

Hadhrat Masih-e-Maud's Langar

The Promised Messiah's own household,
Bare scraps to make him content,
For to his family, bringing food to him,
Filled them with bitter resent.

This once empty-handed, disregarded,
Seemingly unimportant man,
Distanced himself from the world,
Only to be given it back, by Allah — Most Grand.

In the depths of poverty he^{as} was told,
That for his Jama'at he should provide,
While this seemed financially impossible,
It was a challenge from which he never shied.

So look, those of you who are blind to the truth,
Look at this Divine Institution now,
Raised from dirt by a lone, deprived man,
How did he do this? Tell me how?

However many years on,
Following his Prophet hood claim,
He set up the blessed *Langar*,
Serving guests without any shame.

Individuals from all backgrounds,
Religions, cultures and races,
Those who are healthy, disabled or ill
Are met with the cheeriest of graces.

No humiliation or hurt or anger,
Every enquiry met with hospitality,
Meeting the needs of every person,
As they bask in this light of equality.

Now the traveller, the starved,
The needy and the guest,
Are all invited to come and dine,
In this atmosphere most blessed.

This Jama'at and its sacred founder,
Have embraced hospitality to the highest state,
That the *Langar* is now a permanent feature,
Of Ahmadiyyat and its triumphant fate.

May Allah rest his soul,
My Messiah^{as} so fine,
For his sake has Allah,
Shown His miracles, most Divine.

“Ghulam Ahmad ki Jai!”
No living soul can deny,
Provided one is not deluded,
'Tis a Sign of his truth from on High.

By: Aisha Satwat Ahmad

Age: 14

Islamabad, UK