The Final DelugeA Great Flood... and No Ark

To read the original Arabic version of this article, click here: (DOI) الطُّوفَانُ الأَخيرُ: طُوفَانٌ عَظِيمٌ. وَلا سَفِينَة

For a hundred thousand years, he stood with a lofty stature that mirrored the sky and its very clouds. Confiding to God the innermost depths of his soul, pouring out its sorrows. He had reached a thousand years of age, and with it, despair with his people had reached a level unknown to any of the devout. He grew weary of existence, weary of mankind. He grew tired of their way of life, after even Patience itself had grown weary of them and, in despair, had committed suicide. For they persisted insistently in their love for sin. And from the love of virtue and the knowledge of the Creator to which he called them, they fled in escape.

He had proven to the Almighty, the Omnipotent, his sincere action. And he demonstrated, beyond any doubt, the arrogance of His creation. They forsook the guiding Prophet and followed, in denial, the lying, disobedient one. A thousand years passed as if he had never been among them as a guide. As if his call to God, to the Truth, had never been his lifelong methodology. He is Noah, the Prophet of God and His confidant. He stood supplicating his Lord after his efforts proved futile, and his purpose failed to achieve its hopes.

"The matter is as You see, my Lord! The people have persisted in disobedience and in falsehood of speech and action. Without shame or pretense of respect for the grey hair of a caller or the dignity of a Creator, they turned away from the Truth. I call them, but I find no one among them who answers. I explain to them the evil of their path and the grave consequence, but no ear listens, nor does any mind perceive and succeed. Ignorance has established its foundations within them, and arrogance has cast its melodies upon their ears. So they delved into the primordial origin, and they

played. They denied the Truth when it came to them, and they turned away. Falsehood took hold of the souls, so they became debased. The night of ignorance lowered its heavy curtains over the world, so it lost its way. Thus, the mind has closed its portals to the light of truth. And the heart savors nothing but evil, rejecting all goodness.

I call upon You, my Lord! Do not deny me hope. And I beseech You, do not close the heavens in my face. The harvest time has come, its promises due. For the vineyard has burned, and its clusters have rotted. No grape is hoped for from it, nor fruit. The souls are filled with blackness, and good has been expelled from them and vanished. The earth is barren, no cultivation benefits it, nor irrigation. The matter, as I see it, has been decided - its futility is evident, its end sealed.

Send down, O God, upon the people a torrent of Your wrath. Drown their world with a torrent from the inferno of Your wrath, so they may become a lesson for every discerning person who comes after them. Do not spare any disbeliever among them, for they persist in disobedience and denial. There is no hope in them, or in those who come from their progeny. For the branch is corrupt, and as the origin was, so inevitably shall it be.

And do not forget, O God, the small few who embraced guidance and believed. They are the best of Your creation. They heard the call when it called them, and they took heed. Place them in a high, fortified place, and from the coming death, preserve them, O God, in a secure place. They are the good seed, the foundation for a generation of the righteous. They are the predecessors for successors who may hopefully be among the devout."

Noah! God responded to your plea and answered. So the Great Flood descended as glad tidings for you from God and a blessing. The Almighty, the Omnipotent, intended the flood of water as a means. And He made the Ark a lifeline for you and for those who followed you in goodness. Then He drowned those who remained as an act of vengeance from Him, the Great Judge. The Almighty willed the water to be a cleansing for the earth from the filth of its inhabitants. He willed the purification of the house from a resident who wreaked havoc in it and transgressed. He found the horizon blocked before Him, and reforming the situation a futile endeavor whose

outcome is condemnation. So He willed for mankind another renaissance, He willed for it a new beginning. This is from God's blessings upon His creation in dark crises and ordeals. He changes the fundamental givens, and man is in a new labor, being tested.

Then it was that the Ark settled upon Al-Judi, and you were saved, and the chosen group of the virtuous. You descended upon an earth with no corruption nor corrupters. So God's command was: Begin from where you are now. For the era of the tyrants has receded and become news effaced by time. No blameworthy trait, or lack of knowledge, with which to contend. For knowledge, you have attained it, and the Prophet of God – here you are, living in his time. And the disobedient all have departed, and none remained in the land but the virtuous. Let time be a witness to what is between us. Establish yourselves in this earth in the manner that I love and desire, for your betterment and for the betterment of those after you from Our creation.

After that, you departed to the Supreme Companion, leaving the torch of light with the companions, the elite of creation, as a trust. Your journey of torment ended, and you found yourself in the proximity of He whose blessings and glad tidings never cease. The Merciful lifted the burden of responsibility from you, so He elevated you to where you never lack His bounties. You became carefree, content, and exalted, and in God's light, you enjoy its specialties. The shades are near, the fruits within easy reach, and the waters are of Tasneem. You reside in a great kingdom and a paradise, immersed in bliss.

Noah! I do not know — are you aware of the state of the earth and our state after you? Or has the Kind One bestowed a favor upon you, occupying you away from it and from us? Nevertheless, let me inform you about the world of today. I confide in you the pain of the soul, and I let you know about the actions of your sons on this earth and upon us. For the matter has reached in the earth a level of evil that has made children age from its horror. And sin has established itself in the souls, erecting for itself foundations; the structure towers high. Rot has abandoned corners and hiding places, and roamed in squares and open spaces. It has climbed the hills and carpeted the valleys. It has not refrained from the apparent or the hidden. It is in the water as in the air. It is in every hearing and on every tongue. The surface of the earth loathed

it, and its depths were constricted by it. The land disgorged it, so it sought the space, colonizing and probing... Beware, O space!

Children die of hunger and women of grief, men are subjugated. The harvest of the wretched is burned, honors are violated. The vile one wins great honor and bliss, the noble are cast out. The beggar is repelled morning and evening, the poor are crushed. There is no dignity for a prophet among us; the fools are honored. Falsehood boasts in our land, and truth is banished. Injustice is a master for whom mounts are prepared, and Justice is dead.

How similar our day is to your days, Noah! The darkness is thick, and the dawn is distant. Grief wrings the hearts, and joy is a scarce promise. Death never complained one day, but today it is overwhelmed by the burden of duties. Thousands of guiding prophets passed by us, and we, as is our habit, repeat as we began. The tyrant who is killed, after death, a thousand new tyrants rise. The blood that was forbidden has become, in today's custom, the ritual of every occasion. And the love of status and power has become a blindness of insight, veering and deviating from the light of truth. Falsehood is present in all squares, and truth is in its corner, despairing and seated.

If the Almighty, the All-Powerful, willed, He would send you, and you would call upon the people of today, He of severe might, you would realize what you missed back then. And you would say the words of one who discerns, confident and certain of the necessity of His action: "My Lord! Do not leave upon the earth from these humans a single being. Send upon them a wrath so that they all become thereafter a forgotten trace. For if You spare any one of them, they will return to what they started. Their nature is of molded slick mud, and their direction is always towards what they were created from. Let the Flood be the final line in the book of mankind, a great flood where no ark is hoped for, nor any survivors."

My Lord! And if You will for mankind to begin anew, then let their origin be from other than this clay. For this origin has been tested much and long, and the end is the same every time. No change in it, nor improvement. From bad to worse, and today is worse than yesterday. And we know of no exception for tomorrow in the knowledge of the knowing scholars.

Yes, Noah! Had you done it a hundred thousand years ago, you would have saved mankind a hundred thousand years of misery. And maybe the earth would have flourished with another creation, from those who hear the words of God's messengers and obey. They purify their intentions and work according to the guidance of the guiding prophets. So the new creation would live in comfort alongside its brother. And the earth would enjoy tranquility and security with its new inhabitants, of a different kind. And since you did not do it, and you pitied the progeny of man from being lost, here we are, suffering in this life due to what your great heart commiserated. And the word of God we seldom hear, and rarely obey.

The situation is similar, and the conditions correspond. The form and the time have changed, but the essence of this human has not. Due to his sins, the horizon has become dark and blocked; it is among us now as it was in bygone ages. Hope in the act of change has died, and nothing remains of it except a ray of light, or two. Injustice is on the rise, and justice is shaken, wading in the mire of humiliation and betrayal. There is no dignity for a creator or a created; all are measured and weighed in the scale of profit and loss.

In Noah alone, the present and the past differ. For Noah called upon his Lord when he knew the evil of the situation, and that resolution had become a necessity whose time had come. But the messengers are absent in our time. There is no prophet to call upon the Beneficent, the Merciful, and for the answer to come as an action from a Great One who does not sleep. With Noah's prayer, the best of humanity was saved long ago in a great flood, and because of us, you will remain in the struggle for existence, suffering, O mankind.

And despite all of this, and until the appointed time and destiny come to pass, and God's action upon us becomes a command that has been executed, we will remain in this world striving. We confront evil where it is, we fight injustice and do not appease. The test of worthiness and steadfastness is an existential concern in which we do not slacken or compromise. If darkness prevails and becomes intense, we crack its wall with a spark of love here and a husky flute tune there. And if evil rages and presses with its fangs and acts with utter baseness, then with the faith of the steadfast and the patience of the believers, we tend our wounds.

The leap forward, we are its doers as long as we remain. As for the honor of ultimate triumph, its attainment rests with the Almighty, the Omnipotent. And as long as the A and the M remain in the letters of the alphabet, and the third, the L, is arranged in the rhymes, hope (Aml) will remain tied to our forelocks. And the knot of the three - A, M, L - comes together in the conscience.

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