

**Ab WATAN MEIN  
kabhi jAAEIN GE  
TO MEHMAAN HON GE.**

**By: FAROOQUE MAHAIMI**



مولیٰ علی السید رح سید ہر

2016 ka saal tha.

Hum Jamia Ashrafia ke shoba e takhas'sus mein parh rahe the.

3 May ko chhutti hone wali thi.

2 November 2006 se talib-e-ilmi ka jo safar shuru hua tha,

3 May 2016 ko khatam hone wala tha,

Is 10 saal ki badshahana zindagi mein, humne khoob badshahi ki thi.

Kai khushgawar lamhaat aaye,

Kuch talakh tajurbaat bhi huye,

Bhai jaise doston ke saath rahe,

Baap jaise asaatza se parhe,

Jis qadar bechaini aur ghabrahat madrase ke pehle din hui thi,

Us se kahin zyada bechaini aur ghabrahat us waqt ho rahi thi,

Jaise jaise 3 May qareeb aa raha tha,

Husn-e-ittifaq ke takhas'sus fil ifta walun ka aakhri paper,

30 April ko hi khatam ho raha tha.

30 April ke baad mujhe mauqa mil gaya tha,

Main akela hi har us jagah jata.

Jahan mein pichle 6 saalun mein jaya karta tha.

Aur un sabhi jagahoon ko hasrat bhari nigah se dekha karta  
tha.

Kabhi kabhi saath mein Saleem hota.

Kabhi Syed Murtaza sahab hote.

Unhein mere jazbaat ka ehsaas na tha?

Kyunke wo abhi kuch saal Jamia Ashrafia mein aur rehne  
wale the;

Magar main aansuon ke ghoont peeta rehta.

Un 3 dinun mein,

Main bas yehi karta raha.



Jamia ki aakhri raat jab asaatz se milne gaya,

Jis jis ustad se mila

Phoot phoot kar roya.

Aansuon par control na tha,

Dil khud bakhud pighla ja raha tha.

Raste mein Master sahab mile,

Gale se lagaya,

Main unke kandhe par sar rakh kar rota raha.

Woh Kehte jaate:

“Arey beta tum to achhe bachhe the,

Tum to padhne wale the,

Tum kaahe rote ho.”

Main rota raha.



Aaaah!!!

Woh kitna dardnaak lamha tha!!!

Room no. 18 ke hum 7 se 8 talaba,

Jab gate se nikle the,

Palat palat kar,

Jamia ke dar-o-deewar dekhte the,

Phir auto rickshaw mein baith kar,

Azamgarh ke liye rawana hue the,

Kuchh daayen taraf se,

Kuchh baayen taraf se,

Nazrein uch'ka uch'ka kar,

Aur beech wale unke haathon ke neeche se,

Gardanein nikaal nikaal kar.

Jamia ka gumbad dekhte rahe.

Aaaah!!!

Phir woh waqt bhi aaya ke gumbad dikhai dena band ho

gaya.

Sab ghamgeen the.

Kuch ki daadhiyaan aansuon se tar thi.

Maano! Pehli martaba, dulhan sasuraal ja rahi ho.

Azamgarh tak kisi ne baat hi nahi ki.

Sab isi gham mein the ke pata nahi is chaman mein phir kab  
aana naseeb ho?

Phir kab hum apne doston se?

Apne asatiza se mil paayein?

Phir kab Roza e Hafiz e Millat ka deedaar kar paayein?

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Mera sab se qareebi dost Shamsher, Gujarat ka rehne wala  
tha.

Hum ne ticket is tarah banwayi thi ke

Bhusaval tak hum saath safar karein.

Bhusaval baad,

Woh apne raste.

Main apne.

Train mein maazi ki baatein yaad karte rahe.

Kabhi hanste,

To kabhi rote rahe.

Agle din Bhusaval bhi aa gaya.

Bhusaval se Shamsheer usi train mein baith kar Surat jaane wala tha.

Aur mujhe train badal kar L.T.T (Mumbai).

Woh din aaj bhi yaad aata hai to taajjub hota hai.

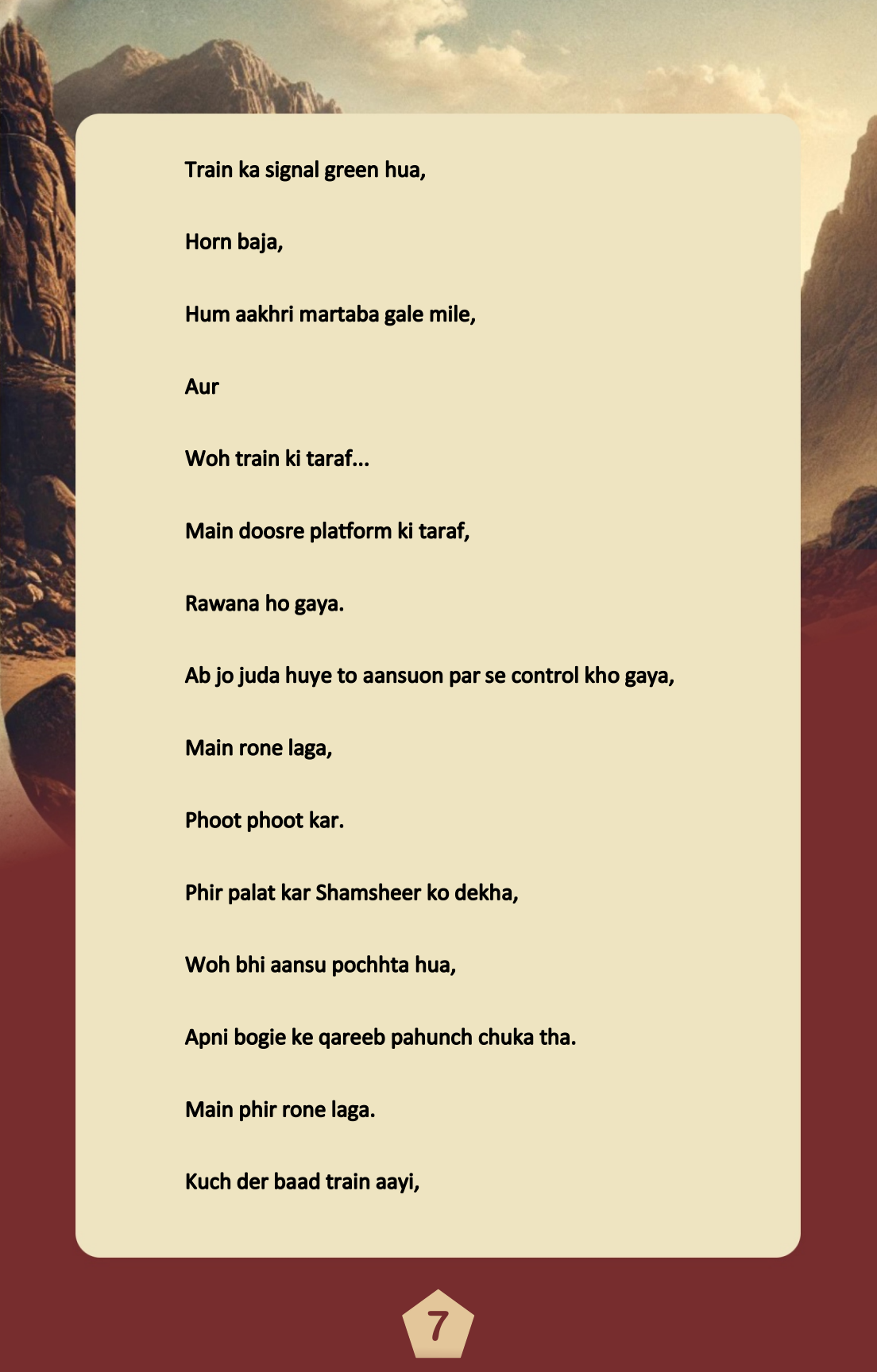
Shamsheer mujhe chhorne ke liye platform par utar tha,

Train chhootne mein abhi saat aath minute baaqi the.

Hum aansuon par control kiye,

Bhari hui awaaz mein baat karte rahe.

Phir,



Train ka signal green hua,

Horn baja,

Hum aakhri martaba gale mile,

Aur

Woh train ki taraf...

Main doosre platform ki taraf,

Rawana ho gaya.

Ab jo juda huye to aansuon par se control kho gaya,

Main rone laga,

Phoot phoot kar.

Phir palat kar Shamsheer ko dekha,

Woh bhi aansu pochhta hua,

Apni bogie ke qareeb pahunch chuka tha.

Main phir rone laga.

Kuch der baad train aayi,

Aage ka safar akele karna tha,

Akele jab bhi safar karta hun,

To koi achhi kitaab parh leta hun,

Ya kuch khatire likh leta hun,

Magar us waqt kuch dil hi nahi kar raha tha.

Upar wali seat par ja kar sochte sochte so gaya.



Ghar pahuncha to walida dekh kar samajh gayin.

Har baar ki tarah chehra khila hua nahi hai.

Murjhaya murjhaya sa hai.

Shayad ro kar aa raha hai.

Samajh gayin ke

Is martaba hum se milne ki khushi par,

Ashrafiya chhorne ka gham ghalib hai.

Mujhe ab bhi yaad hai:

3 din tak ghar maatam kada bana tha,

Mujhe apna khayal tak na tha,

Khoya khoya,

Roya roya

Kahin bhi pada rehta.

Jo mujhe dekhta, woh khud ghamgeen ho jata.

Meri bahenein mareez ki ziarat karne aayi thin,

Ammi, biwi aur bahenun ki awaaz kaanun se takrati:

“Apna ghar chhorna bahut bhaari padta hai,

Jaise hamara maika chhuta.”

Waise hi Farooq ka madrasa chhoot gaya.



Aaj bhi,

Jab bhi un lamhaat ko mehsoos karta hun,

zehan-o-dimaag mein hasratein uthti hain.

Magar phir sochta hun:

Maine wahan sirf 6 saal guzare the,

Jab ke

Hamare Nabi ﷺ ne Makka mein 53 saal.

Meri jawani ka kuch hissa wahan guzra tha,

Jab ke

Aaqa Kareem ka bachpan, jawani aur uske aage ka zamana.

Main to wapas apnun mein aa raha tha,

Jab ke

Pyare Aqa ﷺ,

Maan ki yaadein,

Dada ki shafqatein,

Chacha ka laad aur pyaar,

Biwi ki tasalliyaan,

Rab ka dar,

Apna Ghar,

Sab kuchh chhod chhaad kar,

Anjaan logun mein ja rahe the.

Mere to yahan maan baap, bhai behan, dost ahabab sab the.

Jab ke

Madina mein, sab anjaan hi anjaan.

Koi andaaza hi nahi kar sakta ke Huzoor par kya beeti hogi.

Rawayatun mein aaya hai:

“ Hijrat ki shab,

Kuchh dur tak,

Pyare Aqa ﷺ

Palat palat kar Kaaba ko dekhte jaate.

Maqam-e-Juhfa par pahunch kar,

Jab aakhri martaba Kaaba ko dekha hoga,

Unka bhi dil tadpa hoga,

Unki bhi aankhein bheegi hongi,

Tabhi to Makka ko mukhatib kar ke farmaya:

”مَا أَطِيبَكَ مِنْ بَلَدٍ وَ أَحَبَّكَ إِلَيَّ ،  
وَلَوْلَا أَنَّ قَوْمِي أَخْرَجُونِي مِنْكَ مَا سَكَنْتُ غَيْرَكَ“

(Tirmizi, Hadees No. 3926)

“Makka!

Tu kitna achha shaher hai,

Tu mera pasandeeda shaher hai.

Agar meri qaum mujhe na nikaalti,

To tere ilawa main kahin aur na rehta.”

Anjaan jagah,

Anjaan shaher,

Anjaan log.

Garchey sab mukhlis the.

Aur Huzoor se mohabbat ki sab ne misaal qaim ki thi.

Magar shuru shuru mein wahan dil ka na lagna ek fitri baat  
thi.

Pyare Aqa ﷺ ne,

Kis tarah khud ko sambhala hoga!!!

Na lagte dil ko kis tarah manaya hoga!!!

Jab Rab se ye dua maangi hogi:

”اَللّٰهُمَّ حَبِّ اِلَيْنَا الْمَدِيْنَةَ ،  
كَمَا حَبَبْتَ اِلَيْنَا مَكَّةَ وَاَشَدَّ .“

( Musnad e Imam Ahmad bn Hambal Hadees no. 23803)

Mere Maula!

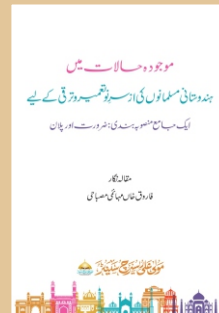
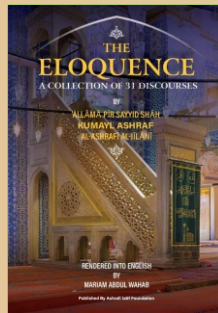
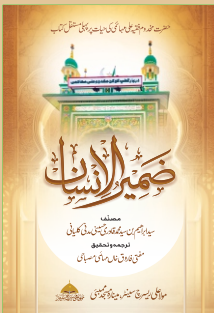
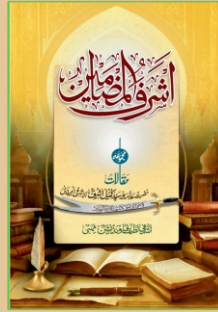
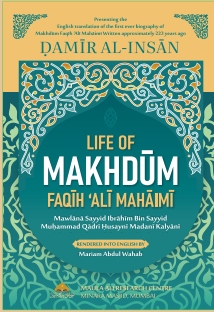
Jaisa mera lagao Makka se tha,

Waise hi mera dil Madina se bhi laga de,

Balke Madina ki mohabbat aur zyada kar de.

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