

I Found the Prophet of Our Age



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I was born in Washington state in March 1987. I was raised in Olympia until I was eight and then we decided to move to Vancouver.

Under the microscope of history and myth, I regularly studied numerous faiths and religions, from the early age of 15. I debated with philosophers twice my age on the origins of religion.

Not even touching the bottom basics and pillars of the early religions, I had a theory, religion was given to man, man evolved religion and shaped it to what suited him best until that religion became far from the truth that it had once been.

Many veteran philosophers were entertained by my inexperienced theory structure, and patted me on

the back and lead me on to what was to be my lifelong journey, to prove my theory correct.

I studied comparative religions, and dug a deep hole thinking philosophy would accept a rogue mind like mine; philosophy was known to be the area and field where materialists and non-believers dwelled.

I had no ground in that area of study, I became a laughing stock very quickly, always ending my debates with ambiguous statements such as "There is a GOD and you know it." I never fit in, in any religious category, be it monotheism, either strict or the three-in-one romantics.

A chain of single-headed thoughts slipped into my mind like the revelations that came to prophets, like a bell, a single theory sealed my heart and closed the deal. Man

was given a message, indeed he was. Philosophy tells us, some men from ecstasy or hallucination see God and drive their whole life on that single event.

Some role-play these materialists play, but I knew they could not disprove God nor could I single-handedly prove His existence to them.

I withdrew from all conversations and hid my soul in the shade of secrecy. During this time of seclusion, I came upon a book which broke down simple definitions of living religions of today, there I looked without interest at sectarian religions and I looked on what was called "Prophet of Our Age"...

I was curious as to whom this prophet of our age was, since all the prophets I knew of were the Judaism prophets and the biblical prophets,

and they disappeared around a thousand years ago to the least.

This prophet's name was Muhammad.

For a minute I objected to the idea that he was the prophet of our age, due to his message being a thousand years old.

I gave it another try and pushed out my copy of the translated version of the Quran and screened it once and twice.

Intrigued, I was lured into reading for more and more weeks, until I came upon some chapters that completely validated my whole way of thinking. I had found the only message from God that man had not had his way with.

I had now found my mother faith, I had now found "Allah".

I rebelled and came into public eye arguing how no one of those "filthy" philosophers never explained the importance of this "noble message" I had now discovered; only to be told "word of the ancients."

In a small frown I smiled, because those same words were in the Quran, "And when they heard our Message they utter in ignorance, Word of the Ancients" as if to prophesise this day,

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this hour, this moment. I knew by God this was the same day I would say: There is no God but Allah, and this noble Prophet of our day is His Messenger.

My mother had passed away a long time ago. I was an only child; my father had raised me upon the values of early Greek philosophers. I was brought into the world not familiar with anything except "thought".

He and I never spoke much; even as I graduated he said only a few words.

When I did revert to Islam, I had no plans to tell him simply because he really did not care for my spiritual path. When we did speak, he asked me a question which unavoidably brought out my reversion, "Have you found peace?"

A question which he would ask me on many occasions now seemed like a strange request to know my religious identity.

He sighed when I told him about my reversion and said, "If you have found peace, you have no further reason to live, unless you have been given a mission which you are reluctant to comply with."

My friends balked at my reversion and told me my days of disbelief were better than my days of belief. And that I have finally chosen to live the rest of my life blindfolded, controlled and indoctrinated.

Yet I live on, yet still not far away but much more closer to peace.

I always sought truth, yet now I am on the right path to seek it. I am nearer to success and further from denial. "Truly, my prayer and my service of sacrifice, my life and my death, are [all] for Allah, the Cherisher of the worlds."

Reading Islam

24/7 Prayers

Total Trust in Allah

Allahumma aslamtu wajhi ilaika, wa fawwadtu amri ilaika, 'aljatuz zahri ilaika raghbatan wa rahbatan ilaika. Laa malja minka illa ilaika, Allaahumma aamantu bikitaabikal-lazii anzalta wa binabiyyikal-lazii arsalta.

“O Allah! I surrender to You and trust You in all my affairs and depend upon You for Your Blessings both with hope and fear of You. There is no place of protection and safety except with You. O Allah! I believe in the Book (Quran) You have revealed and in the Prophet whom You have sent.”

Fortification of Muslim

