



# A silent mass

Photo

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**N**o matter where you go, in the residential area for the rich and affluent or where the middle

class squeezes its existence, or where the lower strata of beings are compiled in almost one heap; you will see them. The more you see them, the less they begin to bother you and eventually, you stop noticing them altogether.

They spread themselves as the wild shrubs that grow out of nowhere, without needing water or care but they do grow and their abundance is a silent spreading mass. Its the people, who sit or lie sprawled out the boundary walls of homes, squat beside squalid runny drains, sometimes put a cot and have friends join in the sitting session. More often it is the men, most women are often occupied with menial matters and are not allowed this luxury (of course there are exceptions), who

convene and wait, although sometime they just sit because most probably, they have given up the waiting, they are fulfilled, they have everything they need.

In a country where so much is misdirected and human effort, in terms of thought and work, is needed to hold the reins of the run-away horse—an ever-increasing segment of the community are doing just nothing. What does

this fragment of society feed on?, How do they live?, what happens to their families?

These questions and their answers are a bit late in the day; as this spreading mass, unknown to the human mind, has already becomes a gooey purple flubber. The moment any untoward happening occurs, the mass starts to grow around it. Watch it on the road, when one car knocks out the taillights of the vehicle in front. Then this purple mass spurts out in

BIBIGUL on the idle sittings of men outside homes when they are thorough with their menial matters



small bits, from further away, moving rather quickly toward the happening. Is this a fall out of the nuclear processing lab? One wonders!

On the national scale, it grows rather dense, tenacious, thick and often opaque—especially when the

ing into any number of shapes, (it's acquiescent too, did I tell you). Its volatility also forces it to a constant remoulding of itself to the shifting state of affairs. The Islamabad air can cause allergy to certain species. However, those afflicted with this malady, either return to their

hometowns or stay indoors. In all cases, this requires treatment which is costly, but the official exchequer takes care of that one way or the other. Some severe cases are sent abroad, and the flubber sleeps in a kind of hibernation.

For now it is spreading quickly from city to province and eventually will envelop the entire population. What steps will the state take?, What will the private sector involve itself with? The non-

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top order in governance has to be changed. Its interior is boiling, bubbly, with two or more kinds coming together, but this is not the spurt on the sidewalk moving towards the happening breed—that is the lowly kind, but this one has a cool exterior, always moves towards Islamabad. There the value of this purple mass increases; many may want it to dribble into their bowl of want.

The flubber must keep on moving, which it does, by chang-

government organisation along with the subsequent donor agencies must have a plan, on all very serious issues and the average citizen must be fully prepared to meet any eventuality. However, it is been said in books of no uncertain origin, that this malady will take long to cure, but the prescriptions for which can only be found at the "National Honest Pharmacy". These are an ordinary chain of pharmaceuticals at almost every nook and corner of the country.

**T**he 'Two nation theory' started when the first Sufi set his foot in the South Asian Region, which led to the Pakistan Movement. The Sufis performed the sacred duty of preaching Islam by dint of their high moral character. After Hazrat Khawaja Moenuddin Ajmeri, it was due to the efforts of Hazrat Ghous Bahauddin Zakariya that thousands of tribes entered the fold of Islam. Today, we will have to follow the teachings of such divines for maintaining national solidarity integrity. The shrines of Sufis are such places where the differences of colour, race language and region fizzle out. Hazrat Ghous Bahauddin Zakariya is the great spiritual member of Sindh valley.

The famous saint and mystic poet, Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai said, "Multan is the beloved city of scores of saints and divines and Hazrat Ghous Bahauddin tops them all. This city has thousand and one portals and through every portal one can see the refulgence of the spiritual light saints." It is the spiritual light that neutralises all the racial and regional prejudices. It was in this ancient city that Hazrat Ghous Bahauddin Zakariya started his preaching mission near Praheladpuri temple — a temple sacred to the Hindus. According to a tradition, this temple fell to the first Muslim conqueror, Muhammad Bin Qasim and an enormous treasure of gold was found in it which took 39 days for hundreds of camels to remove"

At the time of Hazrat Ghous Bahauddin's entry into Multan, Tuli Dad Dahri was the chief priest of the Praheladpuri temple. He claimed that his descent from Dahir of Sindh who fought Muhammad Bin Qasim and established Praheladpuri as a great Hindu University where art and mathematics were the main subjects of study. Mahmood appointed a number of Ulema to preach Islam.

Dr Shamim Mahmood another biographer of Hazrat Bahauddin said that his grand father Sultan Kamaluddin Abu Bakar settled in Kot Karor. A copy of his book "Sirrul Azkarul Maheem," is in Shiraz (Iran) library. Hazrat Bahauddin's father Maulana Wajihuddin Muhammad Ghous was a reputed scholar of the Qua'ran and Hadith of his times. Bahauddin's primary education and training was conducted by Maulana Nasruddin, He learnt the the Qua'ran by heart at the young age of seven and set out on an extensive tour of Khwarzam