



Not long ago, I began to exist as a tiny dot in my mother's womb.

She could not see me or touch me but that's when she first began to love me.

I was in her tummy for many months.

Nine actually.

It wasn't easy for her at all.

Having a baby in her tummy made her sick most of the time.

But she was patient.

She took care of me and ate healthy food so I could grow from a tiny dot to a healthy baby in her tummy.

I was then ready to come out into the world.

I came out from her tummy into her arms.

It wasn't easy as it sounds!

Even Allah said in the Quran that the mothers gave us birth with ALOTTTT of hardship!

However, she says it was the best day of her life.

She thanked Allah with all her heart for having me.

I'm sure I made her very tired!

But she never got tired of me.

As I grew into a toddler she cooked healthy and yummy meals for me everyday.

I was not very neat.

I made a big mess at every meal.

Yet, she fed me with so much love and fun.

She cleaned the stains on the carpet and walls without any fuss.

She loved playing with me. Her favorite game was "peek-a-boo" because she loved to hear me giggle.

She protected me all day long from all the harmful things
I would try doing around the house because I was too little to know that being curious is not always safe.

She would sit looking after me and giving me company even if she was worn out.

She used to be most worried when I fell sick.

She would care for me all day and all night long.

She would keep making a lot of du'aa to Allah.

She would only smile once I was better.

When I was a toddler she taught me how to draw my first letter "A", sing funny rhymes and helped me memorize surat al-ikhlas.

Now that I'm grown, we spend time learning Quran, Hadith, Arabic and Islamic studies.

She helps me understand the message of Allah in the Quran.

She feels happy when she sees me obeying Allah.

It upsets her when she finds me being careless about doing good deeds.

She wants me to grow up to be a beloved of Allah.

She wants me to grow up to be a righteous, brave and helpful Muslim.

She keeps reminding me that the good things of this world are only little and only for a while.

And so all that my mother wants for me to have is an ENORMOUS, beautiful eternal palace in the Paradise.

In it there will be everything I wish for.

...And in my heart I want the same for her.

## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENT:**

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