

Mourning for Karbala

Almost a millennium and half later, the teachings of the sacrifice at Karbala is as relevant as the day blood was spilled on the banks of the Euphrates. It was not for the first time in history that a sacrifice was made for justice to prevail and it certainly was not the last time. Yet what is striking of the day at Karbala is the fact that the spirit of the struggle against tyranny of all sorts somehow became a spiritual call for all to wake up to, to fight until justice came and also to shed tears for the loss, a great loss for humanity and the spirit that lives within us.

To consider this as a struggle for power, as many sacrilegiously believe, would be an over simplification of matters. It is a strife against evil in human form, the vicious greed for power and complete disregard for the value of human lives. The souls who were slain that day, testify to the might of the righteous path as while despite being defeated their belief, ideology and whatever they stood for has defied time and lived on; while the tyrants joyed by their cowardly triumph soon perished in the annals of history, the legacy of the slain lives on.

So was it Jihad – a holy war? It was always about justice, equality and freedom of the populace to think and chose their own leaders. In many ways it was a struggle to establish people's right to choose as indeed they had chosen in favour of Imam Hussein (R) against the oppressive rule of a band of mischievous rulers, who, irony as it may seem, too professed to be men of God.

The martyrs of Karbala – the men, the women and the children – fought for a

belief, a dream that the world be governed by fairness, impartiality and something that is pure. It rejected autocracy, injustice and immorality of the human mind, having the same demands so common across the world today.

Even today, many hundreds of years



later, we still witness the loss of innocent lives in the name of religion, nationality, race and creed. We are silent observers of a present where the news brought on to our doorsteps narrates the grotesque tale of disappearance of humanity.

The values that every human being possesses innately seem to have been overshadowed by the devil that persists around us. Only humans are capable of the

everyday brutality that keeps on gnawing on our consciousness.

This year, on Shab-e-Ashura and on the day itself, billions of Muslims around the world will mourn the demise of the beloved grandson of the Holy Prophet Muhammad (PBUH). Some will chant the takbir, others

beat their chest in a frenzy – a desperate attempt to cleanse the soul of the guilt that we all seem to bear. Is silence our biggest crime, a sin even? Maybe it is. Fourteen hundred years later the call for justice reaches every home, hoping to awaken our souls from a deep slumber.

By Mannan Mashhur Zarif

Photo: LS Archive/Sazzad Ibne Sayed



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বাহারি রঙ এবং ডিজাইনের আরএফএল পেপার বাস্কেট
এখন সাজানো গোছানো রাখবে আপনার পড়ার ঘরটি।



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আর এফ এল
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