Her Story

Let me tell you her story.

She watches him walk away, and sees his frame get smaller and smaller on the horizon. She begins to walk, a young mother walking in the hot desert heat, alone. The sun is beating down on her head as she uses her hands to shield the eyes of her baby from the blaze. She scans the horizon for any sign of water, any place to rest but finds none. Her baby is hungry, so she sits to feed him. Her body will give the baby all the nutrients he needs, even if it leaves her with none. She is so thirsty, and as she breastfeeds her son, she is even more thirsty as her body urges her to find liquid to keep the supply up. If she doesn't drink soon, the milk might dry up. Finding water is a matter of life and death. She looks behind her to see where her husband has gone. The speck on the horizon has gone, she is alone.

She sees a hill in the distance, if she stands on top of that surely she'll see some sign of life, some shade or water to protect her child? Maybe people passing by?

The baby comes off the breast, not enough milk to satisfy him and she realises she must do the unthinkable put down the baby under a bush and - head to the hill and climb towards the sun to stand on top of it. From that hill she sees nothing, but another hill. Her baby is crying now, and she is desperate. She runs between the two hills seven times, she cries too. She cries out for help, she begs God for anything to keep her alive for her child. As a black slave girl she's known suffering throughout her life, but nothing compares to this.

The desert is empty, void and lifeless. Silent except for the cries of a baby thirsty, and alone. Her baby thrashes the ground in thirst, his heels marking the sand. She is exhausted but sits to care for her baby, she looks at the ground where he was laid. It starts as a damp patch, it can't be can it? in this heat? And then a puddle, and then a trickle, and then a stream and then its gushing- cool, clear water- gushing from the ground! Its flowing out and away into the sand around them! "Stop flowing" she shouts as she uses her water skins to contain it. Her prayers have been answered, the baby's cried didn't go unheard.

From now on this place will give sustenance to travellers, and life to all who visit it. Tribes will settle here, nations will build around this, her baby and his descendants will bless this earth just as the water blesses her now.

This is her story, the story of Islam- Islamic Herstory.