

RAHMA, EX-CHRISTIAN, ROMANIA

Rating: 5.0

Description: Rahma shares her story of how Islam helped her in coping with her daughter with special needs and the miracle she saw in her daughter.

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My journey to embracing Islam began with a search for God, for myself, for my identity, and for understanding the world and the many questions about life—like many of you. I constantly felt restless, and I had some health issues too. I started reading the Quran, learning, and reflecting. All the questions that troubled me were answered through the Quran. Now, I am a new person with a new soul and a new character. I won't burden you with my troubles, although I have many—only God knows.

The reason I'm sharing my story is my angel daughter, Alexandra. My sweet angel who suffers greatly, trapped in a world of silence and unable to do anything on her own. How much do I love her? Well, how much can a mother love her child? There are no words to express a mother's love for her children. She has been suffering from cerebral palsy since birth, and now she is 19 years old. She cannot speak, not even a single word, and she is immobile. Some sounds, or a very adorable laugh, a smile, or a cry with painful tears are the only ways she can communicate with me or those around her.

When I converted to Islam, I began learning verses from the Quran. I am not proficient in Arabic, so I read the Quran in transliteration, but I understand what I read. It didn't take long before I began to sense the beautiful world and the beautiful words that filled my ears and soul. I am not alone anymore; I am no longer the person who was shut in all the time.

My apartment is very small, so I have to pray by my daughter's side. I can't leave her for a minute—believe me—she always needs something. Have you ever left your newborn baby alone while it's awake? So, I have to pray next to her bed, which she has never left.

When I pray next to her, she changes completely. She becomes so happy, peaceful expressions cross her face, and she laughs—she is truly happy. Yes, she is happy; I know her. My restless angel, Alexandra, becomes quiet, calm, and very happy when I pray before her.

For me, everything that comes from Allah brings joy, no matter what it is. He, The Greatest, The All-Knower, will never leave me if I believe and submit to Him. So, seeing my helpless child being so happy and content with the words of Allah from the Holy Quran was the sweetest thing and a blessing from the One to Whom I owe everything, including myself. Should I stop counting all the blessings Allah has given me? No! After a month of daily

prayers in front of my daughter Alexandra, another miracle happened. "**Qul Huwa Allahu Ahad**" (Say, "He is Allah, [Who is] One"), the first verse from *Surah Al-Ikhlās*, which I recite in all my prayers.

Believe it or not, one day, right before I started to pray Asr, my daughter said her first words in 19 years. Yes, the first words since her birth. Do you know what she said? She said, "*Qul Huwa*." The first words of the first verse. My heart was overwhelmed with the greatest happiness, and my prayer was more ardent than ever before to Allah, The Only One who made that possible. I wasn't astonished but rather happy because I know and will never forget how my heart reacted when I first listened to the Quran and also when I started to read the Quran, or when I prayed for the first time, and when I prayed in Arabic. Practically, every second of my life since discovering the right way and the true religion, Islam, has been filled with joy.

As a mother, I was always depressed, wishing to hear my 19-year-old daughter say any word. When I converted to Islam, I submitted my entire being to God. It doesn't matter if my child starts to speak or not; it doesn't matter if she ever repeats those words or others; it doesn't matter if she understands what's happening or not. All that matters is the fact that Allah is with her and blessed me, even if it was just for once or for a brief moment. I am Muslim, and I am happy. I am Muslim, and I know that Allah will never leave me as long as I believe in Him and worship Him.

Probably, those who read my story will ask two serious questions: first, if this is really possible, and second, if I am telling the truth. So, I will say to you, my reader, before you even try to believe or disbelieve my story and this miracle from Allah, just go and look at yourself in the mirror. Look well and tell me what you see. If you cannot see that you are a miracle of Allah, if you cannot see Allah in everything you have, then you might start to disbelieve my story because we are Allah's miracles. He created us. Then why would you not believe that if He made us from dust, He can make any other miracle? Anyway, believe it or not, I cannot be anything but happy to witness it and to see my child so close to Allah, saying her first words in this life after nineteen years of silence—yes, her first words were, "Say, He is Allah, One."

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