

The story of my reversion to Islam

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My reversion to Islam over 30 years ago, was a progressive thing.

It was the result of Allah allowing me to be raised in rural Australia, by a humble extended family. On a daily basis my 2 brothers & I would discover anew Allahs majesty in the animals, insects, plants & climate around us.

The patience in a snail crawling along a rock; the complexity of a butterfly, the territorialism of our magpie family, the warmth of a cows body on a cold morning milking it.

The other aspect of that location was that early on I came in constant contact with peoples of other races. Our neighbours across the street were a Dutch couple from Indonesia. My mothers best friend was a Maori lady from New Zealand. There were German immigrants down the road whom we saw weekly.

My religious education came from my Church of England Mother, my Christadelphian maternal Grandmother, & Quaker paternal Grandmother, and our non-denominational Sunday School at the bottom of the driveway/hill.

At 12 years old my school assigned our class to do a project about Islam. This was my first exposure to Islam. I frantically went through the old World Book Encyclopedia, all the magazines I could find, & any other books to find enough information to complete my project.

At 15 years old, our Sunday School wanted to promote me to Teacher of the younger ones. I felt at this time that if I were to become a teacher, then Id better make sure I knew more than the kids. I dragged out all my old Sunday School workbooks, my old Bible stories books, etc., & started to identify my weaknesses.

At the same time the word RAHIM came to my consciousness. Now being a boy from the farm I had no idea what it was, but that started me on a search of all our reference material to locate it, but I never did.

The more I read, the more confused I got.

* How can God be Father, Son, & Holy Ghost at the same time?

* If Jesus were the Son of God & of God, when he was crucified, was God wounded too?

* If there is one God, & Jesus brought his message to all Christians, how come there are so many sects?

And so on.

I asked my Sunday School teachers these questions, & they replied with You must have faith, my son.

Later I started work & moved to Sydney, New South Wales. Because I was working rotating 8 hour shifts I would be walking through the City of Sydney at different times.

During these times going to work, having lunch, arriving for after noon shift at 12, 2, 3, 4PM I would bump into various people in parks, trains etc.

I met priests, pastors, ministers, bishops, nuns, & anyone with a cross displayed on them.

I would button-hole these people (in my quest for the truth), & I asked them all my questions. Not one was able to answer ANY of my questions, all replied You must have faith, my son.

After 9.5 years into my quest Allah could see that I was still determined, & sent an Indonesian couple (Brother & Sister) to live in the shared housing that I was living in at the time.

I met them on Friday as they came to look over the accommodation.

I said hello again on Saturday as I got my breakfast.

On Sunday I invited them in to my place for a cup of coffee. Conversation turned to Whats Indonesia like? What about the people? And somehow, What is Islam all about?

The unlettered Brother answered all the questions from his Islamic knowledge in 1.5 hours, to which my response was Well, youve answered all my questions, how do I join?

At my reversion, in front of an Imam, & witnesses, the Imam said : Sometimes when people come to Islam they might want to change their name. Do you have a name you would like to take?

My reply was Does the word RAHIM mean anything?

The stunned group asked where I got that from & I explained how it had come to my consciousness so many years before.

The Imam confirmed that Yes I could have RAHIM as my name, but as it is one of the attributes of Allah, I would have to

prefix it with ABDUL, being ABDULRAHIM, meaning servant of the Most Merciful Allah.

So I have been Abdulrahim ever since.

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Balkan Churches

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