



# Ansar Connection

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We are the Helpers of Allah.

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## Saleem Shah Jahan Puri (My Father)

*By: Syed Khalid Jamil (Baypoint Majlis, CA)*

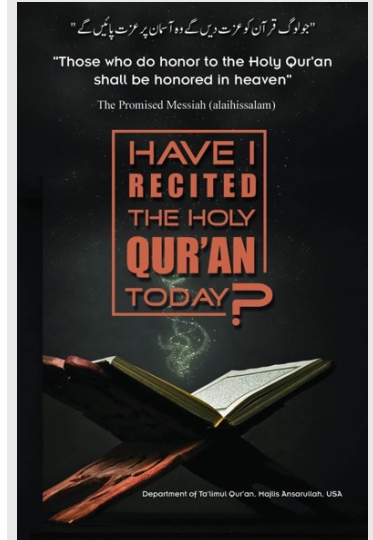
(A Story written about his love of Jama'at, as I learnt about his demise, on my way from Jordan to Karachi).

Two tears rolled down my cheeks as I closed my eyes. Please forgive me Bhai (We used to call our father "Bhai" as many families in UP do), I have made you wait so long... "Are you all right, Sir?" I heard a voice coming from far off. I opened my eyes. there stood an air hostess with a worried look. "Can I help you, Sir?" I cried inside but did not say a word. "No thanks, I am OK."

I closed my eyes and there I flew again. I found myself in Nawab Shah, a small town in central Sindh Province. A young man in his mid-forties, with small black beard wearing black Sherwani, wide bottom pajama and a black Jinnah cap, stood in our house. "Baithak", as we used to call it. A modest 6 x 10 ft, rectangular room with one two-seater caned chair, a round table, and two single caned chairs. A modest but clean look. He seemed happy. Besides him stood a round-faced, fair-complexion relatively young lady with shining hazel color eyes, smiling too, my mother. Two freshly arrived corrugated tin boxes, one dull green color, and the other usual rusted steel color with locks, sitting on the floor besides them.

I wondered what was in the boxes! Still thinking where they came from. My fathers' shining eyes indicated something very precious was there in the boxes.

My little mind wondered but was unable to speculate. A curiosity crept, and I begged rather quietly to open it please. As if he heard me, he bent down and opened one of the boxes and there was the 'treasure', A box full of dust-laden old publications of Jama'at Ahmadiyya. Some were hard cover, and some were unbound books. History of Jama'at, publications of Hadhrat Musleh-e-Maud (ra), Al-Hakam, some old pamphlets and some other old publications with inscriptions by Hazrat Mukhtar Shah Jehanpuri (ra). I was rather disappointed, what was he going to do with all that "garbage", my trifling mind busted. Of all the things, two boxes coming all the way from



India, after partition - what a "treasure", my stupid little thoughts, still not able to comprehend the value of those gems. I left repulsed to fly kite or run for the kite outside. Later in life, I realized what a treasure it was and why he was so happy. A teacher, and a scholar that he was.

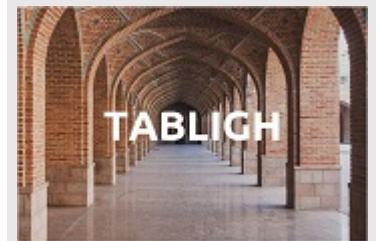
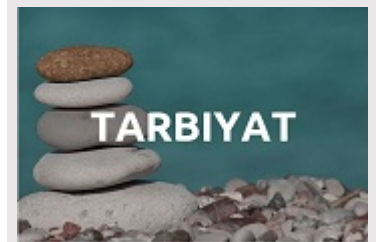
A voice again echoed in my ears, "Do you want to have a cold towel, Sir?" The same face again, this time a little bit more worried to look at my tear-soaked face. "Are you crying Sir? Do you have an air sickness?". No thank you, I wanted to ask her to leave me alone, but I forced a smile. Wiped my face with the cold towel. The journey had just started.

I closed my eyes again and there I was again.

The same house, the same place, this time the man a little older, some white patches on the beard, and the lady little fatigued. He was crying. I heard him sobbing, "Aie you have left me". I was not able to understand what Aie was. Later I learnt that he used to call his mother Aie. She had passed away in Lahore, in the house of our paternal aunt. He sobbed while the lady soothed him. He cried and cried. This time again my little mind was not able to comprehend. I was old enough to understand that when someone dies, the people who are left behind cry. What my young brain was not able to comprehend was why he is standing here and not going to see her face one last time. Later I understood, we were poor, and he did not have enough for the railway ticket. He had to save money for Jalsa Salana which was around the corner and if he made this visit now, he would miss the Jalsa, so he stood and cried. We were poor, very poor, but he was rich with the wealth of knowledge and love for the Jama'at.

"Do you want to eat something Sir?" The voice disturbed me again.

I forced a smile and nodded in negative. Just to get rid of her never-ending questions, I again forced a smile and said, OK give me a glass of water. I wanted to be there again. He was no more there, but as I was very close to him and could still smell him close by.



**Living in the Ansar  
Housing Community -  
Rental unit(s) available**

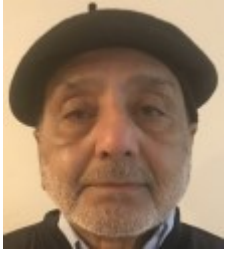
Would you like to live in a community where you can walk to Community Center for 5 daily prayers in congregation? Information for renting house in Ansarullah Housing Complex Joppa, Maryland is available at the following link:

<https://ansarusa.org/rentallisting>



## Winds of Opposition only Fly you Higher

By Muhammad Tayyab, Oshkosh, WI



I was born in 1945. My parents did not take bai'at until the late 1980s, however, my grandfather was an Ahmadi. During my school years, I had access to books of different schools of thought including books written against Ahmadiyyat. After the Matriculation examination, I had free time and I studied books written by the Promised Messiah (as). This study removed all false impressions given by books of opponents and I was convinced about the truth of the Promised Messiah (as). My uncle Pir Moin ud Din sahib, may Allah elevate his status in paradise, also helped me clarify any left over doubts in mind.

Although I did not formally enter Jama'at until July, 1967, practically I was an Ahmadi and true believer of the claims of the Promised Messiah (as). I took my first job in Multan. I faced persecution there. I was denied accommodation and mess services for a long time. But Allah gave me strength to face it courageously, and all opposition fizzled away in no time.

In 1977, I was selected for a senior position in a project in Mirpur Mathelo, Sindh, Pakistan, where I served for about 18 years. I was the president of the local chapter of Ahmadiyya Jama'at and rated as the best Mechanical Engineer and got promoted to the position of General Manager Engineering. I had opportunity to serve the Jama'at and this was the tragic time when Qureshi Abdul Rehman sahib, the Amir of Sukkhur was murdered. Due to my management position, the labor union turned against me and exploited the fact that I was an Ahmadi. Despite the worst criminal efforts, including wall chalking and false complaints to police, Allah protected me and I witnessed His blessings, and fear never came near me.

In 1994, I applied for a job in a new oil refinery, "PARCO". During the interview when all were favorable to me, suddenly the HR manager started showing my file to all members of the interview board without saying a word. But I could understand that he was telling them that I was an Ahmadi. Of course, I never tried to hide it. So, I was not selected. Once again, Allah the Almighty showed me that He is all powerful and can do what He likes. It so happened that another company "Descon" was awarded the Total Responsibility Maintenance Contract of "PARCO" refinery. The terms of this contract were so that for two years all "PARCO" Maintenance team will work under the Maintenance Manager of "Descon". For this position, "Descon" selected me and, by the grace of Allah, I worked on a more senior position in "PARCO" than the one they rejected me for being an Ahmadi.

Later on, Saudi Arabia denied me a job in the government sector, due to my being an Ahmadi. With grace of Allah, I returned to the same country on higher position and worked there for eleven years.

All praise is for my Allah, who never left me despite oppositions and despite my huge weaknesses and deficiencies. I know it is all due to the blessings of Ahmadiyyat.



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**Send us your stories of brotherhood, Ijtima memories, or any other inspiring experience that we can share with Ansar brothers via this e-newsletter.**

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Department of Publications  
Majlis Ansarullah USA



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