

Spiritual Disclosures (Mukashafat)

Story n. 1

‘Allamah Tabataba’i said to me one day “Agha every day that my attentive regard (*muraqabah*) is stronger, my ability to receive direct witnessing (*mushahadah*) at night is clearer. Every day that my concentration (*tawajjuh*) is greater, my spiritual disclosures (*mukashafat*) at night are clearer”.

Ayatullah Hasanzadeh Amuli

Story n. 2

After the tragedy of Haftumetir (the martyrdom of Ayatullah Beheshti and 72 top government officials), ‘Allamah’s friends and family did not want to inform him of the martyrdom of Ayatullah Beheshti, on account of ‘Allamah’s illness. During this time one of ‘Allamah’s neighbors went to his room and ‘Allamah said to him, “*whether you tell me or you don’t tell me about Agha Beheshti I see him in a state of heavenly ascension and flight*”.

Newspaper Jumhuriye Islami

Story n. 3

Narrated by ‘Allamah himself:

My wife and I were among the close family members of the late Mirza Ali Agha Qadhi. In order to maintain family ties and inquire about our situation, he would visit us at home in Najaf. We [the two of us] had repeatedly had children, but all them of died in their childhood. One day the late Qadhi came to our home at a time when my wife was expecting but I was unaware of this. When it came time for him to bid us farewell, he said to my wife, “*my cousin, this time this child of yours will live. The child is a boy, and no harm will reach him. His name is Abd ul-Baqi*”.

Upon hearing his words I became happy. God did grace us with a son, and unlike our previous children he survived and no harm reached him, and we did name him Abd ul-Baqi.”

‘Allamah Tabataba’i

Story n. 4

Narrated by ‘Allamah himself:

From among the amazing and strange incidents is this, that there was a time when a letter written by my brother arrived from Tabriz. In that letter the following was written:

One of my students was able to communicate with the soul of our father and we asked him questions and he replied. During the conversation our father said that he has a complaint about you because you did not include him in your intention and Divine reward (*thawab*) of the tafsir that you wrote.

No one was aware of this matter except God and I, and even our brother was unaware of this, as it was a matter related to an intention of the heart.

When my brother’s letter arrived I was extremely ashamed. I said,

“O my Lord, if this tafsir of ours has been accepted by you and has any reward, I give the reward as a gift to the soul of my father and my mother.”

I had not yet written about this in reply to my brother’s letter, when a few days later a letter arrived from him saying that this time when we spoke to father he was happy and said, “May God extend Sayyid Muhammad Husayn’s life and aid him, as he has sent us a gift.”

‘Allamah Tabataba’i

Story n. 5

Narrated by ‘Allamah himself:

When I was studying in Najaf, I used to earn my living by receiving a monthly wage from Tabriz. Once, as a result of a conflict between the two countries [Iran and Iraq], my monthly salary was stopped and my savings were dwindling. One day I was sitting at the table studying when suddenly my train of thought was disrupted by the worry that until when will the strained relations between Iraq and Iran continue as we don’t have any money, and we are strangers in this land. As soon as this thought entered my mind I realized that someone was knocking loudly on the door. I went and opened the door and saw that there was a man at the door. He was tall, his beard was dyed with henna, his turban (*amama*) was tied in a special manner on his head, and he was wearing a distinctive outfit. As soon as the door opened he said, “*Salamun Alaykum*”.

I replied his salam, and he said,

“I am Shah Husayn Wali! God says [to you] “in these 18 years when have I ever let you go hungry that you have now abandoned your studies and fallen into the thought that until when will the relations between Iraq and Iran remained strained and when will they send us money!” Farewell to you!” I also bid him farewell and closed the door.

I sat at the table. At that time I lifted my head from my hands, and then a number of questions arose for me – that did I actually walk to the door, or did I witness this scholar sitting here with my head in my hands?! Had I been asleep or awake?! Had the man called himself Shaykh Husayn Wali or Shah Husayn Wali. His appearance was not appropriate with the title Shah, nor was I sure that he was a Shaykh!

Some time passed and these questions remained unanswered, until a letter arrived from Tabriz that I should go there.

In the morning, according to my regular schedule, I went to Najaf’s Wadius Salam [graveyard] between dawn and sunrise, and walked between the graves reciting Sura Fatiha. Suddenly I saw a grave that was obviously an important one. I read the gravestone and saw that after many inscriptions in praise of the deceased it was written: *the late Shah Husayn Wali!* I realized that it was the same individual that had visited my home in Najaf. I looked at the date of his death and saw that it was nearly 300 years earlier.

I was surprised at his sentence “*in 18 years when have we ever let you go hungry*”, because I had spent 9 years in Najaf, and I was 35 years old. So why 18 years?! After some thought I understood that it was exactly 18 years that I had put on the turban (*amama*) and the clothes of a soldier of Imam Zaman (aj)!”

‘Allamah Tabataba’i

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