



Ansar Connection

A biweekly e-newsletter of Majlis Ansarullah, USA

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We are the Helpers of Allah.

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My father

By: Tahir Ahmed Soofi (Qaid Nau Mubaeen, Majlis Ansarullah USA)



On February 8, 2023, my dear father, Nasir Ahmed Soofi Sahib passed away in his sleep at the age of 88. Inna lillahe wa inna ilaihe rajeoon.

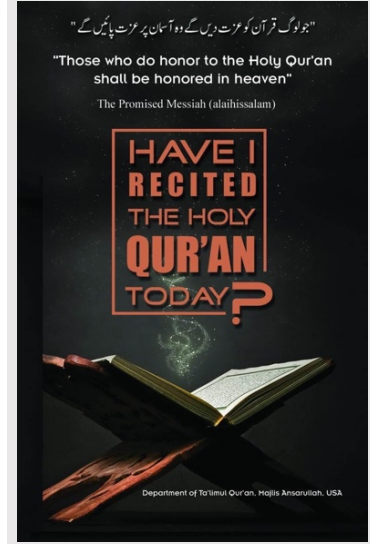
My father was grandson of Soofi Karam Elahi sahib who was among 313 sahaba (companions of Hazrat Promised Messiah peace be on him). He is survived by his two sons and one daughter and four grandchildren. Alhumdolillah, all his children are involved and serving the Jama'at in various capacities.

My father told us a story that as they were immigrating from Meerut, India to Qadian, India that he took a longer than expected bathroom break and the caravan started to leave. My father, an explorer at heart, was wandering around and there were verbal calls for my father from my Phupo (father's sister) that bus is leaving... where are you, come now. My father shared that when he heard these calls, he ran fast and realized that he was almost left behind.

At one point, my father's nephew, Naseer Bhai was kidnapped in Pakistan. There was so much worry and anxiety that my grandmother told my father that go and find him and don't come home till you do. Alhumdolillah, he was able to find him within a day, held by a gang, and somehow secured him and brought him safely home!

My father was Sadr Mississauga Jamaat when it was the only Jamaat in Canada in the 80's. He hosted the first "Welcome to Canada dinners" at our home for former Ameer, Muniruddin Shams Sahib and Naseem Mahdi Sahib.

My father was instrumental in Canada Jamaat's first offsite Tarbiyyati camp at Crystal Beach with our first Ameer Sahib, Murabbi Mansur Bashir sahib. My father rented a cargo van and laid a foam mattress and stuffed about 20 kids in there for a 2-3 hours journey. Nowadays it is not possible to do that, but



we lived to tell that tale.

My father also invited former Mayor Hazel McCallion and she accepted to come to our home in Mississauga.

My father instilled in all of us the service to Khilafat and Jama'at. He loved to cook for the masses and started Langar system of Canada Jama'at at our home. He would cook using the portable ovens. We used to shift the large pots in both cars to the Jalsa sites in the mid 80's.

My father took us to Rabwah and Qadian, we are so grateful for that. We attended both Jalsa Salana in the same year of 1981. He grew up in Qadian and showed us his house and other areas of Qadian. He introduced us to a very simple man in Rabwah that was riding a bike to his work. This simple man with dust covered shoes affectionately brought us in to his office, that gentleman become our 4th Khalifa, Mashallah!

My father took us on a European trip and made sure we visited the Jama'at mosques and Murabbiyan in UK, France, Switzerland, and Germany, Alhumdolillah. We met my brother in law's (JT Lone) uncle, Masood Jehlmi Sahib in Switzerland.

My dear father was able to visit Spain for the Basharat mosque inauguration and was blessed to take some suitcases belonging to Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih IV (ra) by car from London to Pakistan. He told us that now that I have Hazoor's (ra) blessing, I will arrive safely by road to Pakistan.

My father would make sure that we attend Friday prayer service during our junior and high school years. Every Friday, he would drive an hour to Wilson Ave Mission House, and he would then feed us after Friday prayers, Alhumdolillah. Perhaps that is why I have a liking to McDonalds.

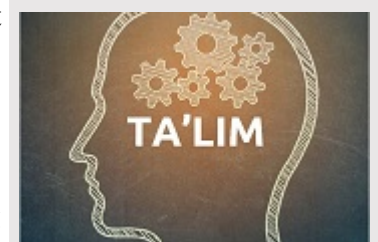
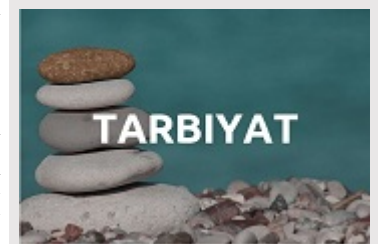
Alhumdolillah, my dear father took our whole family to Montreal for the 1976 Olympics, and we could not find a hotel room, so we made it a first ever cool camping trip. Then my dear father took my sister and my mom to the Olympics in Atlanta in 1996 and they drove from Toronto to Atlanta. This time they stayed with family.

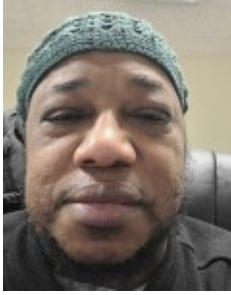
In my eyes, he was a pioneer and like other pioneers, they are hero's coming to a foreign land, to a frozen tundra area compared to Pakistan and when I asked my father why you moved to Canada, he said, 'I did it for you, so you can be better than us and have a better life'!

We pray that Allah may forgive my dear father, raise his status in Paradise and grant patience and forbearance to his survivors. (Ameen).

My Kidney Story

By: Jamil Muslim (Milwaukee, WI Majlis)





My name is Jamil Muslim and I accepted Ahmadiyyat in 1995. I would like to share my path to accepting the truth of Ahmadiyyat and how it relates to my personal health history.

After I started college, I decided to join the Army. In 1990 my unit was placed on alert for Operation Desert Shield. In February 1991, my unit prepared to deploy to the Persian Gulf. I was given 14 vaccines. The next day one of my colleagues told me I did not look so good & I should go on sick call. While on sick call I found out I had a fever of 105 degrees. I was given some Tylenol & told to go back on duty. Over the next few months, I started to retain fluid.

After Operation Desert Storm was over my ankles started to swell. A biopsy of my kidneys showed some scarring. I noticed a significant decrease in my energy. I decided to stop drinking alcohol because of my deteriorating kidneys.

I needed to start dialysis. There are two needles put in your arms 3 times a week for 4 hours to remove the waste from your blood. After dialysis you have very little energy. You can get severe cramps. The most pain I have ever experienced is a dialysis cramp. A friend of mine would say how it could feel like your whole body would cramp including your eyelids. The only thing you can do is pray & endure the pain.

I was told I needed a kidney transplant. Most of the people I knew that had started dialysis after me had died. Regardless of this I had faith in Allah that he would restore my health.

During this time, I accepted Islam. A year and a half later I accepted Ahmadiyyat. After 3 years of dialysis and a few weeks after signing Ba'it, I got my kidney transplant. At that time 75% of the people with transplants did not survive past 3 years.

I started to suffer from various complications of having a transplanted kidney and it was eventually removed. Once I lost consciousness while offering Salat & was taken to the hospital to get stitches. The Holy Prophet (saw) had said there is a cure for every disease. I had tried everything the doctors had offered for treatment. I decided I was not going to follow the doctor's advice. If I did not do something differently, I was going to die. I trusted that this was the course Almighty Allah wanted me to take.

I changed my diet and after six weeks, I could not believe how good I felt. My doctor told me everything except for my BUN & creatinine was back to normal. My dialysis experiences had gotten easier. I did not feel exhausted between my treatments.



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Sometime after this I got an infected catheter and it had to be surgically removed. While in the hospital I saw my doctor who did the initial tests to determine I had kidney disease. He reminded me “I remember when you were Harold Mason”. I knew eventually he was going to try to talk me into another transplant, but I'd decided years ago I was not going to get another one. He told me most patients do not last 5 years on dialysis, but I had been on it for over 20 years. He said the change in my diet was not correcting all my health problems and a kidney transplant would correct the remaining problems.

After some prayer I decided to give a kidney transplant another try. I had a daughter now and I had to think of her. The day after the kidney transplant, I was able to eat without trouble like the first transplant.

Almighty Allah has blessed me to be able to tell you this story. I believe I have had an extremely easy life. The adversity I had gone through made me a better person. I am a Muslim today because of these experiences. If you take anything from my story, I will say to always keep your faith in Almighty Allah.

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

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