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The Passing Away of Haj Akhund Turbati

Another of the friends of God whose story of death is interesting and instructive to read is the late Haj Akhund Turbati, the father of the famous preacher, the late Husayn Ali Rashed (ra). The latter, has described the event of his father's death in his book, *The Forgotten Virtues* which is a biography of his father, as follows:

One Week before his Heavenly Departure

Among the things we (the family members) remember of him and still is ambiguous to us is that my father died on Sunday October 16, 1943 CE., (Shawwal, 17, 1362 AH.) at around two hours after the sunrise, having said his morning prayer while lying in his deathbed. His legs being stretched toward the *qibla*, he was conscious to the last moment of his life and was whispering some words as if he was aware of his dying. The last thing he uttered before his soul left his body was the phrase, "*la ilaha illallah*" (there is no god but Allah).

"Salutation to you O Rasulallah (s)"

It was exactly on Sunday the week before his death after the morning prayer when he lay toward the *qibla* and covered his face with his robe that all of a sudden his whole body became illuminated as brightly as the sun rays projecting through an opening on a surface, making his face radiant and shining whereas it had been pale and yellowish due to illness; it was so brightly shining that it was seen from under the robe that he had covered on his body. He made a movement and said:

"*Salam Alaikum ya Rasulallah (s)! You have come to visit this unworthy servant?!*"

After that, as though he was really visited by some people, he saluted Amir al-Mu'minin Ali (a) and all Imams (a) up to the twelfth Imam (aj) one after another and thanked them for their visit. Then he saluted Hazrat Fatima Zahra (a). Finally he saluted Hazrat Zaynab (a) and at this moment cried a lot, saying:

"Bibi! I cried for you too much."

"Rest in Peace, Mother!"

Then he saluted his own mother, saying:

"I am grateful of you mother, you gave me pure (sublime) milk."

This state lasted until two hours after sunrise. After that, the light that had illumined his body disappeared and his face turned pale again like before. It was just one week later on another Sunday at the same period of two hours that he spent in the agony of death and then gently gave up his body.

"Do not Tease me Husayn Ali!"

On one of the weekdays—between the two Sundays—I told him: 'We hear things narrated to us from the Prophets and noblemen and wish we had been at their time and heard them directly; now, you who are my closest kin have had this experience. I wish I knew what it was (that happened to you). He kept silent and said nothing. I repeated my request two or three more times in different wordings and he still kept silent. It was the fourth or the fifth time (of my repeating the request) that he responded:

"Do not tease me Husayn Ali"

I said: 'I meant to understand something.' He said:

"I cannot make you understand; you go and try to understand it yourself."

This state has remained as a puzzle to me and my mother, brother, sister and aunt, and up to the present that I am writing this account, i.e., 9:30 a.m, Tuesday, July 15, 1975 (fifth of Rajab, 1395 AH.), I know nothing of (the details of) this issue, but just say that such state really happened. [1](#)

[1.](#) "The Forgotten Virtues", p. 149.

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