mighty and Majestic be He. As for Mūsā b. Jaʿfar, peace be on him, seek safety through him from Allah, Mighty and Majestic be He. As for ʿAlī b. Mūsā, peace be on him, ask him for safety on the land and the seas. As for Muḥammad b. ʿAlī, peace be on him, seek sustenance through him from Allah, the Exalted. As for ʿAlī b. Muḥammad, peace be on him, ask through him for the recommended-tasks (mustaḥab), doing good for the brothers [in religion], and the obedience of Allah, the Exalted.

As for al-ʿasan b. ʿAlī, peace be on him, ask him for the Hereafter. As for the Master of the time, when the sword reaches here—and he put his hand on his neck—seek help from him for he will help you.” I cried out in my sleep, “O ʿʿib al-Zamīn! Help me, for I have lost my patience.” I woke up from my sleep and the guards were releasing my shackles.

888. Kashf al-asṭr¹¹: During these days, a splendid miracle appeared from the Mahdī, peace be on him, for the relatives of the officials of the Ottoman Empire who lived in Najaf. It was as apparent and manifest as the midday sun. We seek blessings and are privileged to mention it here using a reliable chain of narrators: The respected scholar, Sayyid Muḥammad Saʿd Afandī al-Khaḥb, narrated in a letter in which he wrote himself:

There is a miracle performed by the progeny of the Messenger, Allah's blessings be on him and his family, which is appropriate for mentioning here for our Muslim brothers. There was a woman whose

name was Malika bint `Abd al-Raḥmān, the wife of Mullā Amīn, who helped us in the ʿUmāid School in the holy city of Najaf. In the second night of Rabīʿ al-Awwal, 1317 AH, which was the eve of Tuesday, she got a terrible headache. In the morning, she had lost her eyesight and couldn't see anything.

They informed me about her condition and I said to her husband, "Tonight, take her to the holy shrine of (Imam) al-Murtaḍā [ʿAlī b. Abī Ḥabīb], peace be on him, to seek intercession from him and to make him an intermediary between her and Allah; perhaps Allah, Glorified and Exalted be He, may cure her." She did not go there that night—which was Wednesday eve—because of the discomfort that she was in.

She had slept part of the night and had dreamt that her husband and a lady called Zainab were going with her to visit the shrine of Amīr al-Muʾminīn, peace be on him. On their way, they had seen a great mosque filled with people.

They had entered to see it and the afflicted woman had heard a man from amongst the congregation saying, "O woman who has lost her sight! Don't fear. God willing, both [your eyes] will be cured." She had asked, "God bless you! Who are you?" He had replied, "I am the Mahdī." She had woken up rejoicing and in the morning—which was Wednesday—she had gone to the station (maqām) of our master, the Mahdī, which is outside the city, accompanied by a large group of women. She had entered it alone and had begun crying, wailing, and beseeching, due to which she had lost consciousness.

In her state of unconsciousness, she had seen two majestic men; the elder of the two was in front and the younger, a youth, was behind him. The elder had addressed her, "Don't fear." She had asked, "Who are you?" He had replied, "I am `Alī b. Abī Ḥabīb and the man behind me is my son, the Mahdī." Then, the elder had said to a woman who was there, "Stand up, O Khadīja, and touch the two eyes of this needy woman." She had touched both her eyes and she had woken up and could see even better than before [becoming blind]. All the women had started cheering, rejoicing, and sending blessings on the Prophet and his family. Then, they had accompanied her to visit the holy shrine of (Imam) al-Murtaḍā [Amīr al-Muʾminīn], peace be on him. Thank God, now her eyesight is even better than before [her illness].

What we have mentioned here is very little because many more instances have occurred for their righteous servants with the permission of Allah, the Majestic . . .

These were what this humble preacher, Sayyid Muḥammad Saʿīd, has been informed about in the holy city of Najaf.

889. [Ithbāt al-hudūd12](#):

We—a group of students and righteous people—were sitting in the village of Mashghar [13](#) in our homeland in one of the Eids. I said to the others, "I wish I knew how many of us would be alive next year on the same Eid and how many of us would have died?" A person whose name was Shaykh

Muḥammad and who was my colleague in the class, said, “I know that I will be alive in the next Eid and the next and the next until twenty six years.” From his talk, it appeared that he was really serious about what he was saying and was not joking.

I asked him, “Do you have knowledge of the unseen?” He replied, “No. But I saw the Mahdī, peace be on him, in a dream while I was afflicted with a serious illness. I said to him, ‘I am ill and I fear that I will die whilst I don’t have any good deeds to meet Allah with.’ He reassured, ‘Don’t worry! Surely, Allah will cure you of this ailment and you will not die by it. Rather, you will live for twenty six years.’ Then, he handed me a cup which he was holding. I drank from it and my ailment was dispelled and I became cured. I sat down and I was sure that this was not [a dream] from Satan.”

When I heard this talk from this man, I wrote down the date which was in the year 1049 AH. A long time passed from this incident and I went to the holy city of Mashhad in the year 1072 AH. When the last year passed, I felt in my heart that the [twenty six] years had passed.

I referred to the note I had written and saw that exactly 26 years had passed. I thought to myself, “In all likelihood, that person must have died.” Barely a month or two had passed when I received a letter from my brother—who was in our homeland—in which he informed me about the death of that person.

890. Al-Imāma wa l-mahdawiyya¹⁴: The incident in which the righteous wife of Shaykh Muḥammad al-Muttaqī al-Hamdānī—the highly learned scholar at the Islamic Seminary at Qum—was cured. He was famous for the purity of his soul and his piety. I have known him for many years for his religiousness and virtuous moralities. The following are the exact words that he wrote to narrate this incident:

I deemed it appropriate to mention my tawassul to the Imam—which is the remnant of Allah on His earth—al-ʿUjjat b. al-ʿAsan al-ʿAskarī, and his attention towards me; because the subject of this book is about proving his existence through miracles and extraordinary feats.

It was Tuesday, Safar 18, 1397 AH. There was an issue that shook us and hundreds of others. The wife of this servant—Muḥammad Muttaqī Hamdānī—was in a constant state of sorrow, grief, crying, and weeping, for more than two years, due to the death of two of her children in the prime of their youth in the mountains of Shimḥrān.

On this day, she was inflicted with a [disease similar to] malaria and despite spending whatever possible on the doctors, there was no cure. She remained in this state until the eve of Friday, 22nd of Safar, four days after she had been inflicted with the illness. It was approximately 11 o’clock and I had gone to my room to rest. After reciting some verses from the Holy Quran and a few brief supplications of the eve of Friday, I supplicated to the Exalted Lord to permit my master and my chief, ʿAbd al-Zamān, al-ʿUjjat b. al-ʿAsan—Allah’s blessings be on him and his infallible forefathers—to come to my aid.

The reason that I made tawassul to this great master and did not ask Allah directly was that approximately a month before the strike, my younger daughter Fāṭima had asked me to narrate for her

some stories and incidents about those people who were fortunate to receive the direct grace of his Honor, Baqiyyat–Allah, and his beneficence and obligations, may I and the souls of the inhabitants of the worlds be sacrificed for him.

I had responded to her request by reading to her some of the incidents in al-Nūr's al-Najm al-thaqib. Thus, it occurred to me that why shouldn't I be one of those hundreds who have received salvation at his hands. So I made tawassul to the awaited proof, the twelfth of the infallible Imams, peace be on them. Therefore—as I mentioned earlier—at approximately 11 p.m., I invoked this great master with a heart laden with sorrow and eyes overflowing with tears. I went to sleep and woke up as usual at about 4 a.m. Suddenly, I felt a sound and a murmur coming from the room downstairs where my ill [wife] was sleeping. The sounds became louder and then completely ceased. At 5.30 a.m.—which in those days was the time of the morning prayers—I went down to perform ablution.

Suddenly, I saw my older daughter—who was usually asleep at this time—and she was extremely happy and joyous. On seeing me, she screamed, “Daddy! Good news! Good news!” I asked her, “What has happened?” I thought that either my brother or my sister had arrived from Hamadan. She said, “Good news! My mother has been cured.” I asked surprisingly, “Who has cured her?” She said, “Four hours after midnight, she woke us up with a loud, panicked, and distressed voice. Her daughter, her brother Haj Mahdī, and her nephew Ghaffār—the engineer—who had come from Tehran to take her there for treatment were all sleeping in the room to keep a watch on her.

All of a sudden, they had heard her cries and shouts and she was saying, ‘Get up and follow the master . . . get up and follow the master . . .’ She had thought that if she had waited until they got up from their sleep, the Imam would leave.

Therefore, she had got up from her bed and had followed the Imam to the door—although she had not been able to move for the last four days. Her daughter, who was nursing her mother, had woke up by her loud screams of follow the master and had followed her mother to the door to see where she had gone.

When her mother had come to herself, she could not believe that she had gone there by herself and had asked her daughter Zahra: ‘Zahra! Am I dreaming or am I awake?’ She had answered, ‘Mother! You have been cured . . . Where is the master about whom you were saying, “follow the master,” because we cannot see anyone?’ Her mother had replied, ‘He was a majestic Sayyid who was dressed like the scholars and was very high statured. He was neither very young nor very old. He came and stood beside me and said, “Get up for you have been cured.” I replied, “I cannot get up.”’

He repeated with a stronger tone, “Get up for you have been cured,” and then I moved in awe of his majesty. He said, “You have been cured, so don't take any more medicines and don't cry.” When he was about to leave the room, I woke you all up so that you may follow him. But since you were too slow, I stood up to follow the master myself.”

All praise is for Allah! After this incident which I have mentioned, her condition immediately improved and her left eye, with which she could not see with clearly due to the stroke, was cured for good. In these four days, she had no appetite but [after this incident] she had immediately said, “I am hungry. Get me some food.” We gave her a bowl of milk which we had in the house and she drank it with great appetite.

The color of her face returned to normal. She was relieved of her grieves and sorrows due to the Imam ordering her not to cry. Although she was suffering from rheumatism for the last five years and the doctors had failed to treat her, she was cured of this as well due to the grace of Imam, peace be on him.

To complete the story, it is worth mentioning that since it was near the anniversary of the martyrdom of Fāṭimah al-Zahrā, peace be on her, we expressed our gratitude for this great favor by holding a commemoration service.

Later, I mentioned the story of her being cured to the revered doctor Sayyid Dānishwar, who was one of her doctors. He remarked, “Surely, her illness was the result of a stroke and it is not possible to treat it through ordinary means. By Allah! It can only be cured through miracles and extraordinary feats.” All Praise is for Allah the Lord of the worlds. Allah’s blessings be on Muḥammad and his infallible progeny, specially the Imam of the Time, the Honor of the Era, the Pivot of this Abode, the Imam and the Master of the Humans and the Jinn, the King of the Earth and Time, the one in whose hand are the reins of the universe, al-Ḥujjat b. al-Ḥasan al-ʿAskarī, Allah’s blessings be on him and his infallible forefathers until the Day of Judgment.

The traditions with the following numbers also show the above concept: 892, 895, 897, 898, and 899.

[1.](#) Kashf al-ghumma, vol. 2, pp. 493–497; Biḡr al-anwār, vol. 52, chap. 18, pp. 61–66, no. 51; al-Anwār al-nuʿmaniyya, vol. 2, pp. 44–46.

[2.](#) The author of Kashf al-ghumma.

[3.](#) Jannat al-maʿwā, printed with the 53rd volume of Biḡr al-anwār, pp. 265–269.

[4.](#) The poem can be found in Jannat al-maʿwā—Ed.

[5.](#) The poem can be found in Jannat al-maʿwā—Ed.

[6.](#) Tanbīh al-khawāṣir, vol. 2, pp. 303–305; Biḡr al-anwār, vol. 52, chap. 18, pp. 55–56, no. 39; Ithbāt al-hudūt, vol. 7, sect. 15, chap. 364, p. 365, no. 151.

[7.](#) Biḡr al-anwār, vol. 52, chap. 18, p. 73, under no. 55, citing the aforementioned book.

[8.](#) Biḡr al-anwār, vol. 52, chap. 18, pp. 73–74, under no. 55, citing the aforementioned book.

[9.](#) An arched roof which covers a section of an alley—Ed.

[10.](#) Al-Kalim al-ḡayyib, pp. 63–66, citing the book Qabas al-miḡbāḡ by Shaykh al-Sihrashtī.

I say: The majestic Sayyid ʿAlī Khan, may his grave be sanctified, has mentioned in al-Kalim al-ḡayyib from al-ḡihrashtī, a tawassul to the Prophet and the Imams, peace be on them, and after that, another one.

[11.](#) Kashf al-astūr, p. 206.

[12.](#) Ithbāt al-hudūt, vol. 3, chap. 33, p. 712, no. 170; Biḡr al-anwār, vol. 53, pp. 273–274; Jannat al-maʿwā, 37th incident.

[13.](#) Located in southern Lebanon—Ed.

[14.](#) Al-Imāma wa l-mahdawiyya (Persian = Imāmat wa mahdawiyyat) written by the author of the current book: vol. 2, pp. 171–174.

I say: Numerous similar incidents have been mentioned in Biḡr al-anwār and in Ithbāt al-hudūt, vol. 7. Likewise, al-Muʿaddith al-Nūrī has mentioned many incidents in Dār al-salām, Jannat al-maʿwā, and al-Najm al-thaqib, as has al-

Maitham al-`Iraqi in Dār al-salām and many other traditionists and scholars who have recorded numerous miracles that far exceed the limit of taẓītur. The chains of many of these narrations are extremely authentic and strong and comprise of the most pious and God-fearing of scholars. These are in addition to what we witness every day and night, from the blessings of his existence and the results of asking him to help us and to intercede on our behalf. May Allah, the Exalted, enlist us amongst his helpers, followers, and those who fight alongside him, for the sake of Muḥammad and his pure family, Allah's blessings be upon them all.

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