

# Nau Mubai'at Newsletter

**NAU MUBAI'AT WEPAGE**



The Tarbiyat Nau Mubai'at Department presents:

**MRS. SHMAILA NAGI**

FROM GERMANY TO THE UK... JOURNEY TO THE TRUE ISLAM



**ONLINE TALK**

DATE: 3rd May  
TIME: 11:00AM

**Inspirational Talks  
Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup> May 2026**

[Click on the link to listen](#)

**UPCOMING JAMAAT  
EVENTS**

**Eid ul Adha**  
May 27<sup>th</sup> 2026

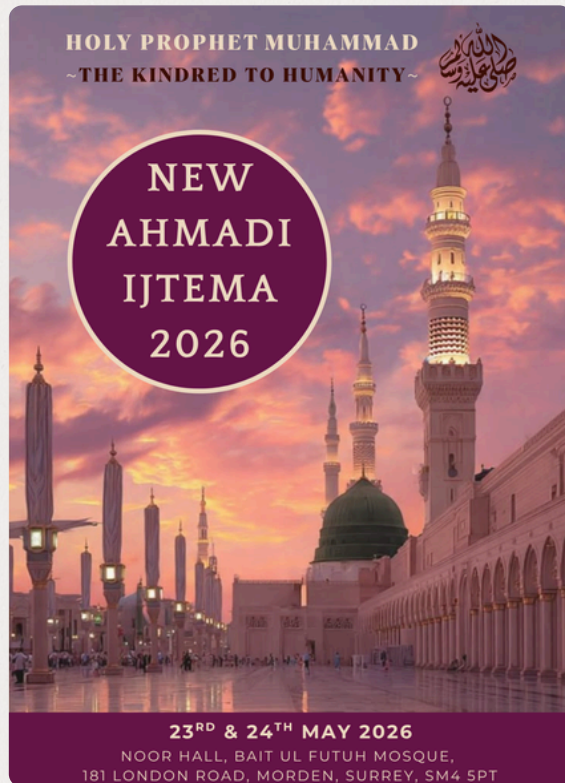
Jalsa Salana 2026



[Jalsa Salana 2026 registration](#)



HOLY PROPHET MUHAMMAD  
~THE KINDRED TO HUMANITY~



**NEW AHMADI IJTEMA 2026**

**23<sup>RD</sup> & 24<sup>TH</sup> MAY 2026**  
NOOR HALL, BAIT UL FUTUH MOSQUE,  
181 LONDON ROAD, MORDEN, SURREY, SM4 5PT



**NEW AHMADI IJTEMA 2026**

All Nau Mubai'at are invited to attend the New Ahmadi Ijtema.



The Ijtema will be women led with tours, talks, exhibitions, workshops, interactive sessions and much more



[Click on the link to register](#)

[New Ahmadi Ijtema 2026](#)



## Journey to Ahmadiyyat- By Khadija Hussain-Chowdhury

I grew up Sunni, in a loving family where religion was always present, but never explored deeply. Questions were answered quickly, and if you didn't accept the answer, you were told to move on.

On the outside, my life seemed calm and complete—but inside, I was restless. I felt a quiet emptiness, a sense that there was more to faith than what I had been taught.

When I turned 15, my health began to decline. Lying in bed, weak and uncertain, I was forced to confront questions I had been avoiding all my life. What is the purpose of my existence? What happens after death? What is the truth I can hold onto? Those long, sleepless nights of illness became the beginning of a journey that would change everything. I knew I couldn't rely on inherited beliefs anymore—I had to find the truth for myself.

I started searching in every way I could. I read books, listened to speeches, and watched debates. At first, I felt overwhelmed. There were so many voices, so many opinions, so many contradictions. I doubted myself constantly. Could I ever find certainty? Was I strong enough to follow it if I did? Every answer seemed to open more questions, and yet, something inside me refused to stop.

Then I came across the Ahmadiyya Muslim Community. At first, it felt almost too good to be true. The teachings of the Promised Messiah (as), the guidance of Khilafat, the emphasis on peace, love, and service—it all spoke to me in a way nothing else ever had. Slowly, I began to feel clarity, a light that cut through the confusion. I felt a deep resonance in my heart, a sense that this was the path I had been searching for.

But following that path came with fear. My whole family were Sunni, and when my mum's side discovered that I was exploring Ahmadiyyat, their anger was intense. They questioned me, shouted at me, and made me feel like I was betraying them. I felt torn between love for my family and love for Allah. Every day was a battle: the pull of fear and guilt, versus the pull of truth and faith.

Eventually, I realised that to follow Allah's guidance, I might have to sacrifice the comfort of approval. Slowly, painfully, I made the decision to cut ties with those who could not accept my faith. It was one of the hardest moments of my life, but I knew it was necessary to walk the path that Allah had set for me.

Every small step along the way mattered. Every book I read, every sermon I listened to, every prayer I offered, every tear I shed—I could feel Allah guiding me, teaching me patience, courage, and trust.

By the time I was 16, I was ready. Taking my Bai'at was not just a moment—it was the culmination of every doubt, every fear, every lonely night of searching. I felt my heart open, my fear dissolve, and a sense of peace wash over me like I had never known before. I had finally found my spiritual home.

Even now, my dad doesn't know that I have converted. It is something I carry quietly, and at times it weighs on me. Yet Allah has shown His mercy: he has accepted my husband, whom he knows is Ahmadi, with love, treating him like his own son. He has attended Baitul Futuh with us and knows I attend Jalsa Salana. Every day, I pray that Allah will open his heart to see the truth I have found.

Looking back, I see my journey as one of searching, struggle, and growth. I lost family along the way, but I gained something far greater—a global family united under Khilafat, certainty in my faith, and a closeness to Allah that carries me through every moment. The journey was long, lonely, and at times terrifying—but every step brought me closer to the truth, and to a peace I had been searching for all my life.