

Molood of Shaykh Al-Islam Shaykh Ebrahim Niasse(RA)

By Saydi Altaff Ahmed Abdullah Fakie

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Bismillah Hir rahmanir Rabim, Wassalatu Wassalamu Ala Ashrafil Mursaleen, Sayyidina wa Molana Mohammadin Mustapha (SAW)

Honourable hosts, Muqaddam Anwar Bayat, the first muqaddam of South Africa and the Bayat Family, respected MC, Imam Fakhrudin Uwaisi, Muqaddam Ashraf Zantsi of Zawiya Guguletu, Muqaddam Kashif of Zawiya Maitland, Muqaddam Ali Sumaliya of Zawiya Fountain Village, Muqaddam Khaleel of Zawiya Cravenby, Muqaddam Ridwaan of Zawiya Delft and all the Muqaddams with their names and titles, I'm greeting you all with greetings of peace, mercy and blessings of Allah, Assalamu Alaykum warahmatullahi wabarakatuhu.

Before I begin, I would first like all of us to send one Fatiha, 3 Salatul Fatih, for the late mother of Muqaddam Anwar, the mother of Tijanies in Cape Town, Mama Maraldiya, May Allah be pleased with her and grant her the highest place in Jannah with the Prophet(SAW), Bismillah....

Indeed, it is a great pleasure and honour for me to be present with you and to be one among you. It is a tremendous source of blessings to attend a gathering of such magnitude. We have gathered here to express our love, to show our respect, to honour, to remember, to praise and to strengthen our affiliation and pledge with our Master, our Murabbi, the supreme Khalifa of Molana Shaykh Ahmed Tijani(RA), Sahibul Fayda, the Qutub of all the Qutubs from the beginning of time till the end of time, the complete manifestation of the essence of Allah, the Khalifa of Allah, Shaykh Al-Islam Molana Shaykh Ebrahim Niasse(RA).

We have gathered here to venerate and revere our Master Shaykh Ebrahim, our door to Allah. **The Prophet (SAW) said in a Hadeeth “ You must venerate your shaykhs, for the veneration paid to them is part of the reverence due to Allah.”**

The Prophet(SAW) said in a hadeeth narrated by Abu Hurayrah in Sahih Al-Bukhari,” When Allah loves some person, He summons Jibreel and orders him: Verily I love such and such person, you must also love him, so Jibreel loves him. Jibreel then proclaims in the heavens that Allah loves such and such

person, you should also love him. Then all the residents in the heaven love him. Jibreel then comes to earth and proclaims on earth that Allah loves such and such a person and the residents of earth love him.”

Without a doubt we know that this hadeeth befits the description of our Master Shaykh Ebrahim like none other. In history there has never been a movement that has had so many followers in the life time of a particular founder like Shaykh Ebrahim. At the time of his passing away, his mureeds were 50 million in number and has reached over 100 million to date and still growing day by day, Alhamdulillah.

At the beginning of the Fayda, Molana Shaykh Ebrahim had only a handful of followers in Kosi, Senegal. At that time he told them,” My mureeds will fill every nook and corner of this world.”

All these blessings were conferred upon him by Allah Himself for the incredible amount of love he had for our Beloved Prophet Muhammad (SAW). He spent his entire life following the Prophet (SAW) step by step, loving him, emulating him, writing books and poems about him and helping his mureeds to do the same. Shaykh Ebrahim himself said,” If the best of mankind (SAW) is walking, I will be following him step by step, and moment he stops, I will never move.” He also said,” If someone should ask me, who is my love and what is my math-hab, I will say it is the Prophet (SAW).”

Shaykh Ebrahim also said in a poem:-

Every difficulty has been eased for my mureeds in this Tareeqa, for all of them have been pushed to Allah.

Do not think it was easy. What I have in the Fayda, was not with the previous Qutubs.

I am thanking my Lord for not making my secret like a barren woman.

The lowest of my mureeds are finished in Allah.

All this I have is from my great love for Muhammad(SAW).

By writing poems and sending salutations on him is how I concealed the secret of anyone being in my ranks of loving him.

I have a weapon to break enemies who deprive me of loving Muhammad(SAW). He is my treasure, he is my wealth, he is where I get knowledge through praising him.

He is my army. Even in sickness, the medication is Muhammad(SAW).

All of my worship, fasting, hajj, salaah, and my wealth is from Muhammad (SAW).

He is my farm, not only that but the merchandise I'm selling and receiving is Muhammad (SAW).

He is my capital, food and drink. When I get drunk it's from loving Allah through Muhammad (SAW).

I never depend on any being. He is my night. His name is Muhammad Mahi, the purifier and connector to Allah.

Shaykh Ebrahim also wrote in some selected verses:-

I have spoken because was I given the directive and yet I am silent on one secret which has never been given to anyone.

All this privilege I owe to the love I have for the Prince of envoys (SAW). May Allah bless him and increase my prestige as well.

Because of this secret, I am dead with desire and passion and the more I approach the Prophet (SAW) the more I love him.

How could it be otherwise because my eyes have seen Muhammad (SAW) when in the state of wakefulness in the encampment, which I will love to the end of the centuries.

Equally I saw his eyes the likes of which in beauty do not exist. Can anyone find Muhammad (SAW)'s equal?

Now the situation is clear: The Friend has accorded me special privileges. I am a special friend of TA HA (SAW).

He wanted to entrust the Secret to me before my birth and I am the devoted instructor of the knowers of Allah.

Although one day the Qutubs were astonished to see me at their assembly, they ended up by obeying me and pledged me sincere friendship.

In another poem:-

And my opening took place in my cradle (birth), and all the Men of the Unseen are under my authority.

And none travels from the east or west to Mecca except to smell my perfume.

And why not, when my Being today is the Being of Muhammad (SAW), his Secret flows in my body and spirit.

I would now like to mention some of the experiences our Beloved Master and our Door to Shaykh Ebrahim, Molana Shaykh Hassan Cisse (RA), related in a lecture in Wolof. The translation of the lecture into English was done by my wife, the daughter of Shaykh Hassan, Sayda Aishatu Cisse. Due to time constraints, I have only selected some portions of the lecture.

Shaykh Hassan said:-

I was traveling with Shaykh Ebrahim, Shaykh Muhammad Lameen Niasse and Shaykh Mamoon Niasse. Shaykh Ebrahim told me” we heard that you died and your father became very scared and worried. I told your father,Allah has already informed me that I will die you will die then Hassan will die.”How clearly Allah informed him and exactly that’s how it happened.

After I spent some time with Shaykh Ebrahim in Paris, it was time for me to go back to Egypt to study. Shaykh Ebrahim prayed for me for a very long time until I thought to myself “I hope this is not the last time I am seeing my grandfather.” I left after the dua. After a while my grandfather sent Kabeer Faye to call me. When I came to Shaykh he said to me, “Give me your left hand and I will write something on it, whereby I will never die without you being present.”

The following year we met in the hospital in London. Shaykh Ebrahim started speaking about all the pious people who passed away. On the first day he was talking about Mam Alhassan (Father of Saydi Ali Cisse) .

Shaykh Ebrahim said, “Mam Alhassan and Mam Alhaji (Father of Shaykh Ebrahim) made an agreement with each other. The agreement was that if anyone of them passed away first, the other must read the entire Qur’an at the grave.

When Mam AlHassan was sick he wrote a letter to Mam Alhaji informing him of his illness. When the letter came Mam Alhaji asked Shaykh Ebrahim to read the letter. In the letter he informed Mam Alhaji of his illness and when he passes away he should come to fetch Saydi Ali. Mam Alhaji passed away on the 3rd of Ramadaan. Mam Alhaji broke his fast and then left with his two sons, Shaykh Ebrahim and Alhaji Mohammad Khalifa to Josung. They read the Khatam Qur’an at the Qabar of Mam Alhassan and Mam Alhaji asked them to pray for him. After that they went to the family of Mam Alhassan. Mam Alhaji asked for Saydi Ali. When they brought Saydi Ali, Mam Alhaji gave Saydi Ali to Shaykh Ebrahim.

On the way back home, Mam Alhaji got sick while traveling on a horsecart. When they got to Kosi, Shaykh Ebrahim told him; “Since you are not well, stay here until tomorrow.” Mam Alhaji replied, “I do not mind anybody to give me advice. Ok, let us stay.”

One Mureed of Mam Alhaji by the name of Morgaye Jim heard that Mama Alhaji decided to stay. He went to Kaolack to borrow the only car available belonging to a Frenchman called Depon. When Mam Alhaji heard the revving of the car he joked to Shaykh Ebrahim and said, “Ebra, I told you I will never sleep anywhere but in my house, I don’t know when will you all accept my Qutbaniya.” They went home and Mam Alhaji lived for 3 more days and passed away on the 18th of Shawwaal.

Shaykh Ebrahim told me about the saying of Sayyidina Umar(RA),” The truth that puts me down is better than the lies that raises me up.”

Shaykh Aynayni Ash-Shareef told me, “I love you and I don’t see you, but I see your grandfather in you. Your grandfather use to be my best friend, but don’t think it was because of money or knowledge that he use distribute to people that made them love him. No, it’s not that, but it’s because of his humility. He accepted people for who they are and for the knowledge Allah blessed them with. He was never jealous of people for what Allah gave them, but would often quote the classical and contemporary scholars alike in his works.

Eesaka, a close mureed of Shaykh Ebrahim told me, “ Whenever your grandfather lay down to sleep, he would sleep peacefully because he would never worry about what others have, but instead he was always satisfied with what Allah blessed him with.”

When Shaykh Ebrahim reached a stage in the hospital whereby he could no longer even hold his Tasbih, he continued to make zikar on his fingers. This reminded me of the time when Imam Junayd was on his last. Imam Junayd on his last day continued to read Qur’an and zikar until his children felt sorry for him and told him, “O’father why doesn’t you rest” and the Imam replied, “ How do I stop doing the things that made me what I am, I will continue until my last breath. If the beginning is good the end will be good, but if the beginning is bad the end will also be bad.”

Whenever anyone was looking for Shaykh Ebrahim in hospitals in London and Paris, they would know in which room he is, simply by the loud recitation of Qur’aan. I felt sorry for Shaykh and bought him a record player to listen to Qur’an. My grandfather told me,” Hassan, this is nice, but it cannot beat my recitation, even if you are not hearing me know that I’m still reciting.”

Whenever it was time to pray and time for an operation, he would tell the doctors to give him time to pray and then only they could do the operation. After the operation he felt like spitting, but could not find a place to spit. He then remembered the time when he was in the Palace of King Hassan of Morocco, with his son Baabul Ameen. He told Babul Ameen, “I feel like spitting, but I don’t know where to spit in this palace.” Babul Ameen told Shaykh,” Shaykh, spit where ever you want.” After remembering this incident, Shaykh began spitting.

Whenever Shaykh went for an operation he always use to say to us,” La ilaaha illallah” and we would say,” Muhammadur Rasoolullah.” When Shaykh Ebrahim came out of his last operation, he saw Sa’adatu (Shaykh Hassan’s wife) and Aishatu(Shaykh Hassan’s daughter) came to visit him. Shaykh told me,” Ah, Hassan, you thought was going to die today, but I’m not because Sa’adatu and Aishatu came to see me.” Shaykh Ebrahim lived for 3 more weeks and passed away on the 15th of Rajab.