My First 99 Names of Allah

Learning Allah's Beautiful Names One Story at a Time



Ustadh Ibrahim Yusuf

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CHAPTER I

Chapter 1 — Ar-Rahman: The Most Merciful

Hana's baby brother couldn't say a single word.

Not "hungry." Not "cold." Not even "Mama." Yet every time his tummy rumbled, Mama was already there with warm milk. Every time he kicked his blanket off, someone tucked him back in. Every time a tear started rolling, arms wrapped around him before it had a chance to fall.

One afternoon, Hana sat beside his crib, watching him sleep. Tiny fists. Eyelashes like little feathers.

"Mama," she said quietly, "how does he get everything he needs when he can't even ask?"

Mama sat down next to her and smiled.

"That," she said, "is one of the most beautiful things in the world to think about. And the answer starts with Allah."

She told Hana about one of Allah's most beautiful names: Ar-Rahman — the Most Merciful. Allah placed this name near the very beginning of Al-Fatiha, the surah every Muslim says in every single prayer: "Ar-Rahman, Ar-Raheem" (Surah Al-Fatiha, 1:3).

The scholar Ibn as-Sa'di explained that Ar-Rahman describes a mercy so huge and so wide that it stretches over everything Allah created — every bird, every fish, every ant carrying a crumb through the rain, every child who already prays and every child who hasn't learned how yet.

Tariq gets fed before he asks. You wake up each morning already breathing. The sun rises and warms the earth and nobody had to send a request. That is Ar-Rahman. Mercy that arrives before the asking.

The Prophet ýú told us that Allah has ninety-nine beautiful names, and that c
Paradise. (Sahih al-Bukhari, sahih)

This name — Ar-Rahman — is where we begin.

Today's Reminder

The next time you feel warm, safe, or loved — a hug at bedtime, food on the table, your own cozy blanket on a cold night — whisper quietly:

"Ar-Rahman."

That is Allah, taking care of you before you even knew to ask.

CHAPTER II

Chapter 2 — Ar-Raheem: The Especially Merciful

Yusuf was running — really running, arms wide, wind in his face — when his foot caught the edge of the step.

Down he went.

He didn't cry right away. He stared at his knee, saw the bright scrape, and then yes — the tears came. Fast.

His mother was there in seconds. She knelt right beside him on the ground, held his face in both hands, and looked at him the way only a mother looks. She cleaned the scrape with a soft cloth. She kissed the top of his head. She held him until the shaking stopped.

Later, after dinner, his father sat with him on the sofa.

"Baba," Yusuf asked quietly, "does Allah love us like that? Like the way Mama came running?"

His father was still for a moment. Then he smiled.

"Even more, ya ibni. Even more."

He explained it gently. Ar-Rahman is Allah's mercy that reaches everyone — every bird, every ant, every person on earth, whether they know Allah or not. It is like sunshine. It falls on all.

But Ar-Raheem? That is something closer. Deeper. Imam as-Sa'di wrote in his tafsir that Ar-Raheem describes a mercy that is constant and personal — the special mercy Allah keeps for those who believe in Him, turn to Him, and call upon His name, wrapping around them especially on the Day of Judgment.

Allah says: "Indeed, Allah is to the people Kind and Merciful." (Surah Al-Baqarah, 2:143)

The Prophet ﷺ once pointed to a mother searching desperately for her lost ch would this woman ever throw her own child into fire? "Never," they said. He said: "Allah is more merciful to His servants than this woman is to her child." (Sahih al-Bukhari)

Yusuf looked down at his bandaged knee.

His mother's love was big. Enormous.

And Allah's mercy was bigger still.

Today's Reminder

Next time your heart hurts — when you feel scared, sad, or just need someone — whisper it softly in your du'a:

Ya Ar-Raheem.

He hears you. He is closer than you think. And His special mercy is always, always there for you.

CHAPTER III

Chapter 3 — Al-Malik: The King

The throne was enormous.

Omar pressed his nose close to the velvet rope and stared. Gold everywhere. A crown behind glass. Paintings of old kings lined every wall, each one wearing robes so heavy they looked like they could flatten a small person flat.

"This is the throne room," the museum guide said. "The king who sat here once ruled over three countries and ten million people."

Omar whispered the number to himself. Ten million.

On the drive home, the sky turned dark and the first stars blinked on. Omar pressed his face against the car window.

"Baba," he said, "how big is Allah's kingdom?"

His father smiled. He was quiet for a moment.

"You remember the guide — that the king ruled ten million people?"

Omar nodded.

"Allah is Al-Malik — the true King. His kingdom is every star you can see right now, and every one you can't. Every ocean. Every mountain. Every ant carrying a crumb home tonight. Every galaxy so far away that its light takes a million years to reach us. No throne room could hold even a corner of it."

Omar stared at the stars. They felt suddenly very close and very far at the same time.

"Not even all the palaces in the world put together," his father added softly.

In the Quran, Allah calls Himself Al-Malik — the Sovereign, the Owner and Ruler of all things (Surah Al-Hashr, 59:23). Tafsir as-Sa'di explains that this name means everything in creation belongs entirely to Him and submits to His command. Every human king on earth borrows a tiny, borrowed corner of what is already His — and one day, even that is returned.

The Prophet ﷺ told us that Allah has ninety-nine names — Asma ul-Husna, th
Al-Malik is among them. (Sahih al-Bukhari, no. 2736)

Today's Reminder

Al-Malik — the King of every galaxy and every ant, every ocean and every heartbeat — knows your name. Tonight, step outside or look up at a window full of stars. Say it quietly: "Al-Malik." The greatest King who

ever was, or ever will be, is watching over you right now.

CHAPTER IV

Chapter 4 — Al-Quddus: The Most Holy and Pure

The mop bucket left little puddles on the masjid floor. Safiya didn't mind. She wrung the mop again, harder this time, and watched the puddles shrink.

Every Friday before Jumu'ah, Safiya and her mother came early to clean. They swept the long prayer hall, straightened the rows of Qurans on the wooden shelves, and wiped the windows until they were clear and bright. It felt good. Like setting a room in order for the most important guest.

"Mama," said Safiya, looking around at the gleaming floor, "is the masjid clean now? Really clean?"

Her mother smiled and knelt beside her. "It is very clean, habibti. You worked so hard." Then she paused. "But can I tell you something?"

Safiya nodded.

"Even the cleanest place in the world still has dust we cannot see. Even the kindest person still makes mistakes sometimes. Even the most beautiful sky has clouds pass through it." Her mother sat back on her heels. "Only Allah — Al-Quddus — is completely, perfectly, fully pure. Free from every single mistake. Every flaw. Every wrong. Always, without a single exception."

Al-Quddus. The Most Holy and Pure.

Tafsir as-Sa'di explains that Al-Quddus is the One who is exalted above every imperfection, glorified above every defect — pure in His essence, His names, and His actions. Completely. Forever.

That is something no masjid can ever be. No person. No star. Nothing in all of creation.

Allah says in the Quran that everything in the heavens and the earth glorifies Him, "the Sovereign, the Pure" — Al-Quddus (Surah Al-Jumu'ah, 62:1).

Safiya looked at the clean windows. Sunlight poured through them in long golden stripes across the floor.

Beautiful. But the One who made the sun was more pure than any light she could ever see.

Today's Reminder

The next time you see something truly beautiful — a flower, a snowflake, a wide blue sky — whisper:

"SubhanAllah — Al-Quddus."

Glory be to Allah, the Most Pure. Because the Maker is always more perfect than anything He made.

CHAPTER V

Chapter 5 — As-Salam: The Source of Peace

The night Adam could not sleep, the sky was very angry.

Thunder rolled across the city — low and grumbling at first, then a sharp CRACK that made the whole room shake. He buried himself under his blanket. He counted to ten. He tried thinking about his football cards. None of it helped.

"Adam?" His mother's voice was soft in the doorway. She sat beside him on the bed. Her hand found his.

"It's too loud," he said.

She didn't say the thunder can't hurt you. She said, "There's a name I want you to know. As-Salam."

He looked up.

"It means The Source of Peace. All the calm in the whole world — every safe, quiet, steady feeling — comes from Allah. He is As-Salam. Peace doesn't start with the quiet after the storm. It starts with Him."

She pressed his hand against his chest, right where his heartbeat was.

"Whisper A'udhu billah — I seek refuge with Allah. Then just remember: As-Salam is right here."

Adam whispered it. Once, quietly. Then again.

The thunder came — BOOM. But something inside him held steady. Warm. Still.

Allah tells us in the Quran: He is Allah, other than whom there is no deity — the Sovereign, the Pure, As-Salam, the Giver of Security… (Surah Al-Hashr, 59:23). Tafsir as-Sa'di explains that As-Salam means Allah is entirely free from every imperfection, and He is the One from whom all peace and safety flows out to His creation — like a spring feeding a whole wide river.

The Prophet ýú told us Allah has ninety-nine beautiful names (Sahih al-Bukha most beautiful of them all.

Adam fell asleep before the storm ended.

Today's Reminder

Say As-salamu alaykum when you meet someone today. That greeting carries Allah's own name inside it. You are sending them peace straight from the Source of peace. Big gift. Small sentence.

CHAPTER VI

Chapter 6 — Al-Mu'min: The Giver of Faith and Safety

The alarm went off at seven. Layla sat straight up in bed and her stomach felt like a stone.

New school today. New teacher. New children who didn't know her name yet.

She pulled her knees to her chest. What if nobody talks to me? What if I sit alone at lunch?

Her mother called from downstairs, and together they prayed Fajr and made du'a. When they finished, Layla whispered one more word under her breath. Barely a breath at all.

Al-Mu'min.

She had learned this name the night before. Al-Mu'min comes from the same Arabic root as iman — faith — and amaan — safety. Allah is the One who places that steady, calm feeling inside a believer's heart, even when the world around them feels unfamiliar and a little frightening.

Tafsir as-Sa'di describes it this way: Al-Mu'min is the One who grants true security, who confirms His promises, and who is the very source of all real peace of heart.

Picture a lighthouse. The sea is dark and the waves are tall. But the moment a sailor spots that steady, bright beam in the distance, he stops being afraid. He knows where to go. Al-Mu'min is like that for the heart — He is the One who put iman inside you, so that even the scariest mornings feel bearable.

Allah says in Surah Al-Hashr:

"He is Allah — there is no god except Him — the Sovereign, the Pure, the Perfection, the Bestower of Faith..." (Qur'an 59:23)

Bestower of Faith. That is Al-Mu'min.

Layla picked up her backpack. The stone in her stomach was still there, a little. But she walked through the school gates and took a long breath. She wasn't alone at all.

Today's Reminder

The Prophet ﷺ said that Allah has ninety-nine beautiful names, and whoever (Sahih al-Bukhari, 2736). Al-Mu'min is one of those names.

The next time you feel nervous, whisper it quietly: Al-Mu'min. Then thank Allah for iman — the faith living right inside your chest. It is the greatest safety He could ever give you. And nobody, not ever, can take it away.

CHAPTER VII

Chapter 7 — Al-Muhaymin: The Protector and Guardian

The sparrow came back every morning.

Ibrahim noticed it first on a Tuesday — a tiny brown bird, no bigger than his fist, hopping along the windowsill and pecking at crumbs. He watched it for a minute, then forgot about it. But the next morning, it was back. And the next. And the next.

He asked his grandfather about it that weekend.

"Baba Jaan," he said, "who feeds the sparrow? Nobody puts food out for it."

His grandfather smiled and set down his tea. "Al-Muhaymin does," he said quietly.

Ibrahim tilted his head. "What does that mean?"

"It means Allah is the Watcher. The Guardian. The One who keeps count of every single creature — every sparrow, every ant, every fish deep in the dark ocean — and never, ever loses track." His grandfather pointed at the bird, still hopping along the ledge. "That sparrow never asked anyone for breakfast. But Al-Muhaymin arranged it anyway. Every single day."

Allah tells us in the Quran that He is Al-Muhaymin — the Overseer and Guardian over all of creation (Surah Al-Hashr, 59:23). The scholars explain this beautiful name to mean that Allah watches, witnesses, and guards all things — at the same time, perfectly, without ever growing tired.

Not one creature slips past Him. Not the sparrow. Not you.

That night, Ibrahim lay in his bed and listened to the wind pressing against the window. Dark outside. A little noisy. But he thought about the sparrow — fed every day, watched every moment — and something quiet and warm settled right in the middle of his chest.

Al-Muhaymin never sleeps. Never looks away. Not for a single second.

Today's Reminder

When the lights go off tonight, whisper: Ya Muhaymin. Allah is watching over you right now — your room, your heartbeat, your breathing in and out. He was watching before you closed your eyes, and He will still be watching when morning comes. You are never, ever alone.

CHAPTER VIII

Chapter 8 — Al-Aziz: The Almighty and Honored

Khadijah's father had very strong hands.

He could carry four grocery bags at once without complaining. He could lift Khadijah high enough to see over any crowd. He once helped a neighbor move a heavy sofa up three flights of stairs without stopping even once.

So when he picked up the pickle jar at dinner and twisted — and absolutely nothing happened — Khadijah laughed out loud.

He tried again. His face went a little red. The lid did not move.

"Baba!" she giggled. "You can't open it?"

He set the jar down, rubbed his hands together, and smiled the kind of smile that meant a lesson was on its way.

"You know what this jar just reminded me of?" he said.

Khadijah shook her head.

"One of Allah's most beautiful names. Al-Aziz." He said it slowly, like something precious. "It means the Almighty — the One whose power can never be overcome. Not by a stuck lid, not by any king, not by anything in the whole universe."

Khadijah looked at the jar. Then at her father's hands. Then back at the jar.

"So nothing is stronger than Allah?" she asked.

"Nothing. Not one army, not one force in all of creation. His strength is complete and unbeatable, always." He tapped the table gently. "And here is the amazing part, habibti — He shares that strength with those who ask Him humbly."

Even the prophets called on this name. Ibrahim and his son Ismail, peace be upon them, finished building the Ka'bah and made du'a: "You are Al-Aziz, Al-Hakim — the Almighty, the Wise" (Surah Al-Baqarah, 2:129). Tafsir as-Sa'di explains that Al-Aziz means Allah is mighty in Himself, in all His attributes, and in all His actions — nothing can weaken Him, and nothing in creation can resist His will. Not even a little bit.

"Can we make du'a right now, Baba?" Khadijah asked.

"That is exactly what I was going to say."

Together they folded their hands and asked Al-Aziz for help — with stuck lids and hard days and everything in between.

Today's Reminder

The Prophet ﷺ told us that Allah has ninety-nine beautiful names, and learni
(Sahih al-Bukhari, 7392). Al-Aziz is one of them. The next time something feels too hard — a scary problem, a heavy sadness, something that will not budge no matter how hard you try — whisper "Ya Aziz" and ask humbly. True strength belongs to Allah alone. And He loves to share it with those who turn to Him.

CHAPTER IX

Chapter 9 — Al-Jabbar: The Restorer and Compeller

Hamza's grandfather died on a Tuesday morning, and the whole house went quiet.

Not sleeping-quiet. The heavy kind — the kind that presses on your chest.

Hamza sat on the edge of his bed and stared at his shoes. No breakfast. No talking. His heart felt cracked right down the middle, and he didn't know if anything could fix it.

His Aunt Zainab came and sat beside him without saying a word at first. Just her arm around his shoulders. After a while, she spoke softly.

"Do you know," she said, "that when a bone breaks, it heals?"

Hamza nodded slowly. He'd broken his wrist once, falling off his bike. The doctor put on a cast. Six weeks later — mended. Completely.

"But who really healed it?" Aunt Zainab asked. "The doctor helped. The cast helped. But it was Allah who commanded those tiny broken pieces to find each other and grow back together." She paused. "Al-Jabbar."

Hamza looked up.

"Al-Jabbar is one of Allah's most beautiful names. It means He is the One who fixes what is broken — bones, yes, but hearts too. And it means His will is so strong that nothing in all of creation can resist it. Nothing."

Allah calls Himself Al-Jabbar in Surah Al-Hashr (59:23). The name comes from the word jabr — to set a break, to restore what has been shattered. The scholar as-Sa'di explains that Al-Jabbar is the One who mends what is broken and upholds those who are weak, the One whose command nothing in existence can turn away.

Hamza didn't stop missing his grandfather. Of course he didn't. But that evening, alone in his room, he whispered something very small into the quiet.

"Ya Jabbar."

Something — small, gentle, real — shifted in his chest.

Today's Reminder

If your heart hurts today — because you miss someone, because something feels wrong, because the sadness is too big for words — whisper Ya Jabbar. Al-Jabbar mended broken bones before you were even born. He

can reach into the heaviest hurt and begin to heal it. Gently. In time. You don't need the perfect words. Just come to Him.

CHAPTER X

Chapter 10 — Al-Mutakabbir: The Supremely Great

The ocean is very, very big.

Musa knew that already. He had seen pictures. His teacher had said, "The ocean covers most of the Earth." But standing there — actually there, with cold foam rushing over his bare feet and the water stretching all the way to where the sky began — he felt something he had never felt before.

Small. Wonderfully, shockingly small.

He looked up at his mother. "Mama," he whispered. "I feel tiny."

She smiled and crouched beside him. "Good," she said softly. "That feeling is a gift."

Musa frowned. "How is feeling tiny a gift?"

"Because it is showing you something true." She held his hand. "That wide, deep feeling in your chest right now — that is the beginning of understanding Al-Mutakabbir."

Al-Mutakabbir. The Supremely Great.

Allah tells us in Surah Al-Hashr (59:23) that He is Al-Mutakabbir. Tafsir as-Sa'di explains that this name means Allah alone possesses real, complete, true greatness — greatness in His own self, in every one of His attributes, in everything He does. Every great thing you have ever seen — a roaring ocean, a towering mountain, a sky crammed full of stars — is only a tiny, borrowed reflection of His greatness. Nothing in all of creation owns its own greatness. It is all on loan from Him.

The Prophet ﷺ reported that Allah said: "Greatness is My cloak and magnific
disputes Me concerning either of them, I will punish him." (Sahih Muslim, 2620)

That is not a warning for you and me. It is a reminder. True greatness belongs to Allah alone. When we feel small, we are seeing clearly.

Musa stood at the water's edge a long time. Wave after wave came in. Wave after wave pulled back. He felt small, and the longer he stood there, the more he understood — this feeling was not frightening. It was beautiful. It was a kind of worship, right there in his bare feet.

Today's Reminder

The next time you say Allahu Akbar — Allah is the Greatest — pause for one breath. Think of the biggest thing you have ever seen. Then remember: Al-Mutakabbir is greater than that thing, greater than all great

things put together, and infinitely more beyond that. Say it again, slowly. Allahu Akbar. And really, truly mean it in your heart.

CHAPTER XI

Chapter 11 — Al-Khaliq: The Creator

The day Nour planted her seed, she poked a small hole in the dark soil with one finger, dropped the seed in, and patted the earth gently on top. Her teacher, Miss Yasmin, watched twenty children do the same — twenty little seeds, twenty little pots.

"Miss Yasmin," said Nour, wiping her muddy hands on her trousers, "did we make flowers today?"

Miss Yasmin crouched down beside her. "You helped. But the one who truly made that flower is Allah — Al-Khaliq, the Creator."

Nour looked at the pot. Just dirt. "How?"

"Inside that tiny seed," said Miss Yasmin, "is a secret instruction that tells it exactly when to wake up, how to push up through all that heavy soil, which direction to reach toward the light, and what colour its petals will be. You didn't put that instruction in there. I didn't. No scientist ever has."

Only Al-Khaliq.

Allah says in the Quran: "He is Allah, the Creator..." (Surah Al-Hashr, 59:24)

Al-Khaliq is not like a potter shaping clay that already exists. The potter needs the clay. He needs his hands. He needs the very idea of a pot — and all of those things were already there before he started. Al-Khaliq brought the clay into being. He brought the hands into being. He brought the very first seed, the very first soil, and you into being — from absolutely nothing, before anything was there at all.

That is a big thing to sit with. Good. It should feel enormous.

Tafsir as-Sa'di explains that Al-Khaliq is the One who measured and planned all created things before they existed, and then brought them into being. Both the design and the life belong entirely to Him.

Nour looked at her little pot of dirt for a long moment.

"So when it flowers," she said quietly, "it will really be Allah's flower."

"Every flower always was," said Miss Yasmin.

Today's Reminder

Find one living thing today — a leaf, a bird, or even a slow little ant on the pavement. Look at it closely for ten whole seconds. Then say, out loud or in your heart: "Allah created this — Al-Khaliq!"

He made it from nothing. He made you from nothing too.

CHAPTER XII

Chapter 12 — Al-Bari: The Originator Who Shapes from Nothing

Bilal had never been to a sheep farm before.

He stood at the wooden fence, squinting. There were twenty-three sheep in the pen — his uncle had told him so — and to Bilal, every single one looked exactly the same. White. Fluffy. Eating grass.

"Uncle Tariq," he said, "they're all the same."

His uncle laughed and stepped closer. "Come inside the pen with me."

They walked in together. Uncle Tariq crouched beside a sheep with a small brown patch near her left ear. "This is Daisy. She is shy — she always eats last." He moved to the next one. "This is Naseem. Stubborn. He will not move until he is ready." He pointed to a smaller sheep near the corner. "And that little one? She makes a sound almost like singing. No other sheep on this farm does that."

Bilal stared. He had been looking at twenty-three sheep and seeing one.

"Allah has a beautiful name," Uncle Tariq said quietly. "Al-Bari. It means He is the One who separates and distinguishes every creature — every sheep, every sparrow, every child — so perfectly that nothing is ever mixed up or confused."

Allah says in the Quran:

"He is Allah, the Creator, the Originator — Al-Bari — the Fashioner of Forms. To Him belong the most beautiful names." — Surah Al-Hashr (59:24)

Imam as-Sa'di explained that Al-Bari means Allah distinguishes each created thing from every other, giving every creature its own particular nature and its own exact form. Not two blades of grass are the same. Not two voices. Not two pairs of eyes.

Your fingerprint? No one in all of human history has had one exactly like it.

Your laugh? Only yours.

The sound of your own name in your own voice? Al-Bari made that. And He knows it.

Today's Reminder

Hold your hand up and really look at those tiny lines on your fingertip. Al-Bari placed them there before you were even born — just for you, no one else in the world. Say: "Alhamdulillah — Al-Bari made me perfectly,

uniquely me."

CHAPTER XIII

Chapter 13 — Al-Musawwir: The Fashioner of Forms

The hospital room was very quiet. Just soft light and the sound of breathing.

Amira stood on her tiptoes at the edge of the crib and peered down at her newborn cousin, Zakariyya, for the very first time. He was so small. His eyes were pressed shut. His cheeks were round and soft like two little moons.

But it was his hands that stopped her breath.

Tiny. Perfectly tiny. Each finger curled inward, no bigger than a grain of rice, with the smallest nails she had ever seen — ten of them, each one shaped exactly right. She hadn't even noticed she was whispering until her mother crouched beside her.

"Mama," Amira breathed, "who made him like this?"

Her mother smiled. "Al-Musawwir," she said softly. "It means the Fashioner of Forms. Allah shaped every part of him — his fingers, his ears, the tiny curve of his nose — while he was still hidden away, before any of us had even seen him."

Allah says in the Quran: "It is He who forms you in the wombs however He wills." (Surah Al-Imran, 3:6)

Not one fingerprint in the whole world is the same as another. Not one face. Not one voice. Al-Musawwir — as Tafsir as-Sa'di explains — is the One who gives every created thing its precise shape, distinguishing each creature from all others with perfect wisdom and care. He does not fashion things the way a sculptor chips at stone. He commands. And form appears. Alive. Breathing. Complete.

Amira looked down at her own hands. She spread her fingers wide and really looked at them — maybe for the first time.

He shaped mine too. The thought sat warm and quiet in her chest.

Every nose. Every pair of dimples. Every tiny eyelash. Al-Musawwir fashioned them all — on purpose, with perfect care, before you ever said a single word.

Today's Reminder

The Prophet ﷺ said that Allah has ninety-nine beautiful names, and learning
(Sahih al-Bukhari, 6410). Al-Musawwir is one of them. Go find a mirror today. Look at your face — really

look. Your eyes, your smile, the exact shape of your cheeks — Al-Musawwir formed all of it, just for you. Whisper: "Alhamdulillah, ya Al-Musawwir." Thank Allah for the wonderful face He fashioned only for you.

CHAPTER XIV

Chapter 14 — Al-Ghaffar: The Ever-Forgiving

Al-Ghaffar — say it softly. Gha-ffar. It almost sounds like a sigh of relief. And that is exactly what it feels like.

Idris knew the rule. No football inside the house.

He had broken it once. Then twice. Now, on a quiet Tuesday evening, he heard the sharp crack of a broken photo frame and his heart dropped straight to his shoes.

Third time.

He sat in the corner of the kitchen, too ashamed to look up. He did not want to see his father's face. He did not want to say sorry again, because — what if sorry stops working after a while?

His father sat down beside him. Quiet for a moment.

Then he said, "Do you know what Allah's name Al-Ghaffar means?"

Idris shook his head.

"It means the One who covers. Again and again and again." His father spread his hands wide. "Imagine it snowed last night and everything outside — every muddy patch, every messy footprint — was covered completely. White and clean. That is what Al-Ghaffar does with our mistakes, when we are truly sorry and we come back to Him."

Idris looked up slowly. "Even if it's the third time?"

"Prophet Nuh — peace be upon him — told his whole people: Ask forgiveness of your Lord. Indeed, He is ever a Perpetual Forgiver. Allah says that in Surah Nuh, ayah ten. Al-Ghaffar does not get tired of forgiving, Idris. He loves to forgive."

The heaviness in Idris's chest lifted a little.

He still helped pay for the photo frame. That part was fair. But that night he made wudu, prayed two rak'ahs, and whispered very quietly: Ya Ghaffar — forgive me.

The snow, in his heart, fell soft and white and clean.

Today's Reminder

Making a mistake is not the end. Not the second time. Not the third. Al-Ghaffar is always there, waiting for you to turn back to Him. Say "Astaghfirullah" today — just once, meaning it — and know that the One who covers all wrongs has already heard you.

CHAPTER XV

Chapter 15 — Al-Qahhar: The Overcomer of All

The bully's name was Samir. He wasn't her friend. He said mean things at lunch, knocked people's bags off chairs, and walked around like nobody could stop him.

Fatima started dreading school.

One evening she sat with Teta — her grandmother — on the big cushioned sofa, quiet in the way that worried the old woman. "What is it, habibti?" Teta asked. Fatima told her everything. Every single thing.

Teta listened. She didn't rush. Then she said something Fatima had never heard before.

"Do you know that Allah is called Al-Qahhar?"

Fatima shook her head.

"It means the Overcomer of All," Teta said softly. "The scholars tell us it means nothing — not a bully, not a sickness, not a darkness — can stand against His command for even one moment. Everything in creation is small before Him. Every. Single. Thing."

She opened the Quran to Surah Yusuf. Long ago, Prophet Yusuf — peace be upon him — sat inside a prison he did not deserve. Wrongly accused. Forgotten by people he had helped. And still, from those cold stone walls, he spoke clearly to the men sitting beside him:

"Are many different lords better, or Allah — the One, Al-Qahhar?" (Quran 12:39)

Yusuf was patient. He was truthful. He did not fight with anger. And Al-Qahhar raised him from that prison all the way to a palace.

"What happened to the ones who wronged him?" Fatima asked quietly.

Teta smiled. "They came to him, bowing."

Nothing unjust stands forever. That is what Al-Qahhar means for you when the world feels frightening and unfair. The One whose command no bully, no darkness, and no difficulty can resist — He is watching. He never forgets. He is always on the side of those who are patient and truthful.

Today's Reminder: When something feels scary or unfair, whisper Ya Qahhar — "O Overcomer of All." Trust that He sees. Trust that He acts. Be patient. Keep telling the truth. That is enough.

CHAPTER XVI

Chapter 16 — Al-Wahhab: The Generous Giver of Gifts

Tuesday is just a regular day. No birthday. No Eid. No special reason at all.

That is why Zaynab's eyes went wide when Teta — her grandmother — walked through the door holding a small wrapped box tied with a yellow ribbon.

"What is this for?" Zaynab asked.

Teta shrugged and smiled. "For nothing. Just because I love you."

Inside the box sat a tiny painted wooden bird, wings spread open as if it was about to take flight. Zaynab held it in both hands and stared. It was the most beautiful small thing she had ever seen.

That night, her mother sat beside her on the bed. "Do you know what Teta's gift reminded me of?" she said softly. "Al-Wahhab."

"What does that mean?"

"It means the Generous Giver of Gifts," Mama said. "Allah gives — not because we earned it, not because we asked, not because He wants anything back. He gives because He is Al-Wahhab. That is simply who He is."

She stroked Zaynab's hair. "Teta's kindness today was a lovely gift. But Al-Wahhab placed that love inside Teta's heart. He gave you eyes to see the bird's colors. He gave you hands to hold it. Every good thing traces all the way back to Him."

Allah says in the Quran: "Our Lord, do not let our hearts deviate after You have guided us, and grant us from Yourself mercy. Indeed, You are Al-Wahhab — the Bestower." (Surah Al-Imran, 3:8)

Even the prophets asked Allah for His gifts. Because Al-Wahhab's giving never runs dry.

The Prophet ﷺ told us Allah has ninety-nine beautiful names, and whoever le
(Sahih al-Bukhari, 2736) Al-Wahhab is one of them. Tafsir as-Sa'di explains that this name describes giving that flows purely from Allah's own nature — freely, endlessly, without any cause except His generosity itself.

The air in your lungs right now? You never asked for it. Al-Wahhab.

Today's Reminder

Look around you right now. Find one small thing that is a gift you never asked for. A warm blanket. A friend's laugh. The smell of supper from the kitchen.

Hold it in your heart and whisper:

"Alhamdulillah, Ya Wahhab."

All praise belongs to Allah — the Generous Giver of Gifts.

CHAPTER XVII

Chapter 17 — Ar-Razzaq: The Provider of All Sustenance

Sulayman loved helping set the dinner table. Tonight it was rice, lamb stew, warm bread, and a bowl of oranges he had picked out himself at the market.

He placed the last spoon down, proud of himself.

His father walked in and smiled. "Good job, habibi. Now — before we eat — I want to ask you something." He pulled out a chair and sat down. "Where did this food come from?"

Sulayman pointed at the kitchen. "Mama cooked it."

"And before that?"

"The market?"

"And before the market?"

Sulayman thought hard. "A truck brought it?"

His father nodded slowly. "And before the truck, a farmer planted seeds in dark soil and watered them. Before that, rain came down from the clouds. Before the rain, Allah sent the water cycle spinning across the whole earth." He tapped the table gently. "Every single hand that touched this food — the farmer's rough hands, the driver's tired hands, Mama's careful hands, your small hands right now — Allah put them all in place."

He paused. "That is Ar-Razzaq. The Provider of everything."

Allah says in the Quran: "Indeed, it is Allah who is the continual Provider, the firm possessor of strength." (Surah Adh-Dhariyat, 51:58)

Ar-Razzaq does not just provide food. He provides air — the kind you breathe without even thinking. Water. Sunlight. The love in your mother's voice. The strength in your legs when you run. Even the hunger that tells your body it is time to eat. All of it. Every bit.

And He provides for every creature. The worm under the ground. The eagle at the top of the mountain. The fish at the very bottom of the sea. Not one is forgotten. Not one.

Sulayman looked at his plate with new eyes.

"So what do we say," his father asked softly, "before we eat?"

"Bismillah," Sulayman whispered.

His father smiled. "Yes. That is how we say thank you to Ar-Razzaq."

Today's Reminder

Before every meal today, say Bismillah — "In the name of Allah." It is a small word. But it is the most important word on the table, because it reminds your heart who the real Provider is. Ar-Razzaq never forgot you. Not even once.

CHAPTER XVIII

Chapter 18 — Al-Fattah: The Opener of All Doors

Have you ever tried and tried at something — and it just wouldn't budge?

Maryam had been staring at the same letter for three whole weeks. The Arabi
wrong way, sounded like nothing in English, and no matter how many times Ustadha Nour drew it on the whiteboard, Maryam's tongue simply could not find the sound.

She practiced every evening before bed. Wrote it on her arm with one finger in the dark. Whispered it into her pillow.

Still stuck.

Then one ordinary morning, she opened her book — and read it. Clean and clear, right off the page.

She didn't even know how it happened. It just opened.

Ustadha Nour looked up from her desk and smiled. "Maryam — did you hear yourself just now?"

Maryam blinked. "It worked."

"Al-Fattah opened that door for you," her teacher said softly. "Keep making du'a when you feel stuck."

Al-Fattah — The Opener

Al-Fattah means The Opener. He opens what is locked tight. Closed doors, hard hearts, lessons that won't click, situations with no way out — Allah opens them all. The scholar as-Sa'di explained that Al-Fattah opens the doors of mercy, provision, and understanding for His servants, and that He alone can unlock what no human hand could ever force.

Allah says in the Quran: "Our Lord will bring us together; then He will judge between us in truth. And He is Al-Fattah, the All-Knowing." (Surah Saba, 34:26)

Think about a flower bud in deep winter. Hard. Sealed. Silent. Nobody drills it open. Then Al-Fattah simply opens it — and suddenly there is colour, scent, and a whole bloom where there was nothing before.

Nothing stays shut forever when He wills it open. Not a difficult lesson. Not a friendship that feels broken. Not a worried heart. Not even one stubborn Arabic letter.

Today's Reminder

The next time you feel completely stuck — on a lesson, a problem, anything at all — pause. Say "Ya Fattah." Ask Allah, the Opener of all doors, to open the way for you. He has been opening locked things since before

the world began. He is not going to stop now.

CHAPTER XIX

Chapter 19 — Al-Alim: The All-Knowing

Dawud had broken the vase.

Not on purpose. He was spinning in the living room, arms spread like airplane wings, and his elbow caught the edge of the shelf. The vase wobbled, tipped, and fell. Crack. Three pieces.

His mother called from the kitchen. "What was that?"

Dawud's heart jumped. He could say the cat did it. Nobody had seen. He opened his mouth —

And then stopped.

Something inside him went very quiet.

He remembered what his father had told him last Friday, walking home from the masjid: Allah is Al-Alim. The All-Knowing. He knows what your eyes see, what your ears hear, and what your lips never even say.

Allah already knew. He knew the exact second the vase wobbled. He knew Dawud's elbow had done it. He knew the words Dawud was about to say before Dawud said them.

There is no hiding from Al-Alim.

Not because Al-Alim is frightening. But because Al-Alim is simply there. Completely. Always.

Allah says in the Quran: "And He is Knowing of all things" (Surah Al-Baqarah, 2:29).

Tafsir as-Sa'di explains that Allah's knowledge misses nothing — not what is hidden or what is open, not a falling leaf, not a thought sitting quietly inside a heart.

That means He sees the ant crossing under your chair right now. The secret kindness you showed your little sister yesterday that no one noticed. The du'a you whispered so softly it was almost just breathing.

Al-Alim noticed. Al-Alim always notices.

Dawud walked to the kitchen. "Mama," he said, "I broke the vase. I was spinning and I knocked it over."

His mother looked at him a moment. Then she smiled — that warm, steady smile that comes when someone tells the truth.

Dawud felt it too. Like something inside him had quietly stood up straight.

Today's Reminder

Al-Alim knows every good thing you do — the ones that get cheers and the ones nobody ever claps for. The next time you do something kind when no one is watching, smile inside. Al-Alim sees it. And it counts.

CHAPTER XX

Chapter 20 — Al-Qabid: The Withholder

The morning of Ruqayyah's birthday, she ran to the window the moment she woke up.

Rain. Grey clouds. Puddles already spreading across the path outside.

Her outdoor party — the one with the fairy lights and the lemonade and the hopscotch squares she had drawn herself in blue chalk the day before — was not going to happen. Not like this.

She sat at the kitchen table with her chin on her hands and said nothing. Her aunt Samira sat down beside her, poured two cups of tea — one small, one big — and slid the small cup across without a word.

"It hurts when something is taken away," Aunt Samira said quietly.

Ruqayyah looked up. "Allah could have stopped the rain."

"Yes," said Aunt Samira. "He could have. That is exactly what makes this worth thinking about."

Ruqayyah frowned a little.

Aunt Samira wrapped both hands around her cup. "One of Allah's names is Al-Qabid. It means the Withholder — the One who holds things back. Not because He forgot you. Not because He is unkind. But because He sees the whole picture, and we only ever see a small corner of it."

She nodded toward the window. "That rain is soaking into farms you have never seen. Wheat fields. Vegetable gardens. Families who prayed for water last night. Al-Qabid held back your sunshine today so He could give something else to someone who needed it."

Allah says in the Quran: "And it is Allah who withholds and grants abundance." (Surah Al-Baqarah, 2:245)

Al-Qabid is not unkind. Think of a loving parent who says no to a third biscuit before dinner. Not to be mean. Because they love their child and they simply know more. Al-Qabid is like that — only infinitely wiser, and more loving, than any parent who has ever lived.

Ruqayyah looked out at the rain for a long moment.

"I hope the farmers' fields are really green," she said softly.

Aunt Samira smiled. "I think they will be."

Today's Reminder

When something you wanted doesn't happen — a trip, a treat, a plan that falls apart — whisper to yourself: Al-Qabid sees what I cannot see. The One who holds back is the same One who loves you completely. He

never withholds without a wise and caring reason.

CHAPTER XXI

Chapter 21 — Al-Basit: The Expander and Giver of Abundance

The name Al-Basit means the One who opens, expands, and pours out abundance. Not just things. Hearts too. When a week feels tight and gray and heavy, Al-Basit is the One who can make it wide and bright again.

Hassan had a very hard week. The family was worried. Baba had been looking for a job for three whole weeks and found nothing. Mama's smile was smaller than usual. Even the apartment felt quieter — as if the walls had moved a little closer.

On Thursday night, Mama gathered everyone onto the prayer mat. Hassan was seven. His little sister Dina was only five. Their voices were small, but they raised their hands to Allah and asked with honest hearts. No fancy words. Just: Ya Allah, please help us.

On Friday, the phone rang.

Good news.

Baba got the job.

Mama cried — the happy kind, the kind with smiling. She pulled both children close and said softly, "Al-Basit. Allah has expanded things for us. This is His gift."

That is Al-Basit. He opens what is closed. He spreads wide what felt cramped and impossible. Imam as-Sa'di, one of the great scholars, explained that Al-Basit is Allah who extends provision and opens hearts, spreading His bounty in the exact way and at the exact time that is perfectly right for His servants.

Allah says in the Quran: "It is Allah who withholds and grants abundance, and to Him you will be returned." (Surah Al-Baqarah, 2:245)

Al-Basit always works with wisdom. Sometimes He waits. Then He opens His hand — and you feel it. Like morning light spreading slowly across a valley. Like a deep, slow breath after holding it in for too long.

Today's Reminder: Every easy morning, every meal that fills you up, every moment the worry lifts and your chest feels lighter — that is Al-Basit opening His hand to you. Notice it. Say "Alhamdulillah, Ya Basit" and really, truly mean it.

CHAPTER XXII

Chapter 22 — Al-Khafid: The Humbler

Umar was sitting at the kitchen table, a thick history book spread open in front of him. The page showed a king in golden robes on a tall marble throne, servants bowing at his feet. The caption underneath said: The most powerful ruler of his age.

"He thought nobody could ever touch him," Umar said, almost to himself.

His teacher, Ustadh Kareem, was visiting that afternoon. He looked over Umar's shoulder and smiled gently.

"Every age has a king like that," Ustadh Kareem said. "And every one of them falls."

He sat down beside Umar. "Allah has a beautiful name — Al-Khafid. The Humbler. He alone decides who rises and who is brought low."

Umar looked at the picture again. "But this king had armies."

"Think of Fir'awn," Ustadh Kareem said quietly. "The greatest army on earth. He called himself a god. And Allah humbled him — completely — at the bottom of the sea." He tapped the page. "Armies and gold mean nothing when Al-Khafid acts."

Allah tells us in Surah Al-Waqi'ah that the Last Day will be a lowerer and a raiser (56:3). Al-Khafid, Al-Rafi. Nothing stays raised that Allah has decided to bring down. Tafsir as-Sa'di explains that Al-Khafid lowers the arrogant and the oppressors with perfect precision — not out of cruelty, but out of exact, balanced justice.

Umar closed the book slowly. "So we should never act like that king."

"Never," said Ustadh Kareem. "Stay humble. Be kind. Leave the rest to Him."

Today's Reminder

Al-Khafid lowers pride and upholds justice — always. When someone is unkind or unfair and nobody seems to notice, whisper "Ya Khafid" and trust Him. He sees everything. And check your own heart today: am I being humble? Am I being kind? That is the safest, best place to stand.

CHAPTER XXIII

Chapter 23 — Ar-Rafi: The Exalter

Sumayya was the quiet one at school. Not shy, exactly. Just gentle — steady and warm, the way a candle is easy to overlook when all the bright lights are on.

She shared her colored pencils without being asked. When a library book slipped off the shelf, she picked it up. When the art table got messy after crafts, she wiped it clean. Nobody gave her a gold sticker. Nobody wrote her name on the board.

One Thursday afternoon she came home and sat on the kitchen mat with her chin in her hands.

"Mama," she said. "I don't think anyone sees me."

Her mother set down the dish she was drying. She came and sat right beside Sumayya on the mat.

"Ar-Rafi sees you," she said quietly.

Ar-Rafi. The Exalter. The One who raises. One of Allah's ninety-nine beautif
told us to learn and hold close (Sahih al-Bukhari — sahih).

Allah's own Book says He will be "bringing low some, raising high others" (Surah Al-Waqi'ah, 56:3). Imam as-Sa'di explains that Ar-Rafi raises whom He wills among His creation — and that He especially raises those who are sincere and humble — giving them honor and rank that nothing in the world can touch or take away.

That is precisely the kind of raising that lasts.

Sumayya had not wiped the art table to be popular. She had done it because it was right. She had shared her pencils because she cared about the person sitting next to her. That is the work Ar-Rafi counts.

Your good deeds may not always get a gold sticker. A kind word you say in the hallway might go unnoticed by everyone around you. But Ar-Rafi notices. Every quiet, sincere thing you do — He is already raising you with it, in ways too big and too beautiful to see just yet.

Today's Reminder

Keep doing good even when nobody claps. Whisper "Ya Rafi" and know that Ar-Rafi sees every sincere effort — and His raising is the only raising that truly lasts.

CHAPTER XXIV

Chapter 24 — Al-Mu'izz: The Bestower of Honor

Khalid walked home with his head down, scuffing the pavement with his old brown shoes. Not because he was tired. Because Rayan had laughed at those shoes in front of the whole class. "My new ones have flashing lights," Rayan had said, loud enough for everyone. Some kids had giggled. Khalid's face went hot and stayed that way the whole walk home.

His grandfather was sitting in the garden when Khalid pushed the gate open. Baba Jiddo could always tell. He patted the bench beside him without saying a word.

"Tell me," he said.

Khalid told him everything. The shoes. The laugh. The hot face.

Baba Jiddo listened. Then, quietly, he said a name.

"Al-Mu'izz."

"Allah is Al-Mu'izz — the One who gives true honor," his grandfather said. "He tells us in the Quran: 'You give honor to whom You will, and You humble whom You will. In Your hand is all good.' (Surah Al-Imran, 3:26). Real honor, Khalid. Not borrowed honor. Not playground honor. The kind that belongs to a person forever — that comes from exactly one place."

Khalid looked at his old shoes again. But differently this time.

"The Prophet ﷺ told us that Allah has ninety-nine beautiful names," Baba Jid 6410 — sahih) "Al-Mu'izz is one of them. So who does He actually honor? Allah answers that too: 'The most honored among you in the sight of Allah is the most righteous.' (Surah Al-Hujurat, 49:13). The kindest child. The most honest one. The one who is gentle even when nobody is watching. That is the truly honored one."

Khalid thought about that all through dinner. He thought: I can earn that kind of honor. Nobody can laugh it away.

Today's Reminder

The most popular kid in your class is not always the most honored in Allah's sight. Al-Mu'izz gives real honor to those who are kind, honest, and gentle — especially with the people others ignore. Say "Ya Mu'izz" and ask Allah to fill your heart with good character. That honor? Nothing in the world can take it away.

CHAPTER XXV

Chapter 25 — Al-Mudhill: The Humiliator of the Unjust

Safa was eight years old the afternoon she saw it happen.

An older boy — maybe eleven, maybe twelve — had been teasing a smaller kid at the park for weeks. Calling him names. Snatching his hat. Laughing loudly so everyone around him would laugh too. The smaller boy would go quiet, stare at the ground, and walk away. It never seemed fair.

Then one afternoon, the older boy was showing off. Running fast, arms wide, grinning — and he tripped over nothing at all. Flat on the ground, in front of everyone. He stood up slowly, face red, grass on his shirt. The laughter had nowhere to go except back at him.

Safa's father had watched the whole thing from the bench beside her. He didn't gloat. He spoke quietly.

"Do you know one of Allah's names, Safa? Al-Mudhill."

She shook her head.

"It means the One who humbles. Allah alone decides who stays raised up with honor and who is brought low." He paused. "The Quran says: You honor whom You will and You humble whom You will — Surah Al-Imran, ayah 26. That belongs only to Allah."

"So He made the boy trip?" Safa asked.

"Allah does as He wills, in His own time, in His own way," her father said gently. "What we know is this — those who are cruel and arrogant do not stay honored forever. Al-Mudhill makes sure of that. Not out of cruelty. Out of perfect, balanced justice."

Safa thought about the smaller boy walking home with his hat finally on his head.

Justice. Quiet. And real.

Today's Reminder

Treat every person — big, small, popular, or shy — with kindness. You don't need to fix every bully yourself. Al-Mudhill sees what adults sometimes miss, and He never, ever forgets.

CHAPTER XXVI

Chapter 26 — As-Sami: The All-Hearing

The night was very dark. Asma had pulled her blanket all the way up to her chin.

She wanted to make du'a. But the house was quiet — her parents were downstairs, her little brother was asleep — and her prayer felt very, very small. Like a mouse whisper. Like almost nothing at all.

What if it isn't loud enough to reach? she thought.

She tried anyway. No fancy words. Just what was in her heart.

A few minutes later, her mother came in. She sat on the edge of the bed and smoothed Asma's hair.

"Were you making du'a?" she asked softly.

Asma nodded. "But I was so quiet. I don't think it reached."

Her mother smiled. "Do you know the name As-Sami?" She said it slowly. "It means the All-Hearing."

Asma waited.

"Ibrahim — peace be upon him — was building the Ka'bah with his son Isma'il. Right there in the desert, lifting heavy stones, they prayed as they worked. Allah heard every word and kept it in the Quran forever: 'Our Lord, accept this from us. Indeed You are the All-Hearing, the All-Knowing' — Surah Al-Baqarah, ayah 127."

"Even Ibrahim asked if Allah heard him?" Asma said quietly.

"Yes. And Allah answered: always."

As-Sami doesn't need you to speak loudly. He doesn't need perfect words or a big voice. The scholars of tafsir explain that As-Sami hears every sound — the loud and the quiet, the spoken word and the one still folded somewhere inside your chest, the du'a that never even reaches your lips. Every sigh. Every small hope. Nothing is too tiny.

Asma tucked the name deep inside her heart.

As-Sami. He heard me. He always has.

Today's Reminder

The next time you want to make du'a — at night, in the morning, on the walk to school — don't worry about finding the perfect words. Don't worry about being too quiet or too small. As-Sami hears your heart even before your lips move. Just talk to Allah, however you can. He is already listening.

CHAPTER XXVII

Chapter 27 — Al-Basir: The All-Seeing

The classroom was very quiet.

Thirty pencils scratched against paper. The spelling test had twelve words, and Tariq knew nine of them. Three — necessary, rhythm, ancient — had been giving him trouble all week.

Then the teacher stepped into the hallway. "Back in two minutes," she said.

The room shifted. A few children looked up. Tariq's hand moved toward his pocket. Inside, folded very small, sat a strip of paper with those three tricky words written in careful blue ink.

His fingers found the edge of it.

And then a name came to him. His father had taught it last Friday on the carpet after 'Isha prayer.

Al-Basir.

The All-Seeing.

Tafsir as-Sa'di explains that Al-Basir means Allah's sight is perfect and complete — never blocked by walls, never dimmed by darkness, never stopped by distance. At the bottom of the deepest ocean. Inside a sealed box. In a classroom while the teacher is gone. He sees. Every single thing, every single moment.

Tariq's fingers let go of the paper.

Nobody in that room was watching him. But Al-Basir was. Always. And the strange thing — that didn't feel frightening at all. It felt like a warm hand resting gently on his shoulder.

He wrote necessary slowly. Probably wrong. Moved on. Tried rhythm the way he thought it sounded. Did his honest best with ancient.

When the teacher came back, Tariq's cheat-sheet was still in his pocket, untouched. His heart felt clean and quiet. Like he'd passed a different kind of test.

That is the real gift of remembering Al-Basir. Not fear. Steadiness.

Allah's Messenger ﷺ told us that Allah has ninety-nine beautiful names, and enter Paradise (Sahih al-Bukhari, no. 2736). Al-Basir is one of those names. Knowing it — really knowing it — makes you brave enough to do the right thing when no human eye is watching.

Quranic Anchor

"...Indeed, He is the Hearing, the Seeing." — Surah Al-Isra (17:1), Sahih International

He hears you. He sees you. Every second. Everywhere.

Today's Reminder

Al-Basir sees every good thing you do — especially the ones nobody else notices. The honest test paper. The kind word you said quietly. The moment you told the truth when a lie would have been so easy.

Next time you wonder if it matters — if anyone is even watching — remember: Al-Basir. And choose good anyway. He never looks away.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Chapter 28 — Al-Hakam: The Judge

Zaid dropped his bag by the door and sat on the rug. Arms crossed. Jaw tight.

His aunt Nadia was visiting. She saw his face the moment she looked up.

"What happened?" she asked.

"Miss Hana blamed me for talking in class," Zaid said. "But it wasn't me. It was the boy behind me. She didn't even check. She just said my name." He swallowed hard. "It wasn't fair."

Aunt Nadia sat down beside him on the rug. She didn't say it's fine or never mind. She said something better.

"Do you know one of Allah's most beautiful names? Al-Hakam. The Judge."

Zaid looked up at her.

"Miss Hana is a kind teacher," Aunt Nadia said, "but she was facing the wrong way. She got it wrong. Human judges can do that — even good, trying-their-best ones. But Al-Hakam?" She shook her head slowly. "He never faces the wrong way. He sees every word that was spoken, every word that wasn't, every person who was truly guilty, and every person who wasn't. Nothing escapes Him. Not one single thing."

She opened the Quran and read from Surah Al-An'am:

"Is it other than Allah I should seek as judge, while it is He who has revealed to you the Book explained in detail?" (6:114)

Only Allah. That is what the ayah is saying. The scholar Ibn Sa'di explained that Al-Hakam judges between His servants with complete knowledge and perfect justice — in this life, and fully and finally on the Day of Judgment, when every single account will be settled exactly right.

Every. Single. Account.

Zaid thought about that for a long moment. His account too.

Something loosened in his chest. Not all the way. But enough.

Today's Reminder

When something feels deeply unfair, you can say quietly: "Ya Hakam — O perfect Judge — You saw everything. I trust You." Keep trying to be fair yourself, in games and words and arguments. And for everything else — hand it to the one Judge who has never once gotten it wrong.

CHAPTER XXIX

Chapter 29 — Al-Adl: The Perfectly Just

Hafsa sat by the window after dinner, her bowl clean, her mind busy.

"Baba," she said, "some children eat this much food every single day." She spread her arms wide. "And some children — I saw them on TV — don't have any. Is that fair?"

Her father set down his tea. He didn't answer quickly. That was always a sign the answer mattered.

"No," he said. "It doesn't look fair."

"Then why?"

He leaned forward. "Because this life isn't the whole story, Hafsa. Do you know the name Al-Adl?"

She shook her head.

"It means Allah is the Perfectly Just. Not kind-of-fair. Not mostly-fair. Perfectly fair — in a way no judge, no court, no person could ever be." He opened the Quran on the table and read: "The word of your Lord has been fulfilled in truth and in justice." (Surah Al-An'am, 6:115)

"Truth and justice," he said. "Together. Always."

He told her what scholars explain about Al-Adl: Allah never wrongs a single soul — not even by the weight of a tiny ant. Every crumb of food someone went without. Every tear cried alone. Every moment someone was treated cruelly. All of it is written. On the Day of Judgment, every account will be balanced. Completely. Perfectly. With a wisdom no human courtroom could ever match.

Hafsa was quiet. A whole day of questions, and this one finally felt answered — not completely, but enough.

"So what do we do?" she asked.

Her father smiled. "We do our part. We share what we have. We treat people fairly. We become small mirrors of Al-Adl's great justice, right here, today."

Today's Reminder

Al-Adl — the Perfectly Just.

Today, be fair in one small way. Share equally. Listen to both sides before deciding who is right. Play by the rules even when no one is watching. You can't fix every unfairness in the world — but Al-Adl will. Your job is to carry His justice in your little corner of it.

CHAPTER XXX

Chapter 30 — Al-Latif: The Subtle and Gentle

Rayyan's morning started badly. Really badly.

He couldn't find his pencil anywhere — not in his bag, not on his desk, not tucked under his pillow where things sometimes hid. Then at breakfast he knocked over his orange juice. All of it, straight across the table. And by the time he reached school, the sky had gone that heavy grey colour that meant rain was coming.

He sat down and thought: today is going to be the worst.

But then small things started to happen.

While unpacking his bag, his fingers touched something thin and wooden at the very bottom. His pencil. Right there. At lunchtime he realised he had forgotten his sandwich at home — but his friend Omar noticed the empty lunchbox, said nothing, and quietly slid half his own lunch across the table. A cheese roll and three grapes. And on the walk home, just as Rayyan braced himself for the rain, it stopped. Completely. Like someone had turned off a tap.

That evening he told his mother. She listened, then smiled.

"Did you notice," she said, "that small kindnesses kept finding you today?"

Al-Latif. This is one of Allah's most beautiful names. It means He is gentle and subtle. The scholars explain that Al-Latif knows the finest, most hidden details of all things — and He reaches His servants through quiet, almost invisible paths, bringing them what they need before they have even found the words to ask. He knows every worry tucked inside your heart. And He tends to it gently. Quietly. In ways you might nearly miss.

Allah says in the Qur'an: "Does He who created not know, while He is the Subtle, the Acquainted?" (Surah Al-Mulk, 67:14).

He made you. Of course He knows you — right down to the smallest thing.

The Prophet ﷺ taught us that Allah has ninety-nine names, and whoever learn enter Jannah. (Sahih al-Bukhari). Al-Latif is one of those names. Say it softly. Al-Latif.

Today's Reminder

Look for three small, gentle things that went right today. A door held open. A worry that faded on its own. A friend who noticed without being asked. That is Al-Latif — weaving care through your ordinary day. You just

have to look.

CHAPTER XXXI

Chapter 31 — Al-Khabir: The Fully Aware

Hiba sat very still at the kitchen table. Her soup was getting cold.

"Are you okay?" her mother asked.

"I'm fine," Hiba said.

But she wasn't. She had heard two girls whispering about her at school that day. It stung somewhere deep inside — the kind of hurt that doesn't show on your face but sits heavy in your chest all afternoon. She didn't have the right words for it yet.

Her mother sat down beside her. She didn't push. She just said, quietly, "Al-Khabir already knows."

Hiba looked up.

Al-Khabir. One of Allah's most beautiful names. It means He is Fully Aware — not only of what you say and do, but of what is truly hidden inside. The thought you couldn't finish. The hurt you swallowed. The worry that sits at the back of your mind at bedtime.

Tafsir as-Sa'di explains that Al-Khabir is Allah's awareness of the inner, hidden realities of all things — the depths beneath the surface of every heart, every home, every atom. Not just what something looks like from the outside. What it actually is.

Allah says in Surah Al-Hujurat: "Indeed, Allah is Knowing and Acquainted [with all things]." (49:13, Sahih International)

Every single thing. Not just the big, loud things. The small, quiet ones too.

And here is the beautiful part. Al-Khabir's awareness is not meant to frighten you. It is meant to free you. You never have to pretend in your du'a. You never have to find the perfect words or explain yourself carefully. He already knows. He knew before you sat down. He knew before you cried.

Hiba felt something loosen in her chest.

That night, she made du'a without explaining anything at all. She just said, "Ya Allah — You already know."

And somehow, that was enough.

Today's Reminder

You can always be honest in your du'a. Al-Khabir sees every real feeling inside your heart — the happy ones, the embarrassed ones, the ones you can't quite name. That's not scary. That is the most comforting thing in the world.

CHAPTER XXXII

Chapter 32 — Al-Halim: The Forbearing and Patient

Isa had a bad week. Three days. Three mornings. Three times he lost his temper with his little sister and said something unkind.

After the third time, he sat on his prayer mat with his head low. He was sure Allah must be very, very disappointed in him by now.

His teacher, Ustadh Kareem, noticed his quiet face at school the next day. "What's the matter, Isa?" he asked.

Isa told him everything. Three days. Same mistake. He was embarrassed just saying it out loud.

Ustadh Kareem was quiet for a moment. Then he smiled softly. "Have you heard one of Allah's beautiful names — Al-Halim?"

Isa shook his head.

"Al-Halim means the Forbearing," his teacher said gently. "It means Allah never rushes to punish. He gives time. He waits. Not because He doesn't notice — He notices everything — but because He is so patient, so kind, that He keeps the door open wide for you to come back to Him."

Isa looked up slowly.

"If Allah were hasty," Ustadh Kareem continued, "none of us would be standing here. We all slip. We all make the same mistake twice, three times, more. But Al-Halim holds back, giving us every chance to return."

Allah says in the Quran: "And Allah is Forgiving and Forbearing." (Surah Al-Baqarah, 2:225)

Al-Halim is not weak. Remember that. Choosing patience takes real strength — the greatest strength. Allah's forbearance is a wide open door, and He does not slam it shut when you stumble.

Isa went home that afternoon, made du'a, and said sorry to his sister. He felt lighter.

He remembered: Al-Halim never gave up on him.

Today's Reminder

You can be a little Al-Halim too. When your baby brother knocks over your tower. When a friend takes too long. When you make the same mistake all over again — breathe. Be patient. That patience comes from Al-Halim, and He loves when you borrow it.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Chapter 33 — Al-Azim: The Magnificently Great

Nadia kept the book on her pillow.

Every night for thirty-three nights, she had turned one page, learned one name, and fallen asleep with a new word for Allah resting in her heart. Ar-Rahman. Al-Malik. Al-Latif. Thirty-three names, each one a small window into something enormous.

On the last night, she carried the book to her grandfather's armchair and climbed up beside him.

"Baba Jaan," she said, "I finished."

He smiled. He turned the book over carefully in his hands. "You finished thirty-three," he said. "The Prophet ﷺ told us Allah has ninety-nine names, one hundred minus one, and whoever Paradise." (Sahih al-Bukhari)

Nadia counted on her fingers. "That means sixty-six more."

"Yes." He tapped the last page. "And this one — Al-Azim, the Magnificently Great — is the crown of everything. Do you know what Allah says at the very end of Ayat al-Kursi?"

She sat up straight and recited slowly: "Wa huwal-'Aliyyul-'Azim."

He is the Most High, the Most Magnificent. (Al-Baqarah, 2:255)

"Every name you have learned," Grandfather said quietly, "His mercy, His power, His justice, His gentleness — all of it together still cannot describe the full size of Allah. Al-Azim means His greatness has no edge, no ceiling, no end. We cannot hold it in our minds. We can only stand at the shore of it and feel small and grateful."

Nadia looked out the dark window. The stars were out. All of them. Thousands.

Small. Grateful. Amazed.

That, Baba Jaan said softly, was a very good place to begin.

Today's Reminder

In your prayer, when you bow low in ruku, you already say "Subhana Rabbiy al-Azim" — Glory be to my Lord, the Magnificently Great. Say it slowly today. Really mean it. Then keep going — sixty-six beautiful names are still waiting for you, one at a time, for the rest of your wonderful life.