

A Gift for Parents after Miscarriage or Stillbirth

*A remedy for grief from the Islamic perspective
using quotes from the Quran and Hadith*

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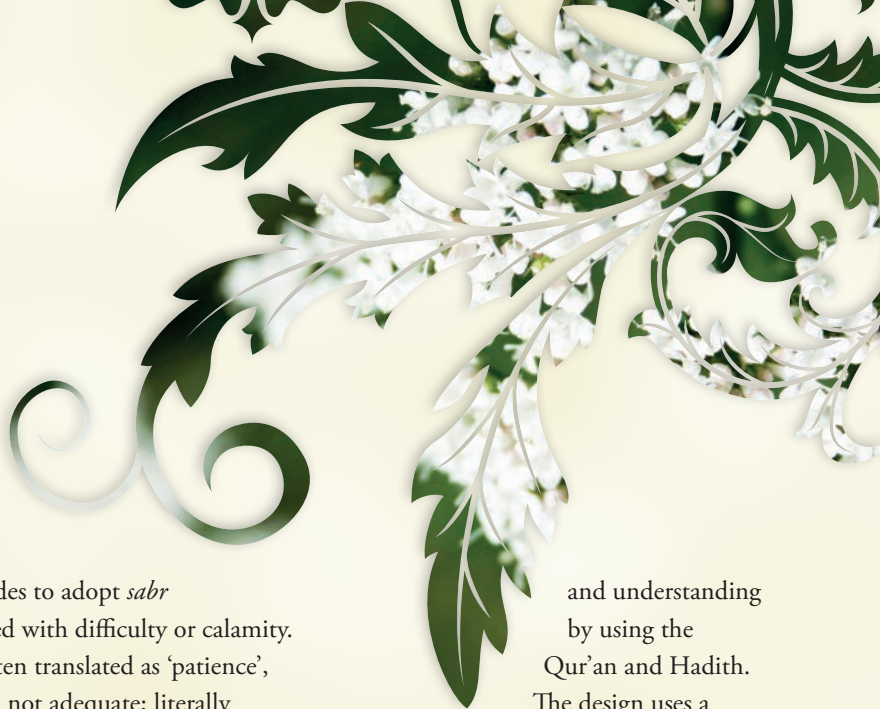
Introduction

Miscarriage or stillbirth can be one of the most anguishing and painful experiences a parent can go through. You had such hopes and dreams. You made plans. Perhaps you decorated a nursery, made a list of names, strolled through shops and chose baby clothes. You were at one with your baby. Your heartbeats were synchronised. Perhaps you felt the kicks, perhaps you talked to your baby, perhaps you put on recitations of the Qur'an so your baby could be soothed and connected to its melody. You prayed for your baby's wellbeing and future. A beautiful bond

and connection had formed. Now it has all gone. Perhaps you were afraid to build this bond as you have experienced loss and trauma with previous pregnancies.

There are few official mourning rituals with a loss like this. It's often a taboo subject, perhaps it has even been kept a secret. People are often uncomfortable talking about it. Perhaps because the world did not have a chance to see what you had lost that it minimises the enormity of what has happened. But you know.





Islam guides to adopt *sabr* when faced with difficulty or calamity. *Sabr* is often translated as ‘patience’, but this is not adequate; literally *sabr* means courage, forbearance, perseverance, the acceptance of Allah’s will and plan.

This book aims to provide knowledge and guidance in working towards *sabr*

and understanding by using the Qur’an and Hadith.

The design uses a soothing motif and Arabic calligraphy in the form of some of the ninety-nine Names [Attributes] of Allah. Islam teaches the importance and benefits of calling upon Allah through His Names.

Farewell my baby

No one asks your name. There were no mourning rituals or flowers upon your grave. And when I try to talk about you, they quietly look away.

They do not see the glowing pearl that lies deep in the sea. They do not smell the sweet fragrance drifting in the breeze. They do not hear the love song that plays gently for me.

*What would have been your favourite colour?
What would have been your skills?
Who would have been your teachers?
Who would have been your friends?*

I didn't see your tender smile or the sparkle in your eyes, I couldn't hold you in my arms and sing you lullabies. I couldn't delight in your first steps, or hear you sing nursery rhymes.

But you made me hear the angels sing, and to hear the wisdom of my Soul. You taught me how to live in this impermanent home. So peace, my baby until the rising of that bright new dawn, when we shall meet again.

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We will test you
with a certain amount of fear and hunger
and loss of wealth and life and fruits.
But give good news to the steadfast:
Those who, when disaster strikes them, say,

‘We belong to Allah
and to Him we will return.’

Those are the people
who will have blessings and mercy from their Lord;
they are the ones who are guided.

(Surah al-Baqarah, verses 155-157)

