

Thursday

This morning it took me longer
than usual to shave my face.
It looks clean and smooth.
Somehow I feel it brings me
closer to God.

Thursday

It was bright out this ~~morning~~^{morning}. It
hurt my eyes when I first opened
them before I went to wash my
face. I was comforted by my beard as
I looked in the mirror because it reminds
me of the prophets.

Monday

Something touched me today. I passed a man on the Street on my way home from work, and he was holding a sign with a picture of a bottle on it. He looked so sad and tired. I was puzzled so I stopped to give him what money I had on me. Before I pulled out my wallet I asked about the picture. He smiled and told me in a foreign accent that he didn't know how to write in English, and found it easier to draw pictures to communicate what he was collecting money for each day. Today it was a baby bottle for his newborn daughter who lives with her mother.

Monday

Funny thing happened to me on the way to the station this morning. I drove past a man on the sidewalk holding a piece of cardboard with a picture of a bottle on it. I guess the homeless are getting more frank about what they're really looking for - HA.

Remember: submit the \$9 via zakat.org/donate/zakat/calculator

Friday

Heading to the mosque this morning for the group meeting. The men have located a cemetery in Borgain that the people there are trying to keep secret. It is our duty to remove the grave stones as they are dangerous evidence of a direct path to idolatry. How can ~~these~~ people stray so far from the Prophet's teachings? I almost can't believe that they would set up shrines and pray-making idols of their ancestors. This kind of un-Islamic practice must be stopped. How lucky I am to already be on the true path of Islam. I'm glad we'll be able to help these people return to the right path.

We'll probably head out there after Jum'ah

Friday

I finally finished the ornamentation on the petals. The brush strokes neatly coordinate with the patterning of "Allah" — inscribed into the outline of each one. It took so long to paint the intricate design along the edge of the canvas, and even longer to do each flower petal, it's blossomed into a work of art that I can only hope approaches the beauty of her life. If God loves beauty, then he will surely smile at this beautiful painting, a tribute to her own beauty. It makes me feel like she is not so far away in this moment.

12 Years

Happy Anniversary Fatmah

I'll place it by your grave stone after Jum'ah