


The repentant women to Allah





Praise be to Allah alone, and blessings and peace be upon Muhammad; the seal of the Prophets

These are the stories of some repentant women of the famous and non-celebrities; which I wrote for every girl who wants life... who aspires for happiness... who wishes to survive... before death and after death; I hope that these stories be a key to repentance and an oar to the boat of returning to righteousness.


The Islamic Preacher Susie Mazhar repents to Allah by the hands of a French woman

The convoys of repentant men and women are still on their way, setbacks will not harm them, nor will the barking of the envious... Their state speaks for itself:

If the dog does not harm you but by its barking
So let it bark till the Day of Resurrection

From the newest who joined the convoy of faith is the artist Susie Mazhar, she has now more than twenty years of experience in the field of Advocacy to Allah, her name has been attached to many of repentant female artists and has had a role of advocacy among them. She narrated the story of her repentance, she said:

I graduated from the schools of the Mère de Dieu and after that from the Department of Journalism, Faculty of Arts. I lived with my grandmother who is the mother of the actor Ahmed Mazhar, he is my uncle... I wandered the streets of Zamalek (a suburb in Giza, Egypt), and went into clubs as if I was showing off my beauty before the lustrous eyes without any considerations to any sanctity



under the pretext of the so called freedom and civilization.

My old grandmother could not cope with me, neither did my father and mother, anyway, that was how aristocrats used to live; like cattle, but even more astray, except for those who Allah the Almighty has mercy on.

The fact is that I was in a state of deep unconsciousness towards Islam but for the characters of its words. However, despite the wealth and the high rank, I was afraid of something... I was afraid of the sources of gas and electricity, and I thought that Allah would burn me as a punishment for my sins. I used to talk to myself saying: if my grandmother is sick despite the fact that she prays, how can I be saved from the punishment of Allah tomorrow. So I would run away quickly from my reprimanding conscience by falling asleep or by going to the club.

When I got married, I went to France with my husband to spend the so-called honeymoon. What struck me there was that when I went to the Vatican in Rome and wanted to enter the Vatican Museum, I was forced to wear a coat or black leather on the door... this is how they respect their distorted religion... Here, I asked myself in a whisper: "What is the matter with us not respecting our religion??!"

At the peak of my false worldly pleasure I told my husband that I wanted to pray to thank Allah for His grace, he replied: "Do what you wish; this is personal freedom (!!!).

One day I brought with me long clothing and a head cover and entered the Grand Mosque in Paris, I performed the prayer, and at



the path of the mosque I took off my head cover and the long clothes. I was about to put them in my bag; and here was a surprise... a French girl approached me, she had blue eyes which I will never forget all my life, she was wearing the veil... she grabbed my hand gently, patted on my shoulder, and said softly: Why are you taking off the veil?! Do you not know that it is the command of Allah!!... I listened to her in astonishment, she asked me to enter the mosque with her for a few minutes, I tried to escape from her, but her overwhelming politeness and sweet dialogue forced me to enter.

She asked me: do you not witness that there is no god but Allah? Do you not know its meaning? They are not just words spoken by the tongue, but you need to believe in them and behave accordingly.

This girl had taught me the harshest lesson in life... my heart was shaken, and my feelings subjugated to her words, and then she shook my hands saying: O sister stand up for this religion.

I left the mosque overwhelmed in thinking that I did not feel who was around me. Accidentally on that day my husband took me to spend the evening in a cabaret (night club), a pornographic place where men and women dance together, almost naked, they do what animals do, though animals refrain to do what they do... I loathed them, and I loathed myself which is mired in error... I did not look at them, and I did not feel anything around me, I asked my husband to go out so that I could breathe... after that I immediately returned back to Cairo, and started my first steps to get to know Islam.

Despite what I was in from the adornment of the life of this world, I did not know tranquility or serenity; however, I got closer to them



whenever I prayed and recited the Quran.

I retired the life of Ignorance around me, and embarked on reciting the Quran day and night... I brought the books of Ibn Kathir, Sayyid Qutb and others... I spent long hours in my room to read avidly and passionately... I read a lot, and abandoned the life of clubs and erroneous soirees... and I began to get acquainted with Muslim sisters.

At first my husband disapproved vehemently to my veil and my retirement from their life of ignorance, I no longer mingle with men, whether relatives or others, I no longer shake hands with males, it was a test from Allah, but the first steps of faith is submission to Allah, and that Allah and His Messenger are dearer to me than all else. Some problems took place, they almost divided between me and my husband... but, thank Allah, Islam imposed its presence on our little house, and Allah guided my husband to Islam, and he is now better than me, a loyal advocate for his religion, I consider him as one but I recommend none to Allah.

Despite the ailments and the worldly incidents, and the tribulations we've experienced, we are happy as long as our loss is in this worldly life and not in our religion.

The repentance of the most famous French model

Fabian; the French fashion model, is a twenty eight year old girl, her moment of guidance came while she was mired in a world of fame and temptation... she withdrew in silence... she left this world with all that it contains and left for Afghanistan to work in nursing the wounded Afghani Muslim fighters amid harsh conditions and



difficult life!

Fabian says: (but for the grace of Allah and His mercy my life would have been lost in a world where man transcends to become the mere animal whose main concern is the satisfaction of all of his desires and instincts without any values or principles).

Then she tells her story saying: (Since my childhood I dreamt of being a volunteer nurse, working to alleviate the suffering of sick children, days passed and I grew up, and I drew attention with my beauty and grace, everyone, including my family incited me to give up my childhood dream, and to exploit my beauty in a career that will earn me a lot of money, fame and spotlight, and all that any teenager could dream of, and do the impossible to access it.

The path was easy for me – or so it seemed to me – I have quickly known the taste of fame, and was showered with valuable gifts that I have never dreamt of possessing.

But it was with a high price... I had to get rid of my humanity, and the stipulation to success and glamour was to lose my sensitivity and feelings, and to give up the life, with which I was raised, and to lose my intelligence, and not to try to understand anything other than my body movements and the rhythms of music. I also had to be deprived of all delicious food and to live on the chemical vitamins and tonics and stimulants, and above all, to lose my feelings towards people... I do not hate... I do not love... I do not reject anything.

Fashion houses have turned me into just a moving idol whose mission is to tamper with hearts and minds... I have learned to be cold, ruthless, arrogant and void from the inside, nothing but a manne-



quin wearing cloths, I was like an inanimate object moving and smiling, but it does not feel. And it was not I alone who was prompted to do so, however, the more the model gets rid of her humanity, the more her value increases in this cold world... but if she violates any of the rules of fashion she will expose herself to different kinds of punishments that include both psychological and physical harm!

I traveled the world modeling the latest fashion trends in all its arrogance and wanton display of beauty, keeping pace with the wishes of the devil in highlighting the charms of women without shame or decency).

Fabian continues her story saying: (I did not feel the beauty of the dresses over my empty body – but from the air and cruelty – while I was feeling the humiliating and contemptuous looks for me personally, I felt their respect for what I was wearing.

I was walking and moving... in all my rhythms there was the word (if) accompanying me... I learned after my conversion to Islam that the word (if) opens the work of the Devil... This was true, we were living in the world of vice in all its dimensions, and damn those who object to it and simply try to satisfy with their work only).

About her sudden transformation from the frivolous life into the more serious one she says: (that was during a trip we had in devastated Beirut, where I saw how people build hotels and houses under the severity of gun fire, and I saw with my own eyes the collapse of a children's hospital in Beirut, I was not alone, but there were with me my colleagues of the idols passing as human beings, as usual they were satisfied with looking indifferently.



I could not cope with their indifference... at that moment, the veneer of fame and glory, and the fake life that I was living in, vanished before my eyes and I rushed towards the remains of the wounded children in an attempt to save those who were still alive.

I did not return to my colleagues back in the hotel where spotlights were waiting for me, and I started my journey to humanity till I reached the path of light which is Islam.

I left Beirut and went to Pakistan, by the Afghani borders I lived the true life, and learned how to be a human being.

It has been eight months since I have been here, I assist in taking care of families suffering from the devastation of war, and I loved life with them, and in return they treated me well.

My belief in Islam as a religion and a constitution of life has increased through living it, and through my life with the Afghani and Pakistani families and their responsible style in their daily lives, and then I began to learn Arabic which is the language of the Quran, and I have made a significant progress.

After my life was going according to the regulations of fashion makers in the world, my life now is going according to the principles of Islam and its spiritualities).

Fabian describes the attitude of international fashion houses towards her after embracing Islam, confirming that she is being put under intense worldly pressure, they have sent offers to triple her monthly income, but she consistently refused... so they sent her expensive



gifts so that she may renounce her attitude and revert from Islam...

She goes on: (then they stopped tempting me to come back... and started to tarnish my image in front of the Afghani families, so they disseminated the covers of the magazines which have my earlier pictures while I was working as a model, they hung them in the streets as if they were taking revenge of my repentance, and by this they tried to drive a wedge between me and my new families, but thank Allah they were disappointed).

Fabian looks at her hands and says: (I have never expected that my tender hands that I spent a long time trying to maintain its smoothness, I will expose them to this hard work in the mountains, but this hardship has increased the purity and cleanliness of my hands, and they will have a good reward from Allah the Almighty, God willing).

The repentance of the dancer Hala Al-Safi

The well-known dancer Hala Al-Safi told the story of her retirement from art and her repentance and the psychological comfort that she found when she returned to her home and her life, she said in an impressive way during an interview with the press:

(One day I was performing a dance in one of Cairo's famous hotels, while I was dancing I felt that I was a corpse, a dummy moving meaninglessly, and for the first time I felt ashamed; I am almost naked, dancing in front of men amid glasses of wine.

I left the place and ran hysterically until I reached my room and got



dressed.

I have felt something that I have never felt all my dancing career which I started since I was 15 years old, I hastened to perform ablution, and I prayed, then, for the first time I felt happy and secure, and from that day on I wore the veil despite the abundant offers and sarcasm.

I performed pilgrimage, and stood crying that Allah may forgive me the dark days...).

She ends her impressing story saying: (Hala Al-Safi died and buried her past with her. As for me my name is Suheir Abdin, the mother of Karim, a housewife, I live with my son and my husband, I am accompanied by tears of regret regarding the days of my life which I spent away from my Creator who gave me everything.

Now I am a new born, I feel comfortable and safe after the anxiety and sadness were my friends, despite the wealth and the soirees and the entertainment).

She adds: (I spent all the past years a friend of the Devil, I knew nothing but entertainment and dancing, I lived a base despicable life, I have always been nervous, but now I feel like a new born, I feel that I am in a trustworthy hand that is kind and blessing, it is the hand of Allah the Almighty).

The repentance of a girl in the Garden of the Quran

I am a student in high school, and I was fond of watching TV... I never left it for even a moment... I never leave a series or a chil-



dren program or a song without watching them, if the program was a cultural or religious I would quickly turn off TV, my sister asks me: why did you do that?! I cynically answer her pretending to have a lot of homework and chores, so she says to me: Now you remember your duties?! Where were you when you watched all those soap operas, songs and frivolous programs?! I would not answer her.

My sister was completely my opposite... Since my mother taught her how to pray she did not miss a prayer except for an excuse (menses), as for me, I do not preserve prayers; I perform them only once or twice a week.

As for my sister, she avoided watching TV as much as possible, and she kept the company of righteous friends aiding her in doing good deeds, she was so righteous that, when my aunt had a miscarriage in the hospital and was in a coma, she dreamt of my sister wearing white beautiful clothes reassuring her, my aunt recovered consciousness, she was happy with reassuring heart.

My sister always reminded me of Allah and preached me, but I only got more arrogant and more stubborn, however the hours I spent sitting in front of the TV increased day after day, and television diversifies in showing all kinds of frivolous and low-base films and serials, and shameless songs, which I did not realize their danger only after Allah has guided me, all praise and thanks be His.

I was doing all that but firmly believing in my heart that this is forbidden, and that the path to guidance is clear to those who want to take it, I was blaming myself a lot, and my conscience was torturing me deeply, especially that the matter was not limited to com-



mitting sins, but exceeded to abandoning obligatory ordinances... So, I always avoided sitting alone, even when I went to sleep or rest, I tried to keep myself busy with a book or a magazine so as not to let room for self-reproach or the pangs of conscience.


I have kept that way for five years until the day which was chosen by Allah for my guidance.

It was mid-year holiday, my sister wanted to join a course in memorization of the Quran in one of the Islamic Societies, she offered that I go with her, my mother approved, but I refused... I strongly rejected, and I raised the devil, and said as loud as I could: I do not want to go... I was determined on getting down to that set which has become an integral part of my frivolous life... What am I to do with the workshops of teaching the Quran...

The love of Quran and the love of music *** do not meet in the heart of a believer

My father came... I complained to him about what had happened, he said: let her be, do not force her on going and leave her as she wishes.

I had a particular affection in my father's heart because I am his middle child; I have my elder sister, and a brother, who is much younger than me. He said that because he thought that I was performing my prayers and keeping them, he did not know that it was not like that at all... it is true that I was not lying when he asked me (Did you pray?) and I said: Yes... My sister has been able to make me get rid of lying, but I used to perform prayer when he was at



home and I quit praying when he leaves for his work; my father stayed in his work from three to four days.


One day, my father requested me gently to accompany my sister, even once, I might like it, or it will be once and for all, I agreed because I love my father and never refuse him anything.

And I went to the Garden of Quran...

And there... I saw faces bright with the light of faith, and tearful eyes, not addicted to watching the forbidden as I used to do; I was overwhelmed by a feeling that I cannot describe... a feeling of happiness and awe, mingled with a sense of remorse and repentance, and I felt close to Allah the Almighty, my heart tendered, and my tears poured out regretting the times I wasted in doing anything other than that in the pleasure of Allah... in front of the TV screen, or on the meetings with bad companions who are only interested in gossiping.

How unaware was I of such councils which are surrounded by the Angels of Mercy; and tranquility, mercy and faith are sent down upon these people.

(Allah has gifted me with life under the shadows of the Quran a period of time, where I have seen from His grace as I have never seen in my life... I lived under the shadow of the Quran in a state of calmness, self-satisfaction, and peace of mind, and I reached the conclusion that there will be no reformation for this land, nor will be any rest for humanity, or tranquility for man, neither will be any dignity, blessing or purity but only by returning to Allah.



Life under the shadow of Quran is a blessing. A grace is only known to those who have experienced it, a grace that blesses and praises your life). How wonderful it is to live under the shadow of the Quran.

Yes... I have been guided by Allah the Almighty, though I was a disobedient rebel, I favored what pleased me rather than what pleased Him, I performed what the Devil ordered me to do rather than what Allah the One ordered me to do.

In short; I was heedless but the Quran awakened me... “Indeed, this Qur'an guides to that which is most suitable and gives good tidings to the believers who do righteous deeds that they will have a great reward.” [Al-Isra' 17:9]

{ إِنَّ هَذَا الْقُرْآنَ يَهْدِي لِلَّتِي هِيَ أَقْوَمُ وَيُبَشِّرُ الْمُؤْمِنِينَ الَّذِينَ يَعْمَلُونَ الصَّالِحَاتِ أَنَّ لَهُمْ أَجْرًا كَبِيرًا }
الإسراء: ٩

Transliteration: Inna hatha alqurana yahdee lillatee hiya aqwamu wayubashshiru almumineena allatheena yaAAamaloona alssalihati anna lahum ajran kabeeran

Today, I wonder:

How was I going to meet my Lord if He had not guided me... Oh I am really ashamed of myself, and before that I feel ashamed before my Lord. He was truthful who said:

Oh how strange when the Lord is disobeyed *** or how can anyone deny Him



In everything there is a sign *** indicates that He is the One

I repent to you my Lord, I beseech your forgiveness, You are the oft-Forgiving, the Most Merciful.

Beloved sister: the workshops of teaching Quran are waiting for you; do not hesitate to join them...

May Allah protect and preserve you.

Mohammed Ibn Abdul-Aziz Al-Musnad
Dar Ibn Khuzaimah

Translated by Wathakker.net website