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Our Stories *with* His Beautiful Names

*A Champs Collective Journal
Living with the 99 Names of Allah*



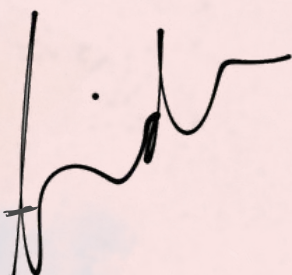
بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

In a world full of endless distraction, it's easy to lose the necessary practice of slowing down - of simply being still enough to hear Allah's gentle guidance. The Qur'an invites us again and again to reflect, to ponder, so our hearts can turn inward, and toward Him.

This book is a collection of 99 tender reflections by ordinary Muslim women: each given a Name of Allah at random, then gently asked to carry it for a week, noticing the soft ways it spoke through their everyday moments.

What emerged is raw and real: tears, small awakenings, and many moments of mercy. These are not perfect words; they are honest, vulnerable, human. Yet through every one shines a single, beautiful truth: Allah is so near and so close to us. He meets us exactly where we are, guiding us softly through His Beautiful Names.

I pray may these pages remind you to pause, to listen, and to feel how Present and Loving He truly is.



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| 7 <u>Al-Muhaymin</u> | 8 <u>Al-'Aziz</u> | 9 <u>Al-Jabbar</u> |
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59 Al-Mu'id

60 Al-Muhyee

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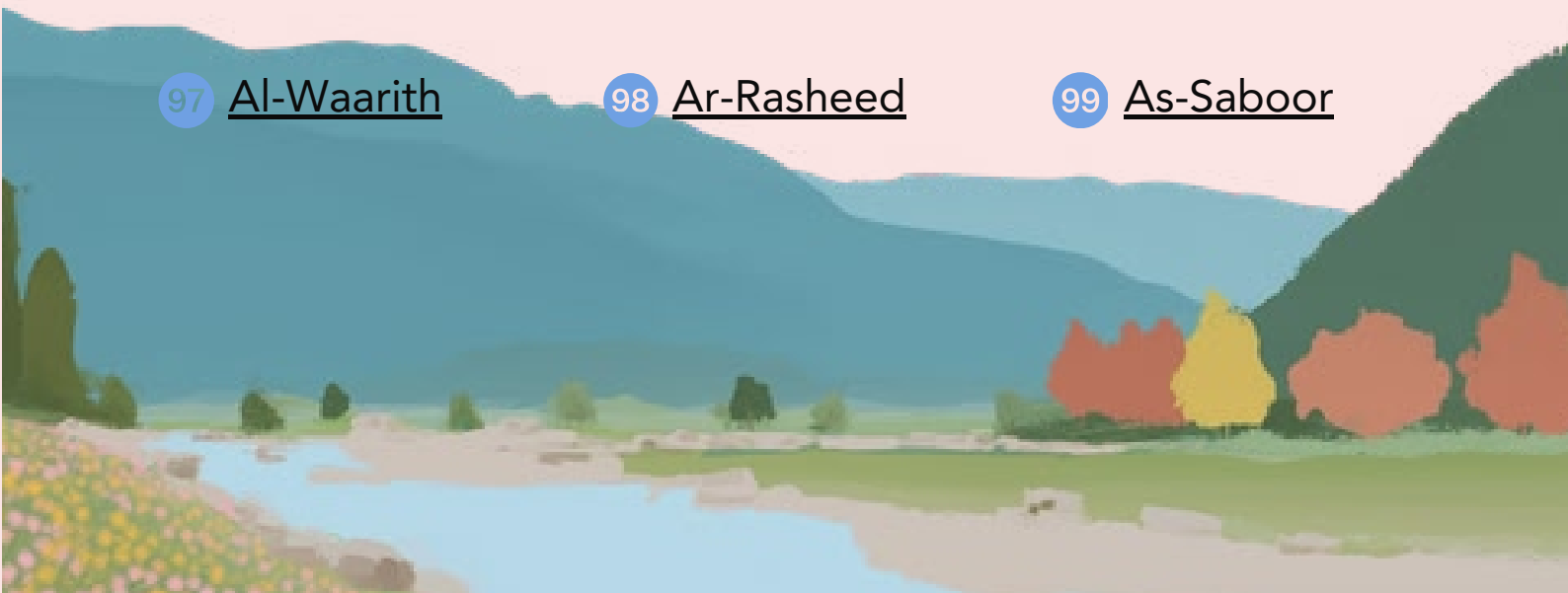
65 Al-Maajid

66 Al-Waahid



Chapter Markers

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الرَّحْمَنُ

The Most Merciful

by Umm Judd

I started slowing down every time I say **ar-Rahman** - especially in every utterance of Bismillah and in every Fatiha of every Rakaat in every Solah. With every whisper of ar-Rahman, I allow myself to sigh in relief, to collapse and surrender to my Rabb, and to let go of all of the heaviness that has been burdening my shoulders. When I understand that His Gentle Mercy is with me, **I feel safe and held.**

No words can fully express the expanse of His Rahmah - it defies the frailty of language. Yet every pulse in my veins, every quiet knowing in my soul, testifies to it.



Ar-Rahman walks with me through the ache of sorrow, the spark of joy, the fragile thread of hope and the bone-deep weariness.

In every breath, He is my constant companion Who steadies my faltering steps.

PS: I got myself these flowers on a difficult day. They remind me that under the gaze of ar-Rahman, life will continue to bloom, even despite the harshness of Winter.



The Most Compassionate

by a Servant of Allah

- Starting everything with "Bismillahirrahmanirrahim" has reminded me to start everything with **kindness & mercy**.
- Contemplating the root word (Rahim) has taught me that we need to be more merciful (kinder) to ourselves when we are menstruating and / or during pregnancy, as there is so much change happening, which can be overwhelming. Which made me realise how beautiful it is that a gift of a child comes after a period of difficulty (menstruation, pregnancy, and childbirth). Important realisation: **Allah's Mercy can also come to us through our trials.**
- I paired Ar-Rahim with Al-Ghafoor (All Forgiving) as Istighfar brings forgiveness, Mercy & Rizq. (Surah Nuh, Ayah 10 - 12). **Forgiving oneself is an act of Mercy.**
- I also paired Ar-Rahim with Ar-Raoof (Most Kind), which made me realise that Allah has immense capacity for kindness & compassion, He accepts us in all states. Hence, when I'm struggling, I'm still fully accepted by Allah & that brings me great comfort.



الملك

The King, The Ruler, & Owner of Dominion

by Soraya Din

Out at Mammoth Mountain, California, surrounded by snow and silence, the Name Al-Malik settled into my heart.



As the snowstorm moved through, powerful, indifferent to plans or schedules, I felt the reality of Al-Malik, the Sovereign, the One who truly rules. No human agenda could argue with the wind, or reason with the falling snow. Roads closed, visibility vanished, and the world slowed because the King decreed a storm. The mountains taught me surrender.

I was reminded that **control is an illusion I hold onto more tightly than I admit.** Yet in the storm, there was no harshness from Him - only a gentle, majestic reminder: ***"Everything is under My command, and you are safe in My care."***

Ya Malik, You own my life, my future, my fears, and my hopes. I belong to You, the One who owns everything, so anchor my heart in Your Sovereignty.

الْقُدُّوسُ

The Most Holy, The Most Pure, The All-Perfect

by Alfiyatul Laeli

Living with the awareness that Allah is Al-Quddus slowly changed the way I see my past, especially the seasons that once felt chaotic and painful. Al-Quddus is not only the Most Pure in essence, but **the One Who purifies whom He loves**. Knowing this helped me understand that my life was never random, and my presence here was never a mistake. If Allah is perfect in His purity, then **even the difficult chapters He allows to unfold are part of that perfection**.

With Al-Quddus, I came to understand that storms do not come to erase life. They come to clean polluted air, and to force the earth into a new season of growth. That's when I realized that **this "storm" in my life was not meant to destroy me. It was meant to cleanse me**.

Reflecting on Al-Quddus made me stop looking outward and start looking inward. My struggle was not about visible disbelief or external forms of shirk. **It was about subtle impurities of intention**.

I had hoped too much in my effort. I trusted my sacrifice. I relied on control and placed my expectations on people. Quietly, my heart became heavy with attachments that did not belong there.

What I needed was not more action, but purification.

Knowing Allah as Al-Quddus taught me that purity is about removing what does not belong in the heart. Pride disguised as strength. Heedlessness is hidden behind busyness. False reliance masked as responsibility. When these were stripped away, I understood that purification does not come through escape, but through returning to Allah.

I'm more at peace with the understanding that this hard step was necessary for me to enter a new season. Winter was not a delay; it was required so I could truly embrace spring and grow without carrying what was unclean.

And when the storm passed, something shifted. The air inside me, once heavy, thick, polluted, and something I had unknowingly grown used to, now feels lighter and clearer.

Al-Quddus did not erase my past. He purified it. And through that purification, He moved me into a new season.



السلام

The Source of Peace, The Flawless

by Emira Sharizan

I will always be in awe of how often the phrase "their greeting is 'Peace!'" is mentioned in the Quran (4:94, 10:10, 14:23, 36:58, 33:44) and also in many hadith. It is also interesting and wonderful that **the same greeting we are taught to greet each other on earth will one day be the greeting prior to entering Jannah** - our eternal safe space where no more sadness and hardships will touch us . (May Allah grant us all the highest of Jannah, Amin).

It makes me reflect on whether **I have been saying salam or responding to it with sincerity, seriousness and full understanding of what this practice and words truly mean.**

When salam is greeted, we enter into an invisible bubble of safety. I can't explain this magic, but I recall the many times when I experienced salams being exchanged on the street between two strangers, the lightness in my chest and awestruckness in my mind. In an instant, I feel safe. ***This can only be As-Salam doing.***



Entering this safe bubble or another physical space, like the masjid or someone's home, where we are surrounded by believing souls, the peace and safety that has descended upon us now are divine gifts, a slice of heaven on earth, and ***we should protect this peace like it is an amanah.***

Guarding this peace may look like: being mindful of Allah in conversation, avoiding gossip, refraining from excessive complaining, reminding each other of Allah's Mercy and extending the peace & tranquillity by observing the commandments i.e. ensuring there is space for salah, reminding each other of it, serving halal & tayyib food, maintaining beautiful adab and many more.

That way, the space or the company remains as a place and companion of peace. So, when one leaves that space, they feel lighter than when they enter. And guarding this peace is amanah held by every believing soul in the space.

Recall any interactions and spaces you have entered in the past. Was salam greeted before you entered? Did you intervene to maintain the peacefulness of that space - by diverting the blooming gossip away? Or cooling yourself before speaking in an angry tone? Then, when you opened or entered or left a space, did you feel peaceful or uneasy? Either way, recall what was said, served or done in that space - would you consider them as acts of worship that would help extend the sweetness of salam greeted at the beginning or sins that abruptly cut the mercy descending from heaven?

Faith in Allah's name As-Salam means **becoming the vessel of peace**. We may not be able to provide the most perfect peace, still, we give our best with taqwa and ihsan. Be insightful, emotionally and intellectually observant and easy-going with others around us. Refine our adab mirroring the perfect human example, our Prophet ﷺ. May we strive to create a slice of peaceful heaven on this chaotic earth, to the best of our ability!



المؤمن

The Guarantor, Remover of Fear, The Giver of Tranquility

by Afra Zahirah

Knowing that surety comes from Him, and that He is firm and absolute in His decisions and the wisdom behind them, brings me ease and calm.

I feel that I can "lean back" inwardly.

Even though I may not be certain why certain things happened or didn't happen, I trust that Allah SWT is fully certain in His Knowing.

This shifts my focus from what I want, to what Allah wants, and in doing so, it strengthens my connection to Him. **I find myself feeling the love within His decree.** Allah SWT has guaranteed to give us better than what we have lost, and there is so much mercy and love in that promise.

Al-Mu'min is always certain to give what is best, at the right time, in the right place, and for a precise reason.



المُهَيِّمِ

The Protector, The Bestower of Security, The Guardian

by Ibtisam Lambu

The Name Al-Muhaymin is one I instinctively return to when worry begins to take over. With a type-A personality, I am most at ease when things are planned and predictable. But through His Wisdom and Mercy, Allah SWT placed me in situations that slowly strengthened the "Tawakkul muscle" in me.

One of the earliest was when my fairy-tale plan of graduate school turned into a nightmare. I found myself in a toxic environment with no one to truly rely on except Allah SWT. For two and a half years, ***Al-Muhaymin carried me through, and by His protection, I reached the end.***

Years later, I found myself in another difficult work environment. By Sunday evening, the familiar jitters and a wave of worry washed over me at the thought of returning to work. I felt anxious about what awaited me the next morning.

I then remembered something one of my teachers once shared - the Arabic root **ه م ن** refers to complete control and guardianship.

I reassured myself quietly:
You'll be fine. Allah is Al-Muhaymin. He is in absolute control, so what is there to fear?



I reminded myself of all the times I felt as though I were falling, only to find that He had already placed a safety net beneath me.

The next morning, as I stood at the train station reciting my morning adhkār, I whispered between each du'ā', ***"Ya Rabb, Ya Muhaymin, my day is in Your hands. Guard me and protect me."*** Alḥamdulillah, the day passed with a calm I hadn't felt in a long time. There was nothing to worry about because the Guardian was watching over me.

And so, whenever anxiety returns and I feel the illusion of control slipping away, I return to this Name. Allah, Al-Muhaymin: The Guardian, The Protector, The Overseer who has complete and absolute control.

الْعَزِيزُ

*The Almighty, The Invulnerable,
The Honorable*

by Amanina Manan

Living with the awareness that Allah is Al-Aziz means that I will be fine even when people misunderstand me because I only need Allah SWT's approval, and not other people's. Of course, this has to be done with utmost humility on my part, and with certainty that I am going in the right direction, In Sha Allah.

Guided by this truth, **I speak with quiet dignity, knowing Al-Aziz safeguards my honour.** It empowers me to step away from fruitless debates, to hold my self-respect intact, and to place unwavering trust in the reality that my true worth flows not from human opinions, but from the sacred bond I nurture with Him.



الجبار

*The Compeller,
The Restorer, The Repairer*

by Aida Azlin



I used to have this irrational fear of cooking, which I now understand is actually my struggle with perfectionism. The dread of imperfect slices, scorched edges, or flavours that fell short of some invisible ideal. I even made intense Du'as in the last 10 Nights of Ramadan lol, asking Allah SWT to allow my hands to cook simple, nutritional meals for my family!



Today, as I season a pot, or serve a meal with steady hands, I know it's Al-Jabbar filling every single one of my gaps. **Al Jabbar is the One Who carries me through every chop and every stir.**

Al-Jabbar mended my hesitation, and He turned my kitchen into a space of surrender. Now, each dish is a quiet zikr: "Ya Jabbar, make this good!" - a reminder that true ease can only be compelled by Him, and only al Jabbar can mend what I never could alone.

الْمُتَكَبِّرُ

The Supreme, The Majestic, The Perfection of Greatness

by a Servant of Allah

What does greatness mean? Greatness is not about being better than anyone, it is about humbling ourselves to the greatness of Allah. To internalize that we are nothing without Him.

How did Shaytan disobey Allah? Shaytan saw himself as greater than Adam AS and this ego led him to disobey Allah. Let's ask ourselves, **do we think we are superior to doubt Allah's greatness by questioning His decree?**

And Al Mutakabbir cannot be perceived by our human minds - His greatness is beyond our imaginations.

Living with this Name made me realise the importance of prioritising this Deen and Allah's commands over our desires and daily routine. How important it is to choose to obey Allah instead of sinning, but to choose it only out of love for Al Mutakabbir.



الخالق

*The Creator,
The Maker*

by Soraya Din

After the storm at Mammoth Mountain, I noticed what remained - uneven snow, quiet paths shaped slowly over time. Nothing looked finished.



That is where the Name Al-Khaliq met me.

I saw how much I rush my own becoming. Yet the beauty around me came from layers and pressure, not speed. What once felt like an interruption was shaping, not failing.

Creation here did not feel rushed; it felt intentional.

In that stillness, I felt permission to stop rushing. What feels unfinished is not broken - it is still being created, and the Creator is not done yet. Becoming, I realized, is not something to escape but something to honor.

"Ya Khaliq, help me trust the work You are doing in me."

الْبَارِي

The Evolver, The Maker, The Producer

by Alfiyatul Laeli

My reflection on Al Bari is a return of the idea of manifestation back to Allah alone. In a world where manifestation has become a TikTok trend, where people speak about manifesting success through their own will and energy, I feel a deep need to return this concept to its true source. **Al Bari is the One who truly creates from nothing. Manifestation does not belong to me, my effort, or my mindset. It belongs to Allah, Al Bari, the Maker from nothing.**

When I feel lost and hopeless, I turn to Al Bari and ask Him **to create a good life for me even from my nothingness.** I seek a clean beginning beyond my past and mistakes, trusting that He creates not because I deserve it, but because He is Al Bari.

From my nothingness, I ask Al Bari to strengthen my Iman. I ask Him to create sweetness in my faith, sweetness in my Salah, and a deeper relationship with the Qur'an, even if right now it feels like nothing is there. Even if I feel empty, I trust that Al Bari can bring life where I see none.

There is also a deep longing in my heart for a job that is meaningful, for stability, for a home that feels safe, and for a family rooted in faith.

Living with this Name teaches me to trust divine timing over personal urgency. It teaches me to accept that Allah SWT is not only capable of creating something new in the world, but also within me. A new way of trusting and surrendering. A new heart that becomes clearer, lighter, and more aligned with Him. Knowing Al Bari softens my need to rush outcomes and instead anchors me in reliance.

I also return my Akhirah to Al Bari. I ask Him for a kind death, a good ending, and mercy when I meet Him. Even if right now, I feel like I have nothing in this world, I still dare to hope for the highest place in Jannatul Firdaus. Not because of who I am, but because He creates from nothing, and my nothing is not a limitation to Him.

So when I feel hopeless with this world, I choose to manifest through Al Bari, not through trends, my effort, the urge to be in control, and not through worldly illusions. I place my hopes with the One who creates from nothing. I ask Him to evolve my iman, purify my intentions, elevate my soul, and move my life gently but firmly toward something better, even when I cannot see it yet.



المُصَوِّر

The Fashioner, The Shaper, The Designer

by Emira Sharizan

To be honest, I haven't looked into this Name in depth prior to this week's exercise and I am astounded by how complete, intricate and complex our creation is. Truly, only Allah is able to organize such events.

"We will show them Our signs in the universe and within themselves until it becomes clear to them that this 'Quran' is the truth. Is it not enough that your Lord is a Witness over all things?" ([Quran 41:53](#)) Just reflecting on our existence is enough to leave us in awe.

When learning this Name, I thought of my insecurity, of often feeling odd, and the habit to compare. Surely I am not the only one. Have you ever wished you're someone else? A little bit more like your mother's favourite child? Or a little bit more like the most successful person in your class/workplace/on the internet?

We tend to compare, because we see what we lack or have too much of. We obsess with some traits or shapes that we need to change, shed off, or re-shaped. However, **your creation is not a mistake, they are intentional for a purpose.**

No matter what skin colour, body shape, talent, MBTI, interest - they have been perfectly arranged so you can fulfill your purpose as the servant of Allah. His fashioning is so subtle that even identical twins who share nearly 100% DNA are not 100% identical!

So when we look at someone, and we feel amazed, instead of wishing to look and be like them, say ***masyaAllah tabarakallah***, how wonderful and unique is Allah's creation. In a room full of people, each of us carries different sets of skills and benefits one another uniquely. Men and women need each other. The talkative need the listener. The extroverts stand on the stage in the spotlight while the introverts run in the background, ensuring the show goes smoothly.

Becoming the servant of Al-Musawwir is to be grateful for the way we are uniquely fashioned and beautified. The world is full of people with different colours and shapes so we can learn from each other and benefit each other to maintain the mizaaan (balance).



الْغَفَّارُ

The Repeatedly Forgiving, The Veiler of Sins and Faults

by Afra Zahirah



Living with Al-Ghaffar means living with a heart that never gives up on His love to forgive. Sometimes we feel inadequate, not living up to His standards or how He would like us to be as His servants, and we find ourselves sinning repeatedly.

Yet it is so reassuring to know that **His forgiveness is just one istighfar away.** He forgives again and again and never tires of forgiving our mistakes. His forgiveness is so vast that He does not only erase sins, but transforms them into good deeds.

His love for forgiveness inspires me to forgive others, and myself. It brings lightness and goodness to the heart and serves as a reminder that Allah forgives most, most frequently, and with the greatest mercy and love.



القَهَّارُ

The Ever-Dominating, The Conqueror, The Prevailer

by Ibtisam Lambu



It has been rainy in the last two weeks, and today was no different. I stood outside, admiring each droplet of rain and in awe of Allah's Majesty. It reminded me of the Hadith about rain being a mercy from Allah, and the ayah in Surah Al-Muminun where Allah says, **"We send down rain from the sky in perfect measure, causing it to soak into the earth. And We are surely able to take it away."** (23:18).

I felt a sudden knot in my stomach as I read the last part of the Ayah. And then the Name Al-Qahhar came to mind. I thought this is one way Allah can show His Dominance; this rain that I stood outside admiring, if Allah SWT wanted, He could take it away. Within a few minutes, I found myself in a pensive state, one thought leading to another.

How do I embody this Name, I wondered? Not by seeking dominance, I realised, nor by mistaking force for strength. **Al-Qahhār is not a Name that invites imitation in power, but submission in recognition.**

Living with Al-Qahhar this week has softened something in me. It has reminded me of how small I am, how fragile my certainties are, how quickly comfort can turn into loss. And yet, within that realisation, there is a strange sense of relief.

If Allah is the One who subdues all things, then I am not required to carry the weight of this world on my own shoulders. I am not meant to dominate my circumstances, only to remain anchored to Him through them.

Al-Qahhar also sharpened my sense of justice. It reminded me that oppression, no matter how entrenched, is never absolute. Those who appear untouchable are still held, restrained, and overpowered by Allah in ways seen and unseen. This Name is a quiet reassurance that no ظلم (injustice) goes unnoticed, and no tyrant is beyond His grasp, even if accountability is delayed in our eyes.

As the rain continued to fall, I understood that **living with Al-Qahhār is learning to sit with both mercy and might, without trying to separate them. It is standing beneath the sky, feeling awe and fear coexist, and allowing that tension to return me to humility, du‘ā, and trust.**

Perhaps, embodying this Name is not about becoming strong, but about becoming sincere about surrendering more fully to the One whose power is complete, whose decree is precise, and whose justice will always prevail.



الْوَهَّابُ

The Giver of Gifts, The One Who Keeps on Giving

by Amanina Manan

I have learned to open my hands without fear, to ask Allah openly, and to trust that if a thing is good for me, Al-Wahab will place it in my life at the moment my heart is ready to receive it. **His Giving is not random and never careless; it is measured with wisdom far beyond my sight.** I know Him as Al-Wahab. I find strength to remain kind even when I am wounded, because I understand that many people do not realise their words and actions wound me, and what they are unable to give, such as care, gentleness and understanding, **Al-Wahab can give me in abundance.**

Living with Al-Wahab softened my instinct to close myself off. It teaches me not to ration goodness out of disappointment. I give, even when it hurts, trusting that His Generosity is greater than any loss and that **nothing I give for His sake will ever leave me empty.**



الرَّزَاقُ

*The Sustainer, The
Provider, The Bestower
of Sustenance*

by Umm Musa



I have been blessed to be able to live in my comfort bubble for years Alhamdulillah. I have my comfort place, comfort people and comfort routine, without realising that I might have become too attached to them and it's time for me to be out of my comfort zone and attach myself to the Only One that I should feel comfortable with: Allah SWT.

Living with this Name, even just for a week, has helped me to see Allah SWT truly provides in many ways and aspects. I see it as a rope from Allah SWT that will never break; something that I hold on tightly to. ([Quran 2:256](#)).

Quoting from the book *The Power of Du'a* - "When you think of Rizq, you might think of possessions or money. But the **sustenance you can receive from sincere Du'a** that emanates from the deepest part of your vulnerable self *is more than* simply the answer to your Du'a. **It is the richest of provisions:** a loving, secure, safe relationship with a Lord who is Emphathetic, Affectionate, and Close."

I started this year travelling from Malaysia, across oceans to a different continent, to meet a very special sahabah of mine. By this invitation to step outside of my comfort zone, **Allah ar Razzaq has given me the chance to learn how to be vulnerable with Him and ask from Him my silliest and rawest Du'as.**

Throughout the whole trip, I have to travel to places alone, living in a new environment where I don't speak the language, yet Allah ar Razzaq keeps sending me His 'armies' to be my guardian and companion. **He really 'got me covered'.**

Other than that, **one of the best Rizq we can get from ar Razzaq is by being able to recognise His Mercy in anything and everything.** This has helped me be grateful for things that might seem simple but fill my heart the most. From making the right choice from a menu in a language that you don't even understand (which turns out to be very delicious!), to being able to find a place to pray easily even in the most unusual places - Allah's Rizq is truly everywhere.

I am truly grateful to have Allah ar Razzaq always 'by my side', and I hope that I can always find comfort in Him first, before everything and anyone else. For indeed, He is the Sustainer and the Provider of all comforts, the Guardian, and the Companion.



الْفَتْاحُ

The Opener, The Victory Giver, The Granter of Success

by Aisyah Sidek

"Why is this happening to me?"



My sister's voice was trembling. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she sat beside me, holding her hands tightly together. "What sin have I done that Allah is punishing me? Seven years... seven years of trying... and still nothing."

I didn't know what to say. I just sat there, listening, my heart breaking with hers. I could feel her pain, not just as a sister, but as a woman carrying a silent longing in her heart.

She was the one who loved my children like her own. When I was busy working, she cared for them with endless patience. She is a doctor, intelligent, hardworking, and determined. She tried everything. Treatments, consultations, du'a, tahajjud, yet the door remained closed.

That night, as I watched her cry, I whispered in my heart: "Ya Allah... Ya Fattah, open a door for her."

Years passed. Then one day, the news came, she was pregnant. Not only that, but by then she was emotionally stronger, financially stable, had her own home, a car, and a secure job. **And today, Alhamdulillah, she is a mother of three beautiful children.**

Looking back, I finally understood the name Al-Fattah. **Allah is The Opener. He opens doors that no one can open. And He opens them at the right time.**

If my sister had received this blessing earlier, perhaps she would not have been ready. But Al-Fattah waited until her heart, her life, and her circumstances were prepared to carry the gift.

This story taught me that a closed door is not a punishment. Sometimes it is protection. Sometimes it is preparation. And when the time is perfect, Al-Fattah opens what once seemed impossible.

To champs still waiting for her door to open, remember Allah's timing is always خير for you. Keep making effort. Keep trusting Him (tawakkul). Keep believing (Yaqeen).

Try your best, and leave the rest to Al-Fattah. Because when He opens a door, no one can close it.

Ya Fattah, open for us what is best in this life and the next. Ameen.



الْعَلِيمُ

The All-Knowing, The Omniscient

by Natalie Hay

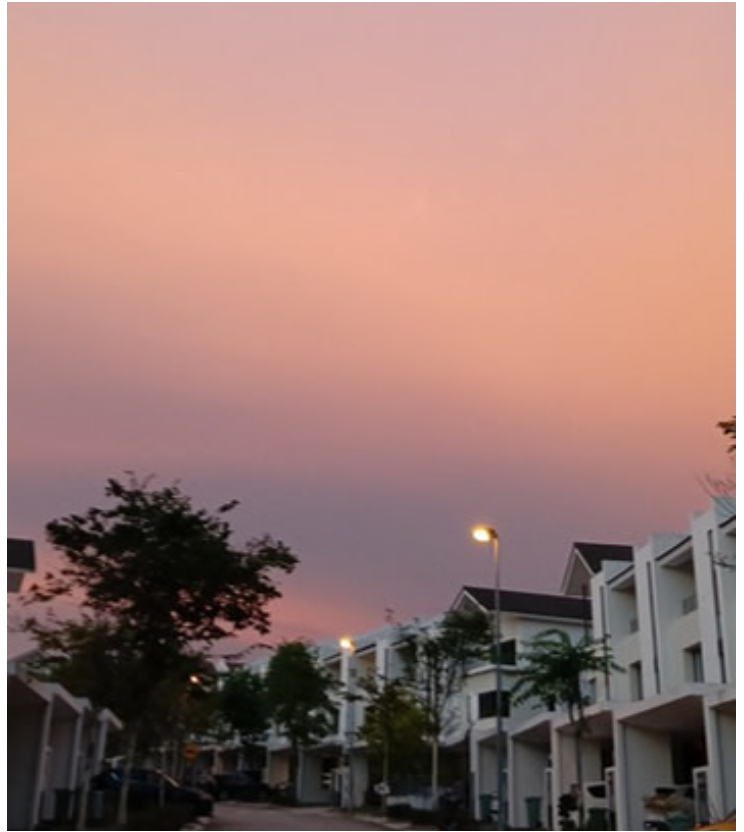
When I began this
journalling exercise on
living with the Name
"Al-Alim," I imagined

myself emerging victorious at the end of the week with some profound reflection on how I have received good knowledge about the Deen or made peace with all that has happened in my life, because it had happened with His permission, and Al-Alim knows what is best for me.

Instead, I have lived in a constant state of discomfort this entire week.

It is difficult to admit this, most of all to myself, but the truth is that it is easy to be a good muslim on the outside and not so easy to be one on the inside. **Performing as a good person is easy, but the real test came when I was alone.**

I've always heard and repeated the saying, "Allah Sees & Knows everything."



But to truly internalise this fact means being hyper-aware that “everything” also includes the unspoken thoughts in my head & the intentions in my heart.

When nobody except Al-Alim knew what I was thinking, were my thoughts as kind as my public actions? Were my intentions truly sincere? Did I really serve everyone around me, or did I pick and choose who would see the best of me that day?

And the honest answer is - no, not all the time.

And the moment I realised this, my week of uncomfortable self-reflection began.

How easy it was for a simple act or good intention to get corrupted by a flash of pride. I would be talking to someone and internally reminding myself to be careful with my speech, and almost immediately, my tongue would slip, and something unkind would be said. And it was like watching myself in a bad dream, because on the inside I would be panicking, alarms firing, and I’m telling myself to “Stop! Allah is watching you!” but my tongue would happily continue speaking and making deposits into my book of sins. Astaghfirullah.

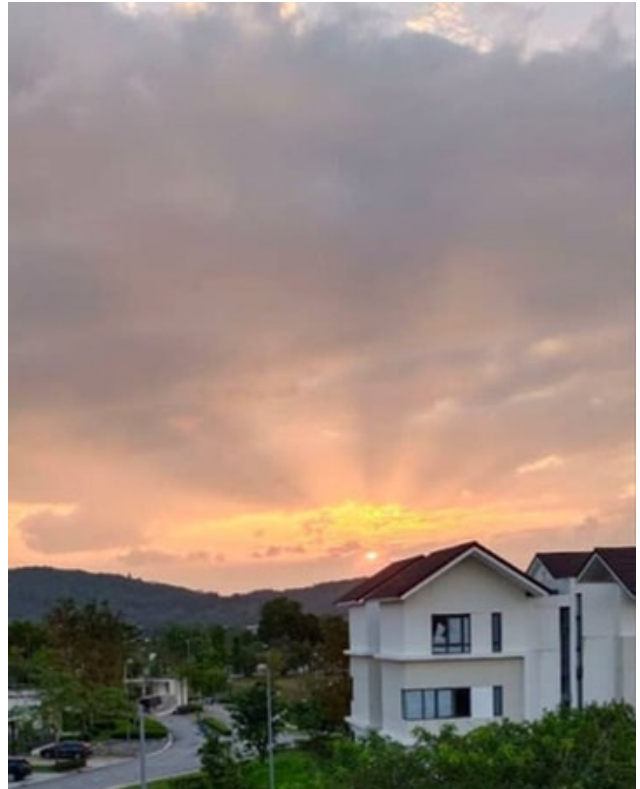




Like every other normal, sane person, I am always talking to myself in my head, especially when I'm alone or doing chores. **It's never bothered me before, but with the internalisation of Al-Alim, I've come to realise just how unkind my private thoughts could be towards myself and to others.**

The internal monologue would begin normal and even mundane - *reminding myself of chores, grocery lists, what should I cook today, don't forget to send this text to X, maybe I should do this for Y because they need some help, I wonder how Z is doing, it's been ages since I saw her, but oh well, it's not like she'll come for any of our gatherings anyway unless it's a pickleball game or maybe she just doesn't like you, here comes my husband, aww, he's such a good guy - what is the matter with his eyes? Can't he see that the thing he's looking for is right there? I swear this man just went blind the minute we got married. Why can't these people in my house ever help me sweep the floor just once? Is it so hard to just do things exactly how I want them done, even though I've never told them before?.....*

Just like that, one tiny harmless thought would avalanche, and I would struggle to fight my way back out of the dark pit I jumped into.



I'm happy to report that while I'm still a very flawed person, **I now am extra careful with my internal state**, as much I'm striving to improve my outer state, constantly reminding myself that even if nobody is around, my every thought, deed, and niyyah is known to Allah, and if I don't want to be shown a displeasing record on Judgement Day, I better work harder to be a better muslim.

Alhamdulillah that I've been granted the Mercy of this realization. May Allah forgive my slip ups and help me be better for His sake, Amiin.



القَابِضُ

The Withholder, The Restrainer, The Constrictor

by Alfiyatul Laeli

My reflection on Al Qabid comes from moments when I am alone, from my relationship with myself, and from my interactions with other people. In solitude, I become aware of how easily I can harm myself through self-sabotage, destructive habits, or the illusion that I am fully in control. When no one is watching, my impulses feel louder, and it can be frightening to realize the capacity I have to damage my own future.

Al Qabid, for me, is the One who restrains me from becoming my own enemy. I turn to Al Qabid when I feel myself slipping toward actions that may feel relieving in the moment but would harm me later. **He withholds me from choices that contradict my values, even when those choices seem small, private, or easily justified.**

In my interpersonal relationships with others, Al Qabid becomes especially important when power, anger, or ego appear.

There are moments when I could seek revenge, manipulate a situation, or misuse information to hurt someone else. Sometimes the world would justify it. Sometimes no one would know. **Yet I turn to Al Qabid to restrain me from injustice, from cruelty disguised as strength, and from actions that may benefit me temporarily but corrode my soul.**

Al Qabid teaches me to pause when an opportunity to do harm appears. He restrains my hands, my tongue, and my intentions from actions that contradict my values, even when no one else would know. Through Al Qabid, I ask Allah to protect me from revenge, from ego, and from impulses that grow strongest in isolation.

At its core, **my reflection on Al Qabid is about protection from myself. From my worst impulses. From actions I could justify in this world but would regret before Allah.**

I ask Allah, Al Qabid, to hold me back from darkness, to restrain me with mercy, and to protect me from becoming someone I do not want to be.

May Allah, Al Qabid, protect us from ourselves, withhold us from sin and injustice, and guide us toward what is cleaner, truer, and closer to Him.



الباسط

The Extender, The Expander

by a Servant of Allah

If I had to consider someone who truly embodies the qualities of Al-Basit, I think of my parents. They exemplify this trait through their selfless actions, not only to their children but to those around them who show any signs of need.

From the time I began my part-time job at 17 and throughout my 20s, I honestly can't remember a moment when my father ever said no to my request for him to pick me up from work or any other place I needed him to come to. He would always be there, patiently waiting around the corner, even at late hours. Never a sigh nor a complaint. He did the same for my sisters, too.

It may be a simple gesture to some, but this gesture was a space of relief and comfort that I looked forward to after a long day of work. We would catch supper sometimes, where I would share any worries or plans for the future.

I also witnessed both my parents being given the honour of serving their parents till their passing, and I believe this was one of the boggest means for their lives to be blessed significantly by Al-Basit all these years.

My mother would bring her mother to her medical appointments and would be patient with my grandmother while caring for her at our home. Meanwhile, my father would visit his parents' house every single day, tending to his bedridden father until he breathed his last.

In hindsight, I was witnessing how Allah, Al-Basit, was expanding my parents' patience, health and mental capacity to serve their parents, even if it was not easy.

The lesson that I took from this is that there is no relief and expansion greater than serving our parents and being kind and patient with them. When we make good intentions to honour them, Allah SWT will provide the means for us, and from unexpected sources.

I carry these lessons with me today, in serving my parents, as best as I can, In Sha Allah. Whether it is a request to settle some administrative matters that require the use of technology, or a request from my mother to keep her company for errands or medical appointments, I will remind myself of the blessings that come through these 'invitations to serve'.

Because they are not simply any invitation; they are special invitations from The Expander, The Provider and The Abundance Giver.



الخافض

The Abaser, The Humiliator, The Downgrader

by Intan Sofia Bentan

Reflecting on Allah Al Khafid, makes me realize how small I truly am. Without placing Him at the centre of my life, it would be easy to go astray.

I know now that any knowledge, ability, or success that I have is all by Allah's permission. If I begin to think it is purely from my own effort, arrogance can quietly grow inside me. **And al-Khafid reminds me that Allah can humble hearts that forget Him.**

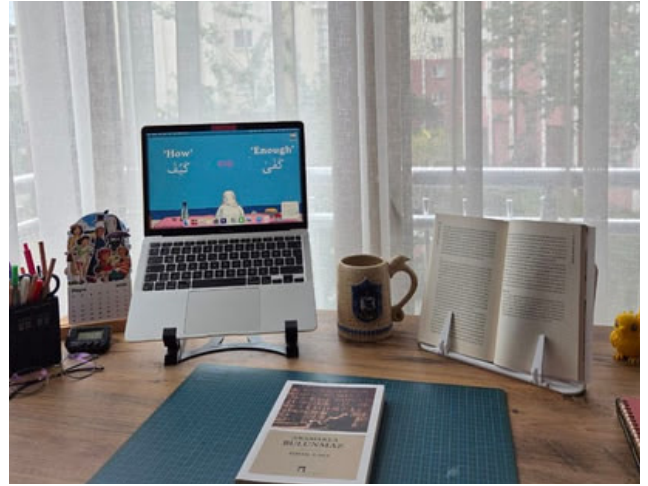
Looking at the skies and the sea also truly humbles me. **Allah can put me in my place, and with His Mercy, He can also raise me again.** Through this Name, I am reminded not to lose hope in any situation that He put me in. And the most important thing I should always remind myself of **is to be beneficial to others.** May Allah keep my heart humble and guide me to Him and His Jannah, always. Amin.



الرافع

The Exalter

by Esra Betül Bilge



These days I'm preparing for an exam to advance in my profession. Since it's just a tool and not directly related to the work I actually want to do, I could never really find the motivation. But starting my studies by calling upon Ar-Rafi suddenly put everything into a new perspective. It reminded me, again and again, what I'm doing this for: seeking Allah's pleasure.

And there was Salah. My prayers had become routine. **Reflecting on Ar-Rafi made me see sajdah differently. The very moment I lower myself to the ground is when He elevates me. The closest I am to Allah is in the position where I am lowest.**

Beyond prayer and study, I started pausing before things I normally did on autopilot. **"Is this raising me toward Him or lowering me away?"** Beginning every action with the intention of seeking Allah's pleasure brought barakah to my time, to my days. Ar-Rafi taught me: **Elevation isn't worldly climbing. It's orienting every action, every choice, every breath toward Him.**



المُعِزُّ

The Honourer, The Bestower, The Strengtheners, The Glorifier

by Norshuhaida Jusoh

I recently got transferred to a new workplace and having to work with older, more experienced people puts pressure on me. Some have forced me to exert my power over troubled staff, and, in a way, this position sometimes seems more like a sword rather than a shield.

Oftentimes, I restrain myself not to debase, instead, to rectify and be the representative of Al-Mu'izz - **to command respect through justice**, address their action whilst still preserving their dignity with fairness and aspire that **true honour lies in standing firm even when it's difficult**.

I believe Al-Mu'izz has positioned me in this role for a reason: **He is transitioning me from a place of pressure to a place of Purpose**. I do not need to 'act' powerful to be respected; I will be honoured by Allah SWT as long as I remain truthful and fair. I am not pressured by those above me or below me, because my dignity is held by the One Who is above all.



المُذِلُّ

*The Dishonourer, The Humiliator,
The Degrader, The Disgracer*

by Suad Kamardeen



Although I've always known this Name of Allah, I have never sat with it for more than a week, and I was curious to see how it shaped my engagement with the world and with other people.

A few days into sitting with this Name, a close friend confided in me that she'd slept through an important work meeting that she was meant to host, and as she narrated the event, I immediately thought about what the nafs would have wanted - to lie, to save face while convincing oneself that it's an act of protection. In fact, if she'd told me that she told her colleagues she was unwell, I probably would have understood.

But she told them she'd fallen asleep, and then she rescheduled the meeting. 'I'm human after all,' she said. In the same conversation, she shared her worry that this event could impact the promotion she really wants, but she also wanted Allah's Barakah in her career, so she chose the seemingly difficult path.

She chose to place people where they belong, knowing that all outcomes lie in the Hands of Allah. This interaction brought to mind my intention with Al-Mudhill, particularly how easy it can be to engage in dishonourable acts when we feel like everything is at stake.

Through the lens of this Name, I saw courage in my friend's action, and I was able to comfort her and remind her that just as Allah is Al-Mudhill – the Giver of Dishonour, He is also al-Mu'izz, the Giver of Honour. In her decision to put what will be pleasing to Allah first, to honour the codes of being a Muslim, I pray that Allah blesses her beyond measure.

And for the rest of the week, the question at the forefront of my mind for every interaction remained: **what will be the honourable thing to do for the sake of Allah?**





The All-Hearing, The Ever-Listening

by Nurin Amalia

When I reflect upon As Sami', I begin to correlate it with the feeling of loneliness. Loneliness, to me, is not the absence of people, but the feeling of not being heard - how feelings are being dismissed or how grief is being rushed, and the hurt of being ignored.

As I dug deeper, I realised that the feeling of loneliness is not merely an emotional state but what truly roots my heart in this dunya. **The shift in how I confront loneliness comes from truly understanding that Allah is always Listening.** He hears the whispers of my heart, the sudden sobs in my sujūd when words fail to articulate my grief, and the prayers I do not know how to form.

It builds the yaqeen (certainty) that Allah is always with me. He hears me. **I can focus on leaning forward rather than collapsing inward.** I am not...alone.

What once felt like the pain of being unheard is a calling to be closer to Him. Perhaps Allah is removing the illusion that people will always be here for me, teaching me the lesson to hold on to Him instead. Perhaps the quiet is the blessing to seek comfort in Him.

As I move forward, I want to keep the essence of As-Samī' practical in my daily life.

First, to **cultivate good thoughts of Allah.**

- I will actively seek husnuzon with Allah by **reframing negative thoughts into gratitude.** I will remain self-aware of how I speak to myself, remembering that even the words within my heart are heard.

Second, to **become someone whose presence feels received.**

- I will work on being a better listener; to be better at listening to understand, not to respond. I will work to protect what I hear, treating people's words and vulnerabilities as an amanah.

Third, to **be intentional about what I allow into my hearing.**

- I will continue pay attention to the spaces, conversations, and sounds I expose myself to. Building my self awareness to choose what softens my heart and distancing myself from what hardens it.

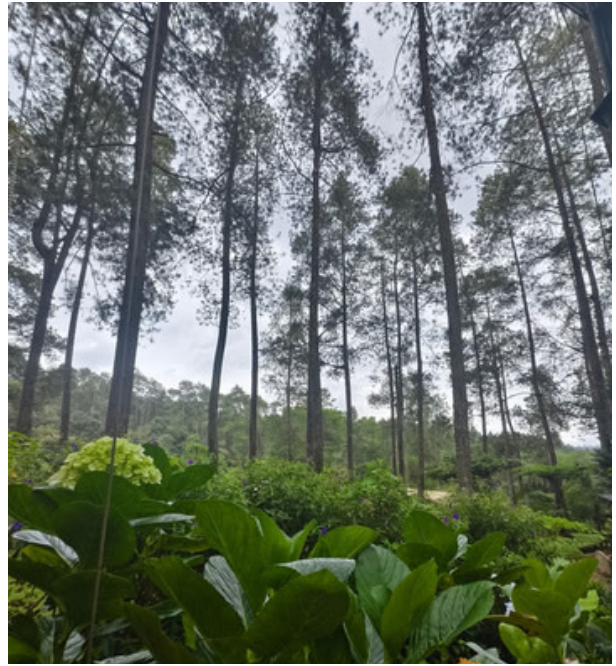
In all, to be faithful is to live with the awareness that Allah is As-Samī' All-Hearing and to let that awareness shape my inner world and outward conduct.



البصير

The All-Seeing, The All-Comprehending

by Fatin Syahirah



My cousins and I were travelling during my period of reflection. I was wondering, how do I internalise Al-Basir? Turns out I need to call on His name Al-Basir many times, which I might not have realised before knowing this Name.

1st: When travelling with an all-girls group, I realised that Allah sees everything, the ins and the outs. This made me try to remind each other not to do things that displease Him, i.e., excessive shopping beyond our means, wasting food or gossiping.

2nd: When being alone in the room, yes, I might be tired, but I have to prioritise solat and Quran before rest (Allah SWT has even made it easy for us with musafir rukhsah - the shortening and combining of prayers - of jama' and qasar).

3rd: Acknowledging the limits of our foresight.

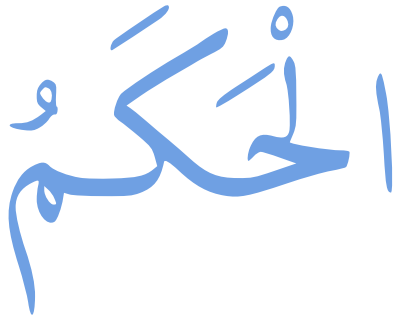
Despite meticulously planning and researching nearly every detail of the trip - we overlooked one key reality: the car ride from the train station to the highlands would stretch on for nearly an hour.

Although the scenery was beautiful, one of our friends was becoming restless because it wasn't what we expected, and we reached our destination later than usual.

Alhamdulillah, though, the return trip was calmer and brought a quiet peace. **We'd come to embrace the truth that our visions, even in the best-laid plans, are limited, not like al-Basir.**

So we surrendered to the moment - savoring the views which was far more enchanting than any of our expectations.





The Judge, The Giver of Justice, The Arbitrator

by Mastura Razak

The Name Al-Ḥakam reminds me that Allah judges my effort and intention before the results. It taught me to show up fully, to do the work placed in front of me, and to use the means Allah SWT has already provided, even when they feel insufficient. All of this brought me comfort and strength. It reminded me to simply keep striving.

I also learned to let go. I learned to accept that there are things I can control and things I cannot. **To remember my duty is to put in the effort, while the outcome belong entirely to Allah SWT.** I place my trust in the final outcome with The Most Wise and Most Just, knowing that every decree from Him carries Wisdom and Mercy.

This year, I intend to be braver. I realize that the “what ifs” have contributed a lot to my fear, closing doors of opportunity and opening space for Shaytan’s whispers. This time, with trust in Al-Ḥakam, I am learning to take a step forward and simply begin with Bismillah..

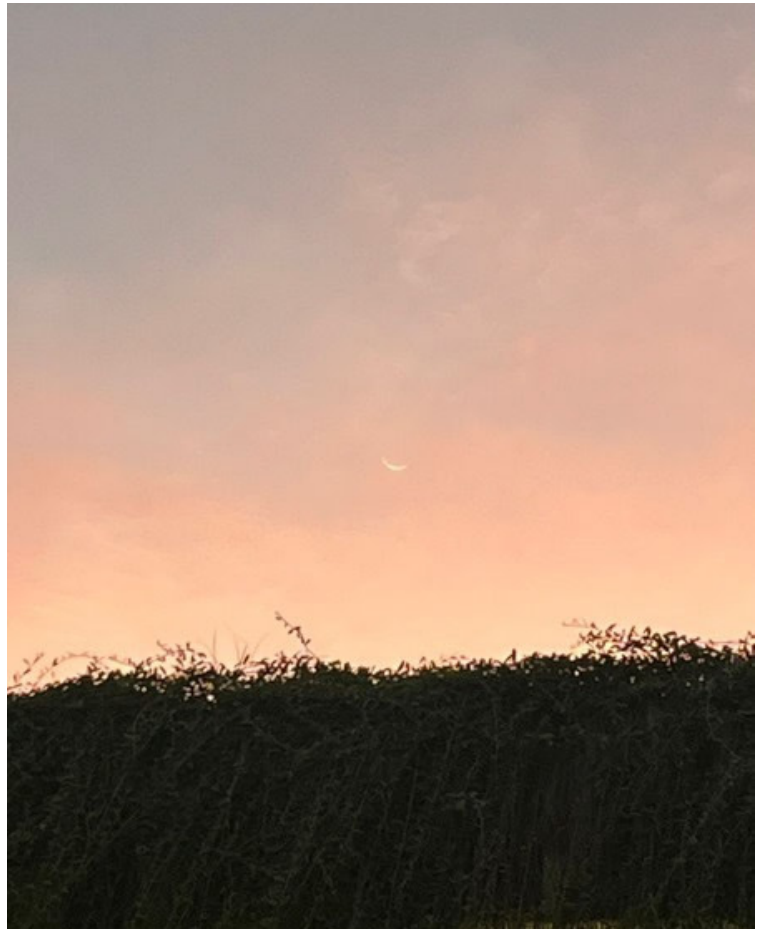


الْعَدْلُ

*The Utterly Just,
The Equitable*

by Olivinia Qonita Putri

To be honest,
reflecting on Al-'Adl
has been hard for me
personally.



As I write this reflection in the middle of my sick leave from work, I reflect on whether I have acted justly, first and foremost, toward myself. Have I given myself enough rest, or do I run on endless activities and agendas without giving myself a proper break at home?

Next, I reflect on bringing justice into the workplace.

We oftentimes demand our rights as workers, but are we already giving enough in terms of our obligations? Also, when a team leader asks us to work long hours, are we doing justice to the workplace, but at the same time acting unjustly toward our family or ourselves?



Lastly, acting justly toward our family requires us to examine what is going unnoticed. Sure, we always have our favorite person in the family: the one we are inclined toward, who is easier to deal with, or simply more convenient. **But are we doing it right by neglecting or giving little attention to the others? Does this create envy and broken ties in our family?**

I realize that my reflection on Al-'Adl is somewhat inward-looking. Rather than focusing on injustice happening around the world today, I turn my attention to myself and my circle of influence.

To act justly means to act in balance, to fulfill the rights of many people in our lives, including ourselves. In a world driven by constant demands and pressure, we are called to continuously seek and maintain that balance.

I hope that as we are reminded of Allah Al-'Adl in our lives, we invite Allah to become the source of our sense of justice. **May we be given the courage to stand for what is right, even when it is unpopular or uncomfortable.** Aamiin.

اللَّطِيفُ

The Subtle One, The Most Gentle

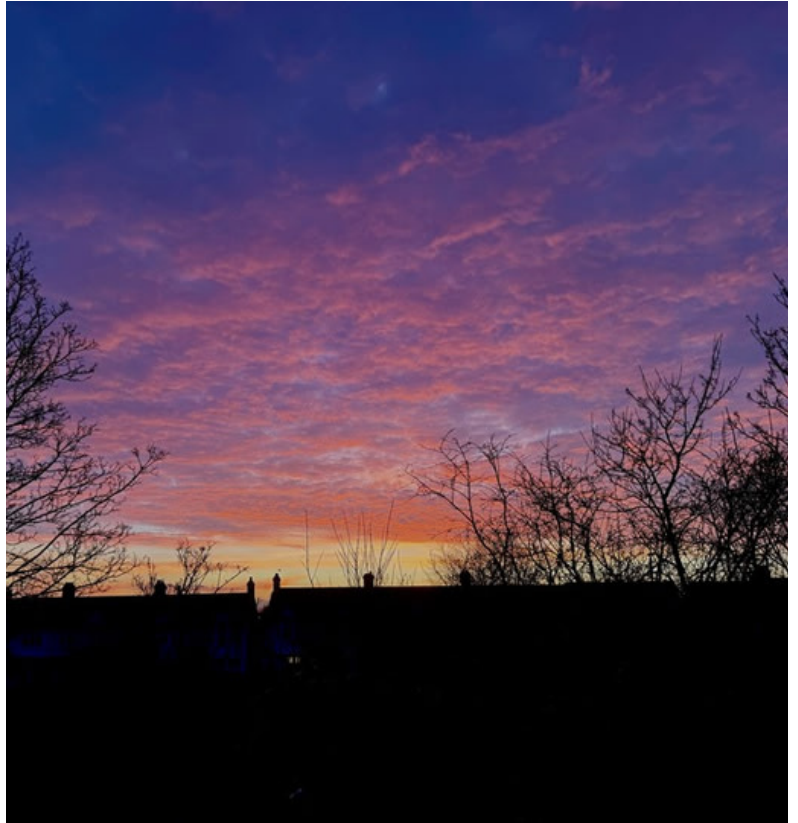
by Nida Hussain

When you're going through hardship, especially when it feels like your body is

betraying you, it can be hard to see beyond the storm you're caught in. The world around you feels smaller, and all you can hold is what's right in front of you, as if everything else is lost in the distance.

This week, as I reflected on the Name Al-Lateef, I was reminded of something I hadn't realised was missing - a quiet sense of calm. It wasn't answers or solutions, but a **gentle stillness that softened the way I moved through my days. It reminded me that even the smallest acts of kindness carry weight.** This is especially true when life feels heavy.

This is often how Al-Lateef reveals Himself - through quiet care, a subtle love that runs deep, like a gentle whisper that reaches the heart when it needs it most.



It isn't in big moments, but in the quiet, everyday blessings that show up in the middle of the storm: a friend calling unexpectedly just to check in, the warmth of my mother's hand resting gently on my face, or a breathtaking sunset filling the sky with warm, vibrant colours, inviting us to slow down and rest.

Reflecting on Allah's Name, **I started to notice His gentleness can be overlooked at first.** It's easy to feel lost when you don't know how things will work out, but this is often where Al-Lateef is at work. **He is Planning in ways we cannot yet see, and Allah knows what we do not.**

When I'm feeling particularly lost, I often turn to Surah Yusuf, because of the beautiful reminders in it that give me comfort. As I read it this week, I noticed something I hadn't before - the name Al-Lateef plays a pivotal role in the story of Prophet Yusuf (AS). His grasp of this divine attribute was crucial to his ability to navigate his trials.

He went through hardship after hardship, from the darkness of the well to the isolation of years in prison, never knowing what would come next. When he was finally reunited with his family, it was to Al-Lateef that he turned in gratitude, recognising Allah's subtle wisdom even in the darkest moments of his life.



“Indeed, my Lord is Lateef (Subtle) in fulfilling what He wills. Surely He alone is the All-Knowing, All-Wise.”
(Qur'an 12:10)

Prophet Yusuf (AS) could not have imagined, while sitting in prison, that something so beautiful awaited him on the other side. Yet, through all his trials, he never lost his trust in Allah.

This is what Al-Lateef teaches me when I think about difficulty - not to judge things only by how they first appear. Allah has His ways, and we don't always understand them straight away. Even the boundaries He places on us are not meant to restrict us, but to protect us.

In moments of difficulty, I remind myself to hold on to hope, not fear - trusting that what feels hard now may, in time, reveal wisdom or blessings I can't yet see. For me, this has been especially true in my health journey. When you're in pain, Al-Lateef knows that you need a gentle touch, and what once seemed like a limitation has become a source of strength and mercy, even when it can sometimes feel heavy.

When I find myself lost in the storm, I try to hold onto this truth: Even now, I am being guided. Trusting Allah is not a choice - it is a necessity, especially when I don't understand what's unfolding or where it's leading.





*The Acquainted, The All-Aware,
The Knower of Inner Truth*

by Nur Wani Hazirah

Learning about Al-Khabeer is understanding that no one in this world knows me - internally or externally - more than Allah SWT. He knows what I reveal and what I hide. He knows the thoughts I cannot explain, the intentions behind my actions, and the silent battles I fight within my heart.

When life feels heavy, when days do not go as planned, when fatigue, anxiety, and restlessness consume me - and when it feels like no human being on this Earth truly understands my struggle - I remember that Allah is Al-Khabeer.

He knows. He is fully aware.

Nothing I feel is unseen. Nothing I endure is unnoticed. Even when my pain has no words and my strength feels depleted, Allah understands me completely - with perfect knowledge, wisdom, and mercy. And sometimes, that awareness alone is enough to bring the heart back to peace.





The Most Forbearing, The Most Serene, The Calm Abiding

by Ibtisam Lambu

Our quarterly summary meeting is coming up. A colleague is presenting, and my project is one of the few being highlighted. This is a large ongoing project I have been working on. I needed to brief my colleague who's presenting, but since the project was already covered last quarter, I only had to send him the previous slide deck and add the updates from the latest batch I worked on.

We were also nearing the end of month, so I was under pressure to finish this current project and a few others on my plate.

However, at our next team meeting, when our manager asked him about the presentation's progress, he said he was still waiting for me to add information about my project. I was taken aback and confused, thinking to myself, "Why would he say that when I had already given him all the information that was needed?"

Our manager then asked me to create the slides instead. Despite my own projects and tight deadlines, I stayed up until midnight building the deck and adding detailed notes to each slide.

I felt upset at first, but it reminded me of Allah's name Al-Ḥalīm, The Forbearing. Rather than dwelling on frustration, I reframed it: "This is my project, who else can speak about it best if not me?" And so with that, I finished up the slides and sent them to my colleague, and I also let him know that I added notes for each slide, so he knew exactly what to say.

The next morning, our manager scheduled a review meeting for the slide deck before finalising it. When we reached my project's section, he suddenly said, "I don't know what to say for this project."

At this point, you could already imagine my reaction. My human side got the best of me and although I couldn't show it, I was internally frustrated and quiet honestly, fuming. What does he mean he doesn't know what to say? What was the point of the notes I added for each slide? Did I spend my entire night putting together the slides and notes for no reason? As each thought crossed my mind, it dawned on me, subhān'Allah, perhaps Allah in His perfect Wisdom made it so I would be assigned to live with this name Al-Ḥalīm for the week.



The name Al-Ḥalīm immediately came to mind. I caught myself before spiraling and quietly repeated, “Yā Ḥalīm, help me manage my anger... Yā Rabb, yā Ḥalīm, keep my frustration at bay.” Once I calmed down through dhikr of His Name, I simply said to my colleague, “I added notes to each slide - please review them and let me know if you have any questions.”

After I said that, the meeting moved on, and nothing dramatic happened. No apology. No sudden realization. **Just... restraint. And that, I realized, was the lesson.**

I left that meeting still tired, still stretched thin, but inwardly steadier. **I was reminded that ḥalim is not weakness; it is strength under control. It is the ability to remain anchored when provoked, to delay reaction when emotion demands immediacy.**

Living with the Name Al-Ḥalīm this week was not about suppressing my feelings or pretending I wasn't upset. **It was about choosing not to act on them in the moment. Allah, Al-Ḥalīm, does not rush to punish despite our shortcomings, and in that meeting, I was given a small opportunity to mirror that forbearance, to pause, to hold my tongue, to respond with composure instead of resentment.**

Perhaps this is what living with Al-Ḥalīm really means: not the absence of anger, but letting it pass without letting it control us.



العَظِيمُ

The Magnificent, The Supreme Glory, The Most Grand, The Greatest

by Umm Musa

For the past couple of weeks, my Iman has felt unsteady - some days I can only manage the bare minimum. There were moments I didn't even want to do any good deeds; even the obligatory acts felt rushed, forced, and insincere. My sister encouraged me to hold on to the rewards awaiting the good deeds, but I told her, "I know about these facts, but I don't feel like I want to." Writing this now fills me with fear and forces heavy istighfār from me.

Being assigned to invoke this Name (Al-'Azeem) also scared me. When I call upon Allah as Al-'Azeem, I admit His greatness, yet I struggle to move beyond a shallow, surface-level understanding. Every so often, I remember the intentions I wrote down, so I try to call on the Name, hoping for some benefit. It's more like "oh right, I have this assignment," so I say it once whenever it crosses my mind.

Still, in my weakness, I turned to Allah with a quiet, desperate plea: "Yā Rabb, grant me the feeling of ta'ẓīm toward You so that Your Name Al-'Azeem can finally touch and impact me." I added: "Let it come through paths of love and mercy, not hardship or test."

Here is what I actually learn from this scary experience -
I let my emotion beat the logic.

The logic is that Allah is Al-'Azeem, but not feeling anything about it made me feel like something is wrong with my Iman. The logic is that I am His servant, and I shall serve my very purpose in this Dunia and worship Him in all ways possible, but just because my Nafs told me that I don't feel like it, I just surrender to it and have a hard time showing up for worship, **because I feel like a hypocrite.**

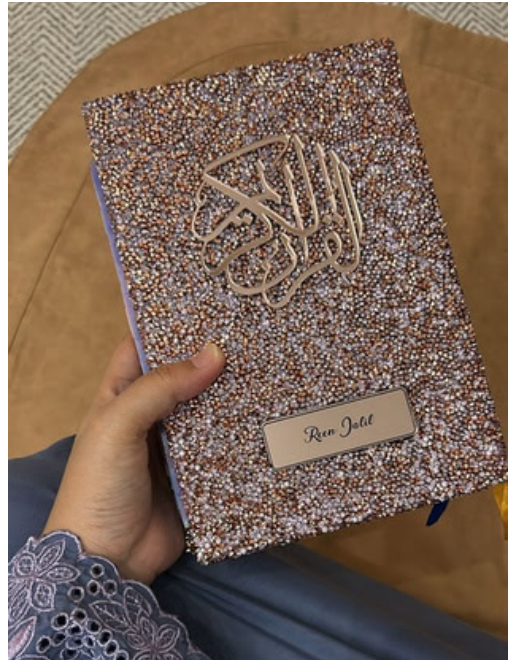
Yes, emotion is important too, as it is one of the best motivations for us to act on any tasks, and in this case, worship. But in all truth, whether we feel like it or not, we just have to show up and worship. Forced or not, we just have to drag ourselves to that prayer mat and just do it.

Even when we feel like our Du'a and Zikir are dry, and we're just doing lip service (in Malay we call it - 'janji cukup syarat'), we should just keep doing it. And keep having hope (even if it's a slim hope) that this phase of you being so emotionless in your worship will be over soon.

Syaitan's main concern is to sever our connection with Allah, and he does so through the path of despair or arrogance. And I can definitely recognise these two traits starting to slowly grow in me, which is really scary! So with that slim hope, I carry myself to my best ability to do the work, however I can.



A few days ago, when I was writing this reflection, I was reading the Quran in the morning, and I felt relieved and touched by an Ayah I came across. It's like Allah answering my heavy thoughts and emotions with just this one Ayah.



يَخْتَصُّ بِرَحْمَتِهِ مَن يَشَاءُ ۚ وَاللَّهُ ذُو الْفَضْلِ الْعَظِيمِ

*He chooses whomever He wills to receive His mercy.
And Allah is the Lord of infinite bounty (Quran 3:74).*

Imagine yourself trying to stay afloat in the sea. You would try your best to relax and lean back, right? Then imagine the waves crushing in. If you start to panic, then that's when you lose your balance, and you might swallow some water, or even drown!

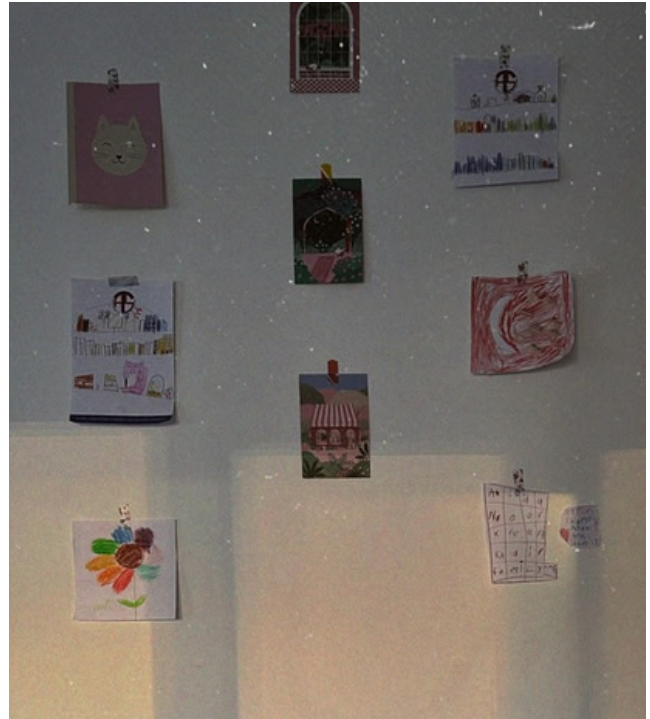
Our feelings toward worship are the same. When the "sweetness" is gone and we don't feel like it, the best response is to relax, lean back in trust, and know that the sweetness of faith belongs to Allah. He grants it whenever He wills, because He is Al-'Azeem - the Lord of infinite bounty - who "chooses whomever He wills for His mercy."!



الْغَفُورُ

*The Forgiving,
The Exceedingly Forgiving,
The Pardoner*

by Aida Azlin



Did you know that al-Ghafoor is mentioned about 91 times in the Quran? This is one of the top 5 Names of Allah mentioned in the Quran (al-Alim, ar-Rahim, al-Aziz, and al-Hakim being the other four), Ma Sha Allah. I then went on to search for all of the Ayahs where Allah SWT uses al-Ghafoor, and about 70 of those occurrences are paired with His Name ar-Rahim.

My heart melted. It is part of His Mercy that He forgives.

Knowing that my Rabb is al-Ghafoor, the All-Forgiving, the Ever-Forgiving, gives me immense hope. In Surah az-Zumar, Allah SWT says, "O My servants who have exceeded the limits against their souls! Do not lose hope in Allah's mercy, for **Allah certainly forgives all sins**. He is indeed the All-Forgiving (al-Ghafur), Most Merciful (ar-Rahim).



Yet Allah's forgiveness isn't like ours - fleeting or conditional. When He forgives, He covers our faults like a protective veil, shields us from their sting, erases them entirely, and even swaps them for good deeds (25:70). It's beyond our imagination - His Ghafoor is a total renewal, not just a pardon.

What truly captivates me is how Al-Ghafoor slips into our homes' most tender corners - the raw, sensitive spaces of love and loss. Allah SWT uses this Name when He speaks about divorce, marriage, adoption and even when Rasulallah ﷺ stopped himself from eating honey to please his wives - "O Prophet! Why do you prohibit 'yourself' from what Allah has made lawful to you, seeking to please your wives? And Allah is All-Forgiving (Ghafur), Most Merciful (Rahim)." (Quran 66:1)

This stirs something profound: **It's in our homes that we must first practice this merciful forgiveness.** And I pray that I may learn to cover my loved ones' slips with the same tender veil Allah al-Ghafoor has draped over mine.



الشُّكْرُ

The Most Appreciative, The Most Grateful, The Rewarder of Good Deeds

by Aisyah Sidek

Watching my kids laughing and enjoying themselves in the snow is a moment that fills my heart. But it also brought back memories of when they were smaller, times when life felt much heavier.

I remember those days clearly. Working, taking care of young children, managing the house, trying to be a good mother, a good wife, a good daughter and daughter-in-law (believe me, it's so hard 😊), I often feel tired, overwhelmed, and wonder if I am doing enough. Many nights I made doa with a tired heart, asking Allah to give me strength to keep going. At that time, I did not always feel appreciated. **Sometimes my efforts felt invisible.**

But today, looking at my children growing well and happy, I realise something important, **no effort was ever wasted.**

This is where I remember Allah's beautiful Name Ash Shakur, The Most Appreciative. Allah saw every small sacrifice, every sleepless night, every quiet doa, every act of patience.

Even when no one noticed, Allah always appreciated it all.

Ash-Shakur teaches me to trust that even when I feel I am not doing enough, **Allah values sincerity more than perfection**. He does not expect us to be flawless. He sees our struggles, our intentions, and our effort.

Today, when I see my children playing, I whisper in my heart, 'Ya Ash-Shakur thank You for seeing me then, and for showing me today that nothing was ever lost. Accept my efforts, forgive my shortcomings, and continue to bless my family.'

And I share this reminder with myself and with you, dear sisters:

No small deed is ever forgotten.

No short doa is ever unheard.

No tear is ever unnoticed.

With Ash-Shakur, every sincere effort is recorded, valued, and rewarded, in ways we may only understand years later... So to every tired mother, every woman carrying quiet burdens, every heart making silent doa in the dark, Allah sees you. Allah appreciates you. And nothing you give for His sake is ever lost.

Ya Ash Shakur, accept it from us. Ameen.





The Most High, The Exalted

by a Servant of Allah

Last week, before I was assigned Al-'Aliyy to reflect on, I was woken up by the cries of my baby on one of the nights and I wanted to pray Tahajjud but a cockroach appeared out of nowhere in the middle of the night near the prayer mat. I had a traumatic incident with a cockroach previously and decided not to pray Tahajjud. I feared the worst: a cockroach crawling on me or even flying at me.

I shuddered hard.

Eventually, I took it as a sign that I am not invited by Allah SWT to pray Tahajjud. I went back to sleep sadly. Thankfully, I woke up for Subuh / Fajr and took a new prayer mat and prayer garment to pray. My mind wondered, *"Why didn't I do that earlier on?"* If I had wanted Tahajjud, I would have done it and set my mind on it. **Obstacles are what will elevate our deeds!**

Previously, I had difficulty waking up for Subuh/Fajr, and I always felt regret if I missed any of my Prayers.

But I kept telling myself to try and try and try again until I do not miss any of my prayers at all.

To curb the nafs is a very hard but rewarding task. I remembered one of the Champs sharing, "If you love to eat, you need to fast more. If you love to sleep, try to do more Tahajjud. If you are someone who gets too attached too much, learn to attach only to Allah SWT."

I recently applied to a university, and I made a sincere intention to pray Tahajjud to ease the process. Alhamdulillah, I managed to pray Tahajjud for 4 days straight ever since setting the intention last Friday. And it is true - you are only invited by Allah SWT, The Exalted and High - if you set your intentions right.

On one of the nights, I prayed to Allah to soften the professor's heart to accept me into the degree course as my GPA was short by 0.14 for their requirement. And Alhamdulillah, on Monday, I received a call informing me that the professor was keen to accept me!

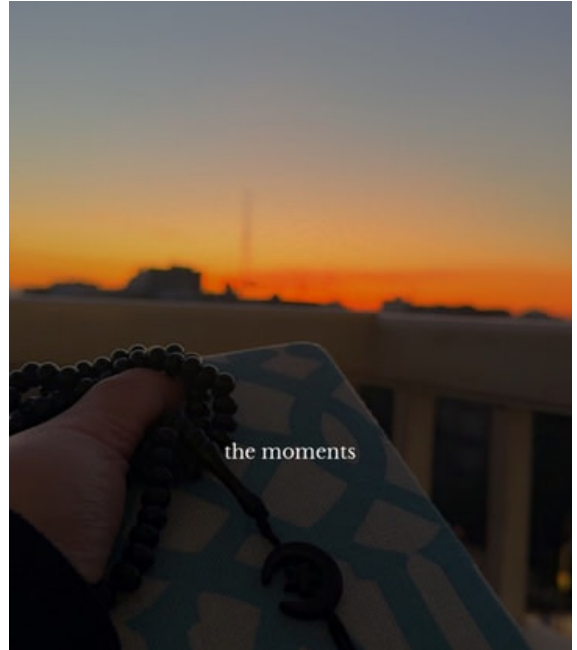
From now on, I will never look at Tahajjud the same way again. Ever. Allah SWT is al-Aliyy, the most High and Exalted as how you set Him to be.



الْكَبِيرُ

*The Greatest, The Most Grand,
The Perfection of Greatness*

by Nurul Hidayah
Mir Hamzah



In recent weeks, my heart has been navigating a quiet but heavy season, one filled with uncertainty, emotional vulnerability, and unanswered questions about love, direction, and the future. There was no dramatic storm, yet the stillness itself felt overwhelming. In this space, I found myself returning repeatedly to one of Allah's Most Beautiful Names: Al-Kabeer - The Most Great.

As we welcome a new year, I am reminded that I have grown another year older. I am grateful for many blessings in my life, yet my heart still longs for love. I desire to be a wife to someone who truly loves me, and I hope to step into that role as the best version of myself. At times, this longing brings feelings of sadness and anxiety, but it also reflects the depth of my hope and sincerity.

Allah reminds us about His Greatness in Quran:

"That is because Allah is the Truth, and what they call upon besides Him is falsehood, and because Allah is the Most High, the Most Great."

(Surah Al-Hajj 22:62).

Reflecting on this Ayah shifted my perspective. **When emotions feel immense, they can easily appear larger than faith itself.** Worries about being valued, chosen, or understood began occupying too much space in my heart. Yet acknowledging Allah as Al-Kabeer gently reminded me that **no fear, no delay, and no human action can ever surpass His greatness. Through remembering Al-Kabeer, my heart began to rest - not because answers arrived, but because perspective returned.**

In the midst of an emotional struggle, I realised how strongly my ego desired control - control over timing, outcomes, reassurance, and clarity. When expectations were unmet, disappointment followed.

Reflecting on Allah's greatness humbled me deeply. True greatness does not belong to my plans or emotions. **True greatness lies in surrendering to the Greatest.** By magnifying Allah, humbling my ego, and drawing strength from His supremacy, I am learning to walk through uncertainty with faith instead of fear. In this season of my life, Al-Kabeer is no longer just a Name I recite - it is a refuge my heart returns to again and again.



الحَفِيطُ

The Preserver, The All-Protecting

by Nadiah Hanisah

I am a person engulfed by nostalgia who yearns to be known in order to feel loved. That is why I keep journals. I see them as records of my past in case the people of my future would like to be acquainted with the prior versions of me that existed.

I realise that these biased depictions of myself could never compare with how Al-Hafeedh truly and deeply knows me; for He is the keeper of my past, my present and my future.



Al-Hafeedh knows and remembers all the versions of me, of us, and has love and mercy for them all. But sometimes I find myself wondering, does Allah truly love me? How could He love someone like me? Did He love me when my iman was at its lowest point?

When these whispers of doubt appear, **I hope to always think of the most beautiful proof of His love - the Quran.** He bestowed this gift as a mercy and preserved it throughout time, especially for us. May His perfect words always be our source of comfort and guidance towards a beautiful akhirah. ❤️

المُقِيتُ

*The All-Sustainer,
The All-Nourisher,
The All-Preserver*

by Umm Judd



This week was exceptionally busy for me, but in this fullness, Allah SWT showed how beautifully He perfectly sustains and nourishes me.

With Ramadhan coming up, work was starting to get busier, but Subhan'Allah, when I thought holing myself up at home would be best, Allah SWT sends to me a 1) a traveller 2) an elderly 3) a youth and 4) a convert to my door. On different days of the week, and each one of them with a need different from the other!

But I know that Allah SWT is al-Muqeet and it is He Who will nourish my time, my energy and my heart! And Ma Sha Allah, I bear witness that my time was stretched, and my energy, renewed, and my heart, humbled and uplifted by each of the lessons that each of the individuals brought to me. They were my teachers for the week.

Al-Muqeet knows what we need. And He will definitely send it our way, in His own Time, in His own Way, and in His own Fashion! **Trust Him!**



The Reckoner, The Sufficient

by Alfiyatul Laeli

My reflection on Al-Haseeb begins with a quiet question: in a world that is constantly watching, who am I really living for? In this dunya, especially in the age of social media and the internet, it has become incredibly easy to show up for people. To do good where it can be seen. To act in ways that receive praise, approval, or reassurance that we are "good enough." Shaytan knows this well. He tempts us to act for validation, to perform goodness so we feel accepted, or to behave correctly out of fear of people's opinions and judgments. But this is often where we fall into the dunya.

And for me, this is also where I feel the most exhausted. Because constantly seeking external validation quietly drains the soul.

Al-Haseeb reminds me of a simple, piercing truth: Allah is the One Who perfectly reckons every deed, intention, and niyyah from my first breath to my last. His validation is the only one that matters. So I must ask myself honestly: Who am I really doing this for - people, my ego, or Allah, Al-Haseeb?

Al-Haseeb also reminds me that **Allah does not only see, He records. Everything.** This awareness makes me more careful with how I live. Because sometimes we forget that our own bodies will testify. **Our skin will speak. Our limbs will bear witness on the Day of Hisab.** That realization alone is frightening. It makes me reflect before delaying goodness. It makes me cautious with sins that feel small. It reminds me to protect my intention from shirk and from hidden desires for recognition. Nothing is insignificant in the sight of Al-Haseeb.

And what about when people wrong us? Because they will. But Al-Haseeb gently shifts my focus. Their reckoning is not mine to carry. It belongs to Allah. Everyone will have their own accounting. **And when I truly remember Al-Haseeb, I no longer have the energy to obsess over what others did to me. I become more concerned with myself. With my actions. With the good deeds I delayed.**

Al-Haseeb teaches me to turn inward.

May Allah make us among those who remember Al-Haseeb constantly, who act with sincerity, who are protected from seeking external validation, and who find peace in knowing that Allah is truly sufficient.



الجلیل

The Glorious, The Majestic, The Independent,

by a Servant of Allah

It's impossible to reflect on Al-Jaleel without reflecting on His Jameel, or His Beauty. Last weekend, my family and I took a morning walk around the neighbourhood and chanced upon a playground, surrounded by tall trees and lush greenery. We had the playground to ourselves, so it was peaceful and quiet and serene.

I parked myself on the swing, while watching my son and husband, and immersed myself in the *healing* view around me. It has been a while since I experienced this serendipitous moment in nature. A simple moment, yet one that reminded me of Allah SWT's Majesty and Grandeur.

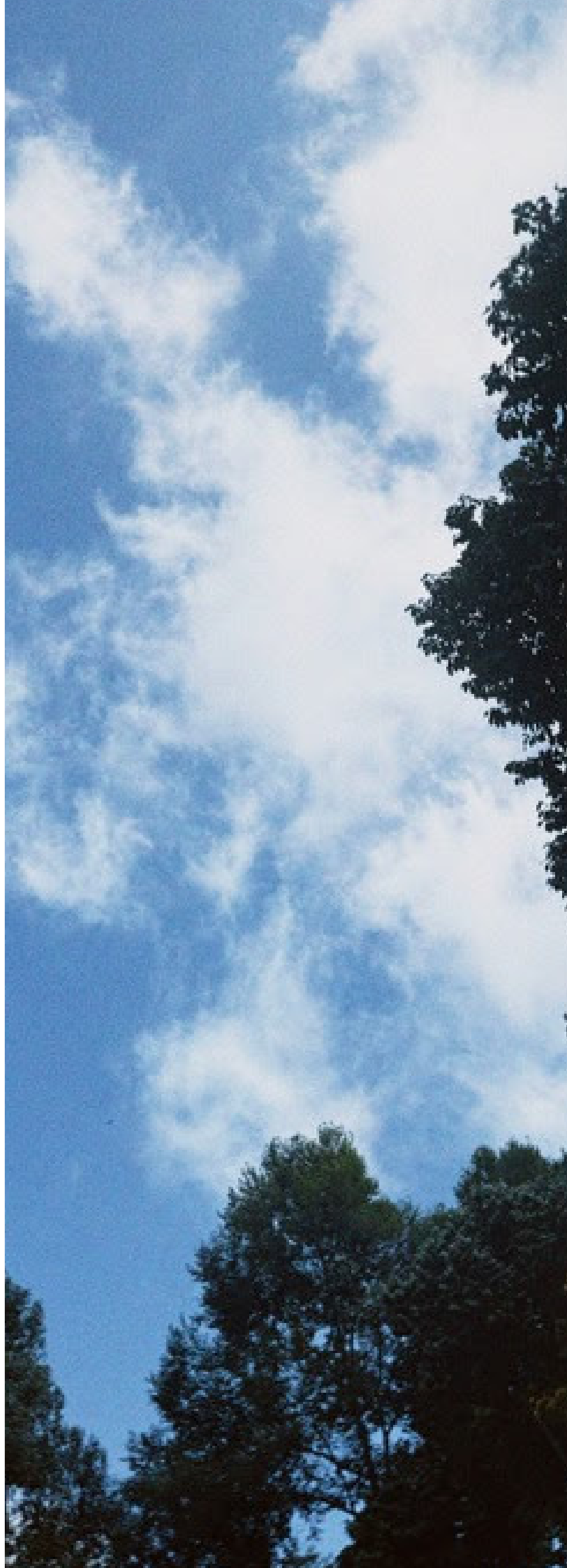
How easy it is to fill my heart with gratitude, contentment and serenity, just by being in nature!

I looked up and for the first time in a while, noticed the colours and movements of the sky and clouds. Something I tend to overlook, in my daily hustle to get things done.

Truth is, it is only by Allah's Mercy that I was able to feel awe, gratitude and peace, because '**Whatever mercy Allah opens up for people, none can withhold it. And whatever He withholds, none but Him can release it. For He is the Almighty, All-Wise.**'
(Fatir 35:2)

Only Al-Jaleel can fill my heart with these overwhelming emotions, and if I am already overwhelmed with gratitude by His Creations (which will cease to exist one day), then how would it feel to be in His Majestic Presence?

وَيَبْقَىٰ وَجْهُ رَبِّكَ ذُو الْجَلَلِ وَالْإِكْرَامِ
Only your Lord Himself, full of Majesty and Honour, will remain 'forever'.
(ar-Rahman 55:27)



الكريم

The Most Generous, The Most Bountiful

by Soraya Ahyaudin

These past few days, as I host the Muslim Campus Life Summit at USC, I've been carrying what many people will never see: the planning, the timing, the logistics, the small decisions that determine whether others feel supported or neglected.

Hosting has required a kind of emotional presence that goes beyond tasks. It is holding space for people's dignity. It is anticipating needs before they are spoken. It is staying composed when something falls apart. It is being the steady one, even when I feel unsteady inside.

In the midst of all that responsibility, I notice how quickly my heart slips into scarcity. I start measuring everything: how many minutes I have left, how much energy I have left, how many times I can be patient before I run out. Scarcity narrows my vision until all I can see is what is missing, what is delayed, what is imperfect, what is not yet done.



But when I remember that Allah SWT is Al-Kareem, everything changes. Because Al-Kareem is not only the One who Gives. He is the One who Gives with honour. He Gives without humiliation, without harshness, without reminding His servants of what they owe. **His Generosity is not transactional. It is dignifying. It is abundant. It is full of beauty.**

Al-Kareem is reminding me, in a very personal way, that I am not the source of provision, comfort, or success. I am only a means.

I can facilitate, coordinate, welcome, and serve, but I cannot create the openings that soften hearts. I cannot force barakah into a schedule. I cannot guarantee that people will connect, heal, or feel a sense of belonging. And yet, I have witnessed those very things happening.

This Name is also teaching me something about leadership. Leadership is not only strategy and competence. It is how I give. How I speak when I'm tired. How I respond when someone needs reassurance for the tenth time. How I handle disappointment when support falls through.



Al-Kareem invites me to lead with an internal abundance, not because I naturally have it, but because I am connected to the One Whose generosity never depletes. It is a reminder that I can give kindness without fear of losing myself, because **Allah SWT replenishes what I spend in His path.**

And in the moments I fall short, I am reminded that Al-Kareem does not treat me the way I sometimes treat myself. He does not shame me for being tired. He does not withdraw His Mercy because my capacity is human. He continues to give. He continues to cover. He continues to carry me through.

That realization humbles me. It softens me. It makes me want to embody this Name in my small human way: To be generous not only with what I have, but with who I am. To become someone who gives others dignity, ease, and safety - because I have been given those gifts by Allah SWT again and again.

In this summit, I am not just hosting an event. I am witnessing Al-Kareem in real time: in the provisions I didn't expect, in the help that came at the right moment, in the barakah that made the day hold more than it should.



الرَّقِيبُ

The All-Observing, The Witness, The Watchful

by Maisurah Mokhsin

Growing up, I was taught to fear Allah and to be mindful that He is always watching. Over time, that fear faded and lost its impact. I thought it was a shame that no one introduced me to Allah's gentle, loving side - the One who cares for us like no other. Now, through my own children, Ar-Raqeeb (The Watchful) is gently revealing this attribute to me. Alhamdulillah 'alā kulli ḥāl.

On my eldest's first day at childcare, I worried: *Will he be okay? Will the teachers be kind? Will he like the food?* I reframed those fears by teaching him - **and reminding myself** - that Allah, our true Guardian, is always present, even when Mummy and Daddy aren't.

As my children grow, I intentionally introduce them to Allah's Names, especially those that reveal His love and constant presence in both ease and difficulty. I pray they develop their own mindful awareness of Him, carrying it into their adulthood. Sharing a Hadith that I hold close to as a mother: Rasulullah ﷺ said: "Allah is more merciful to His servants than a mother is to her child." (Bukhari) This brings me deep comfort that only Allah can give.

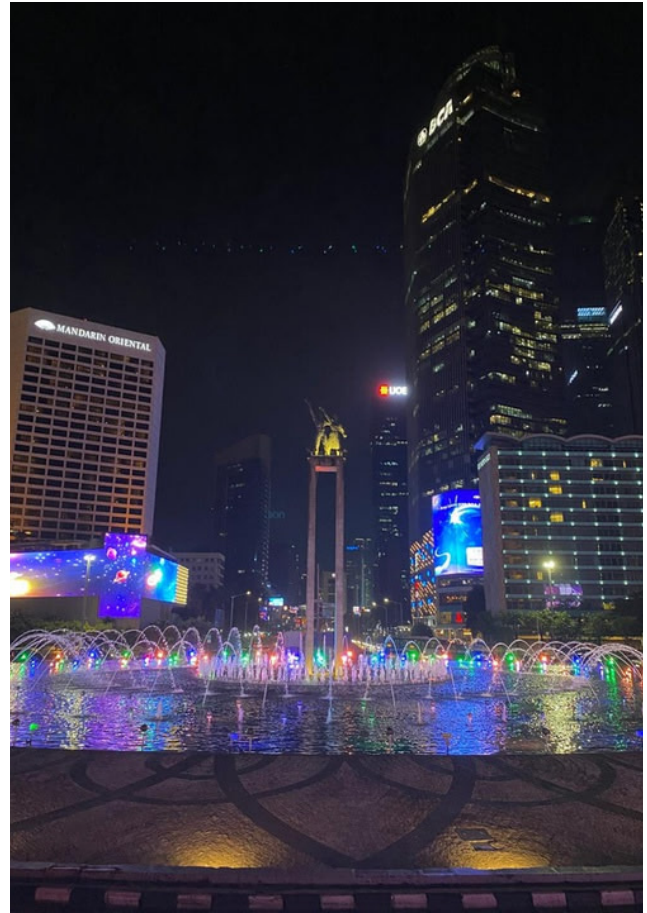


المجيب

The Answerer of Prayers, The Responsive One

by Putri Olivinia Qonita

***My hometown, Jakarta,
has just been declared
as the most populous
city in the world.***



When I look around, indeed, this city is so packed. From skyscrapers to densely populated neighbourhoods (or 'Kampung' as we call it), there is no doubt that Jakarta is populous.

I try to imagine what it is like to be the governor of this city. It must be so overwhelming because it's simply impossible to respond to the request of 11 million people who live here.

But on the other hand, Allah Al-Mujeeb is readily available whenever we call. How comforting is this! To have someone we can call upon 24/7, who always answers and replies. Allah Al-Mujeeb answers every single whisper of our hearts.

During the reflection week, I try to call on Al-Mujeeb on every slightest desire or need that I have. And it impressed me how many times I have encountered that He is indeed answering my Du'a. I think this is a powerful example of how, by intentionally reflecting on His Name/s, we can see our everyday life with higher sensibility and thus feel His presence in our lives, because this world is too heavy to carry alone

Today, I came across a Du'a in the morning and evening adhkar, and I was shocked to read it at first.

يَا حَيُّ يَا قَيُّوْمُ بِرَحْمَتِكَ أَسْتَغِيْثُ أَصْلِحْ لِي شَأْنِي كُلَّهُ
وَلَا تَكِلْنِي إِلَى نَفْسِي طَرْفَةَ عَيْنٍ

*O The Ever Living, The Sustainer of all, I seek assistance through Your Mercy. Rectify all of my affairs and **do not entrust me to myself** for the blink of an eye.*

At first, I raised my eyebrows. Why can I not trust myself - this feels questionable at first. My perfectionistic tendencies seem to disagree, because I plan a lot in my head. But I paused and pondered, ***"Can I truly trust myself for all the effort I put into my planning?"***

That is when I realise there is Wisdom in His Plans. A wisdom in which I cannot see with my own limited eyes and judgment, however hard I might try.



الوَاسِعُ

The All-Encompassing, The Boundless

by Nurbasirah Ibrahim

Recently, both of my babies have recovered from HFMD. Writing this now, I can finally breathe a little easier, but the past days were incredibly heavy. Endless nights of restless sleep, constant crying, and that quiet, heavy worry every mother carries when her children are sick. My body was drained, but my heart felt even more weary.

There were moments I felt completely overwhelmed, on the verge of breaking. I questioned my strength and wondered how much longer I could bear the exhaustion. Yet in those long, quiet nights, one thought kept returning: the example of Sayyidina Umar RA. Whenever calamity struck him, he would begin by praising Allah - because he truly knew Allah Al-Wāsi', the Vast One whose Mercy, Knowledge, and Provision are limitless.

This trial taught me to soften my heart and surrender more deeply. To stop resisting the pain and instead sit with it, trusting that Allah's plan is always kinder than my fears. It reminded me that **contentment does not come from ease, but from certainty - certainty that His forgiveness is vast, His kindness endless, and His Mercy is closer than my own breath.**

الحكيم

*The All-Wise,
The Most Judicious*

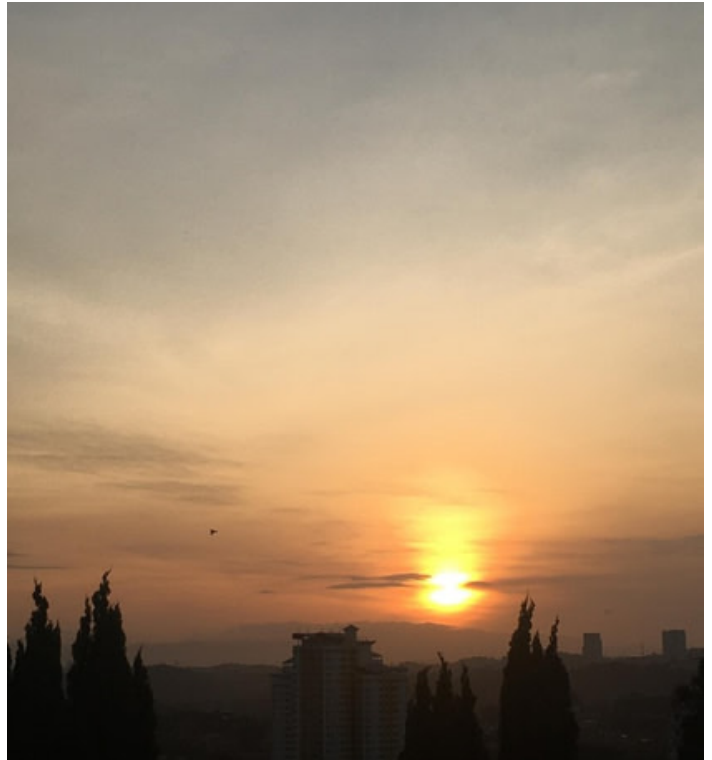
by a Servant of Allah

Bismillahirrahmanirrahim.

I cried myself so hard after knowing that I got a chance to reflect on Allah's Name 'Al-Hakeem'. It was one of Allah's Names that I hold firmly after going through a series of crazy life emotional turbulence that I would never have thought I would have to go through after deciding to make Tawbah and walk away from the sins that I did due to my own ignorance.

While writing this reflection, I think maybe the emotional turbulence that I felt is one of the consequences of the sins and one of the reasons why the sins are restricted by Allah Al-Hakeem in the first place - **to protect me.**

It's been a year. So much has happened at once, and I still struggle sometimes - fighting my own emotions and "what if" thoughts while reminding myself that walking away from those sins is the right choice, and that Allah will reward the effort.



I always remind myself that **these 'what if's' will open the door for syaitan.** During my emotional turbulence, I tried my best to fill my time with Remembrance of Allah and to list things I can be grateful for, even though sometimes I still lose to my own emotions. And that's when I started listening and became attached to Surah Yusuf - a Surah that taught me to surrender myself to His beautiful Names, 'Al-Hakeem, Al-Alim' (12:83) (12:100) and 'Ar-Rahim' (12:92).

Surah Yusuf gave me so much reassurance in striving for Allah as He is **Al-Hakeem** Al-Alim and He knows everything that we are struggling with in order to please Him. He also knows what's best and what's harmful for us, and He also plans the best for us because Allah is Ar-Rahim, Who loves us so, so, so much more than anyone does!!

I still don't understand everything, but I know one thing is for sure: **Allah's Love and Protection have always accompanied me in everything,** even in the delays, restrictions, and closed doors, and my rainbow is still there waiting for me at the end of this journey, because what is meant for me will reach me.

I pray that Allah accepts my striving, continue to guide me to always choose the best for me, and to help my heart to stay firm in His Pleasure.



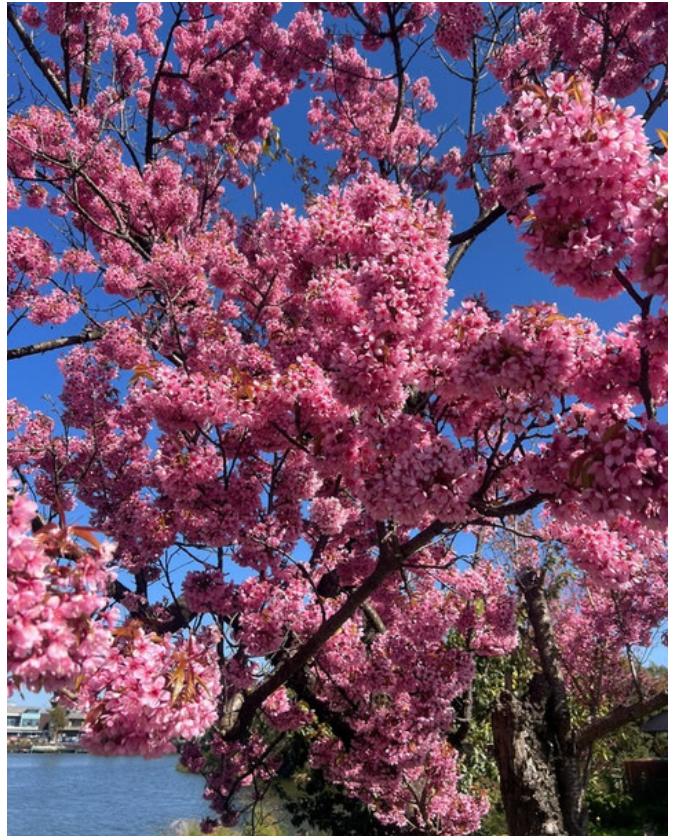
الودود

*The Most Loving,
The Most Affectionate*

by Amanina Manan

I feel Allah's love **when He protects me from things I may not even recognize as harm.** He remains with me,

sustaining me with rizq even when my obedience falls short. He continues to draw me toward Him, even in moments when my heart feels numb to my own sins.



Al-Wadood grants me emotional security. I trust that what I am going through is necessary for my growth, even as I ride an emotional roller coaster and cannot yet see where it will lead. The uncertainty is difficult, but I believe it carries wisdom.

Living with the awareness that Allah is Al-Wadood allows me to wish goodness for others without becoming emotionally dependent. And recognizing Allah as Al-Wadood guides me to choose what benefits me in the long term, even when those choices are uncomfortable. **His love teaches me patience, balance, and trust.**

المجيد

The Glorious, The Most Honorable

by Nina Zulkifli

Living with the name Al-Majeed over the past week has been like a warm embrace to me. Looking at the world, my days, and my circumstances through the lens of a servant of Al-Majeed gives me more perspective and forces me to reflect more deeply on my life. And as I am currently *deep* in the trenches of early motherhood, I cannot help but peel this aspect of my life further.

We have had a blissful marriage for 7 years before Allah blessed us further with this tiny human that **fills** our hearts. Our long honeymoon period was mostly days of happy, care-free, easy-going life that we both loved, but also some sad longing and loneliness.

However, I believe Allah, *the All Glorious*, was the **perfect** planner for us and He gave us our bub at the **perfect** time. Looking back, everything fell smoothly into place. And this is true to every other aspect of my life too, all my milestones and major decisions, Allah, *the Bountiful*, has been with me through it all.

The first few months of parenthood were rough at times. I am still struggling to find time for the Quran or night prayers that I cherished pre-parenthood. Thinking about it before has always made me feel down. However, this week, I remember how Allah is *Dignified and Majestic*. When my perspective is short and shallow, Al-Majeed is the *complete opposite*. I know He sees the deeds that I used to do were replaced with countless hours of Zikr and Salawat songs, trying to soothe Ali and countless Du'as of anything and everything that crosses my heart and mind about him.

And now, just in time for Ramadhan, Ali's sleep is more predictable that I have **hope** to achieve some Ibadah goals in the precious month (albeit probably less than previous years to be more realistic). Subhanallah, how Allah Al-Majeed, *the exceedingly Generous*, really takes care of us in ways unimaginable. No wonder this Name is paired with Allah Al-Hameed, as when you ponder upon Al-Majeed, you just can't help but feel **so thankful**.

May Allah always remind us to think of Him as Al-Majeed through every day, every blessing, every trial, and every phase of our lives. He truly works in **magical and remarkable ways**, way beyond our comprehension.

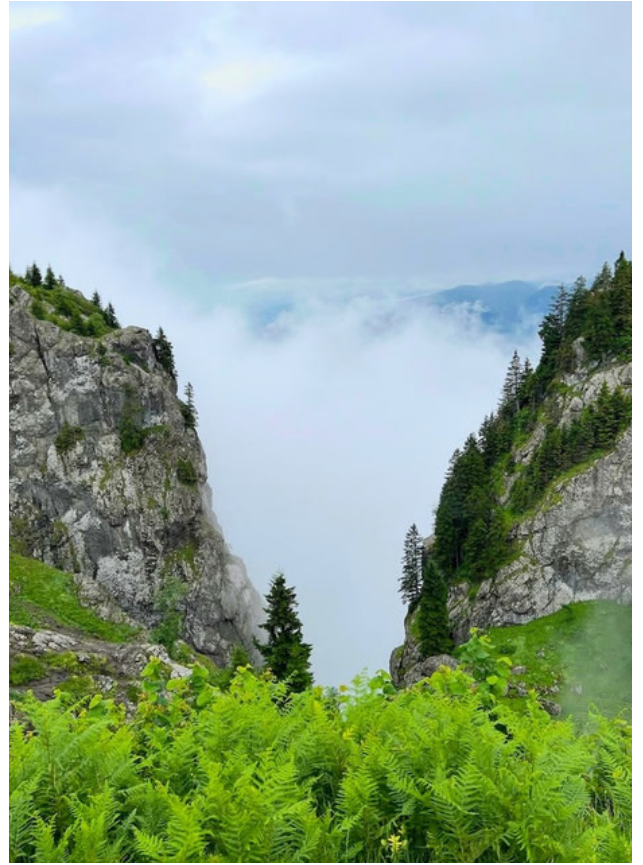


الْبَاعِثُ

*The Resurrector,
The Raiser of the Dead*

by Gheed Alangurli

When I was first assigned the Name **Al-Ba'ith**, I paused. Not because I disliked it, but because I didn't recognize it.



I had studied many of Allah's Beautiful Names before, yet this one felt unfamiliar - almost quiet. My initial response was simple and honest: *I don't know this Name*. And that unsettled me more than I expected.

How had I taken courses, studied the Names, sat in circles of learning - and yet here I was, encountering a Name that had never been covered, standing before **Al-Ba'ith** with nothing to hold onto? My first reaction wasn't awe. It was panic. *What am I missing? How did this Name pass me by?*

Al-Ba'ith is often translated as The Raiser of the Dead. Initially, that framing felt distant - abstract. But as the week unfolded, I **began to understand that resurrection in the Qur'anic sense is not confined to physical death.**

Allah SWT is the One who Awakens hearts from heedlessness, revives what has grown still, and brings life back to what feels dormant within the soul.

As the week progressed, something strange happened. Not in a dramatic moment, or through effort or analysis - but quietly. In the middle of this medical season - during anxious spirals, in-between moments, and stretches of uncertainty and exhaustion - a phrase began returning to me on loop, like an earworm I couldn't shake.

يُحْيِيهَا الَّذِي أَنْشَأَهَا أَوَّلَ مَرَّةٍ

I didn't even remember where it was from. It stayed with me like a grounding affirmation, a quiet reassurance that felt less like thinking and more like being reminded. Eventually, I looked up what had started to feel like my own internal mantra.

"They will be revived by the One Who produced them the first time - for He has 'perfect' knowledge of every created being."

(Ya-Sin 36:79)

And suddenly, a subtle settling, and a sigh of both hope and relief. This Name was not asking me to revive anything. It was reminding me that I never held that responsibility to begin with.

Allah SWT, through this Name, is gently reminding me:

*You are not the one who revives
nor sustains. You are not the one
who carries what feels dead back
into life. **Al-Ba'ith** is.*

Even when logic says, no way.
Even when medicine,
circumstance, or time says, this is
absolute. Even when the heart
quietly resigns itself to loss.

The One who brought something
into existence the first time does
not forget how. All it takes, when
He wills something 'to be', is
simply to say to it: "Be!" And it is!
(Ya-Sin 36:82)

What humbles me most is that this
understanding did not arrive
through striving. It arrived through
repetition. Through what I can
only describe as mercy meeting
me where I was - tired, unsure,
and quietly overwhelmed.

Nothing is as dead as it seems.
Nothing is as far gone as despair
suggests. And I was never meant
to shoulder the revival of what
only Al-Ba'ith can raise.



الشَّهِيدُ

The All and Ever Witnessing

by Sara Hassan



When I was setting intentions for 2026 at the end of last year, I'd wondered how do I navigate it all? Allah SWT answered my question via a webinar that I'd attended.

"Every year in January we always plan for 'The Best Year' and then see how we fall short from our plans again and again. What we should do is actually plan for '**The Last Year**'."

We understand that death can come unexpectedly, but we also know that death is not the end of our chapters, rather, the beginning of an eternal life; a much longer time than what we have here on Earth. And this should **reframe our mindsets**.

Yesterday I went to visit my dearest late dad's grave.

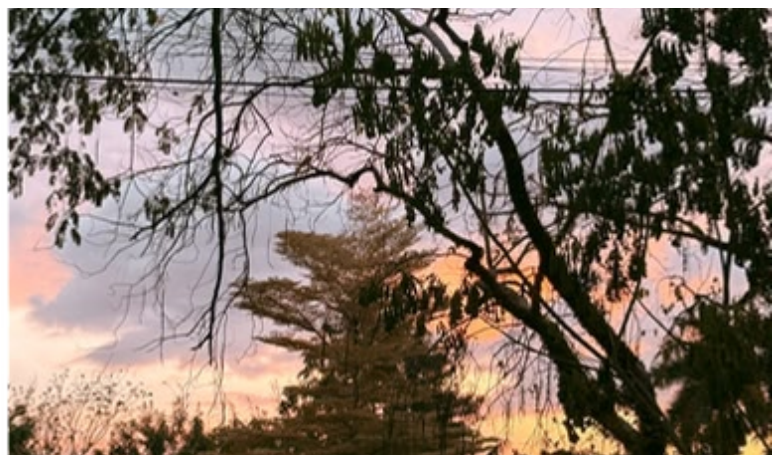
السَّلَامُ عَلَيْكُمْ أَهْلَ الدِّيَارِ مِنَ الْمُؤْمِنِينَ وَالْمُسْلِمِينَ،
وَإِنَّا إِن شَاءَ اللَّهُ بِكُمْ لَاحِقُونَ، نَسْأَلُ اللَّهَ لَنَا وَلَكُمْ الْعَافِيَةَ

*Peace be upon you, people of this abode, from among the
believers and those who are Muslims, and we, by the Will of Allah,
shall be joining you. I ask Allah to grant us and you well-being.*
(Muslim)

Alhamdulillah, I always feel that visiting the graveyard is part of Allah's Love and Mercy on us. Here, the world will feel distant, and we learn to place our worries in the right place. Here, I am reminded that this will be my next home and that I need to detach from worldly life. Here, Qur'an recitation hits deeper into the heart.

This invitation to reflect on Ash-Shaheed came at the time where I was pondering on '**Maliki Yaumiddin - King of Judgement Day**' - an Ayah from Surah Fatiha that we recite every day. Judgement Day is **my reality, and ours**. Al-Malik is also ash- Shaheed, my King is witnessing me now, and it will all be laid bare on the Day of Judgement.

Allah witnesses it all, now, and He will become the Ultimate Witness on the Day of Judgement. We need to help ourselves and others before the Day comes when we can do no more deeds, only reckonings.





The Absolute Truth

by Hodan Hilmi

Calling upon Al-Haqq in moments of weakness is my acknowledgement that my human nature is fragile and that truth needs divine support to be upheld consistently. **When my actions drift from justice, I ask Al-Haqq to pull me back. When worldly comfort tempts me, I ask Al-Haqq to anchor me. When anger or laziness clouds me, I ask Al-Haqq to correct me.**

For me, reflecting on Al-Haqq is deeply connected to **making the right choice**, which has become increasingly difficult in today's world. I call upon Al-Haqq whenever I am standing between an easy choice and a **truthful one**, trusting that the Absolute Truth will guide me toward what is right.

This past week, when I called in sick and stayed at home, I felt the urge to do nothing and thought, why can't others cook for themselves when they get home? **In that moment, I quietly called upon Al-Haqq.** I chose to cook, not only for my loved ones, but for myself as well.

That choice felt immediately rewarding, and I knew I would not have felt the same peace had I chosen otherwise. Similarly, when I feel tired and tempted to skip Wuḍū' before sleeping, I softly call upon Al-Haqq, reminding myself that resting with obedience feels far better than comfort without it.



Through these small, everyday choices, I've learned that embodying truth is consistently more rewarding than avoiding it. Calling upon Al-Haqq helps me choose ***what is right***, even when it is ***difficult***, and that choice always brings ***peace afterward***.

While reflecting on Al-Haqq, I was also struck by this Ayah: "And do not let the hatred of a people prevent you from being just. Be just; that is closer to taqwā." (Qur'an 5:8)

This Ayah exposed a quiet lie I often tell myself, that truth is easy. In reality, truth is easy when calm, but revealed when anger is present. It left me with a question I continue to ponder: ***If I were that angry, would I still speak the truth?***

الوكيل

The Trustee, The Disposer of Affairs

by a Servant of Allah



I have chosen to explore the attribute Al-Wakeel through the lens of my own struggles, stress, anxiety, and sensitivity. I realize that my stress often comes from acting as if I am the guarantor of my life. When I stress, I forget that Allah is Al-Wakeel and I am acting as if the entire world rests on my shoulders, forgetting that Al-Wakeel is the true Pillar. **It is like I'm stubbornly carrying a heavy suitcase while a powerful Guardian stands right next to me with His arms open, asking to take the load.** From now on, I resign as the manager of my life and stay as the assistant, and really let Al-Wakeel take the lead as the Director.

My anxiety is my mind's desperate attempt to predict the future to keep me safe. But by doing this, I'm creating monsters out of shadows. Al-Wakeel is the Disposer of my affairs, then the future isn't a dark abyss; it is a path already prepared by Him. My anxiety quiets down when I tell myself: "I don't need to know what's coming, because I know the One who is already there waiting for me." I will trust His script more than my own scenarios.

When I am susceptible to others' words, it is because I've given them the power to decide my worth. I've let them be the "guardians" of my happiness.

But through Al-Wakeel, I am reclaiming my heart. Just as taught in Surah Al Muzzamil, I can bear what they say with "noble distance" because their opinions cannot change my standing with Him. If the Lord of the East and the West is my Advocate, no human word can truly diminish me.

My journey this week has taught me that my anxiety was simply a heavy coat I didn't need to wear. By embracing Al-Wakeel, I am finally choosing to rest. I am no longer the one trying to hold everything together. He is.

I am relearning how to trust Him fully and sincerely, acknowledging that this journey is a process of always returning to Him. It is a profound honor and a privilege to know that He is the One guiding me and that He loves me. Being under His care is my greatest safety.

I am safe,
I am guided,
and I am at peace,
because my affairs
are in the best of Hands.



القوي

The All-Strong

by Faizatul Zuhra



I have always been a meticulous planner. I love having my life planned out and have every possible scenario covered. For me, I find comfort in knowing what's coming next and in having everything neatly mapped out in my head. For years, I defined "strength" as my ability to achieve my 5-10 year plan. I thought I was strong enough because I had visions: flying off to the UK, graduating, joining a corporation in London, and so on. Until the dream was taken away. I felt weak. I felt powerless. I was lost, and I was at the lowest point in my life.

When I look back on my life, those gap years were not a punishment; they were a lesson in ***La hawla wa la quwwata illa billah*** (There is no power nor strength except by Allah). I've come to realize that my plan was fragile and His plan, Al-Qawiyy (Unbreakable). He rerouted my plan to ensure my faith wouldn't break; perhaps, in reality, I wasn't truly ready to survive the challenges I would have faced if I had flown.

It hurts to see my batchmates graduate, secure top-tier jobs, get married, and hit all the milestones people typically hit in their 20's. That feeling of being 'stuck and lost' was a truly profound test of my inner strength. Yet, in that struggle, ***I was learning to rely on the Strong One*** when I had absolutely no strength of my own. **You cannot truly know Al-Qawiyy until you hit your breaking point.**

As I step into this new chapter, whether it's in my study or personal growth, I am not walking in with just my checklist. I still don't know exactly what I'll do next. But what I do know is that Allah SWT is All-Knowing, and I am walking in with His Support and Strength, and for the first time, that's truly enough for me.

Here are some of my prayers during my reflection week, "Ya Allah Al-Qawiyy, You are the One who sustained me through the years when I felt I couldn't go on. Grant me the strength to handle the unknown adventures ahead, strengthen me when I feel weak. Grant me patience in hardships, perseverance in struggle, and reliance upon You, above all else."

Now, I have finally found peace, knowing that my strength comes solely from Him, Allah Al-Qawiyy. I took this as a sign that this is what Allah has been trying to teach me through every trial and every delay all along.



المَتِين

The Firm, The Steadfast

by Siti Zulaikha Zulkifli

This season aligns perfectly with Al-Mateen, the Most Firm and Steadfast. For over a year - since freelancing began - I've been on a spiritual and physical reset. I tore my ACL in Switzerland in 2023, had reconstruction surgery, and now pray seated on a chair.

My ultimate goal is to pray normally again, but it has been a lonely journey for someone who dislikes going to the gym and running. This week's second strength test (postponed five times because I wasn't ready) showed regression. To resume sports, my operated leg needs stability for pivoting and twisting - but the result says I'm not there yet. I realised that I need to be consistent in showing up at the gym, making sure I take my time in engaging my muscles during exercise, which means I must have patience and not rush through the sets just because I want it to end fast.

Reflecting on Al-Mateen, I see the same formula applies: consistency and steadfastness in both ibadah and physio. May I always turn to Al-Mateen to keep me firm, even by whispering His Name.



The Protector, The Ally

by Uzma Naaz Khan

Ya Wali, Ya Wali, Ya Wali, joining in with the champs for journaling, anticipating which Name would be assigned to me, and then by the Will of Allah, I checked my email just before starting work, and the realization of getting assigned Allah's Name Al Wali made me melt.

Al Wali. The protective friend, the Ally, the Guardian. As I read through the translation, hot tears were streaming down my face. His Name, Al Wali, felt like a hug in that moment, a hug to my lonesome soul. Throughout the week, His Name was a cushion to me, as I kept trying to go up and down this hill called work-life balance.

Due to my limited knowledge of Who Allah SWT truly is, combined with having no close friends nearby - everyone is long-distance and I've never connected deeply with anyone here - I've felt real loneliness. I have never really given it a thought to think through, but I now realise that Allah SWT is constantly there for me.

One day during Salah, the calm I was clinging to began to slip. Overwhelm and helplessness rushed in, bringing thoughts like: "How will I handle this alone?" "What do I even do?" "I'm so weak." But when I went to sujood, a voice loudly whispered in my heart, "Don't you know who Ar Rahim is?"

I recalled every moment I ever felt truly supported - and realized it was always Allah SWT. In that instant, I felt completely seen and heard. A quiet voice kept whispering: "Allah SWT loves you. He actually loves you. He chose you for this struggle, and He is right here to help." Tears came, and my whole being shook. Before this, whenever I read about His Love, His Rahmah, His Help and Support, it always felt distant - like words written for everyone else, not for me.

So this Solah, it was like Allah SWT personally taking me out of a crowd of so many people and telling me He loves me! Subhanallah!





The Praiseworthy

by Saidatul Akma

I took time to deeply explore the meaning of Al-Hameed in a way I never had before. Living with this Name during a busy week opened my eyes and warmed my heart, reminding me that all praise truly belongs to Allah. It was among my busiest weeks of the month when the reflection week came in.

I had to organise an event this week. From the beginning till the end, it went well. In the middle of planning, coordinating, and problem-solving, I realised how many things were beyond my control. The success of the event reminded me that effort alone is never enough, but **ease comes only when Allah allows it**. That realisation softened my heart into Praises for Him.

I am also trying to practice Dhuha prayer daily. I used to understand Dhuha mainly as a prayer connected to Rizq, where it is something that we do in hopes of receiving more. But reflecting on this Name has shifted my perspective. I begin to see that Allah's promise of more is rooted in gratitude itself.

وَإِذْ تَأَذَّنَ رَبُّكُمْ لَئِنْ شَكَرْتُمْ لَأَزِيدَنَّكُمْ وَلَئِنْ كَفَرْتُمْ إِنَّ عَذَابِي لَشَدِيدٌ

'And 'remember' when your Lord proclaimed, 'If you are grateful, I will certainly give you more. But if you are ungrateful, surely My punishment is severe.' (Quran 14:7).

Dhuha became that pause in my day where I consciously returned my heart to syukur to Al-Hameed. And I realised **Dhuha is not to ask for additions, but to recognise what Allah has already arranged, all the ease, the challenges, the seen and unseen blessings.**

I also realised that Allah al-Hameed does not need my praise, yet He invites me, calls me to it, for the sake of my own heart. Praising Him through Dhuha was not about seeking recognition or reward, but about aligning my heart and a choice to recognise Allah's perfection in every state.

I pray that we are always guided to choose gratitude, so our hearts may feel lighter, calmer, and firmly anchored in the truth that all praise belongs to Allah, Al-Hameed.

I am grateful for every Dhuha invitation Allah sent to me this week! <3

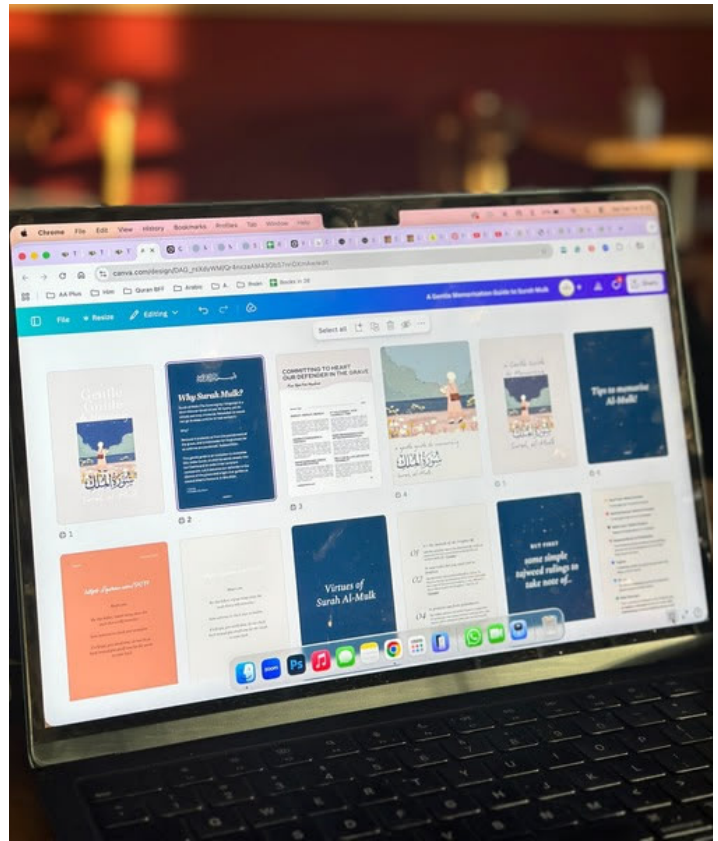


المُحْصِي

The All-Enumerating, The Counter

by Aida Azlin

Al-Muhsee - the All-Enumerating, the One Who counts every detail with flawless precision.



SubhanAllah, the vastness of this Name still overwhelms my heart. Al-Muhsee knows the exact number of furs on my cats' coats, every leaf on the trees swaying in the breeze, every strand of hair on our heads, and even the fleeting thoughts that pass through the mind in an instant. No detail is too small, too hidden, or too momentary - everything is perfectly accounted for, recorded with absolute accuracy and completeness.

This brings to mind the story of a girl who spent three full years carefully documenting and listing every single item in her home, from the tiniest button to forgotten scraps of paper. That human effort took years of painstaking work, yet Al-Muhsee encompasses the entire creation - every action, every change, every soul - in a single, effortless moment. His record is instant, perfect, and beyond any error or omission.

This week, while reflecting on Al-Muhsee, I was working on the Ramadan PDF for AA Plus and it demanded attention to countless small details: choosing the right shade of green, centring pixels precisely, deciding on time zones for the schedule, refining the copy and structure to make it clear and beautiful for everyone.

In those quiet hours of adjustment and iteration, the reminder came clearly: Al-Muhsee sees every single thing.

Every small choice made with sincerity for His sake and for the community's benefit is counted by Him. Nothing is insignificant; nothing escapes His precise enumeration. His reward encompasses it all, generously and eternally.

This awareness shifted my perspective. It made me have a greater appreciation for the behind-the-scenes moments too - not just the polished final product, but the unseen labour, the patient revisions, the hidden intentions poured into the work.

These are the parts people often overlook, yet Al-Muhsee treasures them most. They carry weight in His sight, where sincerity matters above visibility. <3



المُبْدِي

The Originator, The Initiator

by Hanis Tarmizi

Life for me was uneventful this week. Alhamdulillah. So, I just let myself keep on repeating Al-Mubdi' while doing my daily activities, mostly around my home. I was working on coding a few 2D animations up until recently. So, when I first received the assigned name of Al-Mubdi', its meaning of The Originator instantly reminded me of coordinates (0, 0), which is the origin point on a 2D Cartesian plane.

When I was working on the project, there were a lot of frustrated "Astaghfirullah, why are you not working?" moments simply because I had set the origin wrongly in my code. My first time actually sitting with the name Al-Mubdi', I was taught this lesson: All of my disappointments and frustrations in my life were simply because I had set the wrong "origin point" on my life's "Cartesian plane". Likewise, all choices and decisions won't work for me for as long as my life origin is set wrongly. When everything seems to work against me, may I remember to "debug" and "reset" my origin point to Al-Mubdi'.

Another lesson came during class. While explaining the same point to my student for the nth time, I noticed how calmly I repeated it - no annoyance, frustration, or irritation at all. A year ago, when I first started tutoring, I'd get visibly annoyed after just three tries if they still didn't understand, and it showed in my tone.

I realised as I was calmly repeating the lesson to my student, that Al-Mubdi' does not only create physical things out of nothing. **He is The Initiator of EVERYTHING.** It is Al-Mubdi' Who has initiated in me the calmness and patience in guiding my student. He initiated all those good qualities in me, from their non-existence. That made me feel hopeful.

No matter what others say about me, and no matter how badly I think of myself, Al-Mubdi' can initiate goodness in me even if it has never existed before. All the good qualities in others I admire so much, but thought that I could never have, Al-Mubdi' can and will initiate them all in me, for me.

Al-Mubdi' is always with me, in all ways.

Al-Mubdi' is in every app that He creates through me.

Al-Mubdi' is in every opportunity that He sends my way.

Al-Mubdi' is in every good quality He creates in me.

May I carry this reassuring Name well with me always, until the day He creates for me goodness beyond my imagination in the highest Jannah.



المُعِدُّ

The Restorer, The Reinstater

by Umm Musa

Alhamdulillah, living with this Name has been insightful and interesting, as I have been able to be creative in how to call out to this Name of Allah, Al-Mu'eed, The Restorer. When glancing through the notes about this Name, my eyes landed on 'the One who will restore us back to life on the Day of Resurrection.' Unconsciously, my mind decided to focus too much on morbid thoughts about Judgement Day and Death. And in a split second, I was overwhelmed with fear.

But then, I quickly ask Al-Mu'eed to restore purity to my thoughts and hope to my heart. **Alhamdulillah, it works!** Hehe. Since then, I have kept calling on this Name for almost all of my needs. When it's hard for me to have the motivation to carry myself through the day and to fulfill my duties and responsibilities, Alhamdulillah, I have Al-Mu'eed to turn to.

"Ya Allah Ya Mu'eed, restore my interest and spirit in showing up today. Ya Allah Ya Mu'eed, restore me back to my Fitrah as Your servant and allow me to be able to perform all of my roles that You have blessed me with."

"Ya Allah Ya Mu'eed, restore my relationship with my loved ones. Ya Allah Ya Mu'eed, restore gentleness and kindness in my words, in my actions, and in my reactions."

"Ya Allah Ya Mu'eed, restore my focus to where it's supposed to be, and allow me to be mindful and present. Ya Allah Ya Mu'eed, restore my mind with beneficial ideas and thoughts."

"Ya Allah Ya Mu'eed, restore calmness and tranquility in my heart, my mind, and my soul. Ya Allah Ya Mu'eed, restore my trust and Tawakkal in You and restore my hope in how Forgiving and Karim You are."

I was, and still am, feeling so grateful to be able to know about Allah's Name, Al-Mu'eed.

On top of all the ways that I call on Al-Mu'eed, deep in my heart, I yearn for Allah Al-Mu'eed to restore the unconditional love that I have for Him when I first fell for Him and came back to the Deen years back.

May you and I, all of us, always be able to feel the undescribable sweetness of loving Allah SWT.

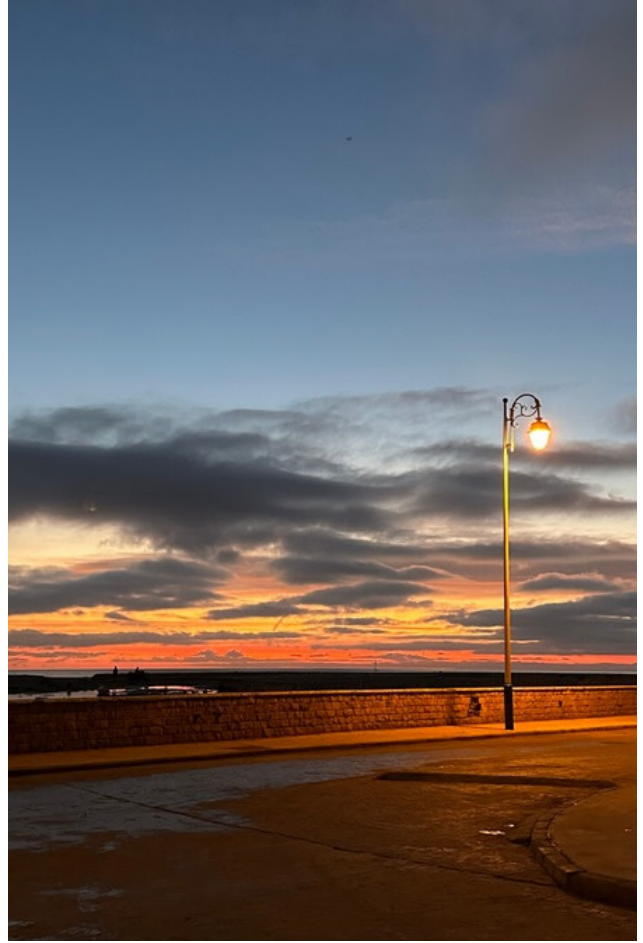


المُحيي

The Giver of Life

by Nurul Mubarak

Upon given the blessed Name Al-Muhyee, I was reminded of what Ibn Ata Allah al-Iskandari said in his book *Al-Hikam*:



مَنْ لَمْ يَعْرِفْ قَدْرَ النِّعَمِ بِوُجْدَانِهَا عَرَفَهَا بِوُجُودِ فَقْدَانِهَا

"He who does not appreciate blessings when they are present, will learn their worth when they are gone."

For the past few weeks, it has been raining and windy in Tetouan, and being stuck at home wasn't ideal. Sometimes being in an enclosed space with nothing much to do makes you feel restless and uneasy. I found myself complaining, saying I was bored, that I had nothing to do, just lazing around all day. But I forgot that the rain itself is a *ni'mah* from Allah.

Even though the streets are starting to flood and the weather feels inconvenient, the rain is a mercy for the Earth. It revives the plantations, allows crops to grow, and becomes a means for our future sustenance.

Just as Allah revives the dead earth with rain, He revives hearts after dryness. As Allah stated in the Quran in Surah Ar-Rum:

فَانْظُرْ إِلَىٰ ءَاثَرِ رَحْمَتِ اللَّهِ كَيْفَ يُحْيِي الْأَرْضَ بَعْدَ مَوْتِهَا
إِنَّ ذَٰلِكَ لَمُحْيِ الْمَوْتَىٰ ۖ وَهُوَ عَلَىٰ كُلِّ شَيْءٍ قَدِيرٌ

“So observe the effects of the mercy of Allah - how He gives life to the earth after its death. Indeed, that same One will give life to the dead, and He is over all things competent.” (30:50)

In that moment, I was reminded that Allah is Al-Muhyee, not only the Giver of life to us as humans, but the One who gives life to plants, animals, and every living creature on earth. Sometimes we only recognise the blessing of something when it is taken away, just as Ibn Ata Allah reminds us. **I only longed for the sunshine and better weather after days of rain, just as we often overlook the blessing of ease until we experience restriction.**

Reflecting on Al-Muhyee makes me realise that He does not only give life to bodies. **He also gives life to days, to hearts, to hope, and to opportunities.**

Every morning is a new act of ihyā' (giving life), another breath, another day to catch the sunrise outside my house, another chance to live meaningfully. And remembering Allah as Al-Muhyee teaches me gratitude, not only when the weather is to my liking, but even when it is not.



المِيتُ

The Bringer of Death, The Destroyer

by a Servant of Allah

When I thought of the Name Al Mumeet, the word 'temporary' came up a lot. I reflected on this in two ways:



1) This world is temporary.

We hear and learn this all the time, but how often do we forget it when we feel overwhelmed with difficulties and hardship? Every tear and heavy sigh will all be forgotten when we enter the Next Life. So when I go through a test, I should remember...this is temporary! Soon Al Mumeet will take my soul, and I will (and I pray Allah allows me to) enter the Eternal Paradise.

2) My strength and my assets are temporary.

Everything that I build in this world will all be taken from me by Al Mumeet, and all that will remain is my intention and deeds. It's easy to belittle the consequences of our actions when they're not immediate. Remembering and internalising Allah's attribute Al Mumeet, should be the harness that pulls us back from doing or saying things that we might end up regretting on our deathbed.

الحي

The Ever-Living

by Eleena Syuhada Amani

In full truth, Al-Hayy is a Name I would usually glance through and take it for what it is.



Allah is Eternal. Okay, noted.

Turns out it was more than just that.

For context, I am a very attached person - to people, my cats, things, feelings and experiences. I ugly cry at farewell parties, my eyes get teary everytime I hug my Mum goodbye at the train station, I get sad if I accidentally caused a new book cover to get folded. In short, a very attached person.

Allah constantly tells us in the Quran to not get attached to our worldly affairs because ultimately, this Dunya is fleeting and temporary. Everything eventually ends. I understood the concept of it but always had a hard time trying to implement it in life. How do I detach from people and things Allah has blessed me with and made me love, from His Mercy?

Being an adult means people come and go. I have been working in my current workplace for a year and a half now, Alhamdulillah, but every time I get comfortable with a friend, they leave. Reflecting on Al-Hayy made me realise what Allah was talking about in the Quran.

We literally cannot get attached because this life and everything in it is temporary. HeWho is the Most Kind and Most Knowledgeable made us meet certain people and encounter certain situations in life to teach us lessons and make us grow. Just like in schools, when we completed a lesson, we move up a grade, right?

I then realise that the constant presence I long for is in Al-Hayy. He is the solid ground I was always looking for. He is Eternal and doesn't tire, He is the Only One Who will always be there for me.

My grandmother used to say in Malay, "Minta Allah jagakan kamu, orang tak boleh jagakan, orang pun kena tidur" (translated to: Ask Allah for protection, people cannot always take care of you, they too need sleep at night.) MasyaAllah, all this time, she was teaching me about Al-Hayy!

With the grace of Al-Hayy, may we be granted the ability to detach from this World and only get attached to Him - the Eternal, the Ever Living, aamiin <3



الْقَيُّومُ

*The Sustainer,
The Self-Subsisting*

by Asti Surakusumah



Bismillahirrahmaanirrahiim. A few months back during my morning walk, Allah sent me one of His Love Message. How there's a divine beauty, care and wisdom in imperfection. Just like how this plant has varying colors of flowers on it - some were vibrant, others were softer in tone, and yet each color, even the wilting ones, still looks stunning, humble and beautiful in its own way.

Then it made me ponder, how could the wilting one even look beautiful despite its imperfection or brokenness? Then Allah reminded me of how plants and trees never stop remembering Allah throughout their life. 🤔 It somehow reminded me of the different seasons in one's life, and no matter how varied and different they look, each of them is actually beautiful and has its own charm. **The difference is in the lens we see it through, whether we see it through the lens of continuous remembrance of Allah or not.**

I used to simply surrender everything to istikharah. But masha Allah, in the middle of this week, I joined a live session of my tadabbur class. During the class, one of the sisters shared how the Qur'an gave her light during her current season of life, where her child is being treated for kidney failure.

She shared her struggles in facing this test, yet at the end of her reflection, she spoke about how she would accept whatever the result of her striving may be. The way she carried such acceptance suddenly hit me and humbled me deeply.

It made me realize that the limit where my role ends and His role begins is not a "time limit," but rather an **expectation limit**.

It is about managing my expectations of the outcome, while continuing to strive no matter what the results are. It doesn't mean not hoping for the unimaginable, but it is more about accepting whatever Allah decrees because the outcome is within His authority. And to remember that whatever He decrees is khair, whether we like it or not.

It reminded me to keep holding on to **Al-Qayyum**, for **He is the One who is continuously holding me**.



الوَاجِدُ

The Perceiver

by Sakinah Mohd Khalid

As a servant of Al Waajid, I believe that the opposite of seeking is struggling alone. When we are in trouble, we do not (should not!) think, "I am going to do this all by myself!" We should seek help and support. Just like when my child cannot take off her socks, and she comes whining and crying to me, she benefits by receiving a solution to her problem; me helping her do it, or me teaching her how to go about it.

Similarly, we should always remember to turn to the One who is the source of all solutions to any of our problems, Al Waajid.

The root word of this name is found in the Quran in the context of being found:

وَوَجَدَكَ ضَالًّا فَهَدَىٰ

Did He not find you unguided, then guided you? (93:7).

To be found, one first needs to be lost. Adam AS was lost when he first arrived on Earth. He had to search far and wide for Hawaa AS, his companion. We are here today because of the guidance from Al Waajid towards Adam AS. Not only did he find his companion, but he was also taught the first dua man made to Allah,

رَبَّنَا ظَلَمْنَا أَنْفُسَنَا وَإِنْ لَمْ تَغْفِرْ لَنَا وَتَرْحَمْنَا لَنَكُونَنَّ مِنَ الْخَاسِرِينَ

“Our Lord! We have wronged ourselves. If You do not forgive us and have mercy on us, we will certainly be losers.” (7:23).

After falling to syaitan's whispers, Adam and Hawaa AS were lost. So, Allah provided them with the solution (the Du’a) that gave them comfort and a sense of direction on what to do next. This is because Al-Waajid is the ultimate source of answers, and He can unveil the solutions to our problems.

Like our forefather, when we find ourselves unsure of what to do, or where to go next, we should call upon Al Waajid with sincere and unlimited prayers. **Duas are made for us, not Al-Waajid, who is the most resourceful and always finds what He seeks and thus has *no need* - unlike us, who constantly need answers or understanding or simply something.**

I pray for the Name of Al Waajid to settle in our hearts so that we can live secure and content in the knowledge that Allah will **always** find us and provide us with what we seek.



المَاجِدُ

*The Illustrious,
The Magnificent*

by Alhana Sabrina



Thinking about Al Maajid
makes me feel in awe, as

He is the Most Glorious, Most Magnificent, and yet He chose to create me? Masha Allah. The more we know about Allah, the more we shouldn't feel like we're just a speck in the universe; it should make us feel humble and honoured to be a servant of Al Maajid, as He is the only One worthy of that Name, and the only One that is perpetually there for you, no matter what.

With Al Maajid, I trust that my affairs are being taken care of. Even though it's so hard to constantly have Allah in mind, if I'm being honest, but I **believe as long as you do have moments of Remembrance, InshaAllah you're going to be okay.** Whenever you have that inkling, or sudden reminder of Him, hold that thought and let it consume you.



الواحد

The One

by Milo

Bismillah ar-Rahman ar-Rahim.

The sole purpose of my creation is to worship Allah. In order to worship Allah, I must know who He is. In order to know Who He is, I must first understand that I am His powerless slave and that He is al-Khaliq, al-Azeem and ar-Rahman.

Al-Wahid is a Name I struggle to understand. I have been sitting with this Name and thinking about what I should write. Al-Wahid is related to Tawhid and al-wahdaniyyah, that **He is One and everything goes back to Him**. What I can think about is that we have Allah's kalam (the Quran and sunnah) and we have His quwwah, which maintains and creates the world around us and ourselves in every moment. Allah's kalam and quwwah are congruent with His Tawhid in that it is a system which is coherent with itself.

For example, whenever I feel that I am not doing enough and that I am undeserving of Allah's Mercy, I remember, I am underserving, yes, but I am doing a disservice to myself in thinking this way because **it isn't about me, it is about Allah**.

He is the One Who is so so Merciful and it is not contingent on me being deserving, because I can never be deserving of His Mercy or the gifts that He gives that are greater than I can count or perceive.

When I see that I am in this pattern of incoherent thinking I need to go back to trying to perceive Allah's creation of myself and the world that Allah in His Mercy has granted me senses to perceive, and the Truth I know (asma al-Husna, sifat Allah, the purpose of my creation, that I am abdAllah, etc.). These things need to come together in a coherent way. Otherwise, I have misunderstood something.

Not going back to these Truths is the reason I end up in thought patterns that are incoherent and this is a barrier for me to grow closer to al-Wahid.

Therefore I must return time and time again to Tawbah and remember the purpose of my creation and Who Allah is.

Allah is not like us. He is greater than we can ever imagine. It is important that I truly remember asma al-husna and sifat Allah and go back to what I know to be true.



الْأَحَدُ

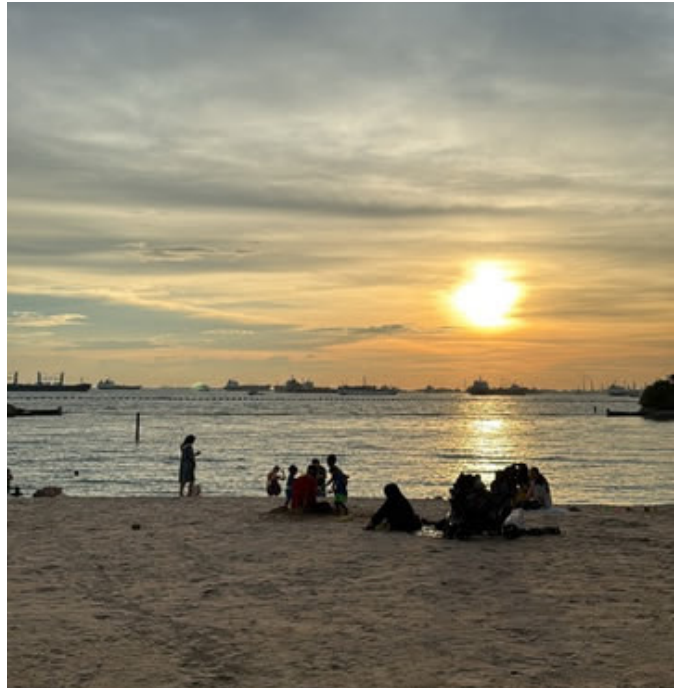
*The Unique,
The Only One*

by Izzati Zain

This majestic Name of Allah appears only once in the Quran, in Surah Al-Ikhlās, the Surah we recite most frequently during our Solah.

As I dive deeper into the meaning of Al-Ahad, it becomes clear why children are taught to recite Surah Al-Ikhlās alongside Surah Al-Falaq and Surah An-Nas during their early years. These Surahs provide a complete shield of faith, with Surah Al-Ikhlās grounding our hearts in the absolute Oneness of God. As I reflect on the unique life experiences designed for me by Al-Ahad, I find myself in a Season of transition - I've just concluded my maternity leave and am commencing my staggered shared parental leave this week. For that, I am deeply grateful for this Divine timing as we enter Ramadhan.

This year, I intend to slow down, prioritize my family, and find my rhythm again through spiritual reflection. I embrace that my spiritual/career paths look different from those around me, and I recognize that I can serve the One and Only in my own unique way.



Also, I believe that Al-Ahad is the only One who grants true ease, never burdening a soul beyond its capacity.

Allah has entrusted me with a daughter born with a bilateral cleft lip and palate - a journey that will span into her teens. As she begins her Primary 1 chapter this year, I look back with gratitude. We are where we are today because of Al-Ahad's beautiful plans, and the love & support of those who carry us through.

Only a few days ago, we received news that my maternal aunt has been diagnosed with Stage 2 breast cancer. The announcement inevitably brought me back to the time of my late mother's Stage 4 ovarian cancer diagnosis.



Yet, seeing my aunt's composure when she shared the news was deeply moving; placing her complete tawakkul in Al-Ahad, the Only One who can grant true Shifa.

May we live the essence of Surah Al-Ikhlâs every day, turn to Al-Ahad for our every need & make His pleasure the ultimate compass for every action we take. May we find our true straight path in the uniqueness of Al-Ahad, Ameen!



الَّصَّمَدُ

The Eternal, Satisfier of Needs

by a Servant of Allah

When the chores are waiting
and my body is still healing,
I feel the weight
of what I cannot do.

Anxiety whispers,
"You are falling behind."

But I remember, Ya As-Samad,
You are with me in every slow step,
in every unfinished task.

I rely only on You for strength to return,
for patience to remain, for peace in this season.

If no one sees my effort, You see.
If no one praises, You are enough.

Let my service be for You.
Let my healing be from You.
Let my heart seek honor only with You.

القادر

The Capable, The Powerful

by Tri Retno indaryanti

As a woman who turned 30 this year, I found myself overthinking and doubting my dreams, especially about the things that have not yet happened in my life. I questioned my timing and my path. But upon deeper reflection, I realized: even though the past few years felt heavy and difficult, Allah has always helped me and brought light into my darkest moments. As I grow older, I realize more deeply that **I have never stood by my own strength. It has always been Allah who helped me.**

The Ayah, "Allah is the Best of Planners" ([8:30](#)) anchors me. I know that Allah is the best Planner, but during this Asmāul Ḥusnā journey, I learned that He has a beautiful Name that reflects this - Al-Qadīr, The Most Capable, The All-Powerful.

This feels so timely for me. When doubts whisper that my dreams may be too big or too late, remembering Al-Qadīr changes everything. What feels impossible to me is fully within His power. Al-Qadīr reminds me that my responsibility is to strive, to make du'ā, and to trust, while the results belong to Him - the One Who holds my future, Who is also Most Capable of bringing beauty out of every hardship.

المُتَدِيرُ

The Omnipotent

by Khadijah Jais

I am writing this reflection half-panicking and half-begging for Al-Muqtadir's Help to let only beneficial words flow smoothly. I wrote down the wrong reflection deadline in my planner and here I am one day late!

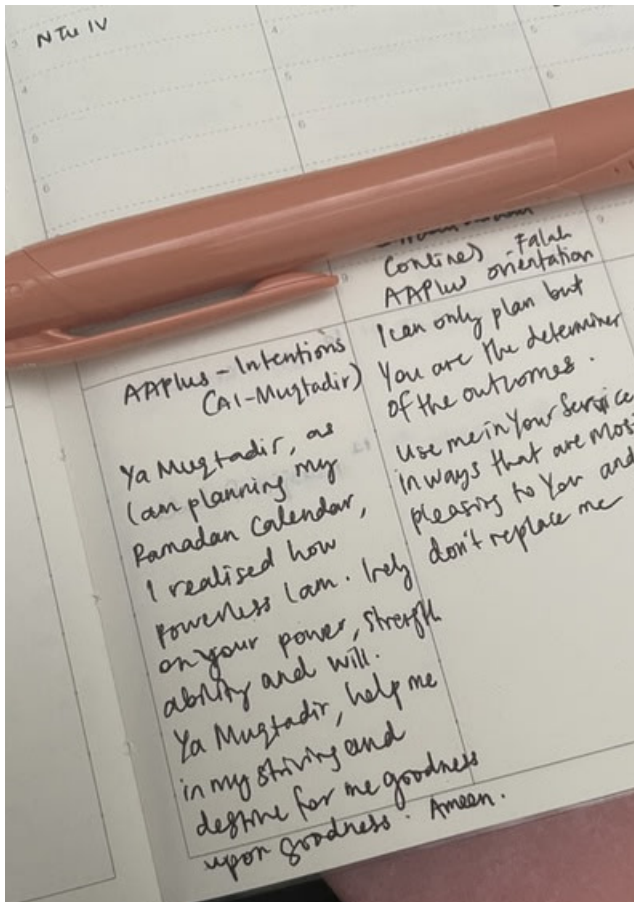
I am learning to live with Al-Muqtadir in real time.

When I was assigned this Name, my first thought was, "Oh, is this Name related to Laylatul Qadr?" We often hear that Laylatul Qadr is translated as the Night of Power and sometimes the Night of Decree.



Upon reading the meaning and scholars' explanation of the Name, I am in awe of Allah's immense power in decreeing His Will upon creations, with full wisdom and mercy. I wouldn't want things to go any other way and anyone else to take charge of my life. Laylatul Qadr is definitely a significant manifestation of Al-Muqtadir.

Ya Muqtadir, grant us the gift of witnessing, meeting and experience Laylatul Qadr this year and all the years to come.



I've been unemployed for close to a year due now. Naturally, I'd feel anxious. But, I am slowly seeing beautiful things unfolding in its own timing; All under the perfect Power of Al-Muqtadir, Who wills and determines only perfectly measured things for me.

Imagine getting to wear exclusive, tailored made clothes all-day long instead of mass-produced ones. That's how living with Al-Muqtadir feels to me.

My cherished friend, who's also a champ, shared with me a du'a she made and I have been borrowing it, "Ya Allah, You are my Employer. I work only for Your sake. Whatever You give, I take."

Out of a sudden, my planner is filling up this Ramadan. Opportunities to volunteer my time, talent, and energy for causes that I absolutely love flooded my way ❤️ It is as if doors of goodness are all opening at the same time. Actually, they are always wide open but my limited mind has deceived me to perceive only comfortable things as "good" and the rest as "not-so." ***Ya Rabb, help us all live with Al-Muqtadir all the time. Ameen.***

المُقَدِّمُ

The Expediter, He Who Brings Forward

by a Servant of Allah

I have been one who is always focused on Allah SWT's Delays, rather than His Power in expediting. Yet, there have been many instances in my life when Al-Muqaddim has shown His Power to expedite an affair or a blessing.

One such instance is the birth of my first child. I remember going for my 37th week appointment on my first day of maternity leave, feeling certain that my husband and I would enjoy a mini maternity photoshoot after the hospital visit, and we would have 1-2 weeks to prepare for our baby's arrival. Instead, Allah SWT willed for me to be warded on that same day for an induced labour due to low amniotic fluid. Truth be told, I was not at all prepared. I remember calling my mother, crying, because I had not prepared myself. I always thought I had time.

My son was delivered about 12 hours later, without me being induced (Alhamdulillah!). But that was the beginning of my worst fear - my newborn baby wasn't crying and was purple in colour.

I remember the midwife running out of the room, crying for help, followed by the emergency Code Blue announcement and the surge of medical staff coming into the room to assist my baby as he lay lifeless.

I may not be fully aware of the medical reasons that have led to that scary moment, but I can't help wondering, if my admission had been delayed any longer, would my son have survived? In hindsight, **Al-Muqaddim was advancing my labour because it IS time.**

I am forever grateful that He arranged for me to give birth earlier than my plan, even if it took me by surprise. After all, His Divine Plans and Timing are the most accurate.

I am convinced that many arrangements are being made behind the scenes by His Order, beyond my understanding, in preparation for this significant event to occur. And this is just me - a single servant of His.

What has Al-Muqaddim brought forward or expedited into your life that has made you feel grateful?



المؤخر

*The Delayer,
He Who Puts Far Away*

by Alyssa Sofea

The big revelation I have with this Name is the best form of delays are from Allah SWT.

I've had a tough childhood, and I had no choice but to mature very quickly. There were many moments in my life where I could not understand why plans did not go according to what I wanted or worked for, and in my darkest moments, I even "resented" Allah SWT for "not giving me what I wanted". But Allah is the Most Kind because even in my brattiest moments, He gently nudged me to return towards His path.



Now that I'm older and wiser, I can understand that the insecurity and anxiety I felt were rooted in my lack of trust in Allah SWT.

You'll learn to trust your Rabb when you make the effort of knowing who He is. Knowing that He is the One delaying everything brings me so much solace; day and night, we pray for the Hassanah in Dunya and Akhirat, but why can't we accept that there is good, even in the delays, given that the delays are from Him?



For a true believer, I think it's important to understand that Allah SWT also delays our punishment. I think of all the times I committed sins I'm not proud of, but Allah SWT never "sambar petir" to me (strike a lightning rod, it's a typical depiction of Allah's wrath in TV) the moment I procrastinate my prayers, my repentance, my good deeds.

Delays from Allah SWT have always been for our benefit; be it a delay in punishment for us believers so that we get a chance to make Tawbah and become better Mukmins, or as simple as delaying us ever so slightly that we are saved from a great tragedy.

I also think about the delayed answered Duas. As a Mukmin, we have to believe that Allah SWT is Al Mujib, He Answers all our Duas; just not in the way or timing that we expected it to be answered. I learnt that all the Duas that I cannot tangibly see are always being answered, they're just delayed to me, reserved for me in the hereafter, in my Eternal Abode.

الأول

The First

by Aniisa Zulkiflee



Let's be honest, I've been feeling behind in life lately. After graduation, it seems like a lot of my friends are moving ahead in life. Some are engaged, some are married, and some are even expecting a child. MashaAllah Tabrakallah.

With all these duas being answered around me, I am not gonna lie, I've been expecting miracles to happen to me too. But instead, I was given the gift of hardship, which really challenged me in ways I have never experienced before. But, Alhamdulillah, we have marched forth past that now inshaAllah.

It's hard not to think of life as a set of goals and milestones to achieve, especially with social media bombarding you with all the new and novel things, the must-haves and must-dos. It's hard not to feel left out and say, "God, me too".

But with this Name, I came to know that **Allah is the Origin of time, creation and existence itself. Allah is never too late, or too early; He is always just right on time.**

So even this period of mundane and “ordinary” moments is a miracle and gift from Allah too. Maybe after so many years of studying and hustling, Allah would like me to shift my attention and time to Him instead. Maybe my nervous system has been on full drive for so long, He wants me to rest first.

Maybe after being surrounded by so many people all my life, He wants me to be in solitude with Him now. Maybe this is a time to build that strong and deep connection with Him to weather the times ahead. **Maybe it's Him saying, Allah first.**

I used to love this saying, “This place where you are right now, God circled on a map for you”. I thought this quote was only applicable to times of hardships or victory, but now I know the full meaning is to embrace even the seasons of “sweet nothings”. Allah is perfect and precise, even in this particular moment when I’m writing this, and you are reading this, we are exactly where we should be.

A season of embracing the present moment, honouring the beauty of where I stand now, grateful for what has come to pass, and hopeful for what will be. A season of saying “Allah First”.

“You are the First (al-Awwal) and there is nothing before You; You are the Last (al-Ākhir) and there is nothing after You.”
(Sahih Muslim)

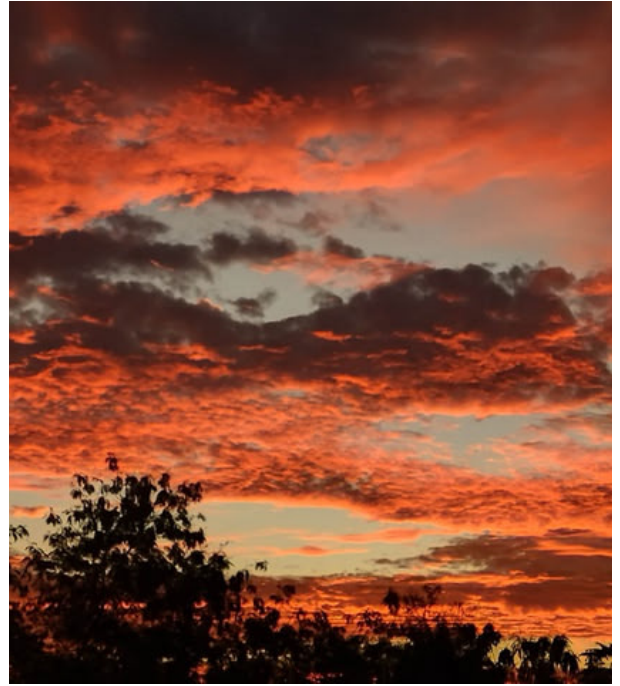


الآخر

The Last

by Uzma Naaz Khan

Allah, Al Aakhir. The One at the end of it all. The One Who will be our Last, who is our First, and has always been there through our journey, of this life and the next.



I am currently in a season of my life in which I have to really put efforts to control my Nafs, like really control it. I need to really think through stuff. Mind you, I have been sleepwalking for quite some time now because I am not able to handle the work pressure along with my bachelor's program. So I had stopped using my brain most of the time.

Now that it is Ramadan, I have the company of these blessed human beings at AA Plus, and well, taking small steps to reduce the overload. Learn to live better with it, learn to thrive in it. And the most important thing that helps me do that is through this reflection journey. Realising the presence of Allah SWT, that Allah, Al Aakhir, is always, always, always there. He is there at the end of the tunnel, no matter how hard one messes up. He is there with His Mercy. He SWT has taken upon Himself to be merciful to us, little creatures.

Honestly, I am feeling frustrated with myself as I start to notice how I did not and could not sit in peace to reflect. I couldn't even really connect with Allah's Name Al Aakhir, because I didn't get time to think through, (or more like, I can't really catch up with my own thoughts).

This frustration, I took to Solah, in front of Allah SWT, and I just kept asking Allah, Al Fattah, to open Al Aakhir for me. To let me realise the soundness of His attribute and connect with it. But I still couldn't grasp its sweetness.

Then came an epiphany out of this frustration, that I am focusing much on what I am not tasked with at the moment, that which is not really an obligation on me. I don't need to be so hard on myself and wreck my brain over its emptiness and at the same time its fullness. I am creating unnecessary pressure out of this. And I am over-focusing on the 'feels', when it is Al Aakhir that I should notice with every ending, big and small, that He SWT bestows upon me.

Whether the moment is sweet or not, I just know that He is Al Awwal, the first, and Al Aakhir, the last of me, InshaAllah!

PS: the image is the best nature's shot I have ever taken, it is sunrise at around 7AM from last February!

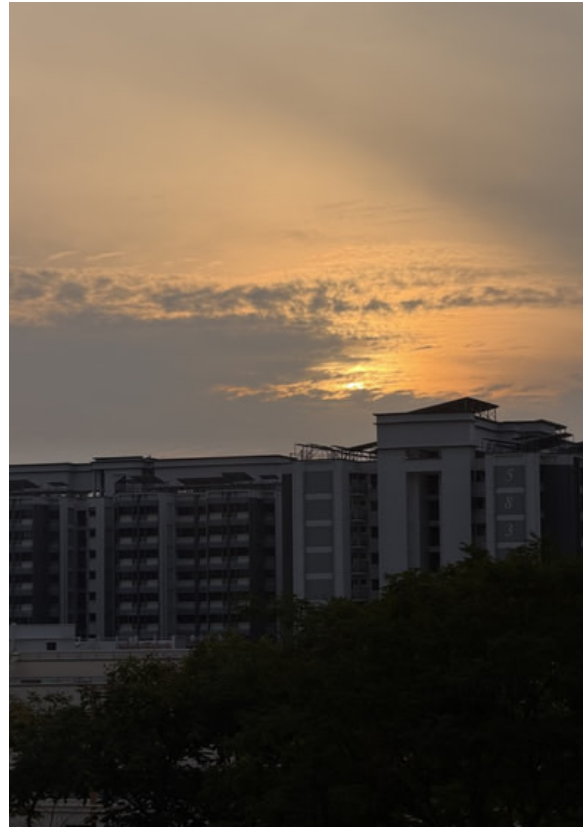


الظاهر

*The Manifest,
The All Victorious*

by Izzati Zain

Reflecting on Allah's Name, Az-Zahir, has reminded me that His signs are woven into the fabric of our existence.



When we practice *tafakkur* (contemplation) daily, His presence becomes undeniably clear - we see Az-Zahir in **every sunrise & sunset, the vastness of the night sky, the steady flow of rivers, the majestic mountains, the beauty of flowers & foliage and the intricate design of our human body**. Every creation in the Heavens and the Earth is an obvious sign of the Creator. Through *tafakkur*, we develop a heart full of gratitude for the countless blessings that Allah has gifted us.

Meanwhile, in times of hardship, we call upon Az-Zahir to grant us the clarity, wisdom and *sabr* to trust His perfect plans. In today's world, filled with constant distractions and noise, I find solace in taking intentional pauses reflecting on His presence. This grounding exercise helps me maintain a heart full of remembrance for Az-Zahir, in sha Allah. PS: *While on the way for morning drop-off today, I paused and stood in awe of the beautiful sunrise that Allah had graciously given me to witness. SubhanAllah!*

الباطن

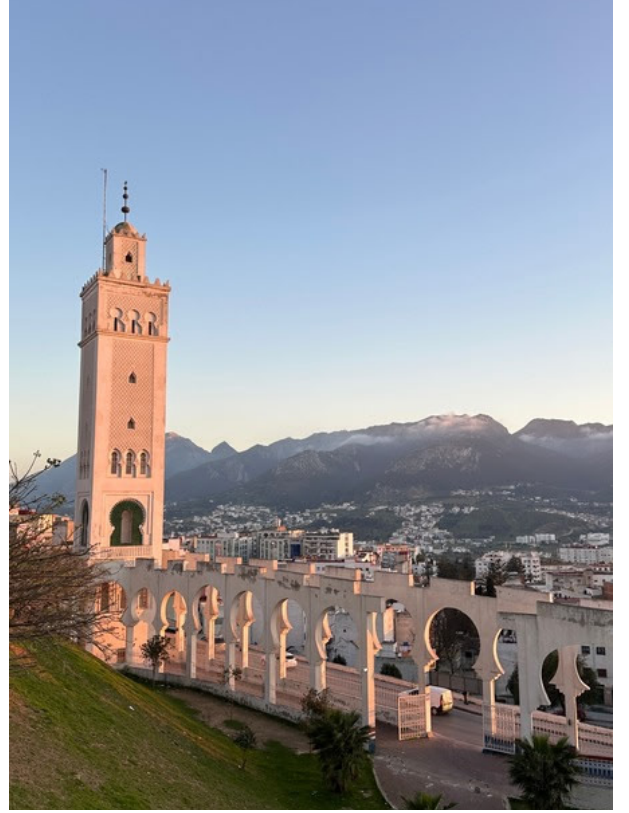
*The Hidden,
The All Encompassing*

by Nurul Mubarak

This week has reminded me
of the bittersweet nature of life
that people come and go,

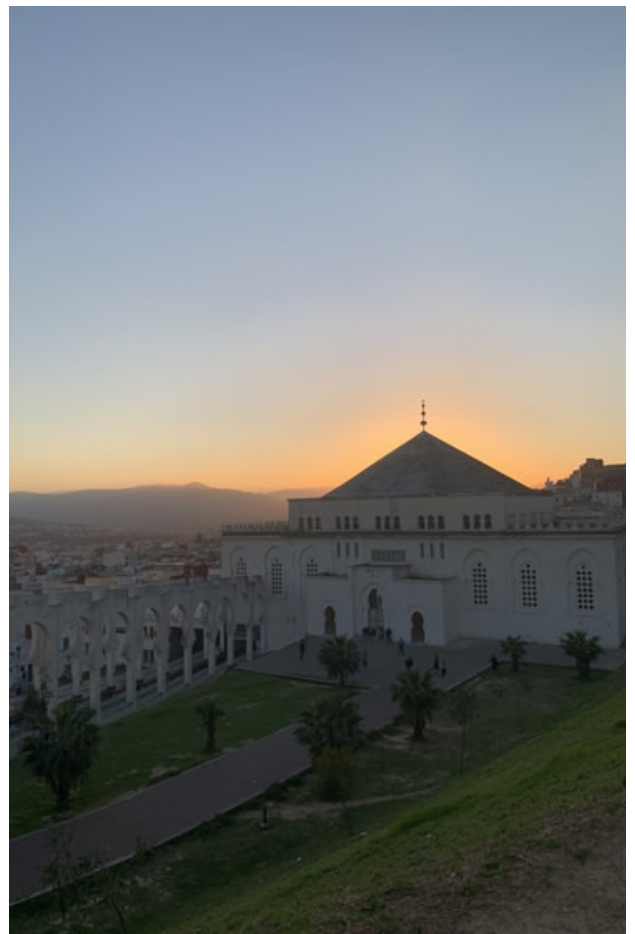
even those we once thought would always remain close to
us. It hurts when perceptions change, when
acknowledgment fades, or when you feel misunderstood.
Sometimes it feels like a quiet betrayal, even if no one
intended it that way.

When we face difficulties with people, our first instinct is
often to seek comfort from other people, to vent, to
explain, to be understood. But not every response we
receive is what we hoped for. Sometimes our words are
misinterpreted. Sometimes our vulnerability is met with
silence. And sometimes the comfort we seek does not
come in the form we expected.



In those moments, I am reminded that Allah is Al-Batin; the One who knows what is hidden. He knows the feelings I struggle to articulate, the worries I conceal, and the meanings behind my words, even when others misunderstand them. People may misinterpret what is expressed, but Allah understands what is concealed.

Perhaps not everyone is meant to understand us. Some matters are meant to return us to Allah, who understands without explanation. Being misunderstood can teach us to anchor our worth in Allah rather than in people's perceptions. This does not mean we stop valuing support from others, but it reminds us that ultimate comfort lies with the One who knows the unseen.



I believe all of us have a place of refuge, a moment where we feel, with certainty, that Allah is Near. Alhamdulillah, mine was in the masjid during Tarawih. As the Imam recited the words of Allah from the Qur'an, something within me softened. For a moment, I forgot the worries and distress I had been carrying. I felt seen, known, and at ease, without needing to explain myself to anyone.

In that stillness, I was reminded of a dua my friend often recites after prayer, a supplication from Imam al-Haddad:

اللَّهُمَّ أَخْرِجْ مِنْ قَلْبِي كُلَّ قَدَرٍ لِلدُّنْيَا، وَكُلَّ مَحَلٍّ لِلْخَلْقِ يَمِيلُ
بِي إِلَى مَعْصِيَتِكَ، أَوْ يَشْغَلُنِي عَنْ طَاعَتِكَ، أَوْ يَحُولُ بَيْنِي وَبَيْنَ
التَّحَقُّقِ بِمَعْرِفَتِكَ الْخَاصَّةِ وَمَحَبَّتِكَ الْخَالِصَةِ.

"O Allah, remove from my heart every attachment to this world, and every space given to creation that inclines me toward disobedience to You, distracts me from obedience to You, or prevents me from attaining true knowledge of You and sincere love for You."

That dua suddenly felt deeply personal. It was not about distancing from people, but about purifying the heart from unhealthy attachment to their validation, their approval, and their understanding.

Reflecting on Allah as Al-Batin brings a different kind of comfort. The comfort of being fully known. And perhaps that is the safest place for a heart to rest.



الوالي

*The Patron,
The Protecting Friend*

by Elyza Fazreen

Bismillahirrahmanirrahim.



When I was first given the Name Al-Waali, I was worried. I was not familiar with it, and I did not fully understand what it meant. I wondered how I could reflect on something I barely knew. But as I slowly began to learn and dive deeper into its meaning, Ma Shaa Allah, I felt something shift in my heart. The Name that once felt distant became warm, personal, and comforting.

Al-Waali means The Protecting Friend, The One Who manages and takes care of all of our affairs. As the only child living with my parents and working as a cook at a café, my days are often filled with responsibilities. At times, it feels overwhelming. I feel like I have always carried the weight of taking care of things at home, i.e. to be present, be responsible, and to be 'the strong one.' There are moments when I wish I could simply pause. And in those moments, I realize: I can call upon His Name. I can call upon Al-Waali.

Before this, I would rely heavily on people; my friends and my family. When I felt stressed, I expected them to understand. When I felt tired, I expected them to support me in the exact way I imagined.

But sometimes, things do not turn out the way I hoped. Disappointment would creep in. They say expectations can destroy relationships, and I learned this the hard way. I realised that when I depend completely on human beings, I am setting myself up for heartbreak.

Humans are limited. They forget. They misunderstand. They get tired. It was only when I **shifted my thoughts to Al-Waali** that my heart began to feel lighter.

I reminded myself that everything I do - like working long hours, helping at home, being patient - is actually for Him and only Him. When my actions become acts of worship, my expectations of people slowly disappear. I no longer needed recognition the same way. I no longer demanded perfection from imperfect beings. Instead, I entrusted my worries to Al-Waali, the One Who manages every affair perfectly.

At work, I often worry. I want to do my job well. I want to please customers. I want to maintain good relationships with colleagues. With friends, I struggle to be a good example without hurting anyone's feelings. At home, I feel the pressure of being a responsible and sometimes strict daughter, making sure my family is cared for while balancing my own needs.



These roles can feel heavy. But when I remember that I have Al-Waali, my perspective changes. The One who controls my Rizq is Him. The One who protects my relationships is Him. The One who truly takes care of my family is also Him.

Knowing that Al-Waali is Managing what I cannot see brings peace to my restless thoughts. He knows what is best for me even when I do not understand the situation. He Arranges outcomes beyond my expectations. He Protects me from my own self!

When I feel overwhelmed, I remind myself: I am not alone in carrying these responsibilities. I am supported by the One who never sleeps, never forgets, and never fails.

In conclusion, **what began as a Name I did not understand has now become a source of deep comfort in my life.** Reflecting on Al-Waali has taught me to let go of having unrealistic expectations from people and place my full trust in Allah.

It has reminded me that **I am not the ultimate caretaker of everything around me - He is.** And in that realization, I find peace. Whenever I feel overwhelmed between work, family, and friendships, I return to His Name. I whisper it. I hold onto it. And my heart feels safe again.



المُتَعَالِي

The Self Exalted

by Hadiza Marwa

Allah is above everything, literally and figuratively, in a way which befits Him. He is beyond human grasp, detection, imagination, and conceptualisation, and is much higher than our capacity for understanding and thinking. He subjugates and subdues everything, with all creation submitting to His will and decree.

I reach for this Name when I feel overwhelmed by people, systems, or circumstances that seem “big” in my eyes. When something feels intimidating - a difficult situation, an authority figure, an uncertain future - I remind myself that Allah SWT is Al-Muta‘ālī. Whatever appears powerful is still under the command of the One who is infinitely higher.

This Name Al-Muta‘ālī corrects my heart and pulls it upwards. It reminds me not to attach my hope, fear, or awe to creation, but to the One who is above it all. If He alone is truly exalted, then my role is to submit, to trust, and to lower myself before Him, and not before the fleeting things of this world.



البر

The Most Kind and Righteous

by Olivinia Qonita



I find it especially tricky to stay kind in the workplace. In life, I try to be genuine to people, but office politics often make me question people's motives. Moreover, nowadays, when we are more aware of toxic behavior (NPD, gaslighting, and so on), we become more selective about whom we show our kindness.

But when I think about it, some of the greatest kindnesses I have received also happened at work. Years ago, when I had no confidence in my abilities, a senior colleague reassured me. That simple conversation over breakfast may have meant nothing to him, but his words stayed with me. It gave me the confidence to keep going, and today I work in a similar role to his.

I want to live by the Name Al-Barr with that same intention. Not everyone has the right motives toward us, but we can always choose to be someone others are grateful for. Through a passing smile, a listening ear, or a simple reassurance. **Let us be the extension of Al-Barr in this world.**

التَّوَّابُ

The Ever Returning, Ever Relenting

by Julie Alibangbang

This is my first time truly reflecting on the Name At-Tawwab, and subhanAllah, the timing felt perfect! Recently, I came across a post explaining the meaning of the word *Tawbah*. All this time, I thought Tawbah simply meant us turning back to Allah and asking for His forgiveness. But as I read more in the book *Reflecting on the Names of Allah*, I learned something that deeply moved me: **Tawbah is not just about us turning to Allah. It is also about Allah turning to us. Allah calls us back. He invites us home.**

That invitation can come through a reminder from the Qur'an, a random WhatsApp message, an IG reel you 'accidentally' scroll into, a sudden realization of a sin, feelings of guilt, or even through hardships, sadness, fear, or emptiness. These may be signs that Allah is calling the believer to make a U-turn. SubhanAllah.

It feels like a warm hug. And I think that is such a beautiful mercy of At-Tawwab.



الْمُنْتَقِمُ

The Avenger

by Imane Aannaque

The first thing I woke up to was: Imane, a new Name has been assigned to you! With the excitement of a little girl who is about to unwrap a gift, I read the Name I got randomly: The Avenger! Saying I was taken aback is an understatement; it is an intimidating Name that I had to live by for the whole week to see what I could learn from it!

Coincidentally, it happened to be the week when so much happened on the international scene, with once again, imperialist countries claiming to bring peace and democracy, a poisoned gift delivered through bombs. With so much tyranny, there was my answer: Allah's Name, the Avenger, felt sooo comforting, and I smiled at the thought of it.

Subhanallah, a day earlier I was intimidated, now it all makes sense: Justice will prevail, sooner or later, and it is a relieving feeling to see that this won't go unpunished, Allah will avenge!

When I tried to look it up further, I realised there's a divergence in this Name for the simple reason that it's what we call اسم مقيد (restricted Name): it only appears with a condition in the Quran, always as an action rather than a trait or description.

What condition, you may ask? This Name is exclusive to those who wronged themselves. And to wrong yourself with Allah, you have to reaaaally want it : We aren't talking about a God who is carrying a stick and only waits for you to slip to avenge at the very first mistake. No, He is Merciful in such a way that even when he sees you steering away, He'd rather put you through trials in this Dunya so you can come back to Him. It is a treatment reserved to those who persist and aren't deterred. And that's a food for thought for me as well: when someone wrongs me, why do I sometimes feel entitled to seek revenge? **Am I not just a sinner hating on another sinner for sinning differently?** Whereas Allah gives chances over chances for repentance on way bigger matters.

May our heart never delect over revenge and have full trust that Allah will always make up for injustice, in this life and if not, in the Hereafter, and what a relief this is, Alhamdulillah!



العَفْوُ

*The Pardoner,
The Effacer of Sins*

by Izzah Zainuddin

Bismillahirrahmanirrahim.

Dear Allah,

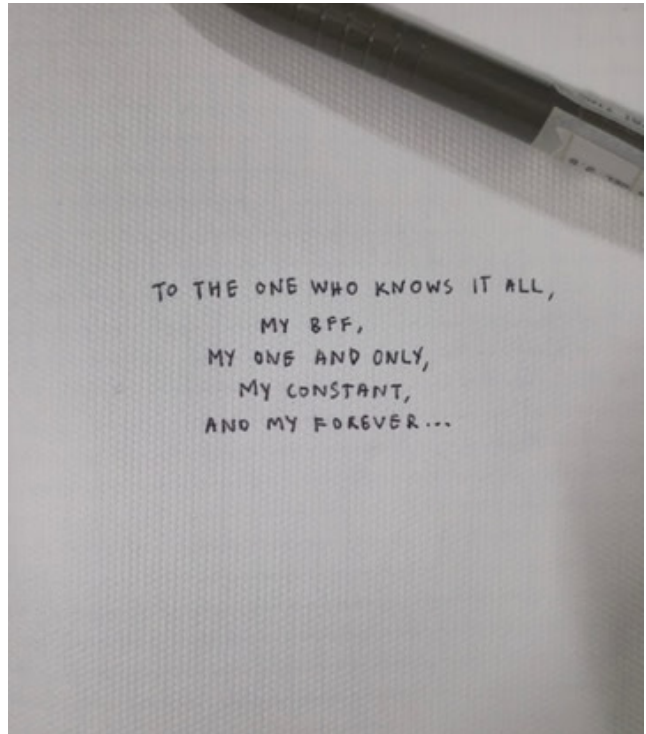
As part of Champs Reflections of Your Beautiful Names, I was assigned with Your Name Al-'Afuww. The first thing that came to my mind was the du'a that Rasulullah ﷺ taught Sayyidatina 'Aisyah RA,

اللَّهُمَّ إِنَّكَ عَفُوٌّ تُحِبُّ الْعَفْوَ فَاعْفُ عَنِّي

Ya Allah, You are the One Who Pardons, and You love to pardon, so pardon me. (Sunan Ibn Majah 3850)

It has become my daily du'a since the last few Ramadhan, but I have to admit there were times I recited it mindlessly, not fully internalising its meaning. This reflection period allows me to remind myself again of the profound meaning behind "The Pardoner".

When Al-'Afuww pardons, the sins are wiped off completely.



When Al-'Afuww pardons, there are no traces of sins left behind, even the angels forget about it. When Al-'Afuww pardons, we will be just like a newborn baby, starting over with a clean slate. There are a few places where عفو appears in the Quran. One that impacts me the most is in Surah Al-Baqarah, ayat 51-52.

وَإِذْ وَعَدْنَا مُوسَىٰ أَرْبَعِينَ لَيْلَةً ثُمَّ اتَّخَذْتُمُ الْعِجْلَ مِنْ بَعْدِهِ وَأَنْتُمْ ظَالِمُونَ
ثُمَّ عَفَوْنَا عَنْكُمْ مِنْ بَعْدِ ذَلِكَ لَعَلَّكُمْ تَشْكُرُونَ

And 'remember' when We appointed forty nights for Moses, then you worshipped the calf in his absence, acting wrongfully. Even then, We 'still' forgave you, so perhaps you would be grateful. (2:51-52)

Mentioned here is the greatest sin, the sin of shirk, of associating partners with You. And You Al-'Afuww, pardons even the greatest sin if we come to You and make tawbah sincerely.

This taught me not to let my sins hold me back from going back to You, it taught me not to underestimate the expanse of Your Mercy and Forgiveness. Learning about Your Name Al-'Afuww serves as a great reminder of how blessed I am to have You as my Rabb, and that I should never, ever, take You and Your boundless pardon for granted.



الرَّؤُوفُ

*The Compassionate,
The All Pitying*

by Faizatul Zuhra



For the past few days, I've been sitting with this one Name, and it has completely stopped me in my tracks: Ar-Ra'uf. I've seen it at the end of Ayats, but I realize now that I never truly sat with it. I just passed over it. But now? I can't stop thinking about it.

What a coincidence, when I got this Name, I remember having Sami Yusuf's 99 Names on my playlist, and every single time the nasheed reaches "Ar-Ra'uf," something in me just settles. I loved the sound of it before I even fully grasped the depth of it.

Ar-Ra'uf. The Tenderly Compassionate. The One whose mercy is not just vast but protective. **The kind that wraps around you before the cold even reaches you.** Scholars describe ra'fa as the highest, most intense form of mercy. Not the mercy that comes after the wound. It is the mercy that comes before. When we think about it, how protective, proactive, and incredibly gentle Allah is toward us. MasyaAllah, tabarakallah.



I think I've spent most of my life relating to Allah as the One who heals me after I fall apart. And He is absolutely, Al-Jabbar, the Mender of Hearts. But what if He has also been Ar-Ra'uf this entire time? The One quietly, constantly arranging my life so that I wouldn't have to fall apart in the first place?

Think of the "near misses" we never knew about. The delays that saved us from disasters. The closed doors that we cried over, not realizing they were actually shields. How many times was I saved from a burden that would have crushed my soul, simply because Ar-Ra'uf had "pity" on my weakness and diverted it?

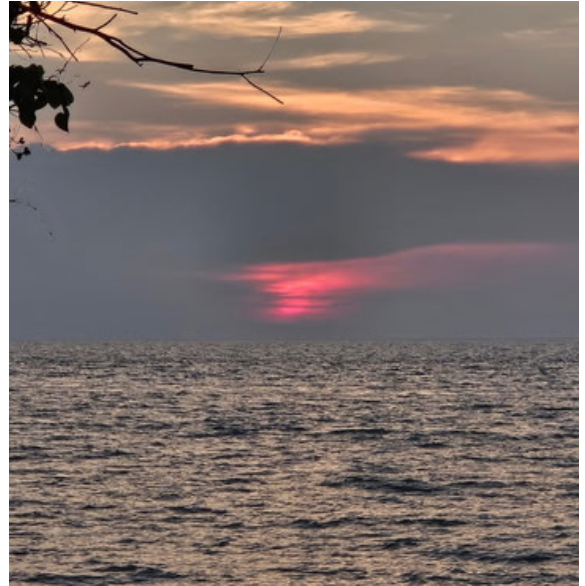
What Ar-Ra'uf is slowly teaching me is that closed doors are very often, protection. And the reason I can't always see that at the time is because protection, by its nature, shields you from something you haven't yet seen.



مَالِكُ الْمُلْكِ

*The Owner of
All Sovereignty*

by Puteri Norhaziqah



Researching on this Name is quite hard for me because the description is almost like Al-Malik, but more specific to the Possessor of Sovereignty.

This Name should humble us, especially when we *think* we have power, because our real Boss is Allah SWT! He Sees and Hears everything, even what is hidden in our hearts.

If we are under an unjust ruler, we should feel safe that, as Allah is our real King, they can't actually control and abuse us.

We see how "powerful" the first world countries are, and how their decisions can affect the whole world, especially Palestine, but who is actually higher than them without them realizing it?

The recent development in the Middle East, theories that World War 3 is coming, but remember, Who is the One Who has full control of Al-Mulk (the Kingdom)?

So we can take comfort and remain calm knowing that Allah is Malik-Al-Mulk. He Sees it all, because on the Day of Judgement, no other “leaders” can claim they are in power, only Allah SWT is in Power, and Allah SWT will judge them.

How Malik-Al-Mulk affected me personally was when I asked my boss for permission to transfer back to my hometown. I thought that it would go smoothly, however, my boss rejected my request because she doesn't see a valid reason for me to transfer out.

After that incident, I was mad, bitter and feeling that the rejection was unjustified. It got worse when the same boss made light of my transfer request in a formal ceremony. I felt so embarrassed, and my negative feelings intensified.

Then, with Allah's mercy, I get to learn about His Name Malik-Al-Mulk. Why was I so worried about this? Insha Allah, I tried my best, but if Allah has decreed that I don't have a chance to transfer out this year, so be it. **I believe in Allah's Plans for me.**

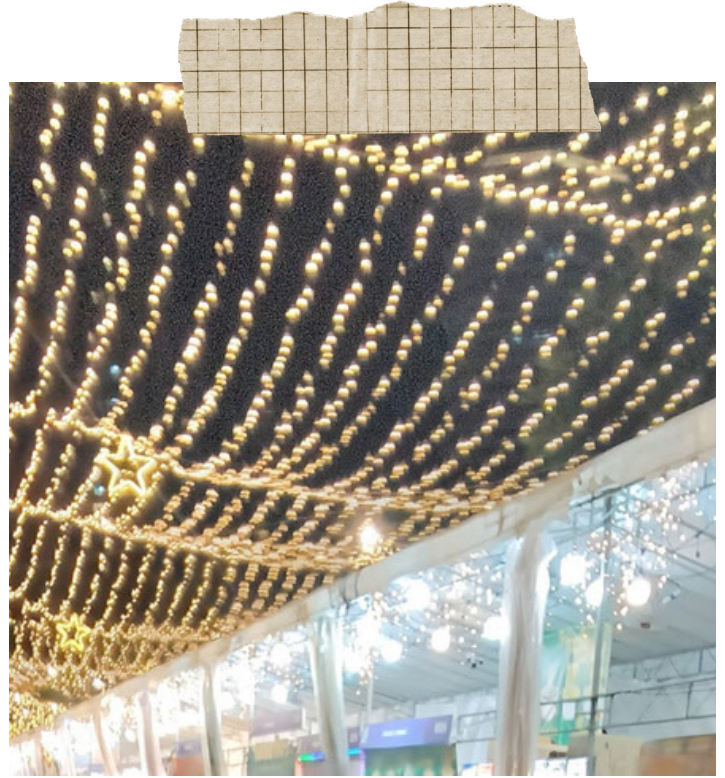
I took comfort in the fact that Malik-Al-Mulk is in Power, if it is good for me, Allah SWT will transfer me back to my hometown, no matter how my boss "blocked" it from me. Allah is the true Owner of me!



ذُو الْجَلَالِ وَالْإِكْرَامِ

*The Lord of Majesty
and Generosity*

by Mardhiah Mahmood



Where do I begin with this powerful Name? It is the only Name with two nouns in one. Al-Jalaal - the Possessor of Majesty, in which belongs all the grandeur and majesticness that you can think of; and Al-Ikram - the Owner and Source of Generosity; think generosity intensified!

Something happened in the past week for me to fully appreciate this glorious Name. My mum and me, along with my 4-year old daughter were on our way to the masjid for iftar, terawih and then *jalan-jalan* at the bazaar nearby.

We have to arrive early to "chop" (reserve) our seats at the masjid iftar area. Although we were on time, I was eager to get a seat while my mum seemed more relaxed. I was quite impatient with her and urged us to walk faster. Alhamdulillah we managed to have iftar followed by Maghrib prayers.

After praying, something happened to my spectacles. The screw on the left side went loose resulting the lens to detach from the frame. Ya Allah. Out of all days it has to happen today. I really dislike it when I have to walk around without hundred percent visibility. Spectacle wearers, you get me? Just when I was looking forward to walk and explore at the bazaar...

I kept my specs safely and made istighfar. Astaghfirullah, is this a gentle nudge for my impatience ya Allah? Indeed, as I reflected on my lack of sabr with my mum just now.

Truly, Allah is Al Jalaal the Possessor of Majesty. Something seemingly "small" like this is easy for Him to do, to teach me a lesson. *And He Who owns this world knows what hits you the most.*

At the same time, I tried to see from the lens of Allah Al-Ikram, through the lens of His Generosity. Yes my specs got a little faulty. However, I still have my eyesight Alhamdulillah. I could see the colours, textures, the beautiful light up all around the bazaar albeit a little blurry. I could hear the melodious Quran being recited by the Imam. Alhamdulillah upon Alhamdulillah.



Just being there at Masjid Sultan, being able to pray jemaah with my family in this blessed month of Ramadhan. While we were praying, a kind sister gave my daughter a pack of goodies. The food and drinks that we bought at the bazaar. My sister managed to join us after work; the blessing of family.

I could go on listing them. There were just so many things to be grateful for that made my faulty specs like a tiny bubble in the ocean of His bountiful blessings. Alhamdulillah!

Seeing the incident through the lens of Dhul Jalali Wal Ikram made me calm and introspective. It provided me a balanced view, **knowing that Al-Jalaal, the Possessor of Majesty is taking care of me at the same time that He is testing me.**

In the past, I would have focused on my blurred vision, however **calling upon this Name pushed me to focus on Allah's Ikram, intensified, overwhelming generosity.**

Ya Allah, make me among your constantly grateful ones.

تَبَرَّكَ اسْمُ رَبِّكَ ذِي الْجَلَالِ وَالْإِكْرَامِ

***Blessed is the Name of your Lord,
full of Majesty and Honour.***

Ar-Rahman (55:78)



المُقْسِطُ

The Equitable, The Requirer

by Rafidah Razak

Peeking into other people's lives through their Instagram reels sometimes has me thinking, "Wow, she has more than me" or "I wish I also had X". Yet, behind the scenes of these curated content are past, present and future trials that I don't know about. Allah is Al Muqsit which means He is Equitable. He is Fair when portioning rizq for all of us, in ways our limited minds cannot comprehend. He would never wrong us in what He has decreed for us, and also what He has decreed for the world.

So, instead of me whining about what I don't have, I should:

- Notice what Al Muqsit has blessed me with and appreciate them today (x 3000!)
- Reflect on how Al Muqsit has tested me and what I need to learn from the trials
- Take comfort that those who oppress others in this world and seemingly get away with it will not get away with it forever—inshaAllah Al Muqsit has something planned for them!

I say to my soul, stay in your own lane and don't obsess over other people's lives. No matter what happens, always choose to stay on Allah's path. ♥

الجامع

*The Gatherer,
The Unifier*

by a Servant of Allah



Al-Jaami', the One who gathers, assembles and arranges all that has been dispersed. As I sat with this Name, I thought about the times when working with students who do not attend school regularly that I caught myself wondering how will the family ever be able to manage their different needs and finally prioritise the attendance of the child in school. In some cases, it almost seemed impossible.

Then, over time, little by little, I witnessed how al-Jaami' brought everything together, made small changes and finally we had these same students attending school regularly and even excelling! Allahu Akbar. So now, when I see little hope and catch myself asking 'How will this ever get better?' I know now that al-Jaami' will piece it together and arrange it in the best way.

In my own personal life too, when I see my affairs scattered or when a conflict threatens to rupture a carefully nurtured relationship, I fear that things will never be the same again or wonder how will this be resolved. With time, in His Perfect time, I have witnessed al-Jaami' bring everything together and makes it even better than before. Allahu Akbar.

There were moments this week when I felt internally scattered. I was pulled between responsibility and desire for rest, between discipline and emotional hunger. Instead of trying to force control, I whispered: **Ya Jaami'. Gather me.**

I noticed something subtle. **When I called upon Al-Jaami', I felt less divided. Less split between roles and less fragmented between dunya and akhirah.** My counselling work felt like ibadah. My fatigue felt witnessed.

One evening, watching my children sit side by side — one reading, one colouring — I saw a small sign of this Name. Different personalities. One family. Gathered.

Al-Jaami' is not only the One who gathers people at the end. He gathers scattered hearts every day.

My takeaway:

I do not need to hold everything together.

I need to allow myself to be gathered by Al-Jaami'.

And perhaps the deepest reflection of all is that the One who gathers humanity will one day gather me back to Him. May that day be like Eid for me and for all of us, in sha Allah. Ameen.

Ya Jaami', gather what is good for me.

Gather our families in khayr.

Gather our intentions in sincerity.

Gather our hearts in Your remembrance.

Gather us with our beloved master and Prophet Muhammad Sallallaahu 'alayhi wasallam in the highest level of Jannah.

Ameen.



الغني

*The All Rich,
The Independent*

by Siti



Al-Ghaniy is often translated as "The Rich." However, Allah's Richness is limitless and never decreases. He is completely independent - needing nothing and no one to sustain His eternal abundance. Despite this absolute self-sufficiency, He remains the Most Generous Lord toward His servants. Therefore, beyond simply meaning "Rich," Al-Ghaniy can also be understood as "The Self-Sufficient" or "The Independent."

I grew up holding on to one belief - that I only had myself. When I was happy, I celebrated it on my own. When I was sad, I soothed myself on my own. I always worked hard to achieve what I wanted because I believed that effort never betrays. I once took pride in not relying on others. I believed my strength lay in my refusal to yield easily. Yet before Al-Ghaniy, I am but a destitute soul - utterly in need of the mercy and grace bestowed by Allah SWT.

I rarely ask Allah SWT for something specific that I desire. My supplications are often broad and open. Even if I pursue knowledge in Shariah, or if I am a memoriser of the Qur'an, all of it holds little meaning if my heart remains distant from Allah SWT.

For that reason, the meaning of Al-Ghaniy as The Independent touches my heart more deeply than the notion of The Most Rich, for in truth, I am utterly incapable of standing on my own without Him.

Therefore, my first intention is to place my trust and reliance upon Allah alone - never upon His creations, not even upon my own self.

Though outwardly I may appear self-reliant, my heart is easily moved by the kindness of others. Slowly, I find myself becoming emotionally attached, until I am willing to sacrifice more than I should for certain individuals.

Yet, who is truly the Most Benevolent to me, if not Allah SWT? Without Al-Ghaniy, I possess nothing - not even my own life. Without Al-Ghaniy, I am incapable of anything, not even the simple act of moving my fingers to type this reflection.

In this awareness, I begin to pray with sincerity and honesty - something I learned in AA Plus - that He guide me to rely upon Him alone, and to yearn and long for none but Him.

Because Allah SWT shows kindness to His servants, I too wish to show kindness to all of His creatures, for the Prophet ﷺ once said: "He who does not show mercy will not be shown mercy." Yet, at times, I catch myself hoping for even the smallest token of appreciation from them. Kindness that should be unconditional turns into a transaction.

As someone who values perfection, I often find myself despising my own mistakes or noticing my shortcomings. Lately, I have been reminded of something I read - in Love Letter or Closer - that repeating istighfar three times is like giving oneself a fresh start, realigning the compass of a heart that has gone astray. I also realize that Allah SWT does not despise His servants when they sin, so long as they repent and return to Him - unlike humans. I am reminded, too, that Allah SWT always gazes upon the goodness within a person, even if they carry a million flaws and weaknesses, unlike humans who focus on a single flaw and overlook countless virtues.

Can We Start Again - that is the title of the book I am currently reading, and also a phrase I often whisper to myself: ***We can start again, Siti.***

المُعْزِي

*The Enricher,
The Emancipator*

by Qudsiyah Tassim



بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

When I was given this Name to reflect on, it felt like a warm hug – a wave of nostalgia rushed through me. When we speak about wanting to be rich, we often equate it with wealth. Truthfully, don't we all wish for that from a young age? We were conditioned to believe that to obtain what we want, we must work hard, secure good-paying jobs, and earn enough to afford these desires. But here we are in 2026. Those childhood items are long gone. We grew up. Our wishlist evolved. The toys were replaced with bigger, more expensive desires – all the material things that symbolize being "rich." Yet the pattern remains the same: once we check one item off, another appears. We are never truly satisfied. The lures of this dunya are continuous, constantly reshaping what we think we need **أَسْتَغْفِرُ اللَّهَ**.

And yet, despite how our desires evolve, He remains constant.

Looking back, I realize that even in my striving, completing my education, learning, unlearning, and relearning who I am, even in moments of seeking validation and believing I needed more from this dunya, He was already enriching me. In His perfect Timing, He was weaving and unfolding the purpose of my existence. He was protecting me from things I thought I needed and believed mattered most. He enriched me with family and friends who reflect His beauty through their character and lived experiences. He enriched me with education that allows me to work in helping others navigate their hardships through His Guidance and Wisdom. What I once saw as personal ambition was, in reality, His quiet provision.

This Ramadan, I find myself grasping what I am learning with an ease I cannot claim as my own. As I set the intention to understand the meanings and stories told in the Qur'an, even internalizing just one of His Names allowed me to connect deeply with the podcasts, videos, readings, and sharing sessions I engaged in.

That, too, is Him enriching me – not with wealth, but with understanding. Imagine if I were to reflect deeply on each of His beautiful Names, how vast and expansive this beautiful religion would then unfold before me. The more I learn, the more I realize how little I truly know.

Perhaps that is the real transformation: **from chasing richness in possessions to recognizing richness in proximity to Him.**

Even when things do not make sense, He will eventually show me why they had to unfold the way He has written them. My role is simply to strive and to trust. There is no need to rush – He is the Divine Planner. Whenever I intentionally slow myself down for His sake, I feel at ease. In that slowing down, I realize: I do not need more of this dunya. I only need Him.

As I conclude this reflection, my deepest yearning is this: that Allah SWT continuously enriches me with knowledge of Islam, for I believe this is the truest form of contentment in this dunya. And most importantly, that He enriches me with His endless Mercy for all my past, present, and future shortcomings. Because in the end, to be enriched by Him is the only wealth that never diminishes.



الْمَانِعُ

The Withholder, The Shielder, The Defender

by a Servant of Allah

When I first saw the Name *Al-Maani'*, I felt a sense of curiosity and wonder, as it is not a Name that frequently surfaces in my life, nor one I instinctively turn to in du'a. Naturally, I did some research and I was intrigued to learn that while the Name is not explicitly mentioned in the Qur'an, scholars describe it as highlighting Allah as the Ultimate Protector, for He prevents harm, shields His servants, and withholds what is not meant to reach us.

And so I thought to myself: How timely that Ramadan is here as I sit with the Name *Al-Maani'*, a month that teaches us to withhold, to restrain our nafs, and to trust that discipline itself is a form of mercy.

As I reflect on how *Al-Maani'* unfolds in my own life, I realise that...

***Al-Maani'* is with me at every red light when I am rushing,** knowing He might be holding me back from a danger I cannot yet see.

Al-Maani' is with me as I call out to Him for protection against my spiraling thoughts, knowing that He has the power to prevent my thoughts from consuming me and keep me from feeling anxious.

Al-Maani' is with me as I weep over another job rejection, knowing that He is probably withholding a position that might have compromised my deen, and preserving me for what is better.

Al-Maani' is with me as I see others succeed, protecting me from envy and helping me trust that there's something better for me, even if it hasn't arrived yet.

Al-Maani' is the strength that holds my tongue from gossip, protecting my character and the honour of those not present.

Al-Maani' is with me as I pray to Him to remove distractions in my daily life, guarding my nafs so I can remain steadfast in worship.

Al-Maani' is even with me at any Ramadan bazaar, especially when I have to stop myself from buying more than I need (guilty), knowing it is Al-Maani' guiding my hand and protecting me from being wasteful.

Through these reflections, I have realised that when Al-Maani' withholds, it is not a denial, but a profound form of protection rooted in His infinite wisdom.

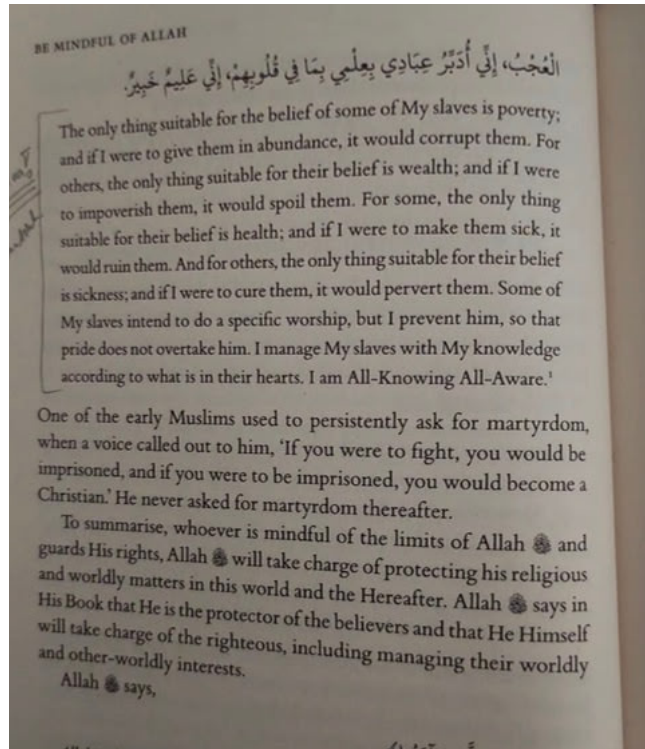
I think, in some way, I have always known that Al-Maani' is present in moments of frustration and challenge. But taking the time to ponder this Name has helped me carry that awareness more consciously in my day-to-day life. This realisation has strengthened my tawakkul and I find myself anchoring my heart more firmly in the trust that His plans for me are far better than my own.



الضَّارُّ

*The Distressor,
The Harmer*

by Nadia RQM



I did not expect to get this Name. **I wanted something light, happy, positive, and breezy.** I knew exactly what to write, and I could imagine my reflections already. Then I opened my email: Ad-Dharr.

I did not want Ad-Dharr because I wanted to share success stories and uplift and inspire others. But I realised that in Ad-Dharr I could also do the same.

I went through the 3 Ds: Domestic Abuse, Divorce, and Depression. Coincidentally, Dharr - also starts with a D.

I was resistant to Ad-Dharr because I have been trying to get out of harm, distress, and adversity all my life, but I failed to see that **it only means Allah SWT is near me throughout, and how only through hardships has my relationship with Allah SWT strengthened.**

How do I begin? **My journey to rediscovering Allah SWT began with the question, 'Why me?'** And it was in the midst of a bad marriage. And by bad, I meant the whole package: drugs, adultery, domestic abuse.

I went back and forth: between telling myself this was my test and feeling angry, wondering why I had to be in this place. I sought solace in stories of Asiyah RA (Firaun's wife) and other battered women in Islamic history (if they could handle it, so could I).

Most days it worked. But some days it was hard, especially when it involved kids. Also, when I realised that it had gotten into my heart, I started to rage and see the inside, filled with ugly thoughts. It was then I knew I needed help, the spiritual kind. Because I have done the counseling, I have done the couples therapy, I have done the CBT, and whatnot.

So I started to immerse myself in a sisters-only circle, with the sole purpose of safeguarding my emotional health. I rediscovered the power of Du'a, to really rely on it and believe that it will work, with Allah's WILL.



And I remembered making this Du'a over and over every week, month, and year: **"Oh Allah SWT, I truly want to be the most righteous wife to her husband and receive your Jannah, so if it's not meant to be for me in this marriage, I ask of you to let divorce be the best option."** I repeated it relentlessly every Ramadhan, until in 2020, Allah granted my wish.

It's funny, come to think about it. I am now in a loving marriage, and I realized that Allah SWT has answered my Du'a of wanting to be the most righteous wife to my current husband, which is a challenge and a quest I am striving to score. I foolishly thought that that's it, my life is all good.

But life is not just a marriage. It consists of other relationships, with kids, at work, with health, and with the others around you, and they sometimes do not go according to plan. I previously struggled to relate to Ad-Dharr when I was going through difficult times, but now I understand better.

Now, when things go spiralling out of control, and I start to despair, I can call out to Ad-Dharr with fondness and not fear. Others might find this outlook bleak, but **I find it comforting to know that Dunia is not always meant to be super awesome; Jannah is.**

It's like everything else you have to work for in life - the end goal IS the goal. If others are dancing through life with their blessings, be happy for them.

You are here. This is what Allah SWT has decreed for you. **Use your pain and hardship as a means of never forgetting Allah SWT**, because we are constantly calling out for His Mercy and His Rahmah to help tide us through.

At my lowest of lows, I do catch myself about to question 'Why?' **But now I can tell myself - because He is Ad-Dharr, and because why not you?**

Have I not, once when things were going well, gotten scared that I was forgetting Allah SWT? Perhaps this is His way to make me closer to him.

I have always enjoyed the victory when I felt that I worked hard for it. So I might as well toil and endure now, and rest in sha Allah in Jannah.

I don't trust things that come too easily anyway.

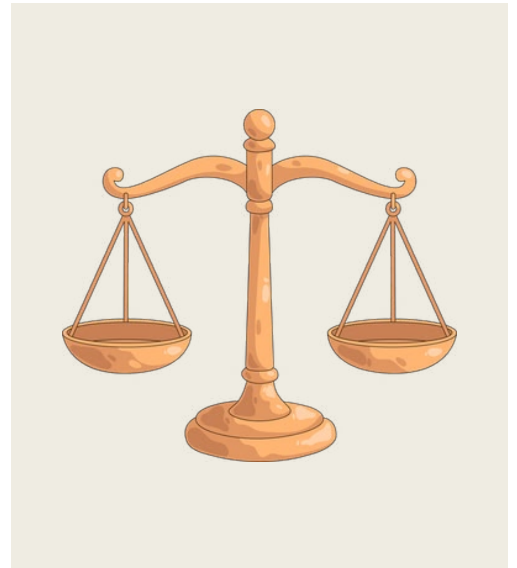
And ***Jannah does not come easy.***



النَّافِعُ

The Propitious, The Benefactor

by Iffah Sakinah



وَعَسَىٰ أَنْ تَكْرَهُوا شَيْئًا وَهُوَ خَيْرٌ لَّكُمْ وَعَسَىٰ أَنْ تُحِبُّوا
شَيْئًا وَهُوَ شَرٌّ لَّكُمْ وَاللَّهُ يَعْلَمُ وَأَنْتُمْ لَا تَعْلَمُونَ

"Perhaps you dislike something while it is good for you, and perhaps you love something while it is bad for you. Allah knows and you do not know". (2:216)

The Messenger of Allah ﷺ said: "How wonderful is the affair of the believer! Indeed, all of his affairs are good for him, and that is not the case for anyone except the believer. If something good happens to him, he is grateful and that is good for him. If hardship happens to him, he is patient and that is good for him." (Sahih Muslim 2999)

Being human, I sometimes fall into the trap of making very specific doas —asking Allah for help while already having a clear picture in my mind of what that goodness should look like—and then feeling crestfallen when life does not unfold the way I had hoped, but instead according to what Allah wills.

Over time, after listening to many Islamic reminders about trusting Allah's timing and decree, and becoming more and more acquainted with beautiful Quranic verses and prophetic reminders (such as the ones in the previous page), did my mindset slowly began to change. I started to realise that my own perception of what is good may not necessarily be what is truly good for me.

What also reinforces this, is the sweetness of growing older and being able to look back in hindsight. Again and again I realised that Allah was always helping me. In the moment I could not see it, but later on I always felt just how loved and protected I had been. So I remind myself often that my Lord is An-Naafi', the Bestower of goodness. If I cannot see how it is helping me now, I trust that I will come to understand it later on. How wonderful is the affair of the believer, indeed, Alhamdulillah!

هَلْ جَزَاءُ الْإِحْسَانِ إِلَّا الْإِحْسَانُ

Is there any reward for good other than good? (55:60)

I truly love and adore this verse. It gives me great comfort and reassurance from my Lord that every act of goodness — no matter how small — is seen and appreciated by Him. The thought that every good deed is rewarded makes me feel so happy, and suddenly, each act of goodness feels lighter and easier to do. My Lord is truly Merciful and An-Naafi', the One who grants goodness and benefit. It fills my heart with gratitude towards Him. Alhamdulillah :)

رَبِّ إِنِّي لِمَا أَنْزَلْتَ إِلَيَّ مِنْ خَيْرٍ فَقِيرٌ

*My Lord, I am truly in need of whatever good
You send down to me (28:24)*

اللَّهُمَّ إِنِّي أَسْأَلُكَ عِلْمًا نَافِعًا، وَرِزْقًا طَيِّبًا، وَعَمَلًا مُتَقَبَّلًا

*O Allah, I ask you for beneficial knowledge, goodly provision
and deeds that will be accepted (Sunan Ibn Majah 925)*

رَبَّنَا آتِنَا فِي الدُّنْيَا حَسَنَةً وَفِي
الْآخِرَةِ حَسَنَةً وَقِنَا عَذَابَ النَّارِ

*"Our Lord, grant us goodness in this world and
goodness in the Hereafter, and protect us from the
punishment of the Fire." (2:201)*

Sometimes we feel inspired to ask Allah for goodness, but we may not always know what form that goodness should take or what exactly to ask from our Lord, An-Naafi'. Prophetic duas (as above) teach us the kinds of goodness that truly matter and what we should strive for. Alhamdulillah for this guidance!



النُّور

The Light, The Illuminator

by Umm Duhaa

As I was reading about this beautiful Name of Allah, one thought kept repeating in my mind: I want this to be one of the first Names I'd introduce to my daughter, and I need to figure out how. I kept calling upon An-Noor to guide me, and grant me the right words.

This truly opened up a whole new excitement in me, and I pray Allah allows me to (re)learn about all things Islam through her eyes, and share beneficial knowledge with her in a way that both sparks her interest and is pleasing to Allah.

*If my daughter asks me about Allah's Noor,
I'd tell her that it comes in more forms than one;
Sometimes gentle like the moon,
sometimes bright like the sun
It illuminates the dark, like stars and a lamp
It's blazing and warm like a fire lit at camp
It's constant like a streetlight,
always there even when we stray
It's empowering like a flashlight,
letting us lead while still showing the way*

If my daughter asks me about Allah's Noor,
I'd ask her to close her eyes and imagine
Her dreams and goals that fill her with excitement
It's the light bulb she gets when she devises a plan
It's everything she learns that she can understand
It's the questions, answers and advice that she gets
Everything's inspired by Allah, sparked in our heads

If my daughter asks me about Allah's Noor,
I'd tell her when she's a little bit older
I'd teach her the Quran and the dua of noor,
to read when there's a burden on her shoulder
I'd wake her up for tahajjud,
let it lighten and protect our days
I'd recite Al Mulk with her every night
and pray it brightens our graves
I'd teach her how to pray istikharah
to make her thoughts and questions become clear
I'd teach her a special prayer in the morning,
the one she was named after

If my daughter asks me about Allah's Noor,
I'd say it's something I'll always pray for her
For Allah to guide her,
and make good and bad become clear
For Him to make her thoughts, speech,
actions and limbs exude light
For His Noor to fill her home, her grave and her heart
And if she lives her life holding onto Him tight
and constantly seeking His Light
InshaAllah, I know I must've done something right

الهادي

The Guide

by Anisza Nazar



They say women can't read maps, but I've always found a strange sort of peace in a bird's-eye view. I'm the one friends hand the phone to when the GPS gets glitchy; I can see the grid, anticipate the turns, and find the shortcut before the rerouting voice even finishes its sentence. There's a sense of control in knowing exactly where I am on a 2D plane. But life, I've realized, isn't a 2D map. There are internal valleys and spiritual fog that no topographical chart can account for. As much as I pride myself on my sense of direction, there have been moments where my own "internal compass" spun aimlessly, leaving me standing at a crossroads of the heart where no physical map could help.

It's in those moments of internal "searching for signal" calling the Name Al-Haadi. Even with my talent for navigation, I've learned that I am still a traveler in need of a Creator's coordinates. While a GPS relies on satellites orbiting thousands of miles away, Al-Haadi is closer to me than my jugular vein.

Al-Haadi is my God Positioning System. He provides a guidance that is proactive—a divine "pre-trip" check that prepares my soul for the bumps ahead. When my human confidence in "knowing the way" falters, His guidance through the Quran acts as the ultimate software update, ensuring my heart's map is aligned with the truth, even when the worldly terrain looks unrecognizable.

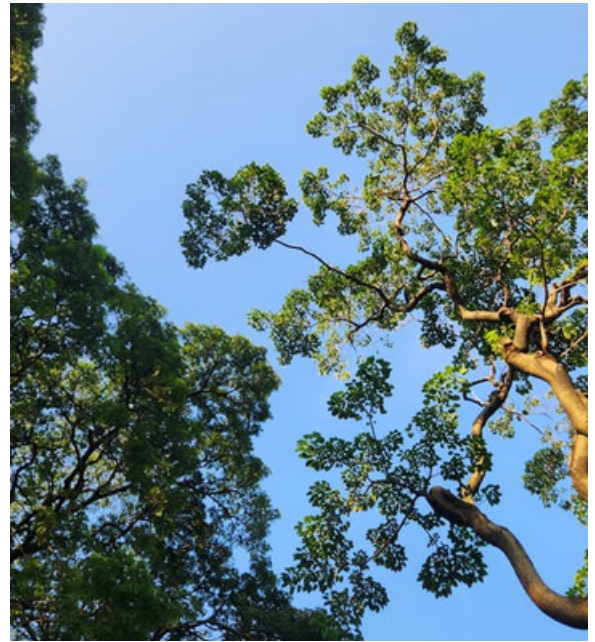
Even the best navigators take a wrong turn sometimes. In my own life, I've occasionally ignored the "voice" of my conscience, thinking I knew a better way, only to find myself in a spiritual dead-end. What's beautiful about Al-Haadi is that He doesn't let me stay lost. He is the Master of the "Recalculation." He doesn't shame me for the detour; He simply opens a new path of Tawbah (repentance) that leads me back to Him. It's a profound mercy to realize that even when I mess up the directions I was so sure of, He is already mapping out my return journey, ensuring I don't lose my way entirely.

Being "good with maps" usually means wanting to be in control, but reflecting on Al-Haadi has taught me the beauty of Tawakkul (reliance). I've started to trade my need to see the entire route for a trust in the One who designed the road. Now, when I pray "Ihdinas-Siratal-Mustaqim," I'm acknowledging that while I can read a map, only He can lead the soul. **My skill at navigation is a gift from Him, but my safety is entirely in His hands.** I've stopped worrying about the destination and started focusing on the Guide, knowing that with Al-Haadi at the helm, every turn - even the unexpected ones - is leading me exactly where I need to be.

الْبَدِيعُ

*The Incomparable,
The Originator*

by Fadhila Nur Latifah



When I got the e-mail from the AAplus team, I realised how familiar yet unfamiliar I am with the Name Al-Badi'. I originally thought the Name was mentioned in Surah Al-Buruj, but upon further investigation, Allah SWT used another Name of His, Al-Mubdi'. That was when the unfamiliarity hit me. Humbled by my ignorance, I started my journey with Al-Badi'.

The learning journey

The word (ب د ع) refers to creative innovations, creating something with absolutely no precedent before. Al-Badi' highlights His absolute creative power, unmatched by anyone or anything. **He creates from nothingness, with no ingredients, when nothing was there, it's the creation ex-nihilo.**

The Reflection Journey

I started thinking about His creations and His creative power further. One evening, I unboxed a delivery package of something I had been waiting for. A piece of technology that was created to ease our day-to-day activities.

Upon reading the user manual and scrutinizing its features, I realised the stark difference of The Original Inventor to human inventors. He created everything in harmonious balance. We know how water has continuous cycles, carbon changes form, energy flows through ecosystems, everything is perfect to layers that human beings are still learning to understand. MashaAllah. Meanwhile, although humans invent new technologies endlessly, our inventions are limited and imperfect.

On another evening, my reflection journey brought me to a nearby park I frequent to. I went with the intention to take a moment closer to His creations. The blue sky showed no sign of a recent downpour. The sunray shines through leaves and branches, perfectly accentuating the different shades of green while casting shadows on the grass.

Zooming into the therapeutic scenes and surrounding, I could not help but think, how amazing it is that every single plants, animals, humans is uniquely different.

Finally, on the last day of the reflection, another realisation hits me. I hadn't had the chance to really think about why Allah chose this particular Name of His for me to reflect.

Until I struggled the whole day to solve things at work.

Dealing with a human system, I actually have all the precedents from successful and unsuccessful organizations alike in the world to learn from.

Yet I still find it hard to keep up with current innovations, to apply something new for the benefit of the organization, and to manage changes.

Hence, by learning the Name Al-Badi', **I realised that my shortcoming is very human, and it's okay to struggle hard.** In Allah we shall rely to find solutions, unique solutions that fit the situation, and solve the problems we face.



الْباقِي

The Ever-Surviving, The Everlasting

by Imes Pramesti



It is such a relief to realise that my ultimate Goal is Al-Baqi. When your Goal is something that isn't fleeting, you can't go wrong by aiming for His Redha.

Back in university, I was told that my entire academic pursuit was just a means to find a 'perfect' job. I was taught to analyse market demands and mold my skills to fit them. I found this exhausting because the job market is a moving target—constantly changing, requiring me to constantly research and 'fit in.' In the middle of that chase, I often felt like I had chosen the wrong field. One day tech is in demand, the next it's accounting, and the cycle never ends.

Now, reflecting on Al-Baqi, I see that I should have removed both 'self-interest' and 'the approval of the world' from the equation. My academic journey should be for Allah; He is unaffected by time, let alone trends. By focusing on His redha, I can be calm. I know this journey cannot be 'wrong' because wherever I end up, He will be there. He is Al-Baqi—the One who is constant, who remains, and who is forever.

الوارث

The Heir, The Inheritor of All

by Noor Aqilah

Al-Waarith is not the Name that I usually reach out to or most familiar with. When I was learning on al-Waarith, this quote hits me: "If a father passes away, the children will inherit his land. But what happens if everyone in the world passes away? Who would inherit everything? Allah would. Because He is al-Waarith. Every single land, every single treasure."

Conceptually I always know what I have now is borrowed. One day I will leave this world and none of my belongings will be with me. Unfortunately I am also very much involved with a lot of conversation about money. How do I make more money? How do I track my expenses to know where my money goes - so I can see what I did wrong and...save more money? Human (me) and the worry they (I, myself) constantly have with their money is not what al-Waarith would be happy with.

I recently moved to a smaller place and embarrassingly reporting to you that I can't fit all of my stuff at the new place.

It makes me ponder, one day I will be moving to my eternal home and none of my belongings will fit, in fact they will all be left behind! All my purchases because I thought I need a new headscarf for Eid, I need a new prayerwear for Ramadan and I need a new journal to write this reflection. But when I look closer, (in my drawer) I already have enough headscarves, prayerwears and journals that are very much still in good conditions. My purchases were mostly to satisfy the void in me, to have instant gratification and to feel the excitement of waiting for my parcels to arrive. I did not fill my void with the right thing, to the rightful owner of my heart. It is still a struggle and I make dua to Al-Waarith to always guide me, in giving haq to the money I spend. To avoid FOMO and over consuming materials that are not beneficial for me and my inheritors. For these materials to stand with me, not against me on the day of judgement. For all of them are being used in His path, not in excess, and not in a way that is harmful to me.

And Alhamdulillah, the best inheritance that Allah allows me to taste is the sweetness of this Deen, of Islam. What a blessing it is to inherit the dua of the generations before me, to be mentioned in the dua of the prophet SAW as his ummah. Maybe the food I had today was from the dua that was made by my great grandparents. The prayer I performed today was from the dua that was made by my ancestors. The knowledge that our teachers teach us, inherited from many layers/ sanat all the way to the prophet SAW. May we continue to make dua for our descendants and share the knowledge that we have with the future generations. Amin.

الرَّشِيدُ

*The Guide, Infallible
Teacher and Knower*

by Aliah Mazli

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

In the Name of Allah - the Most Compassionate,
Most Merciful.



I am blessed to be given the Name of Ar-Rasheed to reflect upon for a week. I didn't know what to do in the first place, so on days that were chaotic with meal prep, kids' scheduling, never-ending house cleaning, and surprised events for a mother of 3 to be handling, all I could do was sit in silence and observe everything around me with an open heart. I prayed to Allah to heighten my senses so that I can ponder and reflect upon them at my own pace. I felt like I couldn't squeeze in time to write some of my thoughts on paper, but Allah Ar-Rasheed guided me through and through and has allowed me to slow down because guidance comes in a moment and at the right time, right? I believe so, too.

For the past week, I have been crying silently because, at times, there were screens upon screens, like a movie passing by me, showing tough-nuts-to-crack and walks-in-the-park moments that I have been through for almost 3 decades. Were they signs?

I hugged them tight, appreciated, cried over, and let all the feelings go. The memories are still closely tied to my core, but I have learned that guidance does not stop and it continues over time, tailored for the different seasons of life that we are in. It was never easy, and I feel anxious thinking about the future, but I plant my trust in Ar-Rasheed, and I still hold on to my prayers of wanting my final destination to be; with Allah and in Paradise.

As of now, in following Ar-Rasheed as my Guide, I can slowly feel a subtle increase in my faith, tranquility, steadfastness, good deeds, and understanding in the deen throughout my struggles and growth in life.

It is not going to be breezy moving forward, but I take one step further and will hold on to Ar-Rasheed, tying the Name close to my heart.



الصَّبْرُ

The Forbearing, The Patient

by Rifa Putri

This Ayah has been my phone wallpaper for several months after it was mentioned in a halaqah explaining about patience (Sabr).

وَلِرَبِّكَ فَاصْبِرْ

And persevere for 'the sake of' your Lord. (74:7)

It is a very simple and straightforward Ayah but it has become a core reminder that the ultimate reason to be patient is **because** of our Rabb. Then, when I heard His Name As-Saboor (The Forbearing, The Patient), suddenly it all made perfect sense. He commands us to be patient for Him not only because Sabr (just like any other form of ibadah) shall only be dedicated to Him, but it is also because **He Himself is the epitome of Sabr as He has the unlimited overflowing patience.**

And just like that, we can try to be patient with the tests surrounding us. After all, we only need to be patient, one day at a time, until our time comes. Our time in this Dunia is very short, compared to His patience for us until Judgement Day.

وَلِلّٰهِ الْأَسْمَاءُ الْحُسْنَىٰ
فَادْعُوهُ بِهَا

*And Allah has
the Most Beautiful
Names. So call upon
Him by them*

Surah al-A'raf 7:180