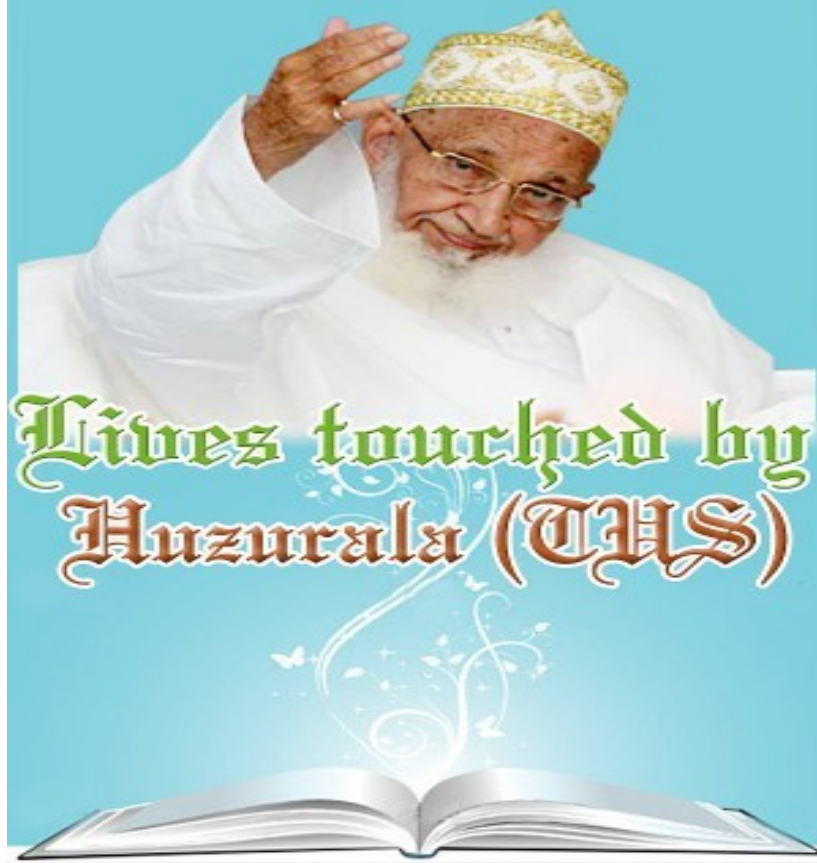


A CENTURY OF GREATNESS



A HUMBLE HADIYAH

TO

His Holiness Dr Sayedna Mohammed Burhanuddin Sahab (TMS)

ON



100th MILAAD MUBARAK



PREFACE

Inspired by Author Mudar Patherya of Calcutta, I took the initiative to spread greater awareness of our beloved Dai-al-Mutlaq's greatness to Mumineen living in various Bilad Imaniyah thru the power of the internet. I am deeply thankful to him for his guidance and support.

Moreover, I am also grateful for many Zikrs I have received from mumineen around the globe on similar instances that have transpired with them.

I had made a niyyat of completing a total of 100 Moajizaas of Aqa Maula TUS by the time of the auspicious occasion of 100th Milad Mubarak (25/03/2011).

I am truly grateful and thankful to all mumin-muminaat who have supported me towards this quest of presenting this humble Hadiyah to our beloved Moula...Moula aap aa Nacheez Hadiyah ne qabool karjo!

Mumineen are encouraged to circulate these collections liberally.

Let us all show the world the many Ehsanaat and Shanaats of our beloved Dai!

May Allah Ta'alah grant our Moula a long and healthy life Ta Roze Qayamat - Ameen!

I WISH ALL MUMINEEN-MUMINAAT & FARZANDO A GRAND MEAVI MILAD MUBARAK !!

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Moula's Mojeza (1)

Following interview of Shaikh Abdulhusainbhai Harianawala (Karachi) by Mudar Patherya (Calcutta):

Around 1973, our family entered the business of textile processing in Karachi. Water represents the building block of this business. This qualification made the arid region of Karachi theoretically unsuitable for textile processing, unless if one enjoyed access to a robust municipal connection or one was sitting on top of an aquifer.

We enjoyed neither advantage. The municipal connection was not there; several factories in our neighborhood had dug deep wells, but there was just no ground water to justify the factory's presence in the vicinity.

The opinions were clear: scrap the project or move.

Eventually we recognized that only one power could resolve the problem. *Huzurala(TUS)*. So we submitted a detailed araz with the plot's sketch, indicating where the factory building would be located, where the open area would be etcetera etcetera. The problem, we indicated, was the water. Where would we find it?

Huzurala (TUS) took one look at the map and immediately thrust his finger on it. He was indicating where we should dig! Everyone was relieved, but that is when the story took an interesting twist.

The person who had created the map realized that he had made a mistake...the north had been represented as south and the south as north! So someone said that in that case, we needed to flip the direction of the spot that Huzurala (TUS) had identified. Somebody else said that we shouldn't tamper with something we knew little about.

So off we went to Huzurala (TUS) yet again, this time looking a little sheepish and explaining that we had got our co-ordinates wrong and would he please make re-indicate where we should dig.

Huzurala(TUS) - surprise of surprises - made no change. He thrust his finger on the same spot.

We dug. We struck fresh water within 25 feet. Our factory became a reality. And more than three decades later we still continue to draw water from a spot within a region that is generally dismissed as 'desert'!

Interview ends

Moula's Mojeza- (2)

Following interview of Shaikh Asgarbhai Kothawala, Mumbai, by Mudar Patherya:

I STARTED a printing press called Almat's Printers. We grew the business rapidly with debt; soon we were among the fastest growing printers in Mumbai and the first to import sophisticated German equipment.

Thereafter, the word got around that my business was pyramided around debt; these well-wishers advised repayment but I soon realized that if I were to liquidate my debts I would be required to sell my plot, building and machines. Tough call.

Should I grow through debt and enhance visibility or shrink with no debt and be driven into oblivion.

I sought advice from Huzuralla(TUS). Moulana yeh farmayu ke ***"ehne kaho ke riba ma si nikli jaayi aney ghar wehchey."***

I used to stay in a 1500 sq ft flat in Worli with four cars (three imported, one Indian). If we were to respect what Huzuralla (TUS) pronounced, it appeared (at that time) that we would lose our financial identity. I spoke with my wife; she said, '*Maulana yeh farmayu chhey to ghar wehchi daiyye'*', even as a number of people advised us against it.

Even as my flat was worth 'x' lakhs, we sold it at a 20 per cent discount. We sold the imported cars. We sold the press property. We downgraded to a one-BHK rented flat in Bandra. We recalled our daughters from Mussoorie and Dehradun schools. We began to commute by bus and train, whichever was cheaper.

From somebody, we were now nobodies. In just months.

I had no business. Some acquaintances gave me sitting space in their shop. Two years passed. *Moulana yeh mara upar hath muki ne farmayu hatu tamein riba ma si nikli jao, inshaallah khuda tamne aana karta behtar ghar aapse. Har waqt mein Aqa Maula ni hazrat ma jaato to Aqa Maula mara kaandha par haath muki ne maney dilaaso aapta.*

Interesting things began to happen. I bought a flat in Bandra for 'x' amount. In the real estate boom that followed, its value quadrupled. I presented my case to Huzuralla who enquired about my remaining liabilities; after hearing me out, he said ***"Aa ghar ne wehchi do"***. With the proceeds from that transaction, we liquidated all our liabilities. We became financially solvent for the first time in two decades. No debt.

With the spillover money we bought a one-BHK house in Santa Cruz. Some money was still left over; I restarted my business. During this time a Gujarati friend, who used to be my neighbor in Worli, helped with office space. My old clients - Mahindra & Mahindra and other corporate giants –gave me work (even as they knew that I had no printing press). Others chipped in with capital on a profit-sharing basis.

But there was still no press. Should I buy one? If I did, where would the capital come from? So up against the wall, I responded laterally. I changed my business model: from being direct printer to co-ordinator. With complete quality responsibility. We did not invest in equipment; we outsourced from a dozen printing presses.

Today, my business has grown bigger than it ever was – several crores in turnover – without a rupee's debt. And without related stress. It has also coincided with some of the biggest technological changes in our business. From the conventional positive-driven printing technology, the world has leap-frogged to the computer-to- plate generation. In retrospect, it is entirely possible that had I invested in the former technology, my investment could have gone down the tube as soon as the new technology emerged.

There is also something else that one needs to take into account. Until about two decades ago, some of the most prominent brands of the world manufactured and marketed. As the world globalised, a number of them outsourced and marketed.

Huzurala (TUS) was way ahead of the market. He was advising me to market my personal brand more effectively than my assets. He was showing me the route to a higher return on employed capital than the conventional approach of loading the gross block.

Earlier, if I had been advised that it was possible to report a higher ROCE in a printing business without a press, I would have dismissed the concept as absurd.

It took Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin Saheb's (TUS) business-cum- life re-engineering to show that it could indeed be done.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (3)

Following interview of Ali Asgar Matcheswalla, Shareqa (UAE) by Mudar Patherya (Calcutta):

WE WERE shifting house in Bangkok in 1997. I was responsible for the transfer. Carrying bags. Pulling out drawers. Carting material.

It must have been a big drawer full of hardware tools that triggered a sharp pain down my leg. The doctor pronounced: severe scoliosis of 35% in my upper frame caused by a major disc herniation of lumbar 4 and 5. Only medical intervention could resolve this.

It didn't. As time passed, the pain grew worse. Deeper. Sharper. Longer. Nights would be sleepless; days painful.

Meanwhile, I became a victim for medical experimentation. Chinese massage. Acupuncture. Chiropractor adjustment. Ultra sound. Laser treatment. Physiotherapy exercise. Ozone injections in the disc. Yoga. You name it, I underwent it.

Defeated by every medical intervention across three years, I finally resolved to seek my final medical intervention. ***Huzurala(TUS)***.

Huzurala (TUS) was to attend a Ziafat (in Singapore). Since it was almost Maghrib, we were specifically asked not to tender any araz. This was my dilemma ...my last chance, directive for no araz, my last chance....directive for no araz!

Huzurala (TUS) appeared. He walked towards where I stood. He walked past. Finally, I cried in anguish, "*Moula! Hu Bangkok si aayo chhu, aney maney kamar ma bau dukhe chey! Bau problem chhey!*" It was more the last plea of a drowning man than a formal araz. Huzurala (TUS) stopped, turned slightly in my direction, 'saw me' for about 10 seconds (eternity!), smiled and proceeded. This is what I felt: **someone pouring water down my back.**

The pain went away forever!!

Copy ends.

Moula's Mojeza- (4)

Following interview of Haiderbhai Kohdawala, Calcutta, by Mudar Patherya:

THIS HAPPENED in the late Nineties. I would walk 20 steps *aney mara muscles stiff thayi jayi*, requiring me to rest. Within six months, the degeneration had spread to my hand muscles. I would hold a glass and it would slip and break; I would take a *`nivaala' aney jaman giri jayi*. I switched six doctors in the hope that with advanced medical science to support them, at least one of them would be able to fix the problem. But the reality was that from mobility I was progressively bedridden. Completely. Bed pan and everything. And only at 35.

Pachi ek neurosurgeon suggested the name of specialist called Dr Chatterjee. On his recommendation, I was admitted to the CMRI hospital in Kolkata. The hospital's diagnosis: polynyosites. As part of a test, needles were inserted into my body and rotated. The test confirmed the disease in which the voluntary muscles are affected first, the involuntary muscles thereafter and then followed by the vital organs. As a result, the doctors shook their heads and confessed that I was building towards an imminent heart attack. Based on this prognosis, I was administered steroids. My last chance.

The steroids had little effect. Even as I had earlier been able to lift my legs and hands, my muscles had now stopped functioning completely. The doctor shook his head. I could see myself wasting away in some hospital room. Wanting to live but waiting to die.

That is when I felt that I needed to make a personal arzi to the Dai of the day. One had been brought up on stories of what he had done for others; I was only 35 with two children. I needed to appeal to him to save me. Last chance.

There was no way I could go to Huzurula (TUS), so I placed his photograph on my chest. I entreated: *`Moula! Mara kaya gunaah chhey jena sabab aa bimari aavi chhey? Moula! Mara nana farzando nu su thaase? Why do I have to suffer like this? For what sins am I being punished? Tamne mane jawaab aapwoj padse!'*

I kept *`talking'* to him. Once. Twice. Half a dozen times. A dozen times. Thereafter I fell asleep on my hospital bed late in the night in Kolkata.

Thereafter, this is what I saw. A 'presence' in the room. Huzurala (TUS) himself!

Maula mara qadam na nazdeek khada chhey. Maula mane ek kaagal aapo aney farmayu ke aama je likhu chhey yeh padho. I read: 'Ehde nas-siraat al mustaqeem'. Aqa Maula yeh farmayu ke kagal phiraa. When I did I found Aqa Maula's mohor. I rubbed it on my lips and forehead. Suddenly mein ekdum bed par uhhlo – a few inches off the bed - aney mari aankh khuli gayi!

I turned around to see Huzurala (TUS) sitting in the visitors' chair in my room; the vision gradually faded.

After this powerful 'encounter', my first reaction was to offer a sajda in gratitude. *Mein uthi ne sajdo bajaayo ane ghano royo.* Wept and wept. Completely therapeutic. That is when I realized that something unusual had not only happened but was still happening ... *aa sajda na baad pehli cheez je maara zehen ma aavi ke aa sajdo mein kai tarah si bajaayo.* I mean, for the last number of months I had been completely immobilised!

That was the turning point of my life. Thereafter, the improvement was rapid. The doctor was more amazed than I was. For someone who had not seen Huzurala (TUS) and for someone who hypothetically trusted medicine over miracle, he simply said 'Your guruji saved you!'

I am in my mid-forties today and for someone who could not lift a finger at one time, I lift 15 kgs *thaals* single-handedly as a part of my *niyaaz e Husain khidmat* in Calcutta today!

Only Aqa Maula (TUS) did it !!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (5)

Following interview of Jayesh Patel, The Crystal Shop, New Delhi, by Mudar Patherya:

I am a Hindu by birth and belief. I can also state that the person singularly responsible for the turning point in my spiritual and psychic existence has been Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin Saheb. And I have met him for no more than four minutes in my life!

Amazed?

Read my story:

I had been commissioned by the Dahod jamaat to provide it with a large chandelier (8 ft diameter, 8 ft height) for its newly built masjid in 2001.

When the masjid was inaugurated by Syedna saheb, I flew down with my wife Sangeeta to be present. I was fortunate enough to be allocated a brief audience; I went into Syedna saheb's presence with a crystal gift.

What struck me was that instead of merely touching each of the gifts that he would receive before they were collected by a devotee standing nearby, he received our gift with two hands and held it before passing it on for safekeeping. In turn,

Syedna saheb most graciously presented us with a shawl, which we recognised was his way of reciprocating the respect we had shown. We spoke for about four minutes during which time he asked us about our work and our shop in Delhi.

I presented a gift. He presented a gift. Exchanged pleasantries. End of matter?

Not quite. I referred this exchange and experience to my longstanding guide and philosopher. He remarked that if a personage like Syedna saheb had given me a shawl then there was a deeper meaning behind it. It cannot be an ordinary shawl, he said.

Drape the shawl and meditate on auspicious nights, he added.

Over the next few weeks, we encountered a family mishap. My 75-year-old father was struck with a paralytic stroke. One side of his body was completely affected. When something like this happens at that age, there is little hope. That is when I remembered the shawl. I put it to an immediate test; I wore it at the appointed hour, sat in meditation and prayed. Within a week, my father was recovered....Fully.

In the following months, more experiences transpired. I started getting visions of what would transpire to people. If I was speaking to a lady, I would inexplicably get a feeling that there was something wrong with her married life; besides, the solution would emerge unprompted. If I was speaking to a long-lost cousin in Penang, I could 'see' her house with clarity, the problems she was facing and be able to suggest solutions.

They would begin to wonder...how does an ordinary chandelier maker know all this about us?

And then there is the influence that the shawl has had on my professional well-being. Within a short while of being presented the shawl, my company completed an unprecedented order of having supplied 52 (coincidence!) chandeliers to Uday Vilas in Udaipur (now rated as possibly the finest hotel in the world). Over the years, our reputation as one of India's finest chandelier craftsmen was convincingly established.

More than anything, there has been a remarkable change in our positioning and confidence. It is like the shawl has emerged as a 'kavach' – nobody can do us any harm.

Instead of inspiring smugness, the shawl has inspired responsibility. Instead of providing answers, the shawl has generated questions: Who am I? What is my connection with the Syedna saheb? Who was I in my previous birth? How am I connected to the Dawoodi Bohras? Why is there an increasing incidence of Bohras in my life?

And I can state with conviction that my spiritual and material rebirth in the last few years started with the shawl that I received from the Syedna saheb in 2002.

A number of people may see it as just another piece of cloth. And a few may see it differently.

And therein lies the story.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (6)

Following interview of Khozaimabhai Khambati, Ahmedabad, by Mudar Patherya:

Nineteen bungalows formed Gulbarg Society in Ahmedabad; Nine belonged to mumineen.

My story goes back to an afternoon in late February 2002 when riots commenced in Ahmedabad at around one in the afternoon. Most people exposed to the violence - from within the complex and outside – sought refuge in the house of corporator Ehsan Jafri, the most influential man in the vicinity. Some mumineen ran into our bungalow - facing Jafri's - and especially my residence on the second floor.

We sneaked a quick look out of the window; the heart sank. A river of people. Our lives were over. We did everything possible to merely delay the inevitable. We locked the ground floor gate. We ran into the flat. We shifted all the heavy furniture against the door. When you have 15 versus 5000, even these are as effective as fighting a tidal wave with an oar.

My wife began reciting *dua-e-nasre- wal-mahaaba*. Some of the ladies (nine) who had sought refuge in our flat sat in front of a picture of Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin Saheb (TUS) and implored, '**Havey humney aap aj bachaavjo!**' Other ladies kept reciting *Ya Saiyyedas Shohadaai* over and over again accompanied by *khaamosh maatam*.

One didn't need to see to figure what was happening outside; one only needed to hear. There was an incessant roar, sharp cries of '*Maaro saalao ne*' and '*Kya chhupse?*' and '*Nahi chhodiye aaj!*', glass shattering (as distinct from breaking!), several anguished cries of help, the thud of metal on wood and the impact of assorted brick on wall, door, window, roof and people. The crowd used bhaalas, spears, acid bottles, sticks, hockey sticks and swords. You could be clubbed, pasted, pierced or carved; death was inevitable.

Dear reader, your mind is probably 'reading' this sequentially; when they played out in front of us, they happened combined. When you heard that 'mixed' sound - even for just 10 seconds - you remembered your Maker. If you think you have heard this kind of sound in a film then you simply haven't. It is the kind of sound mix that still makes one wake up in cold sweat even if one is in the security of a foreign country years after having first heard it.

That fateful afternoon, every instant was like an hour. Would the door break the next minute? Would I still be alive an hour later? Would my clothes be the clothes I would die

in? Was there any sense in guarding our valuables any more? Was there anything left to be said to the wife before someone ran a sword through me? Was there any message of *aqeeda* to be conveyed mentally to the *Dai* of the day? Was there any call left to make?

I did what was natural; I simply hugged my son and said '*Beta, havey qayamat na din milsoo!*'

Meanwhile, we established contact with Huzurala in Khandala; the Shehzada saheb there asked us to immediately recite the azaan in four directions out of the window. That would have been a giveaway; so we sneaked to the window, crouched and whispered the azaan outside. And then we continued to tune in to the sounds coming out of the other bungalows of Gulbarg Society and interpret what it meant for us. And then we waited. And waited. And waited.

When we heard the siren of the police jeep at around 5 in the afternoon - exactly the moment that my wife finished the *dua-e-nasre wal mahaaba*, probably the longest time she has taken in her life to finish it – we felt there was some hope. When the police came to liberate us out of our hiding place, our first question was: "*Humney kem khabar padey ke tameyj police chho?*" We quietly crept out, threw out unexploded gas bottles, hugged others who had survived ("*arre, shukr ke tu bhi bachi gayo!*") and were then escorted out of our complex to the roza of *Syedna Qutbuddin Shaheed*. What was a distance of five minutes took us three and a half hours that evening.

Ninety nine out of 130 died in Gulbarg Society; almost every single person in Ehsan Jafri's bungalow was either torched, speared or dismembered; each limb of Ehsanbhai himself was methodically chopped before he was killed ...limbless.

When the mob came to torch our bungalow, they searched out the ground floor and found no one, they went to the first floor and found no one and whereas they should have gone to the second floor where they would have discovered their big catch, they turned away in the mistaken assumption that it was a one-storey structure (like others in the colony).

When 10,000 eyes cannot distinguish between a one storey and two-storey structure, you have the evidence of the most visible mojezaa of ***Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin Saheb (TUS)!***

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (7)

Following interview of Mansurbhai Bartanwala, Calcutta, by Mudar Patherya

In April 1988 - a few months after Huzurala visited Calcutta - *mara ghar ma chori thayi gayi*. The ladies of the house were away, we were engrossed in a television programme and the thief made away with nearly 500 gms of gold.

Our first reaction: ***Huzurala ma araz. His reply: maal mili jaase.***

Months passed. No recovery. Tongues wagged. We tendered an araz again. Huzurala's reply: *Bhai ne kaho sabar kare; maal mili jaase. Bhai tasbeeh kare: 'Hazaehi bidaa-atona ruddat ilaina'.*

On 14 October, exactly six months after the theft to the day – something bizarre happened. *Ek 22 waras no chokro hamaara baaju ni building ma Nooruddinbhai Chawala na dukan par aayo*. He made some vague enquiries about some person he was trying to locate. Chawala kakaji's first reaction was that this was just another somebody who needed to locate someone from Pollock Street. Chawala kakaji's second reaction was more intuitive: he felt something was odd about this young man and immediately called me: *'Mansurbhai jaldi aavo!'*

I was there in a minute. We had no reason to suspect him; yet, we caught him by the collar and marched him to the residence of a senior police officer. Even my policeman friend felt I had been high-handed; I had picked someone innocent and dragged him for police inspection for no plausible reason.

He must have spoken to this boy for a few minutes and was on the verge of dispersing the meeting when he suddenly turned round and slapped this boy hard. We were shocked; later, the police officer told me that just when he was on the verge of telling me that I had made a mistake, he noticed a series of injection marks on the young man's forearm. The police officer was backing his hunch: the young man was an addict and may - this was a stray assumption - have needed to steal to fund his habit. The boy was questioned; he eventually broke down and confessed that he had indeed burgled my residence!

Like a garbage collector picking up a scrap that turns out to be the winning lottery ticket.

The confessions yielded an interesting sequence: the thieved jewellery was sold to an intermediary in Mehta Building (Ezra Street) for Rs 20,000, who, in turn, had sold the jewellery to a trader on Camac Street for Rs 50,000 - a sixth of the actual value. We followed the trail; the Camac Street jeweller confessed that he had bought the stuff (now transformed into gold) but would willingly return it.

Within three days, the gold was back with us. The policemen confessed that they had seldom come across a case like this. *Hamein Aqa Maula ma araz keedhi to Moulana yeh farmayu ke bhai ne kehjo ke ehna waajebaat ma Rs 2700 kam hata aney aa rakam araz kari de!*

Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin Saheb (TUS) works at a level that most of us will never be able to comprehend - drawing the thief to our doorstep, getting Nooruddinbhai to become intuitive and getting the police officer to look at the boy's forearms.

If this had happened to someone else I would have never believed the story.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (8)

Following interview of Husainibhai Abdultyeb Sikora, Pune, by Mudar Patherya

In 1984, I was stationed by the Thapar Group in Sidorja (Indonesia) as the finance man to oversee their paper manufacturing assets in that country. Around that time, Huzurala was passing through the region and I casually mentioned this coincidence to Mr Makkar, our general manager. Suddenly he straightened and asked: "*Apne mill ki machines pe kisine jadoo-tona kar diya hai. Kya aapke guruji apne machines ko theek kar sakte hai?*"

It must have been the conviction in my voice; even though Mr Makkar was scheduled to leave for Germany to negotiate the purchase of another round of machines, he delegated the exercise to invite Huzurala (TUS) for a plant visit to his wife. I squirmed; Mr and Ms Makkar probably thought that it was simple enough to ask a guruji to casually come to the factory and 'cleanse' its spirit; I knew this would be virtually impossible given Huzurala's schedule, the pressure of the local jamaat to utilize every minute of his stay in their city and my relative anonymity within that jamaat. I kept my mouth shut after that. But my luck ran out; the local newspaper carried a report on Huzurala's arrival and thereafter, Ms Makkar called to 'instruct' me to get Huzurala to the plant. Instruct!

I was stuck. I resolved to seek help from a certain Muzaffarbai who belonged to the local jamaat. Since he had been allocated a room at the Hotel Elmi for effective *ikraam and intezaam* (where Huzurala was also staying), I called him. The reception connected me. I heard the phone lift and a voice at the other end answer: "***Hu Burhanuddin waat kari rahyo chhu!***"

The first second I was confused. And then it struck me. God!

I stuttered. I stammered. In a breathless sentence - probably the fastest I have ever delivered - I told Huzurala about the 'possessed' machine. I told him about Mr Makkar. I told him about Ms Makkar. I told him about their faith in his ability. Then silence. Then Huzurala replied slowly: "***Tamey Abbasbai ne olkho chho? Aajey ehni ziaafat chhey. Eh bairo ne saat waagey layi aavjo!***"

I floated back to my office.

That evening we rolled out the company's Mercedes, drove across 8 kms and reached at 7.05 pm. As I entered the doorway looking for Abbasbai with the introduction that Huzurala had asked me to be present, I encountered something unusual; I noticed a number of people saying hurriedly '*Husainibhai ne bolaavo!*' and '*Yahaan Husainibhai kaun chhey?*'

Huzurala had left word!

When we went in, Ms Makkar thought I would swing my magic and Huzurala would immediately say yes. I brought her down to earth; I said in all probability, I would be ineffective in doing anything but if she tendered the request and stuck to it, there could still be some hope.

And sure enough, Huzurala rightfully indicated an acute paucity of time - he was in Surabaya for only two days. But now that Ms Makkar had seen the presence value that this guruji possessed, it was going to take a giant to budge her from her request. Ms Makkar pleaded with her hands folded, she touched Huzurala's feet and then when nothing worked, bent and caught hold of Huzurala's knees without letting them go.
Ek dum ari gayi.

Finally, Huzurala consented. He would visit our factory after the ziyafat en route to Elmi Hotel. And so it happened: Huzurala arrived at the paper factory, the production manager who had no faith in godmen (naastik) took one look at Huzurala and pronounced '**farishta**', Huzurala was led to the 'possessed' machine, recited a dua and then told me ***"Kaaley airport aavi ne taavaaz lejo aney machine na chaar corner par mukjo; kaaley 1.52-ey Imam Husain na niyaaz no halwo banaavjo and worker-o ney jamaarjo!"***

I escorted Huzurala back to the hotel. He told me: ***"Aa company ne na mukjo!"***

The next day, I received the taveez at the airport, it was placed just where I had been instructed and gradually, the large paper machine turned less temperamental. As machine expenditure declined and production increased, it started generating profits for the unit and company. Mr Makkar returned and was taken ill, dictated a letter for shifaa to Huzurala in India, was asked to do sadaqa and thereafter improved. Word reached LM Thapar, our chairman in India, and he is reported to have said, ***"Mujhe bhi ek taveez mangva do!"***

And to think that none of these momentous things would have happened had it not been for an incompetent receptionist at Elmi Hotel who unthinkingly transferred a call for Muzaffarbai to Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin Saheb (TUS)!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (9)

Following interview of Bahen Jumana Vasi, Dubai, by Sakina Sh Noman
Miyajiwala and Mudar Patherya

I was 18, carefree, rebellious, outgoing and member of the Ithna Ashara sect when I met Saifuddin Vasi at Teheran in 1969. We married a year later following my ritualistic *misaag*. I will be honest; I did not believe in it. We stayed in Iran for three years; during this period, a number of people impressed upon me the teachings of the Dawoodi Bohra faith including *Syedi Mazoon e Dawat*, who advised my husband to move out of Iran as there was no mumineen environment in that country to nurse my faith. We moved to Dubai in 1973.

It was in Dubai that I attended my first *mumineen majlis* during *Ashara*. Something happened...I felt an inexplicable stirring. Then a few days later, on the night of Ashura 1394 (2.1.1974) I had a dream, which turned out to be the turning point of my life. I saw myself sitting in an open ground in Dubai with other mumineen waiting for Imam Husain to arrive. **Imam Husain!**

Suddenly I saw 'Imam Husain' on a white horse riding towards the gathering. He kept nearing and when I could finally see clearly, it was none other but **Maulana Mohammad Burhanuddin Saheb (T.U.S.)**. He rode, looked at me and went out of my sight.

I awoke dazed and in denial. Here I was, believed in none but Aqa Husain and I was seeing him impersonated by the *Dai* of the Dawoodi Bohras, a faith that I had consistently resisted. I was confused. Show me the right path immediately, I demanded of Allah! Yes, I demanded.

I didn't have to wait long. Three days later, unfolded Dream Two. And this time I round I saw a wizened and venerable old man – I identified this as **Syedna Taher Saifuddin Saheb (AQ)** as seen in the photographs on the walls – who told me "*Aa sahee raasto chhey*". I awoke, attended to my daughter, slept again, only to see Muqaddas Maula emerge in my dream again to tell me "*Aa Dawat-aj sahee raasto chhey!*"

Saifuddin and I went to Huzurala (TUS) immediately after. Even before either of us had even spoken a word, he looked up and said, "*Hu tamara khwab ma aayo hatho ne? Hawe tamne kai shaq chhey? Hawe to tamne shaq nathi ne?*"

My first reaction: I wept. Not wept, sobbed. Not sobbed, but put my head on his *qadam* and purged myself emotionally. I could hear people saying '*Su karo chho, behen?*', '*Utho, behen!*' and '*Aam na thai, behen*' but Huzurala asked them to let things be. '*Ehne rehva dav*', I heard him say.

When I looked up, others around me in Saifee Mahal were fishing for their handkerchiefs. Maula asked my daughter's name. I replied 'Tasneem'. He replied: "*Naam baraaber chhey*". Huzurala then instructed Shaikh Ebrahim Yamani to record my dream for the benefit of the daawat archives. On the following day, Syedi Mazoon Saheb told us that Huzurala had mentioned my dream and my '*ikhlaas*' over thaal.

Since that day in January 1974, I have been a devout believer.

Note. Jumanaben's great grand father was killed while defending the shrine of Imam Husain in 1801, following which her family name became 'Shaheedi'.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (10)

Following interview of Bhai Idris Khazanchi, New York, by Mudar Patherya

I was sitting in my systems administration department of the Port Authority of New York office on the 66th floor of the World Trade Centre on 11 September 2001. Even though it was around 830 am and a little ahead of the time that the rest of the `army' would generally start trooping in, I checked my email, ran through the server logs and stayed abreast with the prevailing office reality.

Then THUD!

You will never get an idea of how loud is `loud' so let me explain it differently: I was thrown five feet, the building tilted to one side, then reverted to status quo, chairs rolled off in all directions, sprinklers were activated, papers were scattered and tiles fell off the ceiling. If one had blinked ten seconds, one would felt transported to another time and office.

We got our bearings back in less than a minute. Called mum to say "I am fine". Must have been a short circuit somewhere, I said, and by now the fire engines would be on their way. As a precaution, one walked around our office perimeter – 400 feet by 400 feet - to check if anyone needed clearing or cleaning - or both. Then someone indicated that it might be a good idea to walk down as well and exit the building until it was absolutely safe to resume work. Made sense. Besides, it was still early in the day so no one would be missing out on much work by exiting and entering all over again.

For the next half hour, it was still mundane detail. The elevators had closed. We were walking down. All one could hear was the solid `thump, thump, thump' of feet. The crowd was getting thicker; more people were pouring in from each floor. The mood was light. There were diverging views on the reasons for the evacuation. Some said `blast'. Others said `short circuit'.

While we were below the fortieth floor, there was another proximate explosion, creating a pervading smell of kerosene as if a kitchen primus had tripped over. When we saw the faces of those being evacuated from the fortieth floor, it finally started to sink in: "This thing looks serious." And sure enough, when we reached the mezzanine, we could see dropping aircraft debris, glass pieces and burning fuselage. Man, this was something else. The social chatter was now a more urgent

"Don't look outside! Go! Go! Go!"

It was only when one had walked 200 metres away from Tower One that the real picture emerged. Two giant candles burning brightly. My first reaction: shucks, no work today. Another's reaction: left the laptop in all the hurry. My afterthought: left my wallet and cellphone as well. The crowd under Tower 2 milled around and exchanged notes. People were taking pictures as souvenirs. No urgency. For a good 15-20 minutes.

And then suddenly – unmistakably – one heard The Voice. It said: "*Idris, tamey yahaan si hamna ne hamna chala jaa!*"

I walked. Then brisker. Then ran. Then really ran. Then I turned while I ran. And then there was no Tower 2. I must be making a mistake. So I turned again. The place where I had worked for years, the place that had housed thousands of people, the place that had been invested with the best hardware, software, carpets, fittings and people, the place was Photoshopped out of reality in ten seconds. **Ten seconds. Just ten seconds!**

If I had stood where I had been for just two minutes longer, I would have been buried standing!!

Now fast-track to the iftetaah of the New Jersey masjid two years later. Shaikh Mufaddal Motiwala sought me out; he wanted me to tell Huzurala (TUS) my story. And that is when I met **The Voice**. Just the three of us. I told the man who knew everything anyway what had happened. He was a polite enquirer: "*Kayaa floor par hataa?*" "*Kem utra?*" "*Kivi reetey baahar aaya?*"

And then he pronounced: "*Tamein bachi gayaa!*"

That day I came away from my communion with a simple belief system. That, yes, one can be far from **The Presence** wherever one may be, but never far enough.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (11)

Following interview of Bahen Aimen Kheyroolla, Calcutta, by Mudar Patherya:

I was standing for shifaa along the periphery of 20 mumineen in two rows while Huzurala was returning from fajr ni namaaz during his visit to Calcutta in 1988. I was standing with my hands folded while he was proceeding from the car to the elevator at the daar ul imaat. When Huzurala passed me, he hesitated, stepped back, turned and asked, "*Yusuf kem chhey?*"

I began looking back as to who this Yusuf could be. Perhaps someone standing at the back. Surprisingly, there was no one. Perhaps Huzurala was speaking to me. Perhaps he must be wanting to ask about a certain Yusuf. Some long seconds later it struck me. Aqa Maula was asking me about my father ... Yusuf!

Some questions: How could Huzurala remember me when I could not have enjoyed his direct attention for than 10 seconds in the space of about two decades? How could he link me to my father Yusuf? How could Huzurala compress the memory of a few decades (presumably diluted across meetings with several thousand people) in the space of two seconds?

I am still trying to figure it out.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (12)

Following interview of Bhai Ali Asgar Moochala, Singapore, by Mudar Patherya:

I am a businessman based in Singapore. My company enjoys a growing presence in the import of specialized equipment from blue-chip multinationals. While most of the equipment is sold within Singapore, there is the stray instance of the locally sold material being re-exported out of Singapore by our customers.

Some years ago, one of our local customers ordered a large quantity of equipment. We sent our first consignment; apparently everything was exported. We were not exporting; they were. We were not even marketing on the premise that it would be re-exported; but it was.

As it turned out, two members in my company got to know about this. But once the multinational got wind of what was happening, it sent us a note asking that no more equipment be sold to our existing customer as they did not want their (multinational' s) market presence to be disturbed in any of the regional countries.

We had the option to do two things - let our customer down by canceling the contract or complete our consignment (as we had been contracted) but only after removing all tracking details. Meanwhile, the local customer ordered another large quantity of large equipment. We were in a dilemma.

So we approached Huzurala (TUS) for direction. My arzi was carefully worded; it was reasonably vague without going into any of the specifics and yet it asked for unambiguous advice. Since one had an experience in tendering arzis in the past, one expected a broad and generalized solution. Something like '*Khuda taala sehel kari aapey*'.

We were surprised. Huzurala's advice was specific: "*Continue what you have been doing, but only more carefully.*"

The amazing point is that this pertinent advice could only have come from someone who knew precisely what was happening; even more surprisingly, we later discovered that despite our detailed attention, we had overlooked some tracking details that could have been potentially dangerous for us. And attention to this was being drawn by someone sitting thousands of miles away!

Surprising. And not surprising actually.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (13)

Following interview of Shaikh Yusufbhai Muchhala, Mumbai, by Mudar Patherya

The moral of my story is `Ad-Dai yanzoro be noorillah! A Dai sees with the light of Allah.

My 50-year old story showcases this belief system. In the late Fifties, I was approached by a certain Tasadduq Husain, a mumin resident of a small town called Satana, deep inside Maharashtra. He had a grave problem: he was a petty kirana trader with a fiduciary relationship with a local bania. As soon as he stopped buying, the bania claimed that the muminbhai owed him Rs 10,000, which formed the basis of a suit filed in the Satana court. The first round of legal proceedings went against the mumin bhai; he took Huzurala's (TUS) raza mubarak before filing an appeal in the Bombay High Court. Huzurala asked Tasadduqbhai to '*maano nazrul maqaam*' and file the appeal at a certain hour on a certain date; Tasadduqbhai did so by putting his right foot inside the court at the appointed minute.

However, we did not enjoy an access to critical documents pertaining to the judgment, making it difficult to get to the heart of the reality. Tasadduq Husainbhai went again to Huzurala (TUS) for direction; he was firmly advised to proceed. Even though we were on a weak wicket, we decided to make the best of the circumstances. We translated the Marathi of the proceedings into English for enhanced clarity. Immediately, we discovered an opportunity; there were a number of loopholes around which we structured our defense.

We ran into yet another problem. Tasadduq Husainbhai, we now discovered, had no financial means to sustain his defense. He could not hope to get a stay of the execution of the money decree unless he, as an appellant, first deposited the money awarded under the decree – Rs 10,000 – with the court. But Tasadduqbhai confessed: '*Maara si nahi baney*'.

So I did what any reasonable lawyer would - suggested an out of court settlement with the raza mubarak of Huzurala. Tasadduqbhai was slightly nervous when he asked me to accompany him for raza. Based on the realities, I did a brief araz, covering the salient points of the case, the cost of sustained litigation, Tasadduqbhai' s financial condition and my recommendation of a

settlement.

I remember vividly: we were standing in front of Huzurala and suddenly he paused....we thought he was going to say something...he never spoke...we felt that perhaps we had not conveyed ourselves audibly enough...he sustained the silence as if in communion with another power... then 45 seconds later – an eternity if you have been in Huzurala's presence – he looked up and asked Tasadduq Husain whether he would be able to bear the cost of litigation. Suddenly, Tasadduq Husainbhai summoned up the kind of courage he had never shown until that point, and said: "*Maula, aap raza aapso to mein paisa no bandobust karees.*" Once again, Huzurala appeared to be deeply immersed in thought and then said with a rare vocal emphasis "*Aagal wadho!*" I was slightly taken aback at the emphasis and the advice, which were counter to what I had been advising from a legal standpoint.

And so we proceeded. Now came the question of raising the Rs 10,000. We had to raise the funds upfront. But the judge DB Patel – by reputation a martinet - thundered: "In the event of your client losing the case, he will have to pay interest on the decretal amount from the date of the suit!" We couldn't believe our ears. The judge was actually telling us that we did not need to pay the full amount! This was unprecedented; I studied the records and can state that this was probably the only instance since 1862 when the execution of the money decree was stayed by the Bombay High Court. Our first response was a hurried "Yes, m'lord" and the case resumed.

In fact, the case rolled on for a couple of years. Each time Tasadduqbhai would go for dua, Huzurala would smile. One day, Huzurala told him, '*Khuda taala tamne fateh aaapey!*' The following day in 1970, judge GN Vaidya set the matter aside and Tasadduq Husainbhai was relieved of the financial claim.

As it turned out, Tasadduq Husainbhai's destiny transformed dramatically thereafter. He became a man of means, grew his business, acquired property; on the other hand, the bania was reportedly wiped out and left town.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (14)

Following interview of Dr Joozer Rangwala, Bhavnagar, by Mudar Patherya:

I am a physician and in mid 2008, I was to migrate to Al Jubal in Saudi Arabia. I had received my visa and work permit; all that I now required was Aqa Maula's (TUS) raza, which I felt would only be a formality.

Surprisingly, he said no.

Here I was, with a letter of appointment in hand, a visible career enhancement opportunity and Aqa Maula (TUS) was saying 'no raza'. I was deeply disappointed.

Coincidentally, Huzurala was in Ahmedabad on 17 June and I got the opportunity for qadambose. During that interaction, Huzurala asked me what I did. I answered 'Physician'. Huzurala asked if I had my own clinic. I said yes. Dr Moizbhaisaheb presented all my relevant details to Huzurala, about how I had a job offer and how Huzurala had refused raza to leave.

After I had finished my salaam and was about to leave, Huzurala suddenly asked, "***Bawaji chhey?***"

And then it struck me.... If I had migrated to Al Jubal, my 70-year old mother would have been completely isolated and would have had to live alone until I could have arranged for her transfer.

Since the Al Jubal job did not materialize, I had no option but to circulate my CV afresh. Around 21 days later, I got a call from Wockhardt, asking if I would be keen to join its health care facility in Bhavnagar. Within two months I was on.

I am now completely in charge of the Wockhardt facility in Bhavnagar and looking back, I feel that this job is not only more challenging but also more resume-enriching as it involves enhanced accountability across a wider range of responsibilities in a corporate environment (as opposed to a standalone facility).

The amazing thing is that I, with my industry experience, could not see this and Huzurala (TUS) with his distance could!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (15)

Following interview of Batul Abdeali Electricwala about her late father Mulla Mustafa Shakir (Mulla Roshanbhai Kanchwala Khambati) by Sakina Sh Noman Miyajiwala and Mudar Patherya

We were staying in an old building in Deira (Dubai). It was one of those days around lunch when my parents - Roshanbhai and Fatemabai - were alone at home. Since my mother was not keeping well, my father warmed the food to serve lunch. On this particular day, he put the food to warm on the gas and got busy with other things.

Suddenly he smelled something different. Looking up, he saw that there was a fire on the stove and the table, extending to the runner tube coming from the cylinder. If the speed with which this had sparked was not controlled, it would threaten the kitchen and the house.

My father was sitting on the ground 15 ft from gas. Since he was arthritic it would have taken him 15 seconds to reach the stove and if he moved at this usual speed, the fire would spread fast. This was going to be 'make or break'.

At that instant, his first recall was '**Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin Saheb !**'.

Suddenly my father saw two hands - just two hands, no arms, no body - closing the regulator of gas cylinder. He called his neighbours for help and soon the fire - inexplicably controlled - was extinguished.

My father always recalled the glory of Huzurala (TUS) with this incident.

Moves faster than a thought, he said.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (16)

Following interview of Dr. Shakir S. Vali, Sharjah, by Mudar Patherya:

This anecdote dates back to 1988 when one of my patients was in acute pain. Gangrene had spread; the legs and hands had blackened. He went to Mumbai to seek specialist opinion and experimented different therapies. He tried the Russian magnetic therapy, which made him worse; he tried hydrotherapy, which blackened the legs and hands further. The collective verdict: amputation from the ankle downwards across both legs and in the right hand from the wrist onwards.

This seemed like the final say except for one detail. The muminbhai decided in his gloom to turn to Aqa Maula (TUS). Aqa Maula asked for the bandages to be unpeeled across both legs and hands. When they were opened they were not only completely black but also smelling rotten.

Maula took a look at the rotting limbs and conferred shifaa. The muminbhai requested for treatment raza by me. Huzuralla replied: "***Dr Shakir paase ilaaj karaavo. Maari dua chhey. Tamne shifa kulliyat thaase.***"

Thaase!

That one word was a beacon of hope with which this mumin patient came to my clinic in Sharjah with Shaikh Taherbhai Saasa and Shaikh Shabbirbhai Taheri. Coincidentally, a British surgeon was with me when the bandages were opened; the room was filled with the pungent stench of dead tissues. Shaikh Shabbirbhai almost lost his balance; Shaikh Taherbhai left the room immediately. The British surgeon's verdict: immediate surgery and amputation. I now turned to the muminbhai for Huzuralla's prognosis. He repeated: "***Tamne shifa kulliyat thaase!***"

I set about to work. I suggested cleaning the arms and legs with hot water and applying a bandage of shehed (honey), a highly unusual treatment. Here on the one hand we were talking of surgery; now on the other I was recommending something as facile as honey. His wife and children objected; they felt that I was trivialising the issue. I asked them to have faith in the power that had got them to me.

And so started an enduring routine. For a month-and-a- half, I kept cleaning and applying fresh bandage, I kept cleaning and applying fresh bandage.

Within three months, a man who should have been on crutches for the rest of his life, walked out of my chamber with no bandages – or worries.

It wasn't a doctor; it was **dua** that did it!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (17)

Following interview of Shaikh Kaizarbhai Ezzy, Surat, by Mudar Patherya

Mulla Mufaddalbai, my son, was a 19 year old *haafiz-e-quran* in the seventh class of the Jameatus-Saifyah in Shehrullah 1427. On 19 Ramzaan, he was down from Surat in Mumbai and on his way to meet his kaka when his scooter was engaged in a serious accident on the Mohammedali Road flyover. From the vehicle's back seat, my son was thrown a considerable distance and landed on his head. The result was that he was bleeding profusely by the time he was taken to Saifee Hospital for treatment.

When a brain operation was actually performed the following morning, the doctor kept up a brave front but privately concised the survival chance at only `1-2 per cent'.

Immediately, an *araz for shifaa* was tendered in Hazarat Aaliyah. Huzurula (TUS) responded with a tabassum. No words, just tabassum.

The story fast-tracks to the Urs Mubarak of Syedi Abdulqadir Hakimuddin Saheb on 5 Shawwal. Huzurula (TUS) was present at Sakinabensaab on Charni Road; following the Ziyafat at the sanatorium, he suddenly asked unprompted: "**Bachcha kahaan chhey?**" The result was that Huzurula was ushered into the intensive care unit of the neighboring Saifee Hospital. He proceeded to cabin 505, **Huzuarala yeh maseh farmaavi** on my son, and said `**tamey kem chho**' three times and then asked Dr Moiz bhaisaheb to tell my son that his Dai had come to see him. By this time I had reached the room as well; I was asked to repeat the message to my son, who remained unconscious.

The next day – Jumooa - my son opened his eyes for the first time in months.

For the following four months, my son remained in coma. Intravenous fluid sustained him. When Huzurula (TUS) left for Germany, he pronounced "**Khuda shifaa aapey!**"

In late Muharram we took him by ambulance to Burhani Hospital, Surat. Some time later, we shifted to recreated hospital room at our residence.

Seven months after the accident, Mufaddal moved a leg. Physiotherapy followed. Injections followed. Water was drained from the brain. The following Shehrullah, a year after the accident, Mufaddal was finally administered food through the mouth. The mouth moved. The tongue slurred. The memory faltered. The movement staggered. But the hifz of the quran remained intact.

Kitaabo ma Isa ni maseehi shaan nu bayaan aavey chhey; apna Maula maseehi shaan na saheb chhey; humey Maula ney murda ne zinda karta dekha chhey!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (18)

Following is the experience of Mu. Ali Asghar Najmuddin Lehri, Kingdom of Bahrain

It was one evening while I was at my friend's home on 23rd Dec. 1986 when I had my first epileptic seizure. I was 22 then, unmarried.

I came from a family background with a history of epilepsy. At that time I did not take it very seriously. I went to a neurology doctor and he advised me to take medication and precautions. Almost four years passed without any incidents, got married, had my first child and stopped taking medicines.

On the morning of 6th October 1990, while walking in the middle of the road, I had my second attack. This was it! I decided then that the only doctor who can cure me is none other than His Holiness!

At that point of time Huzur Aala(TUS) announced that his 78th Milad shall be celebrated in Cairo, Egypt.

On 7th Nov. 1990, I landed in Cairo. I had an Arzi written by our Bahrain Aamil (late) Abdeali Bhaishaheb (may Allah rest his soul in peace). I attended all the daily functions with Mola, be it Namaz, Majalis or Ziyart. My Arzi also was presented. My Maqsad was to receive Shifa Jawab. My stay of one week was getting over and I have had received no Jawab so far.

It was 12th Nov. 1990 when I was waiting for Huzur Aala's arrival for Fajr Namaz at Jame Al Aqmar. I was standing in the front row and Mola was graciously walking towards me. I was hoping that Mola will glance at me as he passes me...and that is when I will do my Araz. But no, Mola passed without looking at me. At that moment I said to myself, this is my last chance, I have a flight tomorrow, it is now or never!

That is when I summoned up all of my courage with tears in my eyes and hands trembling, I spoke loudly "Mola Shifa – Mola Shifa !" Mola stopped and turned around and looked at me direct in the eye and gave me a radiant smile, then proceeded towards the Qibla.

It has been almost 20 years now (with no more attacks), that momentary glance and eternal smile is as fresh and comforting as if it happened just yesterday giving me the complete Shifaa that no doctor in the world could!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (19)

**Following is the narration of Janab Qutbuddin Shk.Shabbirbhai Kothari -
Amil (Eldoret,Nakuru, Kisumu,Kitui) KENYA.**

On July 20th 2009, one mumin bhai named Tahir Shabbir Imani (Eldoret) Kenya ,
was travelling to Eldoret from Mombasa by bus.

He departed at 6:00pm doing Sadaqa, reciting Hirze Saifee ayat for hifazat "in
kullo nafsini lamma alaiha haafiz" and wasila of Aqa Moula (TUS).

He was sleeping wearing a jacket, on two seats behind the driver. At 2:00am in the
morning some body came in his dream and told him "***jaldi utho jaldi utho!***"... He
opened his eyes and saw bright lights, and immediately stood up and ran towards
the back of the bus, and the two buses collided at full speed. The bus driver died
immediately and two people from the other bus died on the spot, and the bhai was
pushed back by the shock of the collision and fell. As he was facing towards the
back side of the bus, he was saved from the broken glasses flying from the
windscreen!

Meanwhile his grandmother in Eldoret saw in her dream that Aqa Maula (TUS)
came and told her "***mara pachal aawo***" and she woke up. Later she received a call
informing her about the accident of her grandson and how he survived.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (20)

Following is as received from Galiyakot, India

On the eve of Syedi Fakhruddin Shaheed Urs mubarak, Shahzada Malikul Ashtar Bhaisaheb DM arrived for zyarat in qubba mubarak. Shz Saheb recited Shahadat of imam Husain SA and mumineen did pur josh matam on niyat of tulul umr of Aqa Moula TUS.

A mo'jeza was witnessed by mumineen as water like rain and blood drops were seen on the walls of Qubba Mubaraka. Arz was done in Hazrat Aaliyah Imaamiya directly from the Qubba.

Aqa Moula TUS be saakta farmayu 'tame je Imam Husain AS no maatam karo cho, to aa Fakhruddin saheb tamara sagla na saath roi che, ane aa ehna aansu che.'

Aqa Moula TUS did doa mubarak for mumineen ane em farmaayu ke '***khuda tamne abaad o shaad bakhi raakhjo. Dil ni je je ummeed hoi khuda puri kari dejo. Umoor sagla sehel thai.'***

Mumineen ye Moula TUS na kalemaat suni ne ghana roya, ane Moulana TUS na haq ma ghani dua-o keedi.

Mojezo 9:16PM zaahir tahyo. Aa mojezo fajar ni waqat, 3:40AM lag zaahir thato rahyo. Qubba mubaraka na deewar par aansu ni shakelat ma paani nikaltu rahyo.

Khuda ta'ala Moulana TUS ni umar shareef ne qayamat na din lag daraaz ane daraaz karjo

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (21)

Following is a Moaziza as described by Ubai Saeed Lokhandwala - Surat

The Floods in Surat was one of the greatest experience in my life.

The floods had affected almost everybody and the losses were huge. We were worried as to what to do.

But help from our Bava Shafiq came **immediately** and releived one and all.

Moulana (TUS) sent drinking water (mineral water) along with food grains, cakes, cooking oil other essentials and a **barakati sum of money and barakati water to each and every household immediately** during the floods. This was the time when even drinking water was not available. This saved momenin from diseases.

After the floods, **immediately** a general mavaeed was started, preventive medicines were distributed by Moulana (T.U.S.) to each and every household. A survey was **immediately** made of each and every household and shop; the loss incurred was accessed and **immediately** compensated by Moulana (T.U.S.).

As a result, Momenin are back to business **while others were still struggling**. Moulana (T.U.S.) has carried out relief work, which no government even with all its mighty resources has ever done or will ever do.

Moulana's(TUS) Doa Mubaraka has converted a time of difficulty to a time of ease.

There were floods of river water in Surat, but Moulana (T.U.S.) sent a flood of **Neamats and Doa Mubaraka**.

This reminds us that on the day of death and on the day of Qayamat, when there will be nobody to hold our hands, it will be Moulana T.U.S. who will hold our hands and take us to jannat!!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (22)

Following is as narrated by Mustafa Shk. Yahyabhai NKD - Surat

It was salana imtihaan time at Al Jamea-tus-Saifiyah, Surat. My father, Shk.Yahyabhai kept contributing to render his services in the Examination Paper (Binding)Department. I recall even today his selfless motives and considered a proud privilege to be of any service to Maula's (TUS) call. He made his contributions with a smile"always".

It was 11th of Shabaan 1416 H. .. post Al-Jamea-tus-Saifiyah imtihaan. My father was called by Shk.Khuzaimabhai Shahjapurwala to attend the bethak of Maula (TUS). He was told about the probability of receiving Hadiyat by Shk.Khuzaimabhai. My father expressed he could not arrange for the amount of Najwa and therefore took a step back. In all probability he was convinced to beseech the blessings of Qadambosi. He rushed home, asked us to prepare a cover of Nazarul-makaam (Rs. 110/=) prepared another cover of Rs. 786/= for qadambosi sharaf. I remember he had to arrange this entire amount from different sources to make this offering from the bottom of his heart.

Maula (TUS) has given sharaf of Hadiyat and shwaal by his own hands and blessed him on his shoulders with only Najwa-tus-shukr amount of Rs.786/=. Maula (TUS) has given him azim sharaf of Hadiyat!

This is mo'ajiza of Dai-ul-haq!

Addai Yenzora Benoorillah. Dai can see by the noor of Allah Subhanahu.

My father could not stop shedding his tears and offering sajadaat of shukr in Hazrat Imamiya. It is **Maula's (TUS) moa'jiza that he offers hadiyat to all the deserving without consideration of najwa which is not a small figure today.**

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (23)

Following is as narrated by Ali Akbar Rangwala

We crossed into the Israeli border, bound for Jerusalem, from the Jordanian side. It was a particularly tense day as there had been a recent firing incident. All five of us had different nationality passports. 1 Kenyan, 1 British, 1 Yemeni, 1 Indian passport.

The Jordanian Immigration officer did not have to be explained why such a mixed group. He knew & he smilingly made a statement that was actually a stunner. He jokingly said, "***Why don't you have a Bohra Passport? It will make things so much easier for you & us too.***"

The Israeli side, the officer (suspicious by default) could not understand how such a group could get together. All dressed alike & identical mannerisms, and yet different passports. He called up his superiors, and what conversation transpired, we did not learn, but he stamped our paper visas & let us thru.

We have had similar experiences in so many airports & checkpoints in the world. The followers of Sultan-al-Bohra can avail of a special status at Cairo, Karachi, Damascus, Yemen, East Africa, the UAE, the list goes on. Those who had their US Visa stamped during Ashara with a mention "Attending Ashara" on the visa can vouch for the response at the Houston airport immigration.

The recent grant of visa-on-arrival exclusively for Bohras, at the Dubai airport was as unbelievable as, so many other episodes in our past travel experiences.

We are a people who do not have a nation but are treated like a single nationality, do not have a kingdom, but are treated royally.

From Japan in the East to the West Coast of USA, & from New Zealand in the south to Norway in the north, whether we reside in the snowy Alps in Switzerland, or in the golden Coast of Kenya, we have a common bond, a unique culture, a common language, a standard calendar, a uniform code of conduct that absolutely defines the rights & the wrongs, one goal, one platform & one base of knowledge.

Our geographic existence might be checkered, but the entire mosaic of our community is a beautiful picture of harmony, painted by a divine hand. Our Tryst with destiny begins & ends in the same spiritual allegiance.

We are taught to be absolutely loyal to the country we reside in, we are a peace loving community, that gives us a rare edge over all others, and yet in spite of all diversities, we are one.

What really makes us tick? What gives us a place of pride & what makes us so special?

WE HAVE ALI'S DAI MOULANA MOHAMMED BURHANUDDIN SAHEB (TUS) WHO OVER THE YEARS HAS GIVEN US AN IDENTITY THAT NO OTHER GOVERNMENT IN THE WORLD CAN PROVIDE! *This is without doubt the greatest Moaziza of our Aqa (TUS) in its true sense!*

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (24)

Following is as narrated by Mu. Mustafa H.Shafiq - Kingdom of Bahrain.

25 Rabi-ul-Avval 1431, Aqua Mola TUS Mandvi gaam ma ek haveli ma padhara. Te wqt va je kuwo che te sukai gayo tho. Molana TUS ye pani par Shifa Mubarak boli. Ane ye pani Shz Aliqadar ye aa kuwa ma muku. Pachi ehma pani na chasma jari thai gaya.

Rate Aqua Molana TUS ma arz thai ane pani bhi arz thayu. Molana TUS ye pani tanawaul farmau ane shifa boli.

Aqua Mola TUS ne Khuda Tala ta roze qayamat ba salamat ba sehath Ameen.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (25)

Following is the interview of Saifuddin Mandviwala, Karachi

I have a business and was doing a project in Peshawar where about 1 million rupees payment was stuck for the last 2 months.

Since it was mid Ramadan and that payment was very much necessary for me to do araz wajeebaat before 23mi raat, I was confused as what to do...

At that time Shk Hussain Dahodwala was our Aamil in Saleh Mohallah. He was giving sabaq and during that session he said "**Our Beloved Moula T.U.S. always keep telling us that whenever you are in trouble just bow your head, call my name, remember me & I'll be there to help you in your troubles.**"

When I returned home, I received a telephone call from the account manager of that Peshawar project.... late in the night, saying "*sorry for delaying my payment and that I may collect the payment directly from their Karachi office the next morning!*"

My eyes were full of tears. Isn't it amazing that an account manager calling me late in night apologizing for the delay and giving cash payment directly in my own town!!

This is nothing but MOJEZAS of OUR BELOVED AQA MOULA T.U.S.
MAY GOD BLESS OUR AQA MOULA T.U.S AND GRANT HEALTHY &
LONG LIFE!

MAY OUR LIFE BE GRANTED TO OUR BELOVED MOULA T.U.S.-
AMEEN.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (26)

Following is the personal experience of Taherbhai Malvenwala, Kingdom of Bahrain

This happened in April 2004, the month and the year which I can never forget.

One Saturday morning when I woke up, I felt a bit uneasy, had a mild headache. And on reaching office, my condition had worsened. Everything in front of me kept on going blank. In just two days time, I was like a dead man...just breathing.

As time passed, I got more worried. I could not understand what was going wrong with me. I started crying and feared what happens if I die? Who will take care of my parents, my wife and two small kids?

I consulted 2 doctors in Bahrain, but could not get any better. One doctor suggested me to meet a psychiatric doctor. I was more tensed on the following Friday. Mentally exhausted, I felt like committing suicide.

I called my mother in India, and told her that I cannot take it any longer, and asked her to see a Maulvi and send me a taaviz. On my request, my mother met one Maulvi, who gave her some tablets and one taaviz, on receipt of which, I thought my problem will be solved.

At the time of wearing that taaviz, *mara dil ma thayu, ke Aqa Maula (TUS) ne aa waat pasand nahi aavey*, but since my condition was so bad I wore that taaviz.

After a few days, one night, *Aqa Maula (TUS) mara sapna ma padhara*. I was weeping and weeping. *Mein Maula ne Kadambos thayo. Rota rota mey Maula ne araz kari ke Maula aa mane su thay gayu?*

Maula e mane farmayu ke rova nu band karo, then Maula told me 'TU FIKAR NAA KAR, TANEY 50-60 VARAS SUDHI KAI PAN NAHI THAI'. When leaving, Maula mara taraf fari ne ane Jalal ma aavi ne mane farmayu ke 'GALIOO (Street) MA FARVA NU BANDH KARIDO!'

Maula ni waat sunine, mein chamkine mari neendh ma thi hoshiyaar thayo. It was around 4 in the morning, I was sweating heavily, as I recalled Maula's words, I found that the knot of the taaviz that I was wearing, had opened.

Since my problem was very severe, I did not pay much attention on Maula's *Ishara*, that I should remove that Taaviz. I told myself that it was just the dream; and if Aqa Maula does not want me to were this taaviz, *then Maula aap aa taaviz ne 24 hrs ma pachu kholidejo*. Saying this I again tied 2 strong knots and wore that taaviz.

In less than 14 hrs, that taaviz with 2 strong knots had again opened up! Immediately I removed it and *Istegfar kido*.

Araz for shifa and dua'a was done in Hazarat of Aqa Maula (TUS).

Maula e ehsaan anay karam farmavi ne DOA farmavi anay chumi nay ek Taaviz mara vaste moklu, which I am wearing ever since.

Today, almost 6yrs have passed and Maula has blessed me with good health.

SADAA REHJO BAAQI SALAAMAT E MAULA, HAZAARO VARAS EM DOA CHE HAMAARI...AAMIN!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (27)

Following is a Moajeza in Reunion as narrated by Muder Ezzi, Poona.

Sometimes major happenings in the world go unheard.

A few days ago a severe Cyclone (Gamede) formed in the Indian Ocean, moving with furious speed in the direction of Reunion (A French Colonial Island). This Cyclone would have devastatingly ravaged the island along New Orleans. The Government declared a RED ALERT as the cyclone came closer every despairing minute.

Heavy rains and high winds were lashing the island and the damage had already begun as bridges broke, and water front establishments were being pounded & smashed.

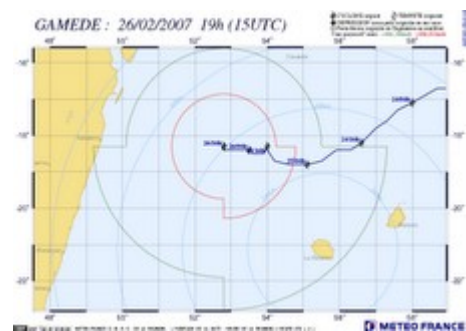
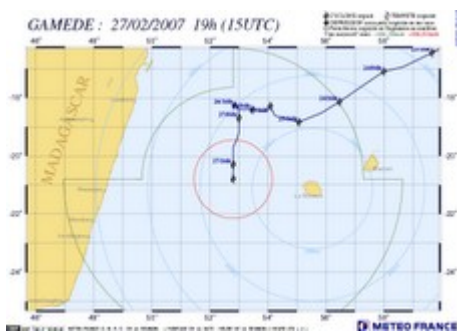
Amil - Saheb made a frantic call at 12 midnight (IST) for Doa Mubarak in Aqa Maula's Hazrat Imamiyah. A detailed araz was done.

As you can see in the attached satellite pictures, the Cyclone changed course and a tragedy of a catastrophic magnitude was averted!

Mumineen of the US had witnessed a similar Moajeza 2 years ago when a Hurricane was to have struck Houston and it suddenly changed course...

Such is the **power** of our Maula's Doa Mubarak !

We pray that May Allah grant our Shafiq Bawa a long long life...Ameen!



Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (28)

Following is a Moajeza as narrated by Durriyaben Shabbir Merchant, Mumbai.

I was living in Bahrain where I had a history of three miscarriages and a twin ectopic pregnancy - which was life threatening and had put me under severe complications.

Due to this reason, Maula (TUS) had given me a Taveez to wear. When I conceived again, from the 3rd month of my pregnancy, similar to the earlier cases, these complications had resurfaced. I was asked to take complete bed rest and due to Maula's Dua Mubarak and Taveez, the pregnancy could be sustained till the 7th month.

In October 1995, Aqa Maula (T.U.S) had visited Bahrain for Masjid's Iftetaa;

In one of the Deedar sessions, I had carried Khaarek-Paani, but I did not enter the crowd as my pregnancy was in it's advanced stage.

My elder son, aged 10 then, on reaching the Takht cried out loud to Maula for a baby sister. Maula held his hand and asked him whether I was Haamela and where I was. I was immediately called for. Maula asked me whether I had carried Khaarek-Paani; which I then gave to Maula and got it blessed from him.

On the onset of my delivery date, when I had started to get labor pains, I consumed the Khaarek-paani, after which my pain subsided and I fell into deep sleep.

This repeated for 3-4 days. The doctor, on my subsequent visit, told me that my due date had overshoot by one week and I had convulsions. I was immediately admitted and was induced with artificial pains.

But since I kept on consuming Khaarek-paani, I did not get any labor pain, so I had to undergo caesarian section.

I delivered a healthy baby boy, Mustansir, with a Rasool-Sunnat!

After delivery, I could not be revived immediately as the womb was badly entangled with my intestines and surrounding organs: due to a string of miscarriages and the ectopic. If the delivery would have been normal, the child would be forcefully thrown out tearing apart the entangled organs; putting mine and the baby's life in danger!

Due to Maula's Nazar Mubarak and Khaarek-Paani, the pain was not experienced and the doctor had to resort to caesarian delivery which was a blessing in disguise.

Hence, both of our lives were saved!!

May Allah grant our beloved AQA MAULA (T.U.S) a healthy and vigorous life till the day of Qayamat.

Ameen...Ameen...Summa Ameen...

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (29)

Following interview of Shaikh Turabbhai Potia, Mumbai, by Mudar Patherya

We have a tradition in the family. We present taazi (fresh) fish to Huzurala on the pehli taarikh of each month – wherever he is in the world. The tradition is challenging; it requires one to network with global shipping and delivery agents. The result is that whenever fish is placed in the thaal on pehli taarikh, Huzurala generally enquires ‘*Turabbhai yeh mokli?*’

When Huzurala is in India, the specie – Tikru, easily available in Mumbai - is specific. Whenever Huzurala enquires about the specie, my reply is standard: “*Allah ek, Quran ek, Nabi ek, Wasi ek, Dai ek, ane aa bhi ek – naam chhey Tikru.*” And each time Huzurala smiles. Just smiles.

Something interesting happened some years ago. Aqa Maula was in Austria and my agent was away in Zanzibar. I missed my pehli taarikh deadline. Surprisingly, I got a call late into the night from a Qasre-Aali sahib who said, “*Maula ney tamari machchi mili, ghanu tasty hathu aney Huzurala tamara haq ma dua keedhi chhey.*”

I was confused; neither of my agents had sent the fish, then how did Huzurala receive it?

The story gradually emerged: Moula was in Vienna, spotted a fish farm, stopped his vehicle, bought some halal fish and gave it to his hotel to cook. When the fish was served, Maula observed that generally it was Turabbhai who sent fish on pehli taarikh, but “*aaje main ehna taraf si tamne sagla ne machchi jamaaru chhu; sawaab ehne pahunchse.*”

It is the fish around which is centered one of my life’s most memorable anecdotes. Huzurala was in Kashmir in the late Seventies; I was a part of the entourage. At Pehlgam, I apologized that on this occasion I would not be able to present him with machchi. Huzurala enquired why. I related that we would not be allowed to fish at the Pehlgam lake unless we sought permission from the relevant government department in Srinagar. Huzurala was unfazed; he assured me that we would all eat fish that day and asked me go fishing with him at 5 ‘o clock.

By the evening, Huzurala had got permission to fish in the lake (don’t know how!). I sat in the Ambassador car with Huzurala. We proceeded to a scenic point. Huzurala walked out on to a large boulder. Extended the fishing rod. Dipped the tackle into the water.

In the first minute, Huzurala reported his first catch. Lucky, I thought. I felt that Huzurala would roll in the rod and we go to the hotel. We didn’t. In the second minute, Huzurala caught another. What fortune, I told myself. Huzurala continued to hold the line out. Suddenly he caught another. Then another. Then another.

Highly unusual. Anglers wait an entire day and go back with one or two if they have had a good day and that becomes the subject of the evening conversation. And here, in the first five minutes, Huzurala had caught five. By this time, the locals had begun to sense that something highly unusual was unfolding; they had started moving closer to watch this shawl-draped man casually standing at the edge of the water and picking fish after fish.

This is what eventually transpired: over the next hour, Huzurala caught 60 – sixty! - fish, gave me half (“*aa tamaaro hisso!*”) and then added “*Tame itna arsa si mane pehli taarikh ni macchi jamaaro chho, aaje main tamne machchi jamaaris!*”

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (30)

Following interview of Bahen Lamya Khairullah, Houston, by Mudar Patherya

In the life of a young mumena who has found a job in the USA and wants to stay on to better her life, there is no more demoralizing prospect than being sent back.

I faced this threat twice over.

* In 2001, after Enron (the company I worked for) became bankrupt, I continued working there but a year later when I came to India to look after my father (unwell), I was required to get my visa re-stamped. Sure enough it was rejected as Enron was declared bankrupt. So here I was, stuck in Calcutta, tried a number of things but nothing worked, so finally sent an email Arzi to **Aqa Maula (TUS)** asking for his intercession. Within a week, my visa was accepted and I was back in the USA. Phew.

* In January 2007, there was a major layoff at my company Lexicon, but I survived. In a short while, layoff rumors started again and as I did not even have my first step cleared for the green card, my lawyer indicated that I may have to restart the process and lose three years of my application process. Very demoralizing. Three years of US presence coming to naught. Lost, I sent an email Arzi to **Aqa Maula (TUS) asking** if I should leave the country completely.

Huzurala replied: 'Continue with the job.' Within a month, my first step was cleared; in two months, the US immigration office opened up all visas and I got my EAD, implying that I could now work without a visa.

Small incidents? Maybe. But had it not been for **Huzurala (TUS)**, I would have been God knows where doing God knows what.

This is the importance that Huzurala (TUS) has in the life of an ordinary mumena living alone with no direct access to him.

I have two words for him. Support system.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (31)

Following interview of Bahen Sakina Karachiwala, Zanzibar, by Mudar Patherya

During the political chaos in Zanzibar in 1982, my husband Abdul Karim was jailed. This was upsetting; we did not know how he would be treated inside; besides, we did not know for how long he would be detained. So we sent an Araz to **Huzurala Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin Saheb** (TUS) for advice. **Huzurala** replied that we must **maano nazrul-mukaam** in Imam Hussain's name.

He also mentioned something specific: *under no circumstance should we try to bribe the captors for my husband's release.*

From all the advice we had been given in the circumstances from various people, this single line turned out to be the most pertinent. Because each time we would go to the government to request for Abdul Karim's release, the captors would openly ask for money. Initially, one may have been tempted to negotiate but **Huzurala's** advice gave me the strength to say, "Thank you, but I do not have any money to give you."

This continued for three months. Three months of not being able to get Abdul Karim released. Three months of worrying.

Then on pehli Ramadan, I got a call from the office of the Minister of State stating that Abdul Karim would be released in five days. This was a big relief. Sure enough, Abdul Karim returned on the night on the 6 Ramadan.

However, the story is not as simple as that. Something interesting transpired on 4th Ramadan without our knowledge....

Since **Huzurala** was in London, my sister went to him with the Araz for Dua for the release of Abdul Karim (without knowing of any message from the Minsiter of State). **Huzurala** replied, "*Abdul, chhuti gaya chhey.*" My sister felt she might have heard wrong so she said, "*Ji na Moula, Abdul Karim huji jail ma chhey.*"

Huzurala then insisted firmly, "*Main kahun chhu ne, Abdul Karim chhuti gaya chhey!*"

My sister went to Busaheba and related what had happened. Busaheba advised her to believe what **Huzurala** had said. Perplexed, she called Zanzibar and discovered

what the Minister of State had communicated. Later, I was to discover that the **moment Huzurala had stated that Abdul Karim had been released was the very time the documents for release were being signed in Africa!**

When **Huzurala** went to Misr for Lailatul Qadr that year, the family felt that it would be appropriate to seek **Huzurala's** advice on whether we should move out of Zanzibar in view of the prevailing chaos. So we went.

Shahzada Yusufbhaisaheb Najmuddin led us to **Huzurala** (who was waiting for the thaal to arrive) with the introduction that Abdul Karim had come after being released from jail. **Huzurala** replied *“Haan maney khabar chhey, tane aajey ekwis diwas thaya ne?”* Abdul Karim completed the Qadambosi.

Huzurala then said, *“Tamey pehla minnato puri karo, pacchi araz karjo.”* So we went for Haj, Yemen and Karbala Moalla with Huzurala and after all our **Minnats** had been completed, we approached **Huzurala** with our Araz once again.

By then I had lost all will to stay in Zanzibar because of these occasional riots and chaos and made an Araz to **Moula** about shifting. Then in two days **Moula** saw our Arzi and called us to meet him in the evening the next day.

The core Araz: we wanted to shift out of Zanzibar. We had had enough. We could not see political stability returning. We feared the politics of vendetta would continue. We felt we would continue to be targeted for wealth. But against all expectations, **Huzurala asked Abdul Karim to return to Zanzibar!**

He did. Within a short while, something unexpected transpired. The President, who was responsible for our troubles, was taken into custody and replaced by someone who we knew well. And then something even more unexpected happened: we received a letter from the new President's office itself that stated that *“I know what services you had given to the government and what hardships you had to face. Please re-apply for your licenses and ID-cards that had been cancelled and I will see that they are passed.”*

We see things as they are. **Huzurala** sees things as they will be...!!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (32)

Following is as narrated by Khozemabhai Sadriwala – Kingdom of Bahrain

This happened some 18-20 years ago. My Nanaji, Nazra Hussain, aged 65years, did niyyat to perform Hajj. He along with his group of family and friends went in Hazarat Aaliya for Raza Mubarak.

On presenting their Arzi, Huzur Aalaa (TUS) gave Raza to all but my Nanaji! He told Nanaji, ***“Tame mara 7 tawaaf dai do ane tamara vatan pacha loti jaav.”***

My Nanaji did as he was told and went back to Sadri and within next 3-4 days he passed away!

This way our beloved Mola bestowed my Nanaji with Hajj Sharaf !

This is mo'ajiza of Dai-ul-haq!

Addai Yenzora Benoorillah..... Dai can see by the noor of Allah Subhanahu !

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (33)

Following interview of Bhai Mohammed Hussain Topiwala – Singapore, By Muder Patherya

Syedna Taher Saifuddin Saheb (RA) had come to Singapore in 1952. There was a long list of mumineen who wanted him to grace their premises in the short time that he was there. On one of the occasions when mumineen were pleading with him for ziaafat, Muqaddas Maula said **“Bhai Burhanuddin ne layi jao.”**

I saw mumineen turn reluctant but out of Azamat, not saying anything to Muqaddas Maula. Then I heard Muqaddas Maula say, **“Bhai Burhanuddin na qadam na neeche ghani barakat chhey.”** These words proved in-depth meaning to me as experienced by me later on....

Forty years later, my six year old son went out with his cousins to buy something in Singapore. While crossing the road, he was hit by a car. The impact sent him flying and when he landed, he hit the corner of the pavement kerb on the other side of the road. That must have been a distance of some 15 feet from the point of accident.

The impact must have been severe for he began to foam at the mouth. His cousins called me and said, **“Taher nu accident thayu chhey.”** It took me ten minutes to reach the spot, put him into an ambulance and take him to the nearest hospital.

Since I was wearing a saya, kurta, izaar and topi, the compounder on duty in the ambulance, confirmed whether I was a Muslim and asked me to recite my dua. **“Your son looks serious and we might not reach the hospital in time.”** We reached the hospital in the next few minutes. The doctor came in immediately to check my son. **“Ten per cent chance,”** he pronounced. After 10 minutes, three neurosurgeons checked him and discovered a crack in his skull.

Meanwhile, our Aamil Saheb, who had already reached the hospital, suggested that we send a message immediately to **Huzurala** in Bombay. **Aqa Maula(TUS)** was at a ziaafat when we called; when the matter was explained, he replied, **“Dikra na baava ne kaho ke fikar na kare.”**

Meanwhile, the doctors found that my son’s lungs had been punctured, his ribcage broken and skull cracked. It took a four-hour surgery to put some repair in place with the provision that the following 24 hours would be critical.

Twelve hours later, the doctors checked with fear. **Surprise!** They could not locate the skull crack.... That’s right..... Could not locate the skull crack!

The doctor was surprised and confused at the same time. He had never seen anything like this. So he checked the X-ray of the previous day. And then he checked the X-ray that he now had in his hand. He checked whether it belonged to the same boy. He checked the administration records to check for any clerical error. And then he looked more confused than ever.

When I asked when my son could be shifted from the ICU, the doctors said ‘at least a week’; but he was out of the ICU on the fourth day, taken home on the eleventh day and advised rest for three months. The doctor cautioned: my son could face memory loss or psychological disorder.

He is now 22 and completely normal.

I regret having misplaced the two X-rays. The one with the crack and the one without. I would have framed them on the wall as a testimony of the power of **Dr. Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin Saheb! (TUS)**

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (34)

Following interview of Shaikh Shabbir K. Mustafa – Udaipur, By Muder Patherya

I served in a watch company in Bahrain from 1973 to 1984. I had gone to Misar where coincidentally Huzur al-TUS was present. When I performed Qadambosi, *Aqa Maula yeh maney poochhu ke 'Kitna waras si Bahrain ma chho, tamein wepar kem nathi karta?'*

I mumbled a reply: I intend to do business. *Aqa Maula yeh maney farmayu ke 'Waipar karvo hoy to Bahrain ma nahin, Udaipur jaao.'*

My entire family was in Bahrain; I did not have the intention or wherewithal to go to Udaipur and start a business.

Next day, I went to Maulana and submitted my humble *araz: Maula, Udaipur ma wepar karvu sehel nathi. Mein Bahrain ma wepar kari saku? Maulana instructed: 'Bahrain ma nahi, Udaipur ma jayi ne wepar karo!'*

I told my friend about Aqa Maula's insistence. He approached Shehzada Qaid Johar Bhaisaheb with the request that Udaipur looks difficult. Shehzada saheb told me that Maulana has pronounced 'Udaipur' twice, now do what you think best.

I presented my last argument: I said we were strong of faith but only needed to reconfirm. Could we not go back to Maulana the last time for a clarification?

Shehzada Saheb was patient. He called me after Zohar-Asar namaaz for the decisive *araz*. I finally saw Maulana annoyed. He saw me in the eye and instructed: *'Watan jao aney shitali si jaao! Bahrain ne mooki do!'*

I resigned my job in Bahrain. My employer was confused. My friends told me that I was making a grave mistake. Just about everyone told me that going from prosperous Bahrain to the back-of-beyond Udaipur appeared to be a poor decision. Irrespective of whoever had advised it.

I returned to Udaipur in late October 1984. I had a Punjabi friend in Udaipur; he proposed partnership in some plywood and tent house business. Coincidentally, Sardarji's cousin was a dealer for Hero Majestic cycles and around that time Hero Honda was looking for dealers for a motorcycle that was to be launched. Since the cousin did not have a place, he recommended that we both become dealers. We left for Delhi to speak to the company about a probable dealership; we reached on a

Wednesday two days before Huzurala's Saalgirah Mubarak. The following day, the company asked us for our offer.

Sardarji was a religious man; he said he was going to the Gurdwara and requested me to pray the Thursday evening Namaaz, requesting for divine intercession for our Hero Honda dealership. I recalled Aqa Maula; I told Sardarji that it was due to this very dealership that my Maula instructed me to return to Udaipur in haste.

Mein yeh Rs 501 Nazrul Maqaam (AS) maana aney Syedna Taher Saifuddin Saheb na ziyaarat ni minnat leedhi.

The following day, the Hero Honda chairman interviewed us; his first question: how would a partnership between a Hindu and a Muslim work? I replied that the Sardarji was well known to me; I had worked with him before leaving for Bahrain. Then at the end of the hour, the chairman assented. **We were appointed dealers for Hero Honda in Udaipur! Sealed!**

We invested Rs 3 lacs in the business. Hero Honda's production commenced in 1985. we received our first consignment during the month of Aqa Maula's Saalgirah. I requested the Shabab head office to consent to our shop's inauguration with a procession on Aqa Maula's birthday. They agreed. Shabab members biked out with 'Long live Dr Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin' banners, wearing white coat and pant with the traditional Rajasthani saafa. Hero Honda was thrilled; it gave us the **Best Bike Launch award**.

At one time we used to sell around 40 motorcycles a month; we now sell 10,000 a year. My company employs 200 people and for ten years, we have been among the **top ten** of Hero Honda's dealers across India for sales, service and customer satisfaction.

There is a lovely word in English that describes Maula(TUS), Seer... We watch; he sees.

Addai Yenzora Benoorillah..... Dai can see by the noor of Allah Subhanahu !

May Allah Grant Our Beloved Aqa Moula Tus a Very Long,Healthy and Prosperous Life Till the Day of Qayamat,and as Syedna Taher Saifuddin RA once Said Praying for Aqa Moula Tus May Not Even His Nail Feel Pain Ameen,Ameen...

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (35)

Following interview of Bahen Maimoon Hoosenally – Hong Kong

By Muder Patherya

When you have had two miscarriages, you think the averages are against you. You start thinking ‘Perhaps not in my destiny’; you start feeling ‘Am I destined at all?’

I was no different. Because the doctors would look at my case complication and turn hesitant. Their voice would drop.

At such a juncture, I had a dream wherein **Aqa Maula(TUS)** was telling me that when I want to get pregnant I should get his Raza.

So the third time round, I sought my Raza from him in London (after he asked a couple of questions). The following year, I dreamt my deceased father carrying a baby and **Aqa Maula** saying that he will be coming in July. That’s it. No more.

Three months later, I was pregnant. My baby was due in the second week of July but was born on 8 July 1997, the very day **Huzurala** landed in Singapore. Two days later at our Ziyafat, we narrated the dream sequence to **Maulana** and he simply said, ‘*Maney khabar chhey.*’

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (36)

MUMBAI-BASED BAHEN JUMANA LAILA, RECOUNTS HER HARROWING ESCAPE FROM THE TERRORIST ATTACK AT THE TAJ, TO MUDAR PATHERYA

We had booked at Shamiana restaurant at The Taj to celebrate my husband's birthday.

The mood was festive. There was a mild chatter across the tables. Even though we are conservative Muslims – topi for our gents and rida for our women - we were attractively dressed. Someone was shooting a video. Someone was taking pictures on the digital camera. We could hear fireworks as well; after all, there were five weddings on the premises. Until one of us sitting on the other side of the table and closest to the door screamed “*Oh my God, he's firing!*”

The next thing we saw was a figure in black – dressed quite like a Taj waiter – run into the Shamiana with his shotgun blazing. Crack, crack, crack. Sparks flying out of the gun.. the first Taj employee he encountered inside the Shamiana was doubling over, there was blood squirting out of his system. The next thing we knew was that by reflex action we had ducked out of the assailant's line of sight and well below table level.

The best thing to do in the circumstances would be to lie low. We should have known better: the terrorist in black turned and fired at us topi-wearing and rida-wearing Muslims, disproving one later theory that the terrorists were ‘soft’ on Muslims.

This is where we encountered the hand of providence – the terrorist ran out of bullets! He set about reloading, lobbed a grenade and ran. The grenade hit the glass partition of the Shamiana near us, plopped on the floor and did not explode!

Meanwhile, my husband dragged me by the pardi of my rida towards the kitchen door from where we were spirited away deep inside by the Taj staff. We kept hearing firing shots all the time; this time towards the back of the Taj. Just another gang war, we kept telling each other. Will get over in minutes, we kept consoling. The police will be here any minute, we assured.

Meanwhile, we kept walking through the Taj labyrinth, somehow secure between walls and knowing that we would be safe wherever our Taj guides would lead us. In doing so, we reached the locker room intended for the women employees of the Taj. We were now a crowd of 30, excited, restless, nervous. One of us called home with the presence of mind to state “*Jaraa late aavsu ...*” instead of saying “*We are at the Taj*”. Don't get the folks at home worried.

An hour and a half later we were told that it was safe to be guided to the Chambers on the second floor of the hotel. The next big move transpired at 3 pm. The Taj staff informed that we were being evacuated to another safer area of the hotel and would we please file into a single line...and when it was time to move forward, I hesitated....where was my husband?

I waited... No husband, no moving.. I vacated my place in the queue, those immediately behind me went ahead, we heard shots in the passage and **I realized all those who had been immediately behind me had been shot dead!**

Missed death by a second.!

So back we went to the Chambers. We – our group of 140 foreigners and Indians – settled into the lounge across the Gateway of India.

The terrorists had arrived in one of the adjoining rooms of the Chambers segregated from us by a foldable partition....we heard the ‘ack ack’ of the guns from a few feet.... we heard running footsteps ...we heard the oohs and aahs of the dying... we knew we were marked....we recognised that these could well be our last few minutes in this existence.!

As we waited for the terrorists, only next door, to walk in and finish their job. Then suddenly, the lights turned on due to some automated generator action. Now the terrorists would not even need to walk in and identify us. They would merely need to see us through then glass door from afar. Our last refuge – darkness – had been taken from us. This was then the end!

Meanwhile, we embarked on our last resort....**the Maatam of Imam Husain**, however odd it may have looked in the circumstances. **Ya Ali, Ya Husain, Ya Maula Burhanuddin**....we invoked every name we could think of.

Meanwhile, one of us had the presence of mind to send a text message of Dua to His Holiness Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin Saheb – **“Maula, aap aj bachaavjo!”** - in Germany at that time.

Night turned to near-day. At six am, we were still alive. We could hear shots, by now relatively distant. A little before eight, one of us received a text message that the Syedna had been informed late into the night of our hapless condition and he had conferred his Dua Mubarak.

At eight, we were liberated by commandoes!

Even as ten of us were walking out, terrorists fired yet again – and missed. When we finally got into a bus, we took no chances; we crouched and ducked, the bus took us to the Azad Maidan police station and finally, we – husband and wife – were home at 10 am.

I am told that Huzurala (TUS) abbreviated his trip in Germany to be present in Bombay. His presence has been therapeutic. Now that he is present on our zameen, we told ourselves, nothing can happen to us.

We went to Huzurala (TUS) for Qadambosi and told him that he alone had saved us. He replied: **“Khuda eh bachaaya chhey!”**

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (37)

Following is as narrated by Bahen Nagina Bohari, Mumbai

After one year of my marriage, my son, Shabbir, was born with many defects in his heart. Doctors were not ready to do his Open Heart Surgery in Mumbai. They told us that it is not possible to do such type of surgery in India and we need to take him to UK or New Zealand.

We were in contact with the doctors of UK, but Dr. Pandey, Head of Heart Surgeon from KEM told us about a doctor in Chennai. If he is ready to take responsibility, then we can proceed.

We were very much confused and worried. Then my father went to our beloved Aqa Maula (TUS) with my son's files. Aqa Maula asked my father of all details like names of father, mother (His Holliness never objected to my name} and took the files with him and told my father to come after 2-3 Hours.

When my father went back in Hazarat Aalia, Aqa Maula told my father to perform this surgery in Chennai and gave Taawiz to keep at the time of operation and told us to recite NASARUL- MAHABAH. After the operation, he instructed to change my son's name from Huneid to Shabbir. When my father was leaving, **Aap ye farmayu ke "insha allah jumerate thase"**.

We contacted Dr. Girinath of Chennai, who agreed and asked us to come immediately. My son was directly admitted in Post Operative Ward. All were very astonished and told us that is your son a special case or what? Why did the doctor admit him in this ward?

The doctor fixed the Operation Date for Tuesday. We kept quiet but the very next day, Dr. himself changed the day to **Thursday!** After the operation, the progress of my child was so good that even the Dr. was very glad to see such a quick recovery and he took many photographs of my child.

Now my Son is married and lives happily in Sydney, Australia.

Parwardigar Mara Maula ni Umar ne Ta Roze Qayamat Daraaz kare and Sehat Afiyat na Malabis Pehnave. Hamne Deedar ane Qadambosi Nasib thai. Ameen!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (38)

Following interview of M. Mustafa Shafiq – Kingdom of Bahrain

My wife, Tasneem, had been suffering from Gynec problem for many years. Treatment given by doctors in Bahrain and India was not giving any results.

When we last went to Surat, she had a check-up done by a reputed doctor and was advised to undergo operation as soon as possible. At this point we thought of getting a second opinion. The second doctor also advised for the operation.

Due to the circumstances and time constraints, we agreed and the date for operation was fixed and all the pre-tests for the operation were done. Then Tasneem insisted to obtain AQUA MAULA's (TUS) Raza Mubarak. When Arzi was sent, we were expecting that Huzur-Aala would grant permission and do Dua'a Mubarak.

But the reply came instead as ***“BAHEN NI UMER KITNI CHE ANE KITNA FARZAND CHE?”*** This showed the great concern Aqa Mola(TUS) had for his mumins.

Meanwhile, my mother was passing by one famous Gynecologist Clinic when she felt why not take a third opinion as well. She immediately took Tasneem to this 3rd doctor and after a full check-up; this doctor said there is no need for an operation! What my wife was going thru is normal due to natural hormonal process.

Based on the doctor's advice, we did not go for the operation and came back to Bahrain. Here we found a specialist thru whom the treatment was done and gradually Tasneem's illness was cured.

Because Huzur-Aala asked for more information which made us 'delay' undergoing the operation that was to take place within three days time. This and the barakat of obtaining Raza Mubarak ultimately saved her from unnecessary pains!

WE WERE SO TOUCHED WITH AQUAMAULA's (TUS) CONCERN THAT HE SHOWED BEFORE GIVING RAZA.....

Addai Yenzora Benoorillah..... Dai can see by the noor of Allah Subhanahu !

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (39)

Following narration of Juzer Najmi – Mombasa, Kenya

Recent visit of Huzurala to Misar 1431, gathered thousands of Moumineen, this included we Moumineen of Mombasa.

It was Maula's Ehsaan n Moujiza to be in His Qudum Mubarak in Misar.

I was with 13 other Moumineen who decided late to be with Huzurala, booked our tickets by Ethiopian airlines on Monday morning to travel in the evening of Tuesday 6 PM to reach Misar 3 AM Wednesday - but at the time of booking the Ethiopian Airline Manager informed us that we won't be able to board as we had no visa. We didn't take Egypt Air as it was arriving Misar on Wednesday at 930 AM.

I told my agent to issue my ticket whatever the case - will try to get visa from Nairobi Egyptian Embassy. Reached early morning Tuesday at the Egyptian Embassy with me were all the other 13 Moumineen too - requested them to get us urgent visa or to get us a letter informing Ethiopian Airlines that on arrival visa is available and to let us board.... but all failed.

Half -hearted but with Huzurala's Name on the lips we all decided to go to the airport. Arrived at 1 PM and immediately spoke to a lady in-charge in Ethiopian Airline Office. She told us you have at least 5 hours to flight, ask someone in Egypt to go to Ethiopian Airline Office and to send via them an email to inform ground staff of Ethiopian Airlines in Nairobi of the on Arrival Visa and will be able to board. Just a little while later, the supervisor turned up and he too told us the same thing.

I called the concerned Moumin Bhai in Egypt but he was very sorry to inform that they were really tied up with Zuwar Mumineen who had turned up in Misar and was not possible as per our request and asked us to convince them to let us board. Once again we all got half –hearted, but everyone with **Tasbih in hand - one of us recited Dua Kamil – Ya Hussein Mataam.**

In the mean time called the booking agent and asked to get us booking on Egypt Air so as finally if there is no result we fly off the next day by Egypt Air. At around 3.30 PM, the Manager came and I spoke to him - With Maula's Moujiza it

came to my mind as if Maula clicked it in my mind to open the webpage of Faiz-e-Hakimi on my mobile and show it to the Manager where it was written "BOHRA MOUMINEEN" to get visa on arrival. He asked me what is BOHRA MOUMINEEN; I told him we are BOHRA MOUMINEEN followers of SULTAN UL BOHRA, DR SYEDNA MOHAMMED BURHANUDDIN.

This was it! MOUJIZA of OUR MOULA, he immediately picked up the phone and called Ethiopian Airlines Head office in Egypt, and talked to them. He asked us to give him some time and asked for our tickets and even inquired our nationalities - 12 Kenyans n 2 Indians dependents.

At around 4.30 PM, the manager came out of his office and gave us a thumbs up sign with a smile - we all 14 of us said aloud- ALHAMDULILAH YA BURHANUDDIN MOULA !

This was not all....when we reached Addis Ababa in transit and were waiting in the line for the boarding there came a supervisor and called out BOHRA MOUMINEEN come this way and he took us from the main counter to a side counter and we were served there immediately.

This is all SHAAN OF HUZURALA (TUS).

PROUD TO BE CALLED BOHRA MOUMINEEN

PROUD TO BE A BOHRA MOUMINEEN

Shukur n Ehsaan of Huzurala to grant me Didar Sharaf and to allow me to sit in the Qudum Mubarak in Jame Al Anwar and to grant me Azeem Sharaf of Qadambosi and to perform Buka and Mataam and Ziyarat of Imam Hussein with Huzuralla(TUS) in Misar.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (40)

People whose lives have been touched by the grace of Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin Saheb, TUS, by Mudar Patherya

When a brain operation was actually performed the following morning, the doctor kept up a brave front but privately concised the survival chance at only '1-2 per cent'. Immediately, an araz for shifaa was tendered in Hazarat aaliyah. **Huzurala** responded with a tabassum. No words, just tabassum.

The story fast-tracks to the Urs Mubarak of Syedi Abdulqadir Hakimuddin Saheb on 5 Shawwal. **Huzurala** was present at Sakinabensaab on Charni Road;

Following the ziyafat at the sanatorium, he suddenly asked unprompted: "***Bachcha kahaan chhey?***" The result was that **Huzurala** was ushered into the intensive care unit of the neighboring Saifee Hospital. He proceeded to cabin 505. **Huzuarala yeh maseh farmaavi** on my son, said '***tamey kem chho***' three times and then asked Dr Moiz bhaisaheb to tell my son that his Dai had come to see him.

By this time I had reached the room as well; I was asked to repeat the message to my son, who remained unconscious.

The next day – Jumooa - my son opened his eyes for the first time in months!

For the following four months, my son remained in coma. Intravenous fluid sustained him. When **Huzurala** left for Germany, he pronounced "***Khuda shifaa aapey!***"

In late Mohurram, we took him by ambulance to Burhani Hospital, Surat. Sometime later, we shifted to recreated hospital room at our residence.

Seven months after the accident, Mufaddal moved a leg. Physiotherapy followed. Injections followed. Water was drained from the brain. The following Shehrullah, a year after the accident, Mufaddal was finally administered food through the mouth. The mouth moved. The tongue slurred. The memory faltered. The movement staggered. But the hifz of the quran remained intact.

Kitaabo ma Isa ni maseehi shaan nu bayaan aavey chhey; apna Maula maseehi shaan na saheb chhey; humey Maula ney murda ne zinda karta dekha chhey!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (41)

**Following interview of Mulla Mustafa Nasikwala, Dubai by Sakina Sh Noman
Miyajiwala and Mudar Patherya**

As a member of Burhani Guards I was on duty on the ground floor of the Bani Yas Tower at Nasser Square in Dubai during **Huzurala's** Ashara visit of 1425. **Maula** was attending a ziyafat and a number of mumineen had gathered for a glimpse while he was leaving.

I can still see it clearly: one mumin bhai carrying a seven-year-old girl. When **Maula** emerged, someone submitted an Araz on his behalf: "*Maula, aa dikri bolti nathi.*"

Maula stopped, looked at the girl, placed his right hand on her shoulder and simply said: "*Bol ya Ali!*"No sound.

Maula told her a second time "*Bol ya Ali!*"The girl tried to utter, but again no sound.

The third time, **Maula** said: "*Zor si bol ya Ali!*" By now dozens of people had their eyes trained on the girl, her face, her lips. They opened. She was making an effort. Suddenly, she uttered loudly "*Ya Ali!*"

What I heard next was like some celebration after a goal had been scored in some football final. The crowd roared '**Allaho Akbar!**'

Another person touched, another life liberated. The **Messiah** was on his way.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (42)

Following interview of Bhai Salim Hatim Ganjifrakwala, Vadodara, by Mudar Patherya

I was a Vadodara school principal, the first person to come to school and generally the last to leave. In 1991 at the age of 47, I was struck by an illness and some doctors diagnosed it as influenza while others diagnosed it as a passing viral. My condition worsened to a point where each evening I would struggle to stay awake and breathe normally. Finally, one doctor stated what I had been dreading: 'Beyond cure.'

He directed me to a certain Dr Singhal in Mumbai, reputedly India's finest Neuro physician. Dr Singhal asked me to be tested in a specific Mumbai hospital near Shivaji Park. When the reports came in, he said 'You should thank the Vadodara doctor for the timeliness with which he sent you to me.' Dr Singhal prescribed medication and said, 'Take the medicines as prescribed and keep checking with me on phone whenever you need. But I have some grim news: this disease will only worsen.'

Until 1994-95, this medicine helped; I could at least attend school during normal hours. But thereafter my condition worsened; things came to such a pass that I could not go to school for weeks. This was embarrassing; in my 30 year-career I had never missed school. Things got so bad that Vadodara Neuro physician, Dr Bhaven Upadhyay advised: *Tamein Mumbai jayi ne operation karaavo, havey beju koyi ilaaj nathi.*

At Bombay Hospital I went to Dr Khadilkar (Dr Singhal's student). As per his procedure, he asked me to get a number of tests done prior to the proposed operation. He also added that given that my proposed operation had limited success prospects, was I still interested in going ahead? I nodded yes.

Around that time something else happened. My sister went to **Huzurala (TUS)** for Qadambosi in Mumbai. During her fleeting five-second interaction, she must have blurted '*Bhai ne la-ilaaj problem chhey aney aapni dua-aj bachaavi sakey chhey!*'

Just a formality, given the lingering problem and situation. **Huzurala (TUS)** said something specific, '*Bhai ne kehjo ke fikar na karen, operation nahi thaayi!*'

Nahi thaayi?!

Something interesting happened thereafter. When the test results came in, Dr Khadilkar called me to his room where a number of other junior doctors and interns were present. I was asked to relate my symptoms; thereafter, I found them scanning my reports. Symptoms and reports. They kept going back to the same. After some time, Dr Khadilkar asked me to sit and then spoke: 'We have some news for you. Your operation will not be done.' I asked why. He said, 'All your reports appear clear!'

As a reasonable precaution, the doctor indicated that I should stay on medication for a while before discontinuing altogether. I did precisely that. Thereafter, I lived through my school and professional tenure without complaints.

I can state with conviction: it is only due to **Aqa Maula's (TUS)** timely intervention – only a line spoken with emphasis contrasted with the studious application of a team of doctors - that I am alive today.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (43)

Following interview of Rohit Dodhia, Nairobi, by Mudar Patherya

I am a Jain and my fore fathers are from Jamnagar. We – my wife and I – had been childless for many years and even as there was no medical complication, the general conclusion was that this was on account of stress.

Coincidentally, **His Holiness Dr. Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin Saheb** was in Nairobi in 1984 and our friend Amama Esufali took me to him for dua.

His Holiness asked us to bring two bottles of water and a kilogram of sugar. We went to meet him again the following day. He prayed for us, gave us each a Taaveez to wear and asked my wife to drink the water with three spoonfuls of sugar before brushing her teeth in the morning.

That water and sugar lasted for about three weeks.

My wife conceived in three months!

My daughter is about 24 today. I would dearly like to go back and tell him a grateful ‘thank you’ but he is here for short visits and the programme is so tight that it is difficult to get an audience.

So I think will have to tell him a deeply grateful ‘thank you’ through this interview.

Thank you!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (44)

**Following interview of Shk Shabbir Taheri, Dubai, by Sakina Sh Noman
Miyajiwala and Mudar Patherya**

During one of **Aqa Maula's** various trips to Dubai, Anjuman-e-Najmi arranged an audience of his with a gathering of Arab dignitaries, ambassadors, businessmen and opinion makers.

Aqa Maula went into event detail; he inquired what would be served. I showed **Huzurala** the menu, which included tea, coffee, soft drinks and juice.

Aqa Maula studied the largely foolproof list and then advised, "*Thando cocoa rakho!*"

This triggered a fleeting dilemma; I felt that tea and coffee would be better appreciated; **Huzurala** felt otherwise. How would I tell him? **Huzurala** immediately read my mind. He added: "*Thando cocoa apva ma aasani rehse.*"

The matter ended. **Huzurala's** wisdom struck me only when the programme was over. Had we served the alternative beverages, there would have been innumerable requests for 'A little more sugar or 'Slightly stronger coffee please' or 'Can you get me one without milk?'. This would have stretched us organizationally and we would not have been able to cater to the diverse requests immediately. This could have affected the smoothness of our event management. However, by serving cocoa, we had eliminated the problem completely!

Sometimes when we interact with **Huzurala** at a non-religious level, there could be a latent feeling that we are closer in touch with reality. Make no mistake; the opposite is true!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (45)

**Following narration from LOULOUA MULLA ASGARALY KARIMJY,
MAJUNGA, MADAGASCAR**

Some years ago perhaps in 2007, I think, my sister Nassime ben and her husband Mohammad bhai Jean who are living in Paris, went to London for Deedar and Qadambosi of Aqa Maula (tus).

On the advice of one kidmatguzar of Aqa Maula (tus), they were asked to wait near the house of Maula (tus) as Maula (tus) will arrive after Ziyafat.

They were waiting perhaps for more two hours outside and then Maula (tus) arrived. My sister and her husband were full of emotions when Aqa Maula (tus) went near them, and he asked them from where they are coming; my sister replied " from Paris suburb"; Maula (tus) smiled and before going inside the house, he turned back to tell my brother in law "**God bless u**" !!

Those golden words saved him some days ago, on the 23th July, when he was driving and suddenly he felt dizzy; my sister who was with him totally panicked and as if somebody told her, she forced her husband to go directly to the hospital in emergency service. She can't tell even now as to why she thought immediately to go to emergency unit !!!

After some hours and examinations, they discovered that he had 5 arteries of his heart blocked !!! When surgery was decided, I did Arzi to Aqa Maula (tus) for Shifa Kulli; and the reply came: **Raza and Dua Mubarak** to perform this very serious surgery...

So the surgery was carried out on the 27th July and everything went well without any problem...Now my brother in law is recovering slowly and can walk. The exercises of post surgery have begun and he is now feeling fine.

My brother in law Mohammad was saved thanks purely to those golden words of Aqa Maula (tus) : "**God bless you**" !!!"

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (46)

Following interview of Bhai Murtaza Partapurwala, San Francisco, by Mudar Patherya

Sameena and I married in February 1993, shifted to US in 1998 and were childless for eight years. We consulted many doctors (US and Indian). We visited innumerable fertility clinics. We remained a family of two.

In this interim, my wife had a miscarriage. On medical advice, we injected her with steroids across five painful cycles (needing four injections a day). On medical advice, we backed off when doctors said that we had injected too many. Their conclusion: give the body some rest and return for more treatment in a year.

Treatment. Treatment. Treatment. Medicines. Medicines. Medicines!

Completely dejected. At that time, my family (parents) in India decided to submit an Araz for the attention of **Aqa Maula(TUS)**; **Maulana** gave a tasbeeh to be done regularly. Meanwhile, **Aqa Maula(TUS)** flew to Houston for Eid e Ghadeer in 2001 and I flew in from San Francisco for the Waaz and Dua Mubarak.

We sought time for Qadambosi but Shehzada Malekul-ashtar Bhaisaheb said that since **Maulana** had just recovered from a prolonged illness this would be difficult. When I heard this, I started crying ...I mean, crying as in actual tears. Shehzada saheb asked me to maano **Imam Husain** ni ziyarat, **Syedna Taher Saifuddin Saheb's** ziyarat and invoke **Maulana Mohammed Burhanuddin Saheb's** Vaseela. I did so immediately. That evening we left for San Francisco.

On return, Sameena suggested that we go for a pregnancy check. I didn't think it was necessary. It had been eight years of marriage so one doesn't feel that the averages are on our side. But since she had mentioned it, we went. **Surprise! She had conceived!**

Four months into the pregnancy, my wife called me one evening from her office. Her first words: "We've lost the baby!"

I drove as fast I could, collected her, drove her to hospital ten miles away, she was admitted to the Emergency Room, asked to visit the rest room...and that is when I said this is it. She was bleeding so profusely that her clothes and floor were stained with blood. It was like someone had left the faucet on. With that kind of blood on

the floor and everywhere, I took a deep breath and what can you think in what looks like a hopeless situation... when I actually could, I only **'spoke'** to **Imam Husain(AS)** and **Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin(TUS)** and said *'Tamey maney aa farzand aapu chey, tamej ehni hifaazat karjo'*.

The doctors came half an hour later. One could see the diagnosis on their face. Looked like a clear thumbs down. They suggested ultrasound. It was their way of letting the machines do what they were apprehensive of telling us. And so we went for the scan. And as the doctor put the scanner to the stomach and turned to look at the screen, she was surprised. There was a definite flicker on the screen. **Alive! The baby was kicking!**

Bed rest for three weeks. Baby born premature. Baby healthy. That's cutting a long story short.

When we decided to have our second child, Sameena was unable to conceive. The same old routine: treatment, no result, dejection. We concluded that *agar naseeb ma hase to apne beeju farzand thase*. I didn't submit an Arzi for Dua to **Aqa Maula** because I was a little embarrassed: *Maula yeh ek farzand aapu chhey aney mein beeju mangi rahyo chhu*.

Around that time, **Maulana** visited San Francisco. We were busy with our residential renovation as Shehzada Qaeid Johar Bhaisaheb was to stay at our place. Then *apne Aqa Maula ni ziyafat nu sharaf milu* at a one day notice. Maria Bensaheb asked Sameena *'ke tamne Aqa Maula ne kai arzi nathi karvi?'* Sameena replied *ke aap em araz kariye ke Aqa maula ni dua si ek farzand chey aney beeja farzand ni ummeed chey*. I had no idea of this araz; only later was I told that *Moulana yeh arzi ne haath lagayo*, which I presume was his Dua Mubarak.

Moulana ni safar tamam thayi and within a month Sameena conceived. Our second son was born healthy. I think it was in Yemen that *Maula yeh Dua keedhi hati ke Khuda-taala mumineen na ghar sona ane chandi si bhari naakhe, yeh dua poori thayi* **in the form of our two children!**

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (47)

Following interview of Bhai Taiyebbhai M. Abbasbhai Shafiq, Kingdom of Bahrain

Some 25 years ago, if we wanted to eat fresh fish, we had to go to a river at place called Rander, some 12 km from Surat. I used to go there on my bicycle which took me a good 1.5 hour each way! Invariably the fish would die by the time I came back home.

My Dad asked me to bring a special variety of fish called 'Garyu' which was supposed to live out of water for a longer time than any other fish. I remember going back and forth at least 17 times on different days but had to return empty handed. In my last attempt, my father told me to go with the niyat of presenting hadiyah of this fish to Aqa Mola.

Surprise! This time I could find 7 'Garyu' fish which I gladly bought them all and headed straight to Zaini Bungalow to present them all to Aqa Mola(TUS).

The darban opened the door. I told him that I had come on behalf of my father to Araz this fish to Mola. He brought a big 'Thal' into which I placed my 7 fish...but sadly I saw that none of them were moving! The sight dashed my hopes of presenting this Hadiya to Mola in 'live' state....

After a while, Aqa Mola arrived on a top floor terrace ***'ane fish par Nazer Farmavi ne puchu "tame machi par Bismillah bola?"*** Before I could reply, **all the seven fishes moved altogether...ane Mola ne javab dido! Subhanallah!**

Pachi Mola ye darban ne farmayu, ***"Ander api do ane bappor na jaman ma mara thaal ma mukjo"***

To this day I am unable to forget that pleasant moment...and my memory is as fresh as those fish I presented to Aqa Mola (TUS)!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (48)

Following interview of Mulla Huzefabhai Laheri, Dubai, by Sakina Sh Noman Miyajiwala and Mudar Patherya

As a member of the Burhani Guards Committee I was on a 24-hour duty outside the Daarul Imaarat during **Huzur**'s 58-day Ashara Dubai visit, hijri 1425.

On 1 Safar morning when **Aqa Maula(TUS)** had gone to the Sharjah Masjid for a khushi ni majlis, two BG members were outside the daarul imaat in Dubai and another two were attending to food arrangements. Suddenly, Mudarbhaisaab informed us that Maula would be returning in 15 minutes. We requested for an opportunity for talakki; he consented.

When **Maula** arrived, Janab Kinanabhaisaab alighted from the car, did talakki followed by Mudarbhaisaab, three BG members and myself. I did the talakki from the bungalow gate till the lift inside. In that brief minute, I told **Maula** about all my financial difficulties. **Maula** did not say a word; he looked at me and went inside.

That night I had a dream in which I saw **Maula** in the Qadambosi bethak on the second floor of the Najmi Hall (facing daarul imaat inside the Burhani Masjid complex). I saw myself placed as a volunteer on the left of **Maula**. **Maula** looked at me and indicated I perform the Qadambosi. Since I did not have any money, another BG member handed me an envelope. When I kissed **Maula**'s hand, he merely said '*Raqam kum chhey.*' Then the dream faded.

On the next evening while **Maula** was returning from a Ziyafat, I submitted my arzi of the dream sequence. When **Maula** passed me, he did not even look at the arzi that had been written on the paper; he directly asked if I had got the remaining amount.

Janab Kinanabhaisaab advised me to do salaam of Dh 52. The following day, **Huzur**, while returning from Ziyafat, asked again: '*Raqam laya chhey?*' This time I said '**Jee, Maula**' and he extended his hand and I received the sharaf of Qadambosi while he was walking towards the bungalow.

The amazing thing is that all my difficulties gradually disappeared. I prospered remarkably within a short period and sent 10 mumineen for Kerbala ziyarat and purchased properties in India.

And all it took was one qadambosi!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (49)

Following interview of Bahen Rabab Faizullabhoy, Calcutta, by Mudar Patherya

There have been so many cases of recovery with **Huzurala's shifaa nu paani** that now it is taken for granted.

During my first pregnancy, **Aqa Maula(TUS)** had emphatically told my nervous father that I – then three months pregnant, unwell, pumped with antibiotics and advised medical abortion - would recover. However, with **Aqa Maula's** raza we aborted the child. And yet, he went into detail: Can I get pregnant again? What is my husband's wish?

During my third pregnancy, the **shifaa nu paani** came in timely assistance again. I was diagnosed with jaundice and began to bleed profusely as soon as I had sipped the **paani**. This was faith-testing. The doctors later told me that the miscarriage was a miracle; if the pregnancy had continued (like my first one, which had to be terminated in the fifth month due to a burst appendicitis and other pregnancy) there could have been three horrifying possibilities.

So **Aqa Maula(TUS)** saved my life during two (first and third) pregnancies and bestowed Dua Mubarak for two other smooth pregnancies, the result of which we have two healthy boys today.

I also know of Adnan Tyebbhoy who was a six year old on his death bed in hospital – the doctors could not figure out what was wrong - when he was administered **shifaa nu paani**, the elusive tapeworm came out from his stomach and he recovered dramatically (I was the courier who brought the **paani** straight from Mumbai to the hospital in Calcutta).

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (50)

Following interview of Shk Fakhruddinbhai Amin, Dubai, by Sakina Sh Noman Miyajiwala and Mudar Patherya

What I am about to relate happened between when my grandfather Shaikh Mohammadbhai went for Haj between 1950 and 1960 with **Syedna Taher Saifuddin Saheb (RA)**. Since my grandfather related this at home, this became family lore. The reason why I have ventured to share this publicly is because it happened in my grandfather's presence and can therefore vouch for its veracity.

During that Haj safar, it was arranged for the two Dais to step on the ceiling of the Kaaba. My grandfather was the only muminbhai to be present.

My grandfather clearly recollected **Syedna Taher Saifuddin Saheb (RA)** asking **Syedna Mohammad Burhaniddinn Saheb (TUS)**: "*Beta, apne upar chhey. Qiblo kahaan chhey? Namaaz kahaan parsu?*"

Syedna Mohammad Burhanuddin Saheb replied: "*Hamara qibla to aap chho, Maula!*" and fell in sajdaa at the feet of **Syedna Taher Saifuddin Saheb**.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (51)

Following interview of Mulla Ali Akbar Sh. Hatim Moiyydee, Kingdom of Bahrain

I had a tailoring business in Mombasa, Kenya. I was handling a large order for Madrasa uniforms for which I had to call in extra tailor from India. This man turned out to be dishonest and cheated me which led us into argument. During the heat of the argument, he attacked me with scissors. The shock from the attack made me go into depression and ultimately into coma!

As my condition was not improving for many days, the Mombasa Jamaat informed my family in India who did Araz for Shifa in Hazart Aaliya.

Meanwhile, one Kidmat-guzar placed a photo of Aqa Mola(TUS) near my head.

After 14 days, I recovered from coma and was sent to ICU where I had a minor heart attack. This resulted in my left side getting paralyzed. Moreover, my right hip bone had also been dislocated during the attack...my condition was so severe that I was dead man...only breathing!

My brother again made Araz in Huzur Aala(TUS) for Sifaa-e-Kulli and planned to come to Mombasa within 3-4 days to pick me up for further treatment in India

That night, I looked up at Aqa Mola's photo and cried the whole night saying '***Mola ya to mane Shifa ata karo ya to aa duniya si churavi do!***'

Then early in the morning, I dreamt that Aqa Mola(TUS) came to me and told me, '***Tame ubha thao***'. I said, '***Mola mara si nathi ubhu thavatu***' Then Mola ye farmayu, '***kaha che, tamne kai nathi thayu***' and he did "Masseh" with his hand on my left side from head to toe.

When I woke up, I just got out of my bed and on my feet showing no effect of paralysis!

Dr. Okanga, who is one of the most experienced and famous doctor in Kenya, wrote in his report that he has not seen such a case in his lifetime and this was truly a miracle!

I had recovered so well that I informed my brother not to come to Mombasa and managed to travel alone to India on a wheelchair....

I am convinced that my present life was given to me by Aqa Mola (TUS) for which I shall remain forever grateful and perform millions of Sajadat-us-Shukur.

May Allah Grant Our Beloved Aqa Moula Tus a Very Long,Healthy and Prosperous Life Till the Day of Qayamat. Ameen

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (52)

Following interview of Ummulkeram Mulla Ali Asghar Lehri, Kingdom of Bahrain

My husband had been investing money with one Hindu businessman, Jayesh, on a regular basis. He would in turn share the profits regularly. As time passed, my husband gained confidence on Jayesh and eventually the sum of investment grew into a big amount.

Later, Jayesh's brother Rakesh came along and Jayesh handed over the running of the business to his brother as he had to travel for a few months. Within few weeks we learnt that Rakesh was a dishonest person and has fled the country with all the cash he could collect from various investors including my husbands' hard earned money! Later we also came to know that owing to Rakesh's doings, Jayesh did not wish to return!

I was shattered...as this was all the savings we had in the world!

I immediately took Mannats and recited various Dua's and prayers with the (hopeless) hope of recovering our lost money. Also we did Arzis in Huzur Aala(TUS).

As months passed, our stress and worry of not getting anything back increased. I was confused as to what to do and what not to do. Ayyam-ut-Tabudaat was approaching of Moula's Salgirah Mubarak. I stood in front of Moula's photo frame and said "*Mola, tamej hamara paisa pacha apavso...mane yakeen che...tamari salgirah no khushi no din na ave te pehla tame mane khushi na samachar pohchavso ke hamaro gayelo mal mali gayo..*"

It was the night of 18th Rabi-ul-Akher when Aqa Moula(TUS) mara sapna ma padhara. I did Qadambosi and with tears in my eyes did arzi "*Aqa ap Dua'a karo ke mara sohar na mehnat na paisa pacha mali jaai. " Mola ye farmayu "Dikra ghanu mushkil che."*

I said "*Mola ap chaho to koi kaam mushkil nathi...ap dua'a karo ke hamari mushkil aasan thai*" Then Moula looked up and raised his hands and made dua'a and then looked at me as said "***Khuda tamari mushkil sahel kari aapjo..***" At this point my eyes opened and I sat up in my bed sweating.

Next day, we came to know from a friend that Jayesh has come back to Bahrain! We immediately went to meet him. He said that as this was his brother's doing and he has no involvement in it. But after a long discussion and persuasion, he agreed to return all our money in due course of time!

Eventually we did receive all our money back from him...which is truly a miracle of our Bawa Shafique! Without his vasila, we had surly lost all hope...

Amazingly, after Jayesh re-paid our money, he left Bahrain for good..it was as if Moula had made him come here only for us!

SUBHANALLAH!!

May Allah Grant Our Beloved Aqa Moula Tus a Very Long,Healthy and Prosperous Life Till the Day of Qayamat. Ameen

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (53)

Following interview of Mohammedbhai Calcuttawala, Calcutta, by Mudar Patherya

It was March 2004 and one morning I dreamt that I was in the hazrat of Aqa Maula waiting for qadambosi. When my turn came and I submitted my hand, I was surprised to find that instead of accepting my obeisance, he said: ***“Tari qadambosi ni niyat chey to tu Syedi Mazoon Saheb*** (then in Kolkata for Ashara Mubarak) ***ni qadambosi kar.”***

This was amazing: it had been more than three weeks and I had hardly gone in the hazrat of Syedi Mazoon Saheb. Immediately, I went hurriedly to Syedi Mazoon Saheb *aney aap maro salaam qabul keedho!*

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (54)

**Following interview of Tasneemben Dawoodbhai, Toronto, Canada, by
Mudar Patherya**

Our daughter was born handicapped. She could not use her leg muscles, she could not use her mouth muscles. The result is that she could not walk at all and when she was a month old, she had a food pipe implanted through her throat to her stomach and another from her neck to her windpipe to prevent her from choking if she accidentally swallowed her saliva. One month old!

When she came home for the first time as a baby on 11 March 2004, I saw her choke on her saliva and turn blue. We rushed her to the emergency room.

When she was four months, a surgery was conducted to tighten the esophagus around her stomach so that the food would not come up. Before she went in, I placed a small photograph of **Aqa Maula(TUS)** on her as a talisman and prayed that *'aap mari dikri ne salaamat raakhjo aney laavjo'*.

Six hours later, the doctor emerged to say that Sakina had responded favorably to the surgery; even as there were occasions when she stopped breathing, as if almost dead. The surgery was about to be aborted when 'something' pushed Sakina; the doctor immediately felt he should go for the traditional surgical route (as opposed to the laparoscopic). It worked.

'Worked' is relative. She was functional, she was breathing, she was living. But Sakina was completely crib-ridden, could not walk and need to be assisted in food intake. When you see a lifetime ahead for a sweet little bundle – your own - your heart sinks.

We turned to our only hope. We sent Sakina's medical reports to **Aqa Maula(TUS)** for shifa; he responded with *'dua chhey'*.

In July 2008, my husband went to London for **Huzurala's** dua; he raised Sakina's picture while **Huzurala** was walking; **Huzurala** turned and touched her picture. **Just touched. No more.**

But curiously, her routine problems gradually subsided, giving me the confidence

to actually take her for her first direct sighting.

Sakina flew for the first time on 28th July 2008. It was difficult: she had to be fed through a machine with a breathing pipe; I carried all necessary equipment; I had to take all her special food (nutritional milk) and request the airline for physical and seating allowances.

When I got to Manchester, I took her immediately for Qadambosi. Dr Moiz Bhaisaheb explained Sakina's medical history to **Aqa Maula**; **Maula** heard patiently. He then looked up and exhaled on Sakina. **The next thing I knew was that a sedentary child had started walking independently – no support.** In fact, even this description is factually incorrect; Sakina was running all over the sehn, with me running scared after her for strictly protective reasons. **Within just a minute!**

Maula also gave her a Taweez for wearing (not to be merely pinned to her dress or hand, he clarified) and '*shifaa nu paani*'.

Maula was returning from Manchester the following day and so was I. I wondered.... how nice if we could be on the same train. The next morning when I went to the station an official came and asked if I needed help. I said yes and she made arrangements to put me on the same train as **Aqa Maula**!

Since I had a fair amount of luggage, there was little chance that I would be able to navigate my way to him. But curiously – I am using the word again - throughout the journey, I kept receiving unexpected turns of help from strangers, each one conspiring in assisting me in my 'true journey'.

The result was – and I still don't know how – at one point at the start of the journey, **Maulana** was just two feet from us. I gasped. I stuttered, '*Maula, maari dikri ne shifa aapjo*'. He smiled. He walked on. He knew.

The result is Sakina has to live with two tubes going into her. She is smaller than other babies, a result of having spent the first seven months of her life in a hospital. But she is living. She is relatively normal.

It took one man's breath to ensure that she would continue to have it.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (55)

**Following interview of Bai Saheb Sakina Bai Saheb Qutbuddin, Mumbai, by
Mudar Patherya**

My motabu Ummijaan – real name was Safya Basrai – was very keen that the nikaah of my mamaji – her son - Saifuddin be conducted by **Huzurala Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin Saheb (TUS)**.

So Ummijaan went with her Arzi to Amutullah Aaisaheba so that it could be presented to **Huzurala**. We waited for a few days and then something interesting happened.

There was a baithak at Saifee Mahal and mamaji Saifuddin was standing where the flight of stairs descends from the first floor. **Huzurala** descended the stairs and was passing mamaji by, when he suddenly turned and said: ***“Kaaley, nikaah ni majlis chhey; tu aavjey; main taara nikaah padhees.”***

Immediately, the family set out to prepare for the big occasion and the following day, mamaji’s nikaah was solemnized. Ummijaan was deeply grateful; she went to Amtullah Aaisaheba to express her shukur for her timely intervention. But Amtullah aaisaheb replied: ***“Pan mein to Huzurala ne kehta ekdum bhuli gayi!”***

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (56)

Following information as provided by Esmail Kiranawala, Dubai (UAE)

Date: Sun, 31 Oct 2010

Aqa moula (TUS) hamna Qahera, Misar padhara to "Baabul-futuh" na waha c aapni car pass thai to wahan si koi khushbu awti hati.

Moula ye car rokavi, gadi ma c utra ane sathe shehzada saheb utra ane ek jagah jaha c khushbu awti hati waha huzur ye khodwa nu amar farmayu. Wahan khudai na doraan ek "taakho"niklo.

Moula ye farmayu k aa jagah ma Imaam husain na Raas Mubarak mukaya tha, ane ap ye wahan Zarih Mubarak banawano irado farmayo!

**Khuda aa shan na Moula ni umar sharif ne qayamat lag daraz ane daraz kare
- AAMIN**

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (57)

Following interview of Bahen Mariyam Cementwala, USA, by Mudar Patherya

I have *Retinitis Pigmentosa*, which means that for all practical purposes I am visually handicapped. I just can't see.

Huzurala(TUS) has come into the story of my life on a number of occasions. I wish to share a couple of experiences.

1. **Huzurala** came into my story on 12 January 2000 – my mother's Saalgirah, dad's birthday and my parents' wedding anniversary – when I arranged a small party of friends and relatives in Mumbai to commemorate the coincidence. We generally had a great time.

Since my grandfather is buried in Charni Road, I went there for ziyarat the following day. While there, I was hit in the eye by a nail protruding from a pole. The pain was shooting, the eye had become a ball and we concluded that urgent medical attention would be necessary.

We left for our place in Bandra immediately after. It was a usual taxi journey.... Stray thoughts, silence and sleep.... and then a thought flashed: "Would **Huzurala** have left the Saifee Mahal for the masjid?" I felt it would be prudent to get home first and then submit an Araz for Shifaa; but the next thing I '**saw**' was **Huzurala** on my left. I mean, I was still in the taxi so this was an out-of-body experience. And I submitted "**Aarefo hu wa yaarefoni** (I know him and he knows me)."

Then **Huzurala** said "**Padho!**" and I recited the madeh '*Anjum teri jabhat pe fida par bhi qamar bhi*' followed by a marsiya and then a madeh for **Huzurala**'s tool-ul-umr. Then **Huzurala** said "**Rou**" and I – inspired by the vision of what I was '**seeing**' – wept....literally! Tears and more tears washed down my face. Then **Huzurala** said, "*Tamey khush thayaa?*" Gradually the left eye (hurt) opened and **Maula**'s image faded.....!

"Dad!" I turned hysterical, I exclaimed, "My eye! My eye! Look at my eye! The pain is milder. The swelling...the swelling, it's gone!" Dad directed: "*Gaari ghumaao. Chalo Bhendi Bazar!*"

We told Shehzada Malek-ul-ashtar bhaisaheb the sequence. He asked us to wait at a specific point inside Raudat Tahera. **Huzurala** arrived. He saw me standing. He came close. I '**saw**' his presence. I felt his breath across my face. Then he said, "*Kaaley tamaari maut likhi hati pun tamey tamaara maa-baap ne ghana khush keedha aney beeja logo ni bhi dua leedhi. Tamaari maut tali gayi.*"

2. In 2003, I was invited to Palestine and Israel for human rights research on the condition of women Palestinian prisoners. I was strongly advised against; political observers said the place had become too dangerous; my parents said that it would be risky.

Aamil saheb said it would be futile even putting in an Arzi; the reports were of frequent bombings. We went ahead regardless, asked **Huzurala** and promptly came the reply "**Raza chhey!**" **The research went off like a dream!**

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (58)

Following interview of Tasneemben Palanpurwala by Mudar Patherya

Date -Tue, 2010-07-06

Several years ago, my father (Shaikh Tayebali Davoodbhoy, then in the khidmat of the Daawat) was flying from Bombay on official work. He had left home for the Santa Cruz airport when we received an urgent call from Saifee Mahal enquiring if dad had left. We said he had. The person hung up.

An hour or so later, my father returned home. What happened? Did he miss the flight? He replied that when he reached the airport, there was a Miyasaab waiting for him with a directive from **Huzur**(TUS) asking him not to take the flight. My father obeyed, did not show up for the flight and returned. The next day, the newspapers were full of the headline that **the flight that my father supposed to have taken had crashed!**

There is another instance that is a part of our family lore. My father suffered a series of massive heart attacks and was admitted in the ICU of a Bombay hospital. At one point, doctors confessed that they would not be able to save him. At that very moment, we received a call in the hospital. The voice at the other end asked, "**Aqa Maula** is asking that how is Shaikh Tayebali at this moment." We conveyed the grim news.

In a short while, Shehzada Mufaddal Bhaisaheb had arrived at the ICU. The doctors told him that they had tried their best in vain. Suddenly, Shehzada saheb said in a loud voice: "*Shaikh Tayebali, maney tamara Dai Syedna Mohamad Burhanuddin Saheb ye mokla chhey! Tamara waaste ehnu paigam chhey! Suno chho?!"*

This is what happened thereafter: a few seconds later, my father opened his eyes, looked up and lifted his head from the pillow.

Simple (and yet not to so simple) words had done where repeated shock treatments had failed. Thereafter, Shehzada saheb conveyed **Aqa Maula's** kalaam that "*Shaikh Tayebali ne kaho ke eh paacha Badri Mahal (his workplace) aavse!"*

And so it was!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (59)

Following interview of Bahen Shirin Tyebbhoy, Calcutta, by Mudar Patherya

Date: Sat, 31-07-2010

My sister Tasneem was 35 with two young children when the doctors conducted a test on her and came up with the conclusion: leukemia.

Leukemia. If you had to find a synonym for this disease in the mid-Seventies, then the nearest you came to was 'hopeless'. It indicated a painful journey towards an inevitable end. It indicated hospital visit after visit. It indicated needles and pipes thrust into a body. It indicated rising expenses. It indicated declining health.

So when we heard the dreaded L word, we wept. It is still relatively easy to reconcile with the death of an elder, but someone your age? Your sibling? Especially when you are in your thirties?

So as was usual – actually, still is – in the Surat of the mid-Seventies, all problems, big or small, ended up at the doorstep of the **Dai** of our times. **Maulana** patiently heard the arzis; he looked up when my brother and brother-in-law relayed what the doctors had said about '*ummeed natthi*'; he quietly said what proved to be the most defining observation on the terminal illness "**Doctor kai khuda natthi**'.

The result was that **Huzurala** gave them *shifaa nu paani* with *saakar* with the insistence that "**keh jo ke roj paani le. Ek bhi divas no naagho na thaai!**" and each time they would go for qadambosi, **Huzurala** would ask "**Tabiyat kem chhey havey? Paani to roj layi chhey ne?**"

Two years of treatment passed. Finally, the doctors said that if my sister was to be saved, she would need a transfusion. Their recommendation: some of the best clinics in America. Since this was turning out way too expensive so we submitted an arzi to **Huzurala**. He asked us to arrange everything first and then return. So we decided on the next preferred alternative – London. When we went to **Huzurala** for permission, the *jawaab* was immediate: "**Raza chhey!**"

All sisters went to Mumbai to get our bone marrows checked for compatibility; mine was the nearest, so I accompanied Tasneem to London for her treatment. The doctors gave her a 50% chance of surviving; some doctors said the treatment could well be traumatic as Tasneem would lose her hair in addition to other side-effects; some said that the pain itself would be so debilitating that she would be completely drained midway. Tasneem was undaunted; if we have **Huzurala's** dua, she said, then why worry.

The treatment began. Tasneem devised a way of secreting the *shifa nu paani* and *saakar* in the sterilization room so that she could have it everyday. And each time she was wheeled out of the radiation room she would be smiling.

The result is that Tasneem survived and from what at one point seemed a hopeless case, she is still living with us today, has grandchildren and has lived the last 30-odd years of her life with relatively no medication.

And the turning point was when Huzurala looked my brother and brother in law in the eye and said, "Doctor kai khuda natthi!"

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (60)

Following interview of marhoom (late) Shaikh Tyebali Davoodbhoy, Mumbai, by Mudar Patherya

Date: Wed, 18-08-2010

I was fortunate to travel as part of **Huzurala**'s entourage across many lands. One anecdote stands out. We were in Nairobi some time in the Eighties and Huzurala was giving an audience to a number of non-mumineen. During the course of the interaction, I noticed one well-built guest suddenly get up and leave with a sense of urgency. I was standing next to **Huzurala**; he turned and asked me to accompany the guest to the door.

I did. In fact, during the brief period of accompanying the gentleman, I ushered him to the adjoining area for refreshments. He agreed. We started talking of this and that; he explained that he was an accomplished yoga trainer. Then after he had warmed up, he told me the reason behind his abrupt departure. "I am trained in sensing auras, which is the field of energy that surrounds out bodies," he said. "I was drawn towards your religious leader because he has a strong aura, but it is only after sitting in the audience did I realize what a strong aura it was. In fact, my leaving was not as much a voluntary exit as much as the fact that my aura was irresistibly blinded by the aura emanating from your **leader**'s presence. I couldn't take it; I just had to leave."

I thought about this exchange for years. And while most people will be awestruck by what the yoga master said – justifiably – I have more than a sneaking feeling that **Huzurala** knew exactly why he had left and therefore politely asked me to interact with him.

Over the years, there were a number of similar experiences with **Huzurala**; a number of school children would have come to him for qadambosi and he would suddenly stop at the 139th child and ask "*Taarun naam su*", only to be told of some obscure name that **Huzurala** would be inclined to change.

To be in the presence of **Huzurala**, one can be inspired, one can be awed, one can be dazzled. However, in my humble opinion, I have never ceased to feel completely inadequate. I mean, I may be a reasonable legal man and you may be a reasonable writer but my conclusion is that he is all of us - and more.

This is my humble understanding of **Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin Saheb (TUS)**.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (61)

Following narration of Bahen Fatema Ali Kader Ali – Kingdom of Bahrain

Date: Sat, 18-12-2010

I was in Yemen (Sep 2010) on the day of the Iftetah of Roza and Masjid Mubarak of Syedna Idress Imamuddin Saheb.

We arrived at Mount Shibam by 7:30am and Huzurala was expected to arrive by 11:30 am. All those hours from 7:30am - 1:30 pm, we faced the direct heat rays from the sun resulting in sunburns. We could not dare to move out of our umbrellas.

When Aqa Moula (TUS) arrived, it was just then, to our amazement, we saw the clouds in rushing in an astonishing speed, from left and right, to protect Moula from the harsh Sun!

It was just then that we could leave our umbrellas aside and do the deedar mubarak under the coolness provided by the clouds.

When Huzurala (TUS) went inside the Roza Mubarak, all the clouds disappeared and once again we came under the glaring heat of the sun.

But lo!, when Aqa Moula (TUS) came out of Roza mubarak to give his vada deedar, **the clouds again rushed in to shade Huzurala (TUS)**, and again we were able to do the deedar in peace and cool!

This was all too divine. If it would have taken place just once, one could just put it in a way of a happening but when history repeats then there is something much-much beyond just happenings.

I later learned that even Rasulallah (S.A.W) possessed the same SHAAN, as clouds gave him protection from the sun too. Subhanallah!

Though it is difficult for me to express my feelings in words, but I'm sure everyone could understand the deep feeling of peace, trust, love, satisfaction and shukur that must have passed thru me at that time. My Sajada-tus- Shukur to The Almighty Allah (S.W.T.) to have blessed us Mumins with the Saya Mubarak of Aqa Moula (TUS).

May Allah Grant Our Beloved Aqa Moula (Tus) a Very Long, Healthy and Prosperous Life Till the Day of Qayamat. Ameen

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (62)

Interview of Shaikh Shabbir M. Qutubali Ameen, Toronto, by Mudar Patherya

Date: Fri, 27-08-2010

Teheran, February 1979. It is the kind of month that comes but once in a lifetime. The month the modern Islamic political history transformed.

My family saw this revolution first-hand. Two months later we proceeded to Karbala; from there my wife left for India and I returned to Teheran. Not for long. As expatriates started trooping out of Iran, my employer MML (now KPMG) asked me to conclude the remaining audit assignments and exit to Thomson McLintock, London.

So on 10th September 1979 (18th Ramadan), I took a Japan Air Lines flight via Karachi to Bombay. As I re boarded during the Karachi stopover at an unearthly 12:30am, I saw something that got me suddenly wide awake: sitting in First Class just ten feet away was **Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin Saheb with Bu Saheba!** Just the two of them..... Alone.

My instant internal prompting: Present myself to **Huzurala** with a mumbled introduction.

My second prompting: Escape (suited-booted, clean shaven, no topi).

Option one prevailed.

I extracted a well-wiped handkerchief, covered my head, produced some obscure currency, dropped to the floor and extended a tentative hand. **Huzurala's** first reaction on seeing this unusual response: *"Bhai, tamey kaun chho? Tame yahan si aa plane ma besa chho?"*

I narrated my recent history in a breathless sentence: Ayatollah, Shah of Iran, chaos, flight of capital, JAL flight. Strange spectacle: one suited passenger at the knees of another, half-blocking the aisle, with a handkerchief barely covering his head, launched on an animated geo-political commentary of the region.

Huzurala was concerned. *“Iran ma kitla mumineen rahey chhe? Koi ne kai takleef to natthi thayi? Sagla amaan ma chhe? Hamna kahaan chhe?”*

Thereafter, with *karam, ehsaan and shafaqat*, he asked in a soft voice if I would open the cabin bag locker for him, give him his *topi* and put his *paagdi* in its place. This done, **Huzurala** asked me to pick the *hafti* from his bag and give it to him.

The fingers trembled, the eyes misted. I must have repeated *“London jaaoon chhu, career waastey.”* **Huzurala** responded, *“Saifee Mahal aavi ne raza lejo”*.

In Bombay, it took me two months to arrange my British work permit and visa. I booked to fly to London on 1st December 1979. With three days left for the flight, I finally decided to go to Saifee Mahal to seek **Huzurala’s** Raza Mubarak. Tragedy: could not enter Saifee Mahal. Second day: could not enter Saifee Mahal. Third day (day of my flight): managed to enter Saifee Mahal.

Minutes before the *bethak* ended, the late Miyasaheb Shaikh Yusufbhai Rampurawala took me by hand into the presence of **Huzurala** (surrounded by hundreds of mumineen). Someone was yelling ‘*Maula, bawaji ni tabeeyat achhci nathi, shifaa thaayi.*’ Another was pleading ‘*Bachcha exam ma pass thaayi, dua karo Maula!*’ A third from a different direction would be petitioning ‘*Bairo haamela chhey! Naam ni araz!*’

I waited for a lull. But before I could utter a single word, **Huzurala** suddenly turned in my direction and before I could even jog his memory about a JAL flight in September, about how a clean shaven *adna moomin* had collapsed on his feet and about how he had asked me to come to Saifee Mahal, **Huzurala** said emphatically, *“Tamne London java ni raza chhe!”*

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (63)

Following as narrated by Bhai Zoher Doctor, Baroda, India

Date: Sat, 26 Dec. 2010

I have had the experience of the divine being of Huzur-e-Aala (TUS) in my life, which whenever I recall, I just can't believe it happened to me.

Some years ago, I was in need of some funds in my business. I gathered all my resources and was able to come up with 95% of the required fund. This is where I got stuck and was unable to gather the balance 5%.

Banks were ready to finance but I did not want to fall into the interest trap. No other way was available and if I couldn't organize the full amount in time, I would face heavy loss in my business.

Finally I thought of only one way – **I stood in front of Aqa Moula's Photo in my room and asked him for his help, guidance, way out.**

During a tea break, one of my non muslim friend joined me for a cup of tea. When he saw some stress on my face, he asked me the reason. At first I didn't reply him, but when he asked again, I narrated my problem. To my surprise, he told me that he had some amount at home which he does not need for couple of months, so he can lend it to me!

I conveyed that I would not be in position to pay him any interest. (as I knew this person as being very calculative) To my surprise, he agreed to the terms and even said "I don't know why, but I feel like helping you"

This is truly a Mojeza of His Holiness Sayedna Mohd Burhanuddin (TUS)! This verily proves to us his call that we hear in his Bayans, "**Mumineen tamy jivare mane yaad karso to main tamri madad vaste zaroor haazir thais.**"

Khuda T'alla ava Shaan na Moula ne ta qayamat baaki ane baaki raakhe...Aameen!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (64)

Following as narrated by Bhai Muder Ezzi, Poona - India

Date: Saturday, December 25, 2010

An aged mumin man from Poona, was operated upon, in a Bombay hospital, in the year 1974.

The team of doctors that was present in the operation theatre, included the eminent Dr. Bahrainwala, a well known surgeon of Bombay. The moment the Doctors made an incision in the stomach, they decided immediately to stitch it up, as they unanimously concurred, that, Cancer had spread widely and it did not require any laboratory tests to confirm this. It was visible to the naked eye.

The Doctors gave the mumin bhai between 6 days to a maximum of 6 weeks. Case closed.

The Report was presented in Aqa Maula(tus), and Maula decided, that it **WAS NOT CANCER**. The doctors were baffled & some of them bemused. This was an open & shut case. The Doctors were plain confident of their diagnosis & nothing on earth could alter their view. How could Maula say this was not Cancer?

Then a few days later Aqa Maula decided to come to the hospital. In the early morning, Maula came with Ali Qadr Shahzada Saheb Mufaddal Bhai Saheb, and asked the mumin, how he was. Maula gave sharaf of qadambosi to this dying man, and asked Shahzada Saheb to take misaq. (Sounds absolutely like a dream)

A few days after this, all of a sudden, because of acute cough, all the stitches, of the patient, opened up, and inner portions of the stomach began spilling out. It appeared that the end had come early. The doctors rushed him into emergency, and began stitching up. In this process they decided to remove a tissue, to send it for diagnosis to the Tata Cancer Research Institute. They only wanted to prove themselves right, I assume.

Well, you can all guess, what the report turned out to be: "**NO MALIGNANCY.**"

Ask this to Dr. Bahrainwala, and his eyes will be moist, as he remembers this as clearly as daylight. The aged mumin lived for **13 more years** & died in Poona , of old age.

Maula prayed namaaz on the Janaza. Befitting, as after all, Maula had given him, this fresh lease of life. This aged mumin was my own grandfather Sh. Nomanbhai.

I am sure all of us must have seen & heard of so many moajezas, and that is why the spontaneous 'Ameen', whenever we pray, that, May Allah grant, our **Tabib-e-Ruhani**, our beloved **MASIH**, a long long life.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (65)

**Following incident as narrated by Shirinben Mulla Qureshbhai,
Karachi - Pakistan**

Date: Wed, 5 Jan 2011

This incident took place in 1977 in Karachi, when I was there for the new Misaak majlis. I was 12 years old at the time Like always there were lots of people who were waiting for a chance of Qadambosi and like the others so was I.

Moula(TUS)had been present for almost 14 hours in the Bethak , therefore the chance of doing an aarzi was acute.

The entire time I was waiting in the line, my niyat was to get a chance to make a small aarzi to Moula(TUS) about my problem of not being able to speak clearly.

After a long wait, I got my chance. Moula asked for my name and I answered by saying “*Moula mai totlaau choo*”. Moula(TUS) asked me three times and each time I gave the same answer “*Moula mai totlaau choo.*”

I thought moula(TUS) couldn't understand what I was saying since most of the people around me had a hard time understanding as well. During the entire time, Moula had held my hand.

One of the Shezadi saheba took me to one side and told me “ *Moula tamaru naam poochay chay, tamai tamaru naam batawo.*”

Before I could say anything Moula (TUS) said three times -“*Ajsi tamaru naam Shirin che*”

When I reached home and spoke, my entire family was surprised as I had spoken clearly without me having to repeat!

It is certainly due to our Bawa Shafiq that now I have the ability to speak clearly. I do not have words to express how grateful I am till this day.

May our Aqa Moula (TUS) be granted a long healthy life till the day of Qayamat – Ameen !

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (66)

Interview with Shaikh Mustafa Ezzi, Mombasa, by Mudar Patherya

Date: Fri, 03-09-2010

We were married for six years and childless. The prognosis: blocked fallopian tubes.

I will not sound cocky that I always believed that a divine solution was round the corner; there were moments of silence when I saw life stretching slowly across the decades when all I would have for conversation is a wife and walls.

So we did what most would do in our place: seek Huzurala's intercession (then in Dar es Salam). And since we knew that he would first ask for a medical report, we went armed.

First to Shahzada Dr Idrees, who we felt would comprehend the medical grimness of the case and present it appropriately to Huzurala. Dr Idrees patiently heard what we had to say; he patiently saw what we had to present. Then he slowly wrote on the papers: "**Operation zaroori chhey.**"

Thereafter, we went to Huzurala. Huzurala heard us. Then pronounced: "**Operation waastey London jao!**" We – husband and wife – returned to Mombasa. We did our homework. We shook our heads. The fee of 2500 pounds was beyond our means. So rather than say forget it, we felt that we would show our papers to another doctor in Kenya, check if she would consent to doing the operation at a lower cost and then go with this overall arrangement to Huzurala in Nairobi for his endorsement.

We did. We re-presented the case to Huzurala and ironically when we should have both been requesting for dua for a child, we found ourselves entreating (hilariously in retrospect): "*Maula, aaap dua karo ke operation no kharcho kam thaayi!*"

Back in Mombasa, the doctor we were consulting indicated that she would soon be leaving for London and it might be reasonable for us to get a last test done before she left. It was a Friday between 2:30 and 3 pm, the test was done, the doctor went inside to get the report but the person who came out was most un-doctor like. She was jumping! "Look! Look!" she exclaimed pointing to the report. "The fallopian tubes are open!"

For a couple quite reconciled to blocked tubes at one point, we now have four children and our eldest (25) is a full-fledged doctor. For a middle-class couple who had spent thousands in tests, diagnoses and consultation fees leading to the confession that we couldn't afford an expensive medical intervention, we spent no more than the Kenyan equivalent of Rs 1000 thereafter – in exchange for four children and no medical complications!

Every one of us communicates person to person; Huzurala (TUS) communicates person to organs!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (67)

This is a story about a small boy from Kuwait, Mustafa M Abdulmuttalib Gadiwala.

The ways of Allah are unfathomable. Allah's noor is manifest in Allah's Dai Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin TUS. The miracles and mojizaa of Maula are also intriguing and full of inspiration. They are unique in every sense. Inimitable and incomprehensible.

He has not even reached his eleventh year, yet he has witnessed and experienced the power of Maula"s mojiza.

In one good occasion on a bright sunny day when he was fortunate to accompany his father for waajebat bethak in Mumbai in 1427H, something uneventful happened. This is when he was hardly six years old.

In the hall there was an electric lamp and by accident Mustafa unknowingly and inadvertently caught hold of a live electric wire."The electric shock was so intense that I was thrown away a few feet from the lamp. This accident had such powerful impact that it might have had dire and fatal consequences.

It was purely Aqa Maula's dua mubarak that saved my life. "He says:"I deeply felt that it was indeed Maula's mojiza that could have saved me from unspeakable peril."

However this accident had a toll on his vulnerable little body. His little finger was benumbed at that very instant. A doctor attending him at the spot said, "This is just a small injury. Do not worry about it"

Small it was, but it entailed big difficulties.The little finger got bent by the electric shock and the injury and damage seemed to be permanent. There was no remedy or immediate relief.

Mustafa says with a tear in his eyes: "My parents got worried. It was painful for them to see their little child with such a disturbing complication. "They

continuously prayed, invoking Maula's waseela to get relief from this soul aching sight.

This year (1432H) they came to Mumbai , to avail the barakat of Ashara Mubaraka. During the Waaz Iqtibasaat Talakki Majlis, by the nazaraat of Aqa Maula TUS, Mustafa had the opportunity to narrate this episode to mumineen and about Maula's shafaqat. On 12th of Muharram he was fortunately bestowed with sharaf of Maula's Qadambosi. Janab Syedi Badrul Jamali Bhaisaheb specially did arz to Aqa Maula TUS about Mustafa's mishap, and showed his finger to Aqa Maula.

Maula with utmost compassion and shafaqat prayed for him with shifaa, and also laid upon Mustafa's hands his qadam mubarak, and directed his parents to refer the case to orthopedic Doctor In Saifee Hospital.

The doctor suggested that this injury will not be rectified only by physiotherapy exercise nonetheless it requires a surgery. The parents made arz to Aqa Maula and Maula gave **Razaa Mubarak** for the operation which was 100 percent successful.

So even the little scar that had left behind in Mustafa's body and the grief in the heart of Mustafa and his family had been finally healed. The irreparable damage and the permanenet injury which was looming for 5 years was finally healed by the **nazaraat and shafaqat** of Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin TUS.

The only words that Mustafa can utter today to pay his obeisance to Maula and express his deep gratitude is: "*Mai Maula Nu shukr kewi tarah adaa karuu. Maula ne Allah Ta'ala qayamat na deen lag baaqi raakhe.*"

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (68)

Following as narrated by Bahen RASHIDA SHABBIR TOTANAWALA, Dubai - UAE

Date: 9 January 2011

I WENT TO PERFORM UMRA FROM DUBAI IN 1992 WITH AQUAMOULA. DURING MY SAFAR, I LOST MY PURSE WHICH CONTAINED MY PASSPORT, DOLLORS AND MOULA'S SHIFA NI BADAM ETC. IN MASJID AL NABAVI.

I WAS SO MUCH TENSED THAT I WAS CRYING ALL THROUGH. THEN ONE OF MY GROUP MEMBERS SUGGESTED TO DO ARAZ TO MOULA.

WHEN I DID THE ARZI, MOULA STOOD AND HEARD MY ARAZ AND SMILINGLY REPLIED "NAZRUL MAKAM MANO INSHA ALLAH MALI JASE."

ON HEARING THIS, I FELT SO RELAXED! THE SAME EVENING, MY GROUP MEMBERS WENT TO CHECK IN THE POLICE STATION AND SURPRISINGLY THEY SAID THEY HAD FOUND A PURSE!

WHEN I WENT THERE TO CHECK, IT WAS SURELY MY PURSE!

I AM SO GRATEFUL TO MY BELOVED AQUA MOULA FOR HIS KARAM & ESHNIYAT ON ME.

THE NEXT DAY WHEN I STOOD FOR DEEDAR AFTER MAGRIB NAMAZ IN FAIZ, I LOUDLY ADDRESSED "MOULA AAP NI DUA SI I FOUND MY PURSE" MOULA STOOD AND ASKED IF EVERY THING IN IT WAS OK, IF NOT PLS HELP HER. I REPLIED "MOULA BADHU INTACT HATU." MOULA MUSKURAWI ANE LIFT MA PADHARI GAYA.

MAY ALLAH GIVE LONG AND HEALTHY LITE TO OUR BELOVED AQUA MOULA TA KAYAMAT AMEEN.....AMEEN.....AMEEN

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (69)

Following as narrated by Bahen Alifyah Darukhanawala, Mumbai - India

Date: Mon, Jan 17, 2011

This event dates back to 2002 when I had conceived twins. My husband and I were delighted and were hoping for a girl and a boy to complete our little family. However, destiny had a harsh blow in store for us. I delivered a premature boy, (the girl was lost earlier through a miscarriage) and lost him twenty two hours later.

That year Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin TUS was in Matheran. My husband Shabbir and I hurried there for Arzi for Dua for farzand.

AQA MOULA (TUS) YE DUA MUBARAK FARMAVI

Later, we went to Karbala Moalla and prayed to Aqa Hussain (AS) for 'farzand-ni-Daulat'

I conceived in 2004. With the niyat of getting a healthy farzand this time, **I prayed Innafatahna of Aqa Moula every single day of my pregnancy.**

Aqa Moula (TUS) was in Bombay for Milad Mubarak and to our delight, I was due on the day of his Milad Mubarak!

On the 18th, Moula Rozat maa padharaa hathaa. Jivaare Ziyaarat karine Saifee Mahal padharaa, hamey Saifee Mahal na baahar deedar karvaane khadaa hatha. Moula ni gaadi pass thai aney main ye mara mann maa dua kidi, "*Moula, Farzand aapna Milad par thai.*" And did niyat for a bay girl, as I had dreamt earlier of Moula giving me a baby girl in my hands. At that moment, **Moula turn thai ne mane salaami aapi.** I was overwhelmed!

I was convinced then that for a Mumin, Dua Mustajaaab lies in the Deedar and Valaayat of Dai Zamaan. I'd say, heaven lies in the Deedar of Aqa Burhanuddin (TUS).

On the Milad night, I was rushed to Masinaa Hospital where I gave birth to a beautiful baby boy at 7.45 am - 20th Rabiul Akhar. What other name could this blessed one have...of course Moula named him Husain, as we had asked Imam Husain for farzand!

Yahaan Imam Hussian (AS) ni azeem shaan and Aqua Burhanuddin ni dua ni asar no moajezo jovai che.

Five years later, on 12th Rabiul Awwal (Milad-un-Nabi), Allah blessed us with a baby girl Khadija. Khadija is the girl child in my house after a long gap of 70 years.

The best part is both my kids look like twins and both (by the Dua Mubarak of Aqua Moula) are Milad children! One marks the beginning of Ta'abudat while the other basks in the happiness of Milad Mubarak.

***Aqa Moula ni dua maa je barakat che aaje mara ghar maa gunjee rahi che.
Mara beve twins je khoyaa hathaa, Moula TUS ye pacha aapi deeda.***

Have a look at their photo and you will be astonished.



Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (70)

Following as narrated by Mustansirbhai S. Bagasrawala – Kingdom of Bahrain

Date: Friday, 27 January 2011

Ek varas pehla mane pet ma ghani takleef rehti hati. Ghani var alag-alag doctors pase checkup karavu pan koi barabar diagnose ya to elaj na kari saka.

Ek divas ghanu vadhare pain thava thi mane local hospital ma admit karyo. Muharram-ul-Haram ni pehli raat hati. Te rate main khoob royo ane Aqa Hussain (AS) ane Aqa Moula si fariyad kidi ke 'Moula, main ek Zakir-e-Hussain chu to main kevi rite Imam Hussain ni majlis ma java thi mehrum rahu!' Moula, ap hamesha farmavo cho ke 'Mane yaad karo, to main hazir chu.'

'To Moula ap mari mushkil asaan karo ne mane evi shifa ata farmavo ke me Hussain ni majlis ma shamil thai saku..' Aa rite araz karta, mari ankh lagi gai. Rate 1.30 vage ek doctor mara pase aya and mane tapasva laga and mane kahyu ke aa to mamuli takleef che ane ghabrava ni koi jaroorat nathi, main savare pachho avis ane tamaro elaj kari apis.

Savare 7 vage e doctor aya ane mara pet ma thi 1.5 jug jetlu green color nu pani nikalu and medicines api. Mane kahyu ke agar tame chaho to ghare jai sako cho. Thoda kalak pachi mane ekdam tandrusti mehsus thava lagi ane bapore 2 vage to mane discharge kari nakho!

Main triji rate khushi na sathe masjid ma jai sako ane Gam-e-Hussain kari sako!

Te din si aj lag, main bilkul normal feel karu chu ane Aqa Moula (TUS) na shukur na sajdao bajavi rahyo chu...

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (71)

Following as narrated by Khozema Abdulhusain Dilawer, State of Qatar.

Date: Friday, 07 January 2011

Shukr naa sajadaat Aqa Maula (TUS) ni hajrat maa pesh karu chu ane emni dua mubarak ni barakaat si maara jeevan ni haqiqat bayan karu chu.

I was working as Financial Analyst in Kuwait since December 1992.

However, I was bit frustrated in my job and decided to quit and open up my own office as Business & Management Consultant on 2 May 2003. With the Dua Mubarak of Aqa Maula (TUS), I started very well with lots of jobs in hand.

However due to limited resources I could not recruit people to manage things properly so I had to give sub-contracts, who did not render proper service to my Clients. As a result, I got worried and started denying new jobs which ultimately led me into depression in May 2004, exactly a year after I started this business.

Seeing my condition getting worse, my wife with help of my friends, sold off all our belongings and left Kuwait for good to settle in Mumbai at my flat in Mira Road. On reaching there, I took up a corner in my flat and went into severe depression.

As I was not earning, I could not pay my Wajebaat and always felt guilty in my heart. Somehow, I wanted to go to Aqa Maula (TUS). With the Raza Mubarak of Aqa Maula (TUS), I started my Pyschiatric Treatment with very well known Doctor in our Community and a Dean at J.J. Hospital in Mumbai.

Later, one of my family friend, who is an Advocate and handles cases of Kasre Aaali, made special arrangements for me to do Qadambosi at Saifee Mahal ,sometime during the year 2005.

This way I got the Azeem sharaf of doing Qadambosi and to pay my Wajebaat & Nazrulumkam in the hands of Aqa Maula (TUS)!

Immediately the next day, there was a Ziyafat of Caterer's in Mumbai in Evane Husaini Hall. One of my Uncle, who is the well known caterer in Mumbai, gave me his pass to perform **Qadambosi once again - along with a Sharaf of performing Talaqqi!**

These two days changed my whole life. I woke up from a dream!

Earlier

- I was in depression for One Year.

- I had no money left as I was unemployed.
- I was in debt.
- My wife left me as we had a fight.
- I was all alone, still weak, physically.

Now, with the Sharaf bestowed upon me by our beloved Aqa Maula (TUS).

- He gave me Shifa (With this I got my physical and mental health back in place)
- I was 44 then, but he made me young by giving me energy of a 25 year old.
- He made my client send me my outstanding money from Kuwait, who personally came down to Mumbai.
- He gave me help through my very good friend in Kuwait (A Mumin Brother) and Dubai (A Christian), financially.
- He gave me Raza Mubarak and Name to start a coaching class in Mira Road.

I started my coaching classes 1st January 2006, but in Sept 2006, went back to Kuwait to resettle there. My very good friend and his family in Kuwait took care of me for Four Months without taking any money. But I was unable to get a regular job there and ultimately managed to get a top class job as Financial Manager in Qatar on 1-June 2008 and still continuing to work here to date.

I wish to end by a Shayri I wrote after recovering from my depression:

Ek Mohammed woh thay jo apne Nabi Bane....!

Ek Mohammed yeah hai jo apne Wali Bane...!

Kitne pyar se woh kehte hai humko.....

Mein Tumhari Maa bhi hoon, Mein Tumhara Bawa bhi hoon,

Oh mere mumineen, kya gam hai tumko...jab mein tumhara rakhwala bhi hoon,

Uss Mohammed ko nahi dekha toh kya gam hai?

Yeah Mohammad uss Mohammed se kya kuch kam hai?!

Skukr Alhamdolillah e rabbil alamin!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (72)

**Following as narrated by Bahen Rashida Shabbir Hussain Totanawala, Dubai,
UAE.**

Date: Wednesday, 26 January 2011

Maru Gharbha ma operation karavanu hatu, tesi Huzur-e-Aala (TUS) ma Raza ane Dua'a Mubarak mate Arzi kari hati. Operation date avi gai pan Moula no koi Jawab na malo. Mara shohar, Shabbir ye kahyu ke Moula no Vasilo laiye ane operation karavi nakhye, Inshaallah saglu theek thai jaase.

Abu Dhabi ni hospital ma operation thayu and kamiyaab pan thayu. Bija din savare mai full hosh ma hati ane Moula mara natzeek padhara ane mara pura badan par Shifa'a ni Phoonk naakhi. Thoda arsa pachi joyu to room ma koi nohtu!

Te baad jivare Doctor ehna round par check karva aya to kahyu ke a patient to bilkul theek che ane emne discharge kari do!

Aa haqikatan Aqa Moula no Mojezo che jena sabab mane etli jald shifa'a thai gai....

MAY ALLAH TA'ALAA GRANT OUR BELOVED AQA MOULA LONG LIFE TA KAYAMT
WITH SHEYAT AND AFIYAT AMEEN.....AMEEN.....AMEEN

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (73)

Following as narrated by Fakhruddinbhai Asger Ali – Udaipur, India

Date: Wednesday, 28 January 2011

Karib 10 varas pehla mara mummy ne paralysis no strong attack ayo hato. At that time I was in Kuwait so my younger sister took her to hospital but doctors there were unable to treat for this kind of paralysis because it had affected her food pipe and it had chocked. My mother could not even drink one sip of water!

As I was unable to obtain permission for leave from my company immediately, my sister took mummy to the nearest city, Ahmedabad, to Rajasthan Hospital. But here also they said *“a case yahan nai theek thasay kem key tamara mummy ney khawa ni nali per paralysis che, to eno elaj yahna nathi thato, to tamey koi bijji hospital ma lai jao.”*

Mari sister akeli hati ane ghabrayi gai ke hawey mamma ney kahan lai jaiyeh! Jiyare koi mushkil ave to sirf moula yaad ave....moula bachwi lo....aa mushkil ni ghari che, moula madad karo!

Te waqt sister ne achanak ek doctor no khayal ayo, jenu naam Dr. Tibrewal hatu, who was a paralysis expert. She took mummy to him and after checkup, he said that he will try to do his best as this type of case was his first and has got a very rare chance of success. So mom got admitted in Rajasthan Hospital in Ahmedabad, ICU unit.

Finally after three days, I managed to reach directly from Kuwait to the hospital. When I saw my mom's condition was so bad, I tried to control myself and took vasila of moula and asked for his help. Doctor started the treatment which was very costly, despite which he said that he is experimenting and I need to be patience and keep praying.

Mamma na mouda thi food pipe lag ek nali nakhi didi ane ehna zariye sirf liquid api sakai. Attack na sabab emna mouth par bhi aser hatu, jesi e totally band rehtu hatu. 15 din baad emne Udaipur vapas layi awao. She could'nt even speak and continuously cried taking moula's vasila, thinking hawey su thasay.. hawey su thasay, as half of her body was affected.

I did Arzi to Aqa Moula, but no reply. So after a month, I decided to go directly to meet Moula. Luckily, Moula te waqt surat ma phadara, Jamiyah na exam wastey. There somebody suggested that I explain this whole matter to doctor Jamarwala. E Moula ney sab araz mari pouchawi ane **Moulana ey Dua Mubarak farmawi ne kahyu key e bai ney shifa thasay! Mane Shifa boli ney bey bottle pani apu. Main full confidence lai ne Udaipur gayo kem ke have to mara moula ni Dua sathe che!**

We were given strict instruction by the doctor as not to give anything thru her mouth directly and only administer liquid via the food pipe otherwise it will affect her lungs and prove fatal.

Maiye joiyu ke a rite to ghano arso nikli gayo ane mumma kiware acha thasay and last two month emna mouth ma ek bhi bund pani nathi gayo jesi mouth totally sukhai gayu hatu. To mai moula no wasilou lido and decided to give moula's shifa nu pani. Direct bey chammach bhari ney mara mamma na mouda ma nakhou and believe or not, pani sidhu gala si pet ma utri gayou! She immediately felt so happy and maro hath pakri ney kahe che ke pani pet ma gayu! Mai samjhi gayo key moula na wasili si hawey emni khawa ni nali khuli gayi che.

When I informed the doctor, he could not believe me because he was still researching for a cure by calling in meetings with other doctors and explaining that he has this kind of a patient and how to find a cure. **Apna Moula to duor besi ney ilaj kari lido!** Mummy is now completely ok and is able to eat and drink normally.

Aa sab Moula ni dua and Aap ni nazarat na sabab chey. Aap moula ney koi momeen bimari ni araz nai kartu ke aap aey momeen ney wahanj ilaaj poro kari ney api day chy!

Bus har waqt ekaj dua che ke hamara Moula Shafiq Bawa ney ta rozey qayamt baki rakh jo and 100 mi and 200 mi and 300 mi and 1000 mi milaad app moula ni momeen ney manawo naseeb karjo! "Ameen"

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (74)

Following as narrated by Bhai Hannan Suleimanbhai Jaroli, Kingdom of Bahrain

Date: Sunday, 06 February 2011

Jiware mari dikri born thai to mari khuwaish hati ke ehnu naam mai Lutfia raakhu. Te waste Moula pase thi naam na mangavyu. Dikri 3 varas ni thai gai pan hame joiyu ke ehna matha na baal grow nathi thata. Ghana acha-acha baal avi rahiya hata. Ghar ma sagla ne fiker thai gai, kem ke chokri na baal na hoi to kevi lage. Hame doctor pase, hakim-void pase ane molvi pase elaj mate dikri ne lai gaya. Medications karavi, magar kai faydo na thayo. Surat na Janab Bhaisab pase bhi gaya ane Dua'a padhwani api magar kai farak na dekhaio.

Last year, Bawasab Moula Zikra vaste Surat padhara, ane jiware Roza ma ziyarat vaste padhara hata, tiware mari dikri bija farzando sathe dedaar vaste khari hati. Moula nadzeek thaya, te waqt sagle buland aavaz thi Moula-Moula pukari rahya hata, tena sathe mari dikri pan Moula-Moula pukari rahi hati. Hussain BS dikri na kareeb hata ane tene god ma uthavi lidi. **Te waqt Moula ni Nazer Mubarak dikri per pari ane farmayu ke aa koni dikri che, ehna valedain kaun che ane dikri nu naam su che?**

Mara wife avi ne Moula ne araz kare che ke dikri nu naam Lutfia che. Moula ye valedain nu naam puchu pachi farmayu ke ***"Aaj thi aanu naam Husaina che."***

Te din baad ghar ma sagla members dikri ne Husaina na naam thi pukarwa laga. Aje 2 saal baad, mari dikri 5 varas ni thai, ehna matha na baal ma full ane lengthy growth avi gayo che!

MAY ALLAH TA'ALAA GRANT OUR BELOVED AQA MOULA LONG LIFE TA KAYAMT WITH SHEYAT AND AFIYAT AMEEN.....

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (75)

Following as narrated by Bhai Mustafa Mutaza Bhai Maimoon (Watan Sahahada), Dubai - UAE

Date: Sunday, 30 January 2011

Mai 5 varas no hato, te waqt main ghano bimar hato. Mara Chest masi continuous peep nikaltu thu. Alag-alag doctors pase gaya pan kai farak na paro. Mane elaj mate Surat lai gaya. Wahana doctor ye case bigadi nakho. Pachi Surat na doctor ye kidu Mumbai lai jao. Mumbai aya magar yahan pan doctor si fine na thayu. Doctor operation karwanu kahyu, lakin no guarantee, ane em pan kahyu ke have aa dikra ni Jinda rahwani guarantee nathi, kyare bhi kai bhi thai sake che.

Te dino ma Aqa Moula (TUS) safar mubarak si Mumbai tasrif laya. Mara parents ye kidu ke hame hamra dikra ne Aqa Moula (TUS) ni Hazrat ma lai jaisu. Pachi mane Aqa Moula (TUS) ni hazrat ma lai gaya ane Moula (TUS) na Qadam Mubarak ma mane sulawu. Moula (TUS) ye karam kari ne Shifa Mubarak boli ane Farmayu ke ***“operation na karawjo”***.

Pachi mane hospital lai gaya ane ek apnawala Dr Chatriwala ye checkup kidu toa su dekhe che ke **chest masi peep nikal tu hatu ye band thai gayu che! Dr. Chatriwala toa samjhi gaya ke aa toa Aqa Moula (TUS) no Moejizo che! Aqa Moula (TUS) ye mane moat na Mohmasi bachavi lida!!**

Te din si aj lag, main bilkul normal feel karu chu ane Aqa Moula (TUS) na shukur na sajdao bajavi rahyo chu...

May Allah grant our Aqua Moula (TUS) a long and healthy life Ta Roze Qayamat - Ameen!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (76)

Following as narrated by Rashidaben Shabbir Totanawala, Dubai – UAE

Date: 29 January 2011

Mari shadi ne 20 varas thai gaya hata magar mai farzand ni daulat si mehrum hati ane maru gharbh nu operation karva pachi to mari farzand ni ummeed pan mukai gai. Aa situation joi mara mohta bhai ye erado kido ke ehnu aage awnar farzand mane god kari dese.

Mara husband Shabbir ye Moula ma Arzi kidi ane Moula ma thi Raza Mubarak fazal thai. Magar mara bhabi aa waat per razi na thaya. Thoro arso na guzero ane bhabi haamil rahi gaya! Temne pregnancy ni khabar na padi ane jiyare joiyu ke pet wadhi rahyu che, to checkup karva gaya to doctor ye kahyu ke tamne pregnancy na 28 weeks thai chuka che ane abort karwano koi chance nathi....

Pachi bhabi ye mane message moklo ke ye pregnant che ane aa farzand ne mane god apwa chahe che. Aa wat suni mane ghani khushi thai ke have Moula ni Raza si mari god bharai jase!

Muharram-ul-Haram ni pehli raate mara sapna ma Aqa Moula padhara ane mane mari god ma ek baby aape che. Bije din Fajere bhabi baby girl deliver kare che! Pachi chatti na din Moula Shabbir na sapna ma avi 'Sakina' naam ata farmave che!

Aaj Sakina 5 sal ni che. Sirf Aqa Moula (TUS) ni Karam ane Shafaqat ni nazar hamara par hati jena sabab humne aa pyaru farzand naseeb thayu, jeni hamey totally ummeed muki didi hati!

MY ALLAH TA'ALAA GRANT OUR BAWA SHAFIQ WITH LONG AND HEALTHY LIFE TA QAYAMAAT. AMEEN.....AMEEN.....AMEEN.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (77)

Following as narrated by Bhai Murtaza Rampurawala – Mumbai

Date: Monday, 31 January 2011

Thoda varas pehla main mari dukaan na opposite khado hato, Moula na intezar ma. Aqa Moula TUS Badri Mahal padhari rahya hata, Attalim Office nu iftitah mate.

Jivare Moula ni car mara taraf natzeek thai, tiware Moula ye car rokavi ane pehla mari taraf Nazer Farmavi, pachi mari dukaan ni taraf ane pachi dobara mari taraf Nazar Mubarak farmavi ne car aage chai gai!

Te waqt aa dekhi ne to mane ghani khushi thai magar ehnu sabab samajh ma na ayu.

Shaaban mahina ni pehli rate main jeep ma Surat taraf jai rahyo hato. Mara sathe bija 3 bhaiyo hata. Raate 2 vaje jeep sathe bhaiyanker headon accident thayu, jema mara sivai sagla ni maut thai gai! Mane matha ma sakhat maar lagyo hato ane 'Moula Hussain – Moula Hussain' pukarto rahyo.

Mumbai ni JJ hospital ma mari treatment ek famous German doctor ye kidi, je ye kahyu ke aa shakhs ek varas lag drive nai kari sake. Mari total memory loss thai chuki thi and 21 din lag coma ma rahyo.

Magar Je Moula ni Nazar mara par thai hati tena sabab mari recovery fast thai. Ramazan na mahina aya, ane maiye pura mahina na roza kida. Three month darmiyan mai scooter drive karto thai gayo ane mari memory bhi vapas avi gai. Mane aa missal joi mara doctor bhi hairan rahi gaya.

Aa saglu sirf Aqa Moula TUS ni Karam Nazar na sabab je si Moula ye dekhi lidu ke su thaandar che!

Khuda Ta'alla aa Masihi Shaan na Moula ne ta Qayaamat Baaki raakhe.....Ameen!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (78)

Following as narrated by Jumanaben Ghia – Jeddah, Saudi Arabia

Date: Wed, Feb 2, 2011

Maro experience....aaj thi two and half years back mara husband ne Jeddah ma job milo ane Aqa Moula (TUS) ni Raza si mai mari family saathe India si Jeddah shift thaya.

Complete change in lifestyle na sabab, mai depression ma aavi gai. Vacation ma India jai ne pychiatrist ne consult kidu ane je medicines aapi hati te Jeddah return thai ne shuru karvanu nu kahyu.

It was the last day before returning to Jeddah...mai mara ghare sofa par suti thi ane samne Aqa Maula nu photo che...mai roi ne Maula ne dua kidi ke maaru depression dur thai ane mane medicines leva ni zarurat na pare...itna ma maari aankh lagi ane **Maula mara sapna ma padhara ane maara face par shifa boli...**

Bas woh din si aaj lag, mane koi problem nathi...mane medicines leva ni zarurat na pari...mara Maula ni dua si, I am completely out of depression and very happy today!

Mai Kabatulla na karib thai ne hamesha dua karu chu ke Khuda aa shaan na Maula ne hamesha baki ane baki raakhe...jismani taur par Maula hamara si ghana dur che, par sachcha dil si Maula ne pukaar va si Maula madad vaaste padhare che!

Maula ni Umr-Shareef ne Khuda taroze qayamat daraaz ane daraaz kare...Ameen!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (79)

Following as narrated by Murtaza Panjiwala - Dubai – U.A.E.

Date: Mon, Feb 7, 2011

This is my personal experience which happened during Ashara Mubarak in Surat.

On 8th night, after namaz & matam majlis, myself and my friend, Husain Khandwawala, were returning to our utara at Cotton Mill. We were passing from that area where other people generally celebrate their Moharram with taziadari and beating drums. There was too much crowd and since we were in our Libas-ul-anwar, we were easily recognizable in the black crowd.

Suddenly four - five people came and *hamaro rasto roki lidho* one of them *maro coller pakdo ane bija hath si mohto churo nikali ne mara gala per muki dido*. And ordered me *ke tamara moula mate aam bolo* (Nauzobillah). We were totally helpless, but we did not say a single word.

Churo(knife) mara gala ma chubhva lago ane mumkin hatu ke thori si bhi aor taqat lagti ke mari vein kati jati. Shor ghano tho, koi bhi maro awaz; agar me shout karte, to suni na sakte. But I shouted continuously in my heart "**Moula aa logo ye humne pakri lidha che aap padharo!**"

Suddenly a person came and said to them "*choro....kyu pakde hai inko* " and told us "*jao bhai jao.*" **That group obeyed him aor humne muqi ne chala gaya!**

We were astonished! Who came in this crowd? We could'nt believe that we were set free!

Every mumin knows very well *ke biju kon hoi saqe....koi hoi sake ke aawa halat ma humare dushmano na chungal si nikali sake?* **Only and only apna Aqa Moula (tus)!**

Khuda a sambhalnar Moula; bachawnar Moula; rasto dikhawnar Moula ni umar sharif ne ta qayamat daraz ane daraz kare...Ameen!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (80)

Following as narrated by Sakinaben S. Rampurawala, Dubai - UAE

Date: Mon, Feb 7, 2011

AQA MAULA TUS farmawe che, Tame Mari ghani Mohabbat karo cho, Mein janu chu tame Mane dekhi ne khush thao cho, Mara paas Dil ni waton karo cho, Hum-ane-ghum batao cho aye Mumineen, Tame jaha kaha bhi hou, Koi bhi Namaaz baad Masallah per baithi Qibla rukh baithi aankhon si aansoo bahawi Mane yaad karo, Mein tamari madad wastey shitabi awis, ane jo na aawo to Mein tamaro Dai nahi, tamaro Bawa nahi. Aye Mara farzando, meinj tamaro Bawa chu ane Maa bhi chu.."

Mai Aqa Moula (tus) na Aa kalemaat nooraniyah si tasawur lai ne lakhu chu.

Maari shaadi na 15 days pachi mara husband Dubai first time khudnu business shuru karvane gaya. Yahan Mumbai ma mein apna in laws saathe hati. I had my irregular periods. When my mother in law came to know about this she was worried and took me to a very good gynic. After all my tests done, doctor told openly on our face that I cannot become a mother. She told I have to take medical treatment if I want to conceive. When she came to know that my husband is not with me, she told us that whenever he comes I have to start taking medical treatment.

After a month I got my visit visa, I went to the same doctor to ask about the treatment, there she told me that it will be very expensive in Dubai but she wrote the full treatment. My mother in law told me not to take any medical treatment but to take **Vasila of Aqa Moula (tus) and Imam Hussain (AS)**.

I came to Dubai and in order to get Residence Visa, I started looking for a job. 2 months of visit visa was nearly to finish and nothing worked out. Day by day tension increased. The holy month of Ramzaan started, sometimes I used to go to masjid for namaaz otherwise I used to pray at home.

ONE DAY I WAS PRAYING MAGHRIB/ISHA NAMAAZ AFTER NAMAAZ I WAS THINKING WHERE MY LIFE WILL LEAD WHEN SUDDENLY MY EYES ROLLED ON AQA MOULAS PHOTO. I STARTED CRYING AND I TOOK MY PALLU ANE AQA MOULA TUS NA SAMNE MASALLA PAR BESINE JHOLI PHELAVI ANE MOULA SI DUA KIDI KE MOULA MEIN DUBAI SI KHAALI HAATH NAHIN JAO... AAP YA TO MAARI GOD BHARI DO YA TO MANE DUBAI MA JOB APAVI DO. MOULA NO MOJIZO 15 DIWAS MA THAYO...NOT ONLY I GOT JOB, I CONCEIVED WITHIN MY 2 MONTHS VISIT!

MAULA NI DUA SI AAJE MARA PAASE 2 FARZANDO CHE DIKRO ANE DIKRI.

MAULA YEH JE BETHAK MA FARMAYU CHE KE Tame jaha kaha bhi hou, Koi bhi Namaaz baad Masallah per baithi Qibla rukh baithi aankhon si aansoo bahawi Mane yaad karo, Mein tamari madad wastey shitabi awis, ane jo na aawo to Mein tamaro Dai nahi, tamaro Bawa nahi.

Aaje maula ni dua si 9 waras si dubai ma settled che.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (81)

Following as narrated by Fakhruddinbhai Tinwala - KUWAIT

Date: Thu, Feb 10, 2011

Mari shaadi year 2002 ma thayi ane 8 varas lag hame farzand si mehrum tha. Hame ghano sabr kido. Hamaro ekaj tawakko hato k MOULA (TUS) aapse.

I did not do any treatment for my wife, only normal checkup. But I regularly did arz in HAZRAT IMAMIYAH and always MOLANA DUA MUBARAK farmavta ane yej hamaro yakeen hato.

Jiware AQA MOULA KUN safar par tha, I had a dream jema mai su dekhu chu ke MOLANA aapna bawaji saheb na ROZA MUBARAKA ma khara che, tiware mai MOULA ne arz karu chu ke "MOULA mara pase farzand nathi, aap mane farzand ata karo." MOLANA em farmawe che "**MAIN JIWARE DUA KARI NE KAHU CHHU K SAJDO KARINE DUA KARO, TO DUA SUKAAM NATHI KARTA**"

Main bije din fajere utho to sapna ni zikr mara ghar k even my wife ne na kidi, mara dil maj rakhi hati. In the matter of a day or two, MOLANA ni KUN SAFAR ni live relay tamam aalam e iman ma nashar thai ane MOLANA ye HUSSAIN IMAM A.S.na ROZA MUBARAK ma ziyarat baad DUA MUBARAK farmavi ke "**KHUDA JENE FARZAND NA HOY AENE HUSSAIN NA VASILA SE FARZAND AAPI DE**"

When I heard MOLANA'S DUA MUBARAK, I instantly went into sajda and MOULA no vasilo lay ne khuda na nazdik dua kidi. **Within a couple of months, my wife was hamela!**

Moreover KHUDA ye hamane KARBALA-NAFAJ ni ziyarat naseeb kidi when my wife was in her 7th month.

Aa dekho, KHUDA NU EHSAN; APNA MOULA nu EHSAN ke je MOULA ye farzand aapu, ne jena vasila se aapu, ye MOULA na dar par jaavu KHUDA ye mayassar kari aapu.

Today my daughter, who was born on Oct. 05 2010, Alhamdolillah, is 5 month's old.

Aa HUSSAINI DAI no MOJIZO che je DUA ma aksar em farmave che k 'KHUDA TU MUMIN NE AEVU AAPJE K EHNA GUMAN MA BHI NA HOY"

Apan sagla dua kariye ke KHUDA HUSSAIN IMAM na DAI na vasila se MOLANA ni MILAAD MIYAVI ni hurmat se har mumin ne farzand ni nemat se navazi de! AAMEEN.

Mari aa zikr ma MOLANA kalaam mubarak ma ada karva ma koi farak paro hoy to, MOULA se mafi talab karu chhu. Khuda apna AQA MOULA (TUS) ne sehat ane aafiyat na libas kamela ma, ta'qayamat, ba salamat, shabaab na husno jamal ma baki rakhe. AAMEEN.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (82)

Following as narrated by Aliasgerbhai Saifuddinbhai Bookwala – Mumbai, India

Date: Thu, Feb 10, 2011

I was in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia working as IT Consultant in 2002.

Suddenly my neck began to turn always on my left. So I came back to Mumbai for Medical treatment and my condition was diagnosed as Torticollis.

I did arazi to Aqa Moula (TUS) in Ruadat Mubarak and **Moula did *Qaram ni nazar* on me and told me not to go back to Riyadh again.**

My Treatment was going on. Meanwhile after few days, Aqa Moula came in my dream. I did arz to moula about my condition and **he put both his hands on my shoulder and smiled.**

After that day, all of the sudden, my neck started to become straight again and now I feel fine!

I always pray for my Bawa Shafiq and also for all momineen that Allah always keep all momineen in *thanda saya* of Aqa moula!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (83)

Following as narrated by Shabbirbhai Katawala – Italy

Date: Fri, Feb 4, 2011

I was deputed for a year to Italy for my project related work. My company provided accommodation...etc. My flat had got three keys. One of the keys was kept at my office as a standby, one inside the flat cupboard and one with me.

During vacation time, my family visited Italy, I brought the key from my office and somehow it slipped my mind that I had kept one key at home too. After my family left, I forgot to return this key to my office.

One day I went to the office and I forgot my flat key. I thought I have backup in office and started searching, but then I realized that I did not bring the standby key!

I immediately called my Admin and asked them to do needful. Company called the key maker. In the evening the key maker struggled to open the door, but didn't succeed. An Italian made door is not easy to open. My neighbors were also helping/trying by all means to open the door by using different ideas using hacksaw blade, screwdriver, some tapping & hammering...etc.

Seeing all this I lost all hope and finally the key maker said we need to call the original door making company personnel, they only can do needful. At that time, **my sixth sense initiated me to do Aqa Moula's tasbi**, as I recollect Aqa Moula's Kalam Mubarak that whenever mumineen you are in trouble just remember me.

So with deep feeling, I called our Moula to help me. During this time my neighbor was still trying to open door by inserting a plastic calling card, between the door and it's frame. **It was miracle!** Somehow the plastic card touched the door notch and it got it opened!

Everyone cheered and shouted that it's open! I was also very much surprised, but inside I knew it is only with my Moula's blessing which made this happen!

I made shukra sujdaat to Aqa Moula & prayed. Now my belief has become very strong; so whenever I am in trouble, I just remember/do tasabi of my beloved Shafiq Bava and the path is through.

May Alllah Subhanahu with Vasilla E Panjatanpaak , Nabi-Vasi, make our Moula's Umer-e-Khidar till TAA ROZE QAYAMAT! Ameen!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (84)

Following as narrated by Zoeb bhai Fakhruddin

Date: Thu, Feb 10, 2011

(Names of the couple have been changed for obvious reasons)

All the glories of this world will never match the benedictions of Aqa Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin (TUS). His exquisite blessing and Dua Mubarak have verily brought back the joy and spirit in the life of my family and glitter in my house. His benevolence has been a continuous consolation in the moments of gloom and agony, so much that we did never feel uncomfortable about the torment that we were going through.

Under the compassionate shelter of Aqa Maula, we had been living a wonderful life of utmost fulfillment and contentment. Until one murky day in Muharram 1429H, my wife Nisreen suddenly groused of an unbearable pain in her arms right up to the finger tip. "This pain is very unendurable", she grizzled.

The next morning we went in for a shock, as she went for medical tests and examination, she was diagnosed for acute rheumatic arthritis. This pernicious disorder is so dreadful as it gradually attenuates and benumbs the limbs and consequently renders the patient disabled and motionless. We shriveled in shock and glared at each other for quite sometime. The happier days had faded all at once. It had caste a dreadful shadow upon us. No matter how much we tried to slough off the unpleasantness that it brought along with it, this seemed to elude us.

The news was like a basilisk for our parents and close ones. In this agonizing moment my first reaction was; "My Maula is there for me, he is my succor and anchor". It was indeed Aqa Maula's Dua Mubarak and his namesake, his tasbeeh which was like a soothing balm that gave my wife the strength to endure this unendurable woe.

Maula's Dua Mubarak was exactly what she needed earnestly at this time of distress. She never yielded to the changes which was conspicuous to all of us. Now she became static after what she was before: so dynamic and active. The ailment worsened day by day. Nisreen was unable to move even a few feet

without somebody's support and moreover the disorder had totally bound her to the wheelchair. It is difficult to imagine the situation. All of these notwithstanding, a magnificent bounty was gifted to us, perhaps in a form of a surreal reward for her persistent perseverance and endurance .

Believe us! This is an exquisite benediction, a Mojiza that we don't even dream of in our wildest of dreams. My wife conceived in such a moment of hardship. We immediately made a humble Arz to Aqa Maula TUS and the words of Dua Mubarak, those ethereal words of Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin TUS , resound in my ears even at this moment when I am writing this line to express my deepest gratitude for Maula's amazing gift and blessings.

Maula said : خدا شفاء اُتسَس انسس نيك فرزند اُتسَس "May Allah grant you shifa and bless you with a noble and devout child"

By the barakat of these Nuraani Kalemaat and his mojiza, Allah blessed us with a wonderful bounty, an angelic healthy child with deep blue eyes rosy cheeks and flaxen hair who has strengthened our bonds of tafaadi and dedication.

This is not only a moment of ecstatic joy and exuberance. It is also a moment of awe and inspiration, as well as retrospection. Despite of all the near impossible conditions, the Dua Mubarak of Aqa Maula tus has enriched our life with contentment and fulfillment and has brought back its glitter and spirit by rewarding us with a lovely child.

Maula's maseehi shaan manifests miracles that inspire awe and wonder.

Infertility, absence of ovulation, diseases, sickness or whatever it may be, are all insignificant minor obstacles in the face of the mojiza and Dua Mubarak of Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin tus. Within each one of us are traces of his Duas and blessings.

We pray to Allah to continue to enrich us and our generations to come with Aqa Maula's Dua Mubarak and mojizzat. May he live to the day of Qayamat.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (85)

Following as Narrated by Farida Shk. Yusuf Surti – Sharjah, UAE

Date: Fri, Feb 11, 2011

Way back in 1993, in Pune, I had two daughters aged 7 and 1 ½ years old. Now the last child we wished for a son. Did araz to Aqa Maula personally, was given a 'Taveez' and eventually I delivered a son (A wish fulfilled).

But my son, Mohsin, was born with a congenital heart disease and would turn blue. We were told that his survival was difficult as he was one of the most rare cases at that time. I didn't know what to do.

He was one month old and I was fortunate enough to take him to Aqa Maula's hazrat in Bombay. I put him in **Aqa Maula's kadam mubarak** and kept on crying saying, "*Moula, Aap ye aapo che; pachho nahin aapu.*"

Since I was crying so much, my friend did the total Araz. **Moula ye Mohsin par aapna kadam phiraya ane karam kari ne Shifa Mubarak boli.** Ane calcuttta ma doctor ne batawani raza aapi, jaha mara parents rehta hata. At Calcutta we were told to wait for the surgery as he was very weak and small. But at the age of 3 months, his health got worse and the doctor said he needs surgery immediatly. We put an arzi to Aqa Maula for the operation raza. **Moula no jawab aayo ki operation ni raza che.**

In the meantime the doctor said his chances for survival were 80/20. That is 80% he won't survive. Hearing the doctor's statement, I was shattered and told my husband that I don't want him to be killed brutally, let him die in my arms peacefully. But he said that "*Moula ye raza aapi che.*" and took Mohsin from my arms and gave him in the operation theatre. His operation was done in B.M. Birla institute of medical science at the hands of Dr Devi Prasad Shetty. My son went through a 9 hour operation and all that while **I did only the tasbi - Burhanuddin Maula.**

The operation was successful!

It was one of the rarest operation and was shown on DD news!

As Mohsin grew up, I used to take him to Aqa Maula's Hazrat whenever possible, for shifa. Ane ahne Maula ni dua laine mohto kido. When his Jadeed Misak was done by Aqa Maula; Araz of his health was done. Maula Mohsin na samne joi ne muskurai ne farmayu. "**Ahne operation thayu che...Shifa che.**"

Today my son is 18 years old and is all fit and fine. With the Dua and Ehsanat of Aqa Maula (TUS).

As Maula always say "**Tame mane dil thi yaad karjo toh mein tamari madad par zaroor Awees**"

Khuda taala Maula ni umar ne kayamat na din tak daraaz ane daraaz kare. Ane hum mumineen ne Maula na saaya ma khush ho khurram baki rakhe. Ameen!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (86)

Following as Narrated by Jumanaben A. Pachmerhiwala – Secunderabad, India.

Date: Tue, Feb 8, 2011

I used to have problems of conceiving. One still born and four miscarriages. In the year 1979, Aqa Moula was travelling to Singapore. I decided to go there to Hazrat Aaliya along with my brother. Unfortunately, we forgot to take the address of where was Moula's Maqaam Mubarak. It was an unknown place for us. But with Moula's Dua mubarak, we managed to locate the residence of Shk. Hakimuddinbhai that was Moula's Qayaam.

It was the last day of Moula's Mukaam in Singapore. We went inside and narrated my story to the lady of the house, with my tears rolling down my cheeks. The lady was so kind to let me go and do Araz near Aqa Moula.

Shezada Mufaddal bhai saheb handed my report to Moula. Then Moula asked me for '*Dora and Paani*' for shifa. It was the first time in my life, at the age of 22, that I got the sharaf of Deedar and Qadambosi and to express my sorrow with tears! I had not prepared myself with anything. I asked Masi, the owner of the house for everything.

Moula ye farmaayu ke "***Ummeed tamaam thase!***"

These words got 'craved' in my mind and I had *yakeen* in Moula's word. That was the ultimate moment in my life....after 6 months, I conceived. Keeping in mind to take everything that Moula had given to me for shifa, I was blessed with a beautiful baby girl and after 2 years, I had another baby girl!

I still remember the doctors telling me that I will not be able to carry a baby any more. But Moula is my **Greatest Doctor**.

My humble *Shukur and Sajdaat* to my beloved Syedna Mohammad Burhanuddin Saheb (TUS). *Parvardighar aap ni ummar sharif ne qayamat na din lag daraz ane daraaz kare, aameen.*

RAHE ROSHAN TAMAARA SI JAHAN MA DEEN NO DEEVO,

GHANU JEEVO E BURHANULHUDA MOULA GHANU JEEVO.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (87)

Following as Narrated by Abbasbhai Lacewala (Shakir's Collection) – Karachi, Pakistan

Date: Wed, Feb 16, 2011

It was in 1999 that I planned to start a new business in a field which was completely new for me.

Fortunately, AQA MAULA TUS was in Karachi in those days so I placed an Arzi through Shz Hozaifa bs in Hazrat Immamiyah for Raza and Dua Mubarak.

I gave three different locations in Karachi for MAULA TUS to choose/advice as to where I should open my shop.

MAULA TUS with karam n ehsaan granted RAZA (to my surprise) in an area which was the least developed at that time. The roads were in shambles and it became a ghost town by 5 in the evening, let alone any walk in customers to venture into this area. In fact, nobody even knew that there were a few shops existed in this area. No water line, no proper electricity, no landline telephone. Just a make shift bamboo poles were erected to provide temporary services.

Despite all this, I thought ke MAULA TUS ye raza api che , toe may yahanj kaam shuru karis!

I started my work and surprisingly, within a year, municipality identified this area for development, which was neglected for the past 25 years! Soon heavy machinery started pouring in, roads were made, underground pipes were laid and within two years, the entire face of this area changed! Today, 12 years down the road, this area is one of the most 'posh' localities of Karachi, called the Zamzama Tauhed Defence area, where all designer and international brands are located. The elite, rich and famous, come to shop here and the property values have quadrupled!

I will always remain "SHAKIR" (name enayat by MAULA TUS for my business) in Hazrat imamiyah nooraniyah for granting me raza for starting this business in this particular area, which has blossomed right before my eyes.

I pray to ALLAH SUBAHANOHU to grant our Doour Andesh , Gaieb na Jannar , Hidayat na Apnaar, Shafiq BAWA a long n healthy life till day of qayamat....Ameen!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (88)

Following as Narrated by Muder Mustafa Yaqoobali – Karachi, Pakistan

Date: Wed, Feb 16, 2011

Mane bajpan si khainch (epilepsy) ni bemari hati. Mahina ma 2-4 din tu khainch awtij. Jisam na bewe hath, pao ni nas khechati. Sardi ma to aksar khainch awti. Bajpan si ke 25 waras ni umer tak ghana doctor si elaaj karayo, lekin theek na thayu.

AQA MAULA (TUS) jiware Pakistan padhara to mara Maa mane BURHANI MEHAL lai gaya. MAULA ma araz kidi. **MAULA ye mara jism par shifa boli.** KHUDA na Qasam, te din si aaj tak, khainch nathi awi!

Aj mari umar 45 waras ni thai che. Aa bemari mara jisam si chali gayi! MAULA nu jitno shukar bajao kam che.

Khuda na a Rohani Farishta, j ne Asmaan si Khuda ye mokla che, hamne الهدایت ane a aalam si nijaat na aalam taraf lai jawa waste. Khuda A MAULA NI UMAR SHARIF NE TA QAYAMAT BA SALAMAT BAQI RHAKHE AMEEN!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (89)

Following as Narrated by Shk. Mukarram Shk. Asgerally Shakir – Colombo, Srilanka

Date: Tue, 1st March'2011

Several years ago - during the late 90's, due to delay in submission of accounts, we had an Income Tax Raid in our business. All our books of accounts & all related documents were taken away by the officers of the Inland Revenue Dept.

Fearing heavy losses by way of tax penalties & fines, harassment, mental pains & setbacks to our business, we send Arzi to Huzurala (TUS) for Dua Mubarak for easy and speedy settlement to this problem.

Soon we received two replies – one a message and another a fax - ***“Ke Huzurala TUS Ye Dua Farmavii che”***.

During subsequent interviews with the Senior Investigating Officers, Hamne Aqa Moula (TUS) ni Dua Mubarak no assar no ehsaas thayo, with remarks such as “If I take one cent more from you than I should - I am answerable to God.” And “God has been good Unto You” - Uttered by the Investigating Officer (whose duty it is to collect maximum revenue & to meet set targets)!

It was no doubt the Assar of Moula's Dua Mubarak. - The case was easily settled - with no more taxes levied than we ourselves would have otherwise paid !

May Allah Ta'ala Grant our Aqa Moula TUS Long life in Sehat Kamela unto the day of Kayamath. – Ameen!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (90)

Following as Narrated by M. Abbas M. Unwala – Ahmedabad, India.

Date: Wed, Feb 16, 2011

I had a severe Heart attack on the night of 31-12-2006 which was the day of Idd ul Adha. I was immediately admitted in C.N. Mehta Heart Hospital. I was checked by Dr. R.K.Patel and came to know that my 3 nerves were found blocked of 100%, 98% and 85%. The Dr. advised me to undergo an urgent bypass surgery.

My wife Farida and daughters Sakina & Jumana did not agree and made Araz to Aqa Moula T.U.S. for Raza And Dua Mubarak. On the day of Idd e Gadir e Khum, **we received Raza with Dua Mubarak to undergo surgery.** I was admitted in Saal Hospital in Ahmedabad where Dr.Anil Jain, Dr Mallya with his team of another 6 Doctors performed the surgery. My wife requested Dr. Anil Jain to keep one photograph of Aqa Moula (T.U.S.) near the operation table for my **Hifazat and constant Nazarat** of our Aqa Moula, which he very gladly accepted.

After succesful surgery of about 7 hours, I was shifted to I.C.C.U. for constant observation. Doctor himself kept photo of Aqa Moula very neatly on the stand of the Drip Bottle, but did not allow any one of my family members to come near my bed.

Next day early morning I got an attack of Paralysis. Nursing Staff & Resident Doctors panicked and sent messages to their Seniors Doctors and Specialist who all attended me immediately and carried out various tests & M.R.I. and started treatment of which I was not at all aware of, but my family members were informed. We had nothing but the faith in our Aqa Moula and my wife and daughters again send **Araz for Dua Mubarak** to Colombo, as Aqa Moula was there for Ashara Mubaraka .

Next day morning Dr Mallya came to me and told that do you know what has happened to you yesterday? I said no because as I was unconscious. He then

explained to me that I had a paralytic attack on my left part of body but today I am absolutely normal! **This was solely because of this Saheb** (Pointing his finger towards Aqa Moula's Photo) He further said that **it is a miracle** that I am normal immediately otherwise it would have taken another 4 to 6 months to recover from this illness.

After a week when I was discharged from the Saal Hospital Dr. Anil Jain came near my bed ***ane banne haath jodi ne Aqa Moula na photo ne naman kari ne mara wife ane dikri ne kahyu ke aa saheb ne mara khaas pranaam paho chav jo, jena sabab tamara husband ekdam alright thai ne aje tamara ghare jai chhe!***

Ava Shafeeq Bawa ni dua ni barakat si aje 4 varas thaya, have to pehla karta pan wadhre tandurast chhu ane mara si je bhi imkaan thai chhe itni, mari hamna 72 varas ni ummar ma bhi, Aqa Moula ni ane Dawat ni khidmat karu chhu.

Hamara Moula ne Allah Taala ta qayamat sehato afiyat ma rakhe ane umr shareef ne daraz kare ane harek mumeen mumenaat ne farzando ne Moula ni 100 mi Milaad na jashano celebrate karvu nasseb thai! Amin.

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (91)

Following interview of Tasneemben Chawala, Calcutta, by Mudar Patherya

Here is Huzurala's remarkable instance when He was last in the city of Calcutta some 23 years ago.

Aqa Maula was going from Calcutta to the sea resort of Digha for tafreeh. En route he was passing Kharagpur, when He suddenly asked if there was a moomin's house in the vicinity. Since the person present in the car was clueless, Aqa Maula pointed and said, '**Eh taxi driver ne poochho ki yahaan koi moomin rahe chhe ke nahi.**'

The moment this taxi driver saw Huzurala's topi, he nodded that one of your community called Taherbhai lives here (everyone knew my husband as 'gaanewale' in Kharagpur because of his voice!). Maula then asked the driver to tell the taxi driver to sit inside the car and guide them to our residence. The car had barely reached our residence when our landlord started shouting:

"Bhagwaan aaye hai, bhagwaan aaye hai!"

It was late afternoon. We had fed our children lunch, were putting them to sleep and had walked into the verandah for some work when I saw someone familiar down below – **Aqa Maula!** I shouted 'Taher!' by reflex action. He somehow got the import of what I was trying to convey; he ran down in lungi-kurta and without topi. And this is what happened: Aqa Maula and Shehzada Malik-ul-Ashtarbhaisaheb had already proceeded up the stairs and were face to face in these ajeeb-o-gareeb circumstances with an oddly-dressed Taher.

Maula asked me immediately: "**Aa tamaru ghar chhey, ben?**" I said "*Ji saab, aa maaru ghar chhey.*" Maula entered our humble dwelling, we made an arrangement for him to sit and Maula said, "**Namaaz no waqt chhey, namaaz padhvi chhey, haath dhovaa chhey.**"

There was a well below our house, so we despatched our nephew to fetch some water with the cautionary line – "*Dekhna ki paani paak rahe!*" – and then we washed Maula's hands. Maulana then said, "**Garam-garam roti maara waaste banaavjo!**" and then set about hurriedly preparing lunch.

Maulana offered his namaaz. We shut all the doors and windows. There was only Maulana, myself, Taher and my small daughter Jumana. Maulana offered his namaaz and then walked to each window and door to open them. During this while, Syedi Mazoon Saheb's car rolled into our locality, the door opened, he walked out and into our building. He also offered his namaaz and thereafter, Maula and Mazoon Saheb engaged in a conversation sitting across each other.

Maulana asked '**Jamwa ma su chhey?**' Taher sent off our nephew for eggs from the local market. All the shops were closed, so he went off elsewhere and lunch kept getting delayed. That is when Maulana asked, '**Tamein dopehre su jamo chho?**' Taher replied, '*Daal, chaawal aney aloo ni sabzi*'. Maula said '**Eh layi ne aavo !**'

And then Huzurala and Syedi Maazoon Saheb sat around our small thaal, had this poor man's lunch and then called for the food that was inside their car. I would have thought that they would have asked for that to be laid out as well ; instead, Huzurala did something touching; He handed over all the fruit and food from the car to Taher saying, ***'Aana upar tamaaru haq chhey, aa tamein layi lo !'***

During this while, more cars rolled in. Following lunch, when Maulana requested for tea. I took Taher aside telling him there was little sugar at home, all the shops were closed and what should I do? The whispers must have reached Maulana; He called us and asked us to present the jar in which the sugar was kept, he recited shifaa on it and said ***'Aa chini ne dabba ma nakhi dao !'***

Mojezaa yeh hua ke hamare sirf ½ kg chini se humne 80 logon ki chai banayi aur Maula aur Mazoon Saheb ke liye coffee!

Then came problem number two. There were only Rs 55 for Maulana's salaam at home. Our children sat around Maulana's chair telling him about the school playground on the other side of the verandah etc, etc. When I asked my children to move away from the chair (I felt they were troubling Huzurala), He interrupted ***'Bacchao chhey, rehva do!'***.

The rest of the Digha entourage slowly started leaving; Huzurala sat in our residence for another half-hour, then Maula told Taher: ***'Mein tamara si raza lav chhu, tamne je aapva nu hatu, yeh aapi deedhu'***.

After a good four hours, Maula descended our humble stairway. At the bottom I caught hold of Maula's feet and said, *'Aap Maula jyaare Digha si phirso to mara ghar par phari si tashreef raakhjo!* Maula ne kaha ki Taher ko Digha bhejo. Taher Dighe gaye aur wahaan Maulana ko daawat diye ghar pe aane ki.

It was afternoon again when Huzurala passed Kharagpur. And once again Maula came unannounced. Taher was out somewhere and could not be reached. When he walked back home he was surprised to find a crowd of mumineen outside our residence. He walked inside to find Huzurala at home.

Maula ne namaaz hamaare gareeb ke ghar - ghar mein na bichhona, na paisa - par dubaara aakey padhi. When Maula left our residence a number of people said that we should have requested him for financial assistance. I replied, *'Maula ki dua hi hamaare liye bahut hai.'*

At that time my name was Kaneeza; Maula said, ***'Kaneeza naam nahi, Tasneem naam aapu chhu' and then wrote my name!***

This then is our story!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (92)

Following as narrated by Juzer Rampurawala , Sharjah , U.A.E.

Date: Wed, Feb 16, 2011

One day before traveling for Haj, mamlook e Syedna TUS suddenly had a severe heart attack . As a diabetic patient, I didn't feel any pain in the heart and only felt nausea and pain in lower part of food canal, which I considered as a pain of duodenal ulcer; as I was an ulcer patient also.

I was taken to Kuwaity Hospital where they told me that I had a heart attack and not fit to travel. I didn't trust them, and refused admission and traveled.

From Sharjah to Abu Dhabi, I felt uneasy so I recited Ya Sayyed As Sohadai completely and I slept. When I woke up, there was no pain or nausea.

In Makkah Mukarramah, I was advised by Dr. Yusuf (Cardiologist) who was on Khidmat, to get admitted in Emergency. Here I got treatment for 3 days they also confirmed heart attack.

Hence I made Araz to AQA MOULA TUS for Shifa through Amirul Haj Shaezada Abbas BS.

I received Dua Mubarak from AQA MOULA TUS and performed my Haj without any problem and arrived back safely to Sharjah!

Here I consulted a cardiologist, and he carried out stress test and after a short walk on the tread mill for 1minute 49 seconds, he stopped immediately and told me that if he would have allowed me to continue just for 3 more seconds, I could have fainted! He was surprised to know that how I managed to walk for hours during Haj!

Now I certainly know that this was only MOULA HUSAIN AS & AQA MOULA TUS who had held my heart intact, as I am Zakir e Husain too.

The doctor referred me immediately for angiography.

I again made Araz to AQA MOULA TUS for Dua & Shifa and Kifayat to angiography and angioplasty.

I received Dua mubarak from AQA MOULA TUS and I underwent angiography.

May Allah grant our AQA MOULA TUS tullul umr taqayamat...Ameen!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (93)

Following interview of Bahen Haani Muchhala, Mumbai, by Mudar Patherya

When my brother was 35, he suffered a combined attack of jaundice and pleursy. We admitted him to Asha Parekh Hospital for an extended period, where doctors worked hard on him but when his body just refused to respond, they shrugged and said `You can take him to a bigger hospital.' It was a polite way of saying that the case was useless; *bhai ek dum weak thayi gaya hata; havey to anaesthesia bhi na apaayi*

While returning from the hospital that morning, I asked the driver to make a detour to Saifee Mahal. And then a thought flashed: ***Maula aap-aj bhai ne shifa no ek lukmo ataa karjo!*** Strange thought – ***lukmo!*** – but that is how the mind worked.

I reached Saifee Mahal. I wept. Those standing around asked "*Umme-Haani, su thayu?*" I told them. Just then Aqa Maula stepped out of his room, Shehzada Huzaifabhaisaheb submitted an araz on my behalf and asked me to wait outside Huzurala's room. A while later, I was asked to go in.

When inside, I saw Aqa Maula, Busaheba and Shehzada Saheb sitting around a thaal on my right. I must have been weeping because Aqa Maula asked, "***Tamaara kitna bhai chhey?***" I could not reply. Aqa Maula then asked more questions. I struggled to reply. Aqa Maula pondered for a couple of minutes, then looked up and said: "***Lukmo aapis to layi jaaso?***"

A *theli* was produced, Aqa Maula gave me three ***lukmaas*** and then pronounced "***Khuda shifaa aapse!***".....***Aapsej!***

I reached the hospital. Tied a *taaweez* that Aqa Maula had given around bhai's hands. Sought the doctor's permission to feed a ***lukma***. The doctor wondered: lady, the patient cannot even breathe normally; how will he be able to eat a morsel? I asked bhai. He indicated that he was willing. The oxygen mark was removed. I took a morsel out of the *theli*. He opened his mouth. I put it in. He closed his jaws. He chewed. Then ingested.

The moment the *niwaala* passed through his throat, bhai convulsed and vomited. Not a vomit, but a ***rumbled explosion*** that spewed out varied mucus colours - red, brown, black, green. The stunned doctors watched. One said, my god, we have never seen something like this in our lives.

That night we shifted bhai to Harkissondass Hospital. A few hours later, his stomach yielded water, enough to overflow a bucket. The doctors continued to be fearful for his life; they indicated minimal survival chances. They finally embarked on injecting a needle into his lungs. Some hours later, the doctors said that the needle had gone into the right place and they did not need to try again.

Bhai ***improved*** rapidly thereafter. Within a month, he was out of the hospital.

For months, we had fed bhai medicines and failed. ***Huzurala fed him a morsel and gave him a life!***

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (94)

Following as narrated by Mufaddal Sharraf – Udaipur, India

Date: Thu, Feb 17, 2011

Hame 3 years pehla Galiyakot urs krwa gaya. Rasta ma fresh thawa vaste Jaismand utra. Wahan bus driver ye ziyada kahmr pi karu, te si ahne bus chalawwa ma gani dikat avti hati. Baad ma ehne neend ava lagi ane jhoko lagi gayo. Bus nu balance bigri gyu ane pahaad (mountain) si takrai ane 4-5 palti khai ne 400 si 500 meter dur, bus ghisayi ne jarasi duri per, ek gehri khai ma jai atki. Ehma girwa na chance gana jyada hata.

Sagla mumineen ye Moula ne yad karwa laga ane Imam Hussain no matam karwa laga.

Jiware bus ye palti khadi te waqt to e shakelat hati ke koi bhi mumín nu bachvu mushkil hatu. Magar sagla ye kayu ke hame logo ye safaid kapda ma 2 saheb na dekha, je ye bus ne pakdi ne kahda hatha, taki bus khai ma na giri jaaye!

Moula ye sab mumineen ne bachavi lida!

Aa shaan na Moula ne Khuda taroze kayamt tak abaad shaad baaki rakhe...Ameen!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (95)

Following as narrated by Sakina Shk. Murtaza Ezzy – Dubai, UAE.

Date: Sat, Mar 12, 2011

"Koi Miyasaheb ye maney em kahyu thu ke ehni tijori ma Moula ye shifa boli chhey aney Miyasaheb ehni kamaai ne potani ye tijori ma mukey chhey jena sabab ehna sagla kaam thai jaai chhey, aney koi waar tangi no saamno natthi karwo parto. Yeh Miyasaheb ni waat si maney bhi em shauq thayo ke maara paasey bhi koi ehwi tijori hoi jey na sabab si maara haalaat bhi durust thai jaai.

Saat waras lag mey musalsal koshish karti rahi ke maney bhi ehwo koi mawqe mili jaai aney maari ummeed puri thai jaai.

Ittefaaq yey thayo ke Moula TUS Bangalore padhaara aney mey wahan haazir thai saki, aney wahan maney em sujhu ke mey (tijori par to kahan mumkin thai) lekin maara hand bag par Moula tus ni SHIFA bolaawi lau. Mey ye, yeh bag namaazi kidi aney SHIFA bolaawa waastey lai gai magar maari waat koi Miyasaheb maanej nahi aney maaru kaam karawa aapwa tayyaraj na thai. Lekin Moula noj mojezo ke aakhir ma kothar mubarak na ek Miyasaheb naaraaz thaata huwa maari bag lidi aney maaru kaam karawi aapwa tayyar thaya.

Miyasaheb Moula TUS ney kai araz karey te pehlaj Moula yeh bag par aapno Haaath Mubarak phiraawi dido. Miyasaheb maney mubarakbaadi aapta huwa bag maara haath ma aapi ne gaya.

Tey din baad mey maara shohar no wazifo aa bag ma mukwa laagi aney ehni barakat si maaru saglu dain ada thai gayu, Waaledayn ney Hajj par mokli saki, aney maney har amar ma, har waqt ehni barakat nazar aawti rahi chhey.

Aaj bhi Moula TUS na chehra mubarak aney aa amal ni shaakelat maara aankho na saamney phirti rahey chhey.

Khuda Taala aa shaan si Barakaat na abwaab ney fateh karnaar Moula ney sehhat aney aafiyat na arsh par hamesha hamesha mustawi raakhjo. Aameen."

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza - (96)

Following as Narrated by Tasneemben Mohammed Hussain Sagwarawala – Kuwait

Date: Fri, 18th March 2011

My husband Mohd Husain, had been having severe coughs and losing weight since June 2009. We had him checked several times, but doctors were unable to diagnose the problem. Ultimately, one doctor diagnosed his condition as Malignant Mesothelioma which is a rare form of cancer that develops from the protective lining that covers many of the body's internal organs, particularly the lungs.

We immediately send Arzi in Huzur Aala (TUS) for **Dua and Shifa'a Mubarak**. Raza Mubarak was received to do treatment at Saifee Hospital in Mumbai.

We set out to Mumbai not knowing anything or anyone over there. We just had Moula's Dua'a Mubarak with us to guide us. And with his guidance, we were able to find a good Oncologist who performed an operation as well as three chemotherapy sessions. Later we also followed treatments provided by a Homeopathic doctor.

Gradually, with time passing, by year 2010, he felt OK. But suddenly in June 2011, he again felt uneasy and started getting pains. We went back to Mumbai where he was told that the disease has spread over the whole body!

Main ghani despearate thai gai ane Aqa Moula na photo same bethi ne roi ane pukari *"Moula aap hi mane rasto batawo ane aap hi cho ke mara shohar ne Shif'a Kulli ata farmavo."* Moula aap hamesha farmavo cho ***"Tame mane dil thi yaad karjo toh mein tamari madad par zaroor Awees"*** to aap mari madad vaste bhi zaroor padharso...We sent another Arzi with full report to Huzur-e-Aala and received **Raza Mubarak** to do Chemotherapy in Kuwait itself. We started the treatment with the Dua'a Mubarak of Aqa Moula (TUS).

On 5th March 2011, my husband woke up with a smile on his face and told me ke Moula mara sapna ma padhara! Main Qadambose thau chu ane mari bimari ni sagli araz karu chu. Pachi Moula farmawe che ke ***'Zakham Batavo'*** ane mai maro shirt uper kari Moula ne batav chu. ***Moula aapna hath mubarak si seena per Masseh kare che...main pachho kahu chu, Moula pet ma pan dard che ane Moula farmave che 'Khuda Shifa'a Aape!'***

Te din baad, aj lag, Mohd Husain ne tandarusti mehsus thai rahi che. Mane to have yakeen che ke aa bimaari mara shohar ma thi nikli gayi che....

Aa sab Moula ni dua and Aap ni nazarat na sabab chey. Aap moula ney koi momeen bimari ni araz nai kartu ke aap aey momeen ney wahanj ilaaj poro kari api chy!

Khuda T'alla ava Shaan na Moula ne ta qayamat baaki ane baaki raakhe...Aameen!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (97)

Following as Narrated by Tasneem Murtaza Karimji – Khaitan, Kuwait

Date: Sun, Mar 6, 2011

I am insulin dependent since last 15 years. Shadi na baad mai ane mara husband regularly doctor ne consult karta. Doctor ye humne clear alfazo ma kahyu ke agar humne baby joiye che to mane mara blood sugar ne ekdum control ma lavvu parse (between 140 to 180), nahi to mai baby conceive nahi kari sakti. Agar jo kari bhi lidu to bachcha nu sahi growth nahi thase, yani ye bachcha ma kayi na kayi kami rehse.

Year 2009 ma Aqa Moula ni Raza Mubarak si mai Kuwait ma mara husband sathe rehwa ne awi. Ane Moula ni Dua si me ye first month maj conceive kari lidu. But as doctor had said, mari raah aasan nothi. Mari tabiyat din ba din kharab thawa lagi. Mai aksar Low blood sugar na sabab behosh thayi jati, e had tak ke ek diwas to me behoshi ni halat ma almost coma ma chali gayi.

Mara husband ye mane **Moula nu shifa padelu shahad** (honey) khilayu ane kafi jadd-o-jahad bad me halki si hosh ma awi. Te darmiyan mane 10 days hospital ma admit bhi rehwa padu but waha bhi mari tabiyat ma koi sudhar na thayo. Maru blood sugar high ane low thatu rahyu. Doctor ne bhi kahi samajh na pade. Yahan ane India na insulin ma quality nu ghano farak hato. Yahan ni dawai heavy dosage ni hati, jena wajah si hospital ma bhi kahi faydo na thayo.

Yej darmiyan hamo ye **Aqa Moula ma Dua ni Araz** continuous karta rahya. **Aap ye Nazar-ul-Mukam ada karwanu ane Hamza (A.S.) na naam si qurbani nu farmayu!**

Yej duao ni barkat si mane Insulin ma difference ni khabar padi jehna si kafi faydo thayo. Aaje Moula ni Dua Mubarak si mara pase 15 month old ni dikri che! Alhamdollillah, ekdum fit and fine baby che. Ehnu naam ZAINAB che je Moula ye KUN safar na darmiyaan fazal farmayu hathu.

Aa zikar sunwa ma shayad ghani aasaan lagti hoye, lekin me ane mara Moula janiye che ke aa sab su hatu. Maru sugar level je 140 to 180 na between hovu joiye ehna badal ma low ma low 45 ane high ma high 580 tak chalu gayu hatu. Aa to Moula ni Dua Mubarak che jena sabab aa sab umur sahal thayi gaya ane aaj Burhanuddin Moula ni Dua ane Wasila si humne aa farzand ni dolat nasib thayi che!

Khuda Ta'ala Moula ni umar sharif ne taa roze qayamat, sehat-o-afiyat ma daraz ane daraz karjo....AMEEN!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (98)

Following as Narrated by Farida Huzefa – Chennai, India

Date: Mon, Mar 7, 2011

Married since 2005, I had undergone Ectopic surgery (where in my right fallopian tube was removed), and two miscarriages later on. The latter was in Nov 2009 after which I had gone to attend Ashara Mubarakah in Marol-Mumbai.

I was very much depressed for not having a child yet. I thought nothing would relax my mind and soul other than being in Maula (TUS)'s hazrat; and attending Ashara Mubarakah was the best idea.

There came in the surprise of my life, as my name was confirmed for the Qadambosi bethak of 13th Moharram.

As I was getting closer to Maula (TUS), I had only one dua (for a child) and a firm belief that I would at any cost not return empty handed from Maula (TUS)'s hazrat.

I did Qadambosi but was not allowed to do any direct Araz to Maula (TUS). But I had clearly made up my mind that I would not leave the place without doing my Araz. With all my courage and good luck, I got an opportunity to reach to Dr. Moiz Bhai Sahib, who was just next to Maula (TUS)'s bethak. I did Araz to him and showed him my medical reports which I was carrying. (thx to my husband who had highlighted the main points in the report, making it very clear). He immediately rose up to Huzurala (TUS) and did my Araz by pointing towards me.

Maula (TUS) just looked at me once...just once; from top to bottom with tabassum! That Noorani Nazar, which lasted not more than 6 to 7 seconds, did it's magic and in just next 3 months I was pregnant!!

Today I am a proud mother of a baby girl named HAWRA!!

Maula (TUS) gifted me with the daulat of a child just like Imam Husain (AS) did...and showed us in the true sense that **He is Imam's Dai..!!**

Long live Dr. Sayedna Mohammed Burhanuddin Maula (TUS) !!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (99)

Following as Narrated by Munira Saeed from Kolkata - India

Date: Saturday, February 05, 2011

I was suffering from a peculiar skin disease since June 2010. I was having regular skin eruptions in which the whole body would swell and not even a small patch of normal skin could be seen. The entire body would have dark red swelling patches. We consulted many doctors in Kolkata and each one diagnosed it in his/her own way. I underwent many tests and took quite a few injections as well. Nothing seemed to work. The frequency of these skin eruptions increased drastically. I was told by the doctors to stop eating almost every common food.

On the Urus Mubarak of Syedna Taher Saifuddin (R.A.), I had gone to Mumbai. There we arranged a visit with one of the leading skin specialists at the Saifee Hospital. I was again told to stop eating every food item which we would eat in our day-to-day life. I was given several emergency injections too, but the situation worsened.

Now I had only one Hope. And that was to be able to go to my Maula. In December 2010, I was in Mumbai to attend Ashara Mubarak.

On Lailatul Ashura, Syedna Mohammed Burhanuddin Maula (T.U.S.) came to me in my dreams. I was with Maula alone and Maula koi ne paani laawanu kahe che. Maula paani ma phoonk maare che ane aapna haath mubarak si teen waar (3 times) mara aankh na upar shafakat si paani naake che ane kahe che ke "AAJ SI TAMARI BIMAARI SHIFA CHE".

Since then the disease has become a history!

Similarly, in August 2010, Maula mara sapna ma dobara tashrif lava ane mane kahe che ke "TAME JAANO CHO KE TAME AA KAI JAGAH PAR AAYA CHO? ZARA DEKHO; TAME KARBALA MA IMAM HUSAIN NI ZARI NA AAGE CHO. ME JAANU CHU KE TAMNE IMAM HUSAIN (A.S.) NI ZIYARAT WAASTE GHANO WALWALO HATO."

In less than 20 days, hakeekatan I was in Karbala Moalla performing ziyarat of Imam Husain (A.S.)!

AA SAGLU MAULA NO MOJEZO CHE! LONG LIVE SYEDNA MOHAMMED BURHANUDIDN MAULA!!

Copy ends

Moula's Mojeza- (100)

Following as Narrated by Mulla Huzefa Banswarawala, Nasik - India

Thursday, March 10, 2011

I was 14 when I suffered from a severe outbreak of itching leading to swelling.

The immediate response was to seek medical remedy except that in this case, the Banswara doctors had no clue on how deal with the accumulation of water in the swollen parts and the consistent swelling from the torso down to the soles of my feet.

Completely lost, my parents took me to Udaipur in the hope that some doctors would have dealt earlier with such a case and would press his knowledge to my relief. We were to be gradually disappointed; nothing worked.

It was a painful existence. There was no pain point. It was pain all over. A touch would be painful. A caress would be painful. The feel of fabric on skin would be painful. Last resort: I was reduced to the use of an *odhni* to cover my body. This made it difficult to sleep soundly, so when I rose weary in the morning, this would trigger another dull pain. The result was that the physical pain extended to the psychological.

It was on one of these restless nights when I caught up with some sleep that I 'saw' a wondrous sight: Huzurala (TUS) had entered a hospital room, I ran towards that room. At the door, I cried out '*Moula! Maney aaj lag aapni qadambosi naseeb nathi thai!*' and to which Huzurala (TUS) farmayu *ke 'Baahar je bacchu chey, ehne andar bulaao'*. I entered the room. Huzurala (TUS) smiled, then said '*Bol, su kahe chey?*' I wept. Huzurala (TUS) repeated '*Bol, su araz kare chey?*'

Even though I was aware of my lingering illness during the course of my dream, the first thing that I could instinctively entreat was '*Moula! Mamluk chaar varas si Al Jamea tus Saifiyah ma daakhila vaaste farum bharu chu, magar mane daakhilo nathi milto!*'

**Moula ye nazdeek bulaavi, peeth par haath mubarak zor si maari, aney farmayu:
"Khuda ummid puri kare! Inshallah, aa varas taaro daakhilo thai jaase!"**

Emboldened, I continued: '*Moula! Ghano beemar chu.*' **Moula (TUS) nazdeek bulavi ne pura jism par shifaa boli.** I continued to weep uninterrupted....

When I awoke thereafter, I realized that I had not just been weeping during the course of the dream; I had been weeping in real as well. The pillow was drenched. Immediately, I woke my parents to tell them what had happened. They asked me to return to bed with the consolation that they would hear me out in the morning.

That morning, the doctor came on his usual round. He asked how I was. He removed the *dupatta*. And stopped: 'Where has the swelling disappeared? Where has the water inside the swelling gone?' He went one step further: he rubbed his hand across my body. No pain. He rubbed his hand on my head. No reaction.

The doctor found this curious. This boy would scream if someone as much as touched him last morning, and now couldn't be bothered any longer. What had happened? The doctor had never seen something like this. He asked: '*Beta, ye kaise hua, tum kuch keh sakte ho? Itne din se hum pareshan the. Koi medicine tumhe asar nahi kar raha tha... achaanak sab kuch gaayab kaise ho gaya?*'

I recounted. The Brahmin doctor heard my story in detail. Then pronounced: '**Your dharam guru has cured you. You don't need medicines anymore. Now nothing can happen to you. Go home!**'

When I reached Banswara, my younger sister greeted us at the door. She handed my father a letter. It was from Al Jamea tus Saifyah containing the message: '***Aqa Maula (TUS) ye karam aney ehsan farmaavi tamaara farzand ne Al Jamea tus Sifyah ma daakhilo naseeb keedho chey.***'

A number of readers will ask: why did this happen to me? My answer: each night I slept with **a picture of Muqaddas Maula (AS) and Huzurala (TUS) as well as khaak-e-shifa** with the conviction that they would inevitably come to my rescue. **The yaqeen did it!**

I concede that the science of the day has made remarkable progress in the field of medicine to explain how people may be cured gradually on the physical plane. But science will fail to explain how people can be healed immediately and completely in the subconscious as well.

Khuda taala hamari ummido ne puri na karnar Maula (TUS), Isa Masih ni shaan na bataavnar Maula (TUS) ne, ek Meavi Milad pachi beji Meavi Milad aaya kare tu hamara Maula (TUS) ne hamaara darmiyan ba-salamat ta-qayamat baaki, baaki ane baaki rakhe! AMEEN!

COPY ENDS

Acknowledgements

"Mubarak to you for sharing of 100 Mojezas of our beloved MAULA. You have achieved your target here and I pray you achieve all your set targets in life. May your count reach 1000 in near future. INSHAALLAH" Regards, [mohd a c a i@yahoo.co.in](mailto:mohd_a_c_a_i@yahoo.co.in)

"Dear Ali Bhai, I am really thankful to you for the campaign you started and really appreciate your efforts. Everyday I waited for Maula's Mojeza and with every single email I pray for you and for Maula's long life. Sometimes couldn't control my feelings and went in tears as I read through these sharing from Mumineen. May God Bless you for such a good and unique deed you achieved on this Historical occasion. May Allah Grant our Aqa Moula (TUS) long and healthy life for the thousand of years to come." Regards, Hasnain Ibrahim, Karachi-Pakistan.

"Dear Mu.Aliasgar Bhai Lehri, With reference to your personal initiative to complete 100 Mojizaas of Huzurala(TUS), I Appreciate your great effort to collectively bring in all mumimeen's mojizaa". Wassalaam, Shk.Mustafa Saiffee (Dubai)

"Salaam Bhai, I have been reading most of maula's mojeza that you have been sending. Just to put on record about the great effort you are doing. Allah apna Moula ne ta qayammat baki rakhe." Abde Syedna, Murtaza Motiwala

"Salaam Ali Asgar Bhai.....I am Ateka from Mumbai and i am really touched by your effort and request you to please forward me all the mojeza of Aqa Maula TUS as one whole folder so that i can view it easily since it becomes really difficult to sort it from 100's of email. Khuda apna AQA MAULA(TUS) ni Umr Shareef ne Taroze Qayamat Daraaz kare.Ameen." Salaam and Regards, Amte Syedna TUS, Ateka Mu.Muslim bhai Indorewala, Mumbai

"Dear Ali Bhai, this is a unique present which you will be presenting to our moula. thanks for making us a part of it." Tasneem Hakimjiwala, Dubai

“Dear M Ali bhai over the time by collecting and narrating the great “Healing Touch” of Aqa Moula TUS you have done a great service and we all are touched by it” Mu. Abbas Zakiuddin, Bahrain.

“Dear Mulla Aliasgarbhai, Thankyou very much for presenting us everyday with mozizas of Aqa Moula (TUS)... After reading the many mozizas and ehsanaats I am encouraged to write about my humble experiences with my beloved Moula. Thank you for doing this khidmat and inspiring worldwide momineen with your everyday emails.” Thanks & Regards, Tasneem Jamnagarwala

“AQUA MOULA NI MIAVI MILAD MUBARAK ANE MOHANNA THAI , APYE JE NIYAT KARE HATI TE KHUDATAALANA FZLOKARAM AND HAKIKI BAVA NA FAIZ NA SABBAB 100 MOUZIZA COLLECT KARVU NASIB THAU TE GHANI MOTI NEAAMAT CHE...JAZAKALLAH! Aapni Ek Manzil puri Thai che. Araz a che k Moula na mouziza Safar aapn zariathi kayam chalu rahe AMEEN.. Mouziza ni vaat na sabab Saghla nu Dil Bharai Ave che. Kem ke Apan bhi to Mumeen che.” Zoher Mulla Dawoodibhai Tarwala, Khanpur,AHMEDABAD

“Ghani ghani mubarak bhai tamare moala na meavi milad ni ane je mojiza nu collection tame hamara tak pahunchavu che ae no ajar tamne khuda ghano aapse... “ Tasneem tasneem_b@yahoo.com

“Salaams Ali bhai, Thanks for the Mojezas. May Allah bless u. Khuda Taala apna Maula (TUS) ne ta roze Qayamat, sehat o afiyat ma, hamesha baki rakhe, Ameen.” Abde Syedna, Zoher Halai.

“Asalaam aleykum, I must take one moment to congratulate you on your effort and dedication to narrate Maajis - Lives touched by His holiness TUS...” Thanking you, Best regards, Saifuddin Abdulla saifuddinap@gmail.com
