

The image features a central, dark, starry night sky pattern that tapers at the top and bottom, resembling a long, flowing hair. The stars are of various sizes and brightness, creating a sense of depth and wonder. The overall aesthetic is ethereal and dreamlike. The text 'The Hairdresser' is written in a white, elegant, serif font, centered horizontally and slightly above the middle of the image. The background is a soft, light-colored gradient, possibly representing a wall or a backdrop, with a subtle pinkish-purple hue on the left and right sides.

The Hairdresser

وَادْكُرْ فِي الْكِتَابِ مَرْيَمَ - وَادْكُرْ فِي الْكِتَابِ إِبْرَاهِيمَ - وَادْكُرْ فِي الْكِتَابِ مُوسَى - كِتَابًا فِيهِ ذِكْرُكُمْ -

Often in life we want to be **RECOGNISED, REMEMBERED** & part of **GREAT MOMENTS:**

Nobel/Booker Prize, Academy Awards, Victoria Cross, OBE, Medical Cure, Technology, AI...

But rarely are we mentioned as we're outshined by Big Fish - Big Names - Big Personalities!

Just because you're not mentioned in Dunya, doesn't mean you won't be in Akhirah!

The most epic, celestial, magnificent & monumental moment of Israa & Mi'raaj:

- A sacred journey from Haram to Haram
- A prestigious gathering of all nobilities – Prophets – Messengers – Angels
- A piercing ascension into the heavens & beyond
- An unparalleled moment & event in all of creation - **THE PLACE TO BE**

WHERE & HOW WOULD YOU EVER FIND YOURSELF MENTIONED IN AN EVENT LIKE THIS?

How would you squeeze yourself in that story, event & achievement?

A story deeply etched into the book of eternity – The Perfect Record – The Qur'an

Imagine the Buzz, The Media Coverage, The Following, The Praise, Glory & Awe!

HEADLINES “OUTSTANDING – BREATHTAKING – MESMERISING”

On that night – whilst ascending through the heavens - something caught the attention of our Prophet Muhammad ﷺ! He smelt an incredibly beautiful fragrance!

Even though he’s in another realm where all his senses are heightened; hearing, smell, taste, touch, feel, & he’s experiencing with the heart, body & soul.

The Prophet Muhammad ﷺ **STOPS** to take in this specific striking fragrance & says

يا جبريل ما هذه الرائحة الطيبة

“O Gibrail, what is this beautiful fragrance” (Ibn Hibban/Musnad Ahmad)

- I’ve never smelt anything like this before!
- Is it the fragrance from a particular level of Jannah?
- Is it the fragrance from the cloth of a great Prophet?
- Is it the fragrance from the Hoors/Angels?
- What is it & where is it coming from?

هَذِهِ رَائِحَةُ مَا شِطَّةِ ابْنَةِ فِرْعَوْنَ وَأَوْلَادِهَا

“This is the fragrance of the hairdresser of Firawn’s daughter & her children”

Imagine being mentioned in this place to the greatest of Prophets & Angels!

From all the beings the Prophet ﷺ is meeting, seeing & experiencing

From all the beautiful & wonderful sights & smells – **SHE STAND OUT – WHY?**

Not Aasiyah ؑ the wife of Firawn, or the mother of Musa ؑ – **BUT THE HAIRDRESSER?!**

In the midst of this epic journey, he ﷺ stops & asks - **“What’s her story?”** وما شأنها -

How in the universe, in this journey of Mi’raj does **SHE & HER CHILDREN GET MENTIONED?**

Gibrael ؑ states: **“She was a woman who used to comb the hair of the daughter of Firawn in the palace. She was a secret believer in Allah ﷻ. One day she dropped the comb & said**

“BISMILLAH”

Firawn’s daughter said – **“You mean my father”** - **قَالَتْ : لا ، وَلَكِنْ رَبِّي وَرَبُّ أَبِيكَ اللهُ -**

“NO, in the name of my Lord & and your father’s Lord – Allah (The One)”

Firawn's daughter said **"I'm going to tell my father"**

Firawn finds out - he could have flogged her, thrown her out or jailed her. She was not a threat to him or his kingdom, she was a nobody – forgettable.

Firawn though calls everyone - puts on a whole stage with all his subjects & minions.

يَا فُلَانَةٌ ؛ وَإِنَّ لَكَ رَبًّا غَيْرِي - قَالَتْ : نَعَمْ ؛ رَبِّي وَرَبُّكَ اللَّهُ

"O so-&-so, you have a Lord apart from me! Yes, your Lord & my Lord is Allah"

So Firawn ordered a copper cow to be heated up & for her & her children to be thrown in.

She accepted it & said to Firawn **"I have one last request; I want you to gather my bones & the bones of my children in one garment and bury us"** - Firawn agreed.

Firawn ordered her children to be thrown in, one by one, until it ended with her last child, a baby boy who was still being breastfed, she hesitated for a moment & held back.

The breastfed baby then spoke up & said: اِقْتَحِمِي فَإِنَّ عَذَابَ الدُّنْيَا أَهْوَنُ مِنْ عَذَابِ الْآخِرَةِ ، فَاقْتَحَمَتْ

"O mother, rush in, for the torment of this world is easier than the torment of the hereafter" - so she rushed in.

She was dispensable to Firawn -

BUT PRICELESS TO ALLAH ﷻ

She was not unrecognised by Firawn -

BUT HONOURED BY ALLAH ﷻ

She was tortured by Firawn -

BUT REWARDED BY ALLAH ﷻ

She was elevated & recorded in the greatest moments of history by Allah ﷻ

She was mentioned & honoured alongside the greatest Prophet & greatest Angel

She protected her Imaan & was willing to sacrifice everything for it – **THE HAIRDRESSER**

Housewife, Shop Keeper, Mechanic, Accountant, Lawyer, Doctor, Factory Worker, Mother, Father, Builder, Engineer, Scientist, Teacher, Someone, No-One... – ما شأنك؟

WHAT'S YOUR STORY? WHAT'S YOUR FRAGRANCE?

WILL YOU SPEAK UP?

WILL YOU BE MENTIONED?

WILL YOU BE RECOGNISED?

WILL ANYONE WANT TO KNOW YOUR GREATEST MOMENT?