

Dear Mulla Asghar, may we visit you?

Dear Mulla Asghar, may we visit you?
You may be with your Lord,
But just a minute or two

O my dear reader
The name is Mulla Asghar, do you remember him?

Well if you don't, let me tell you more, to brighten up your dim

He came to be in 1936
Were you around to see?
He went to school in Kenya
And did the usual things
Like play and do his homework
Until he hit his teens

But then he came to be
The greatest of us all
Leadership he grasped
And moulded in us all
A love for *Ahlul Bayt*
That kept us on the straight

So my dear reader
I repeat to you the name
It's Mulla Asghar, I cry out
Can you think of one man the same?

So I hear you say, "Well,
What more to this human
Than the way the commons dwell?"

He could see into the future
And would plan in this way
So the community he loved so much
Shouldn't go astray

He was a teacher and a student
And a *zakir* and a worker
He was a husband and son
And for all of us a father

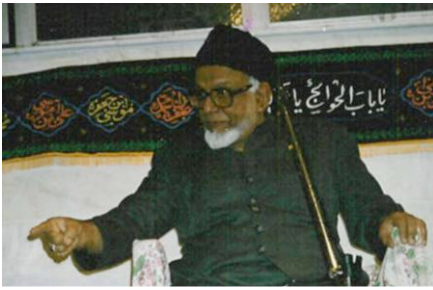
At the age of just 20
He no longer was a bachelor
And by this time four years
For the community he was a server

His position with the *Maraaje'* all over the globe
Is a testament to his status
And for most of us a hope

The man could interact with you
in Urdu and Gujarati
in English and Swahili
I hear you ask "Any more?"
Well yes, there's Arabic and Farsi

Is there an end to this man, so dear?
The poverty of the poor
He removed their fear





A single pat on that innocent head
 Would brighten a face
 That otherwise was dead

He did indeed love to serve
 And serve he did his entire tenure
 What will he rise to tell his God?
 "Thank you for the opportunity, O my Lord"

For these were his words
 So famous they've become
 It arouses some thoughts
 In our minds that are numb

That there are people in this world
 Who are hungry and are homeless
 Where it takes a heart like Mulla Asghar's
 To help them quench their thirst

It was his vast knowledge and memory
 That made us love him so
 Because he practised what he knew
 Unlike some others that we know

O' that reminds me now, to ask you so
 Have you heard from Mulla
 A lecture or two?

For if you haven't then you don't know
 What oceans of intellect, he did show

Ask him about the Ahlul-Bayt
 Their history in front of you he would lay
 Or anything to do with Islam
 Mulla answered, and his answer would stay

History, Fiqh, Usool and Akhlaaq
 Mathematics, Tafseer, Business and Qur'aan
 The economics he knew and the politics too
 Be it of China, Iran or Timbuktu

No corner of the earth can on That Day
 Complain to its Lord and have this to say
 "Mulla visited us but stayed not a day"
 For every corner, *salaam* did he say

The poor of the world lost a loving hand
 Who taught them, fed them, clothed and homed them

The rich of the world, lost a caring friend
 Whom they trusted with their hearts,
 Even if their money was like sand

So now you've read this poem
 My dear reader, I shall ask
 Do you think you know this Mulla Asghar
 Whose history is so vast?

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London

8th year after the demise of Mulla Asgharali M. M. Jaffer
 21st March 2008