

SIFAH LECTURE SERIES

The Threshold of Paradise: A Lifetime of Honouring Your Mother

A practical lecture — knowledge you can act on

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SIFAH

SCHOOL OF ISLAMIC
FOUNDATIONS &
ADVOCACY FOR HUMANITY

The Threshold of Paradise: A Lifetime of Honouring Your Mother

Allah placed His right beside hers, and He placed Paradise beneath her feet. This is how you walk to it.

WHY THIS MATTERS

The One Whose Love Arrived Before You Could Ask

My dear brother, my dear sister, before we open a single verse, I want you to do something with me. I want you to close your eyes for just a moment and picture the very first face that ever looked at you with love. Not a friend, not a spouse, not a colleague. Before any of them, there was a woman who loved you before you had a name, who worried over you before you could speak, and who served you long before you could ever say thank you. She carried you when you were nothing, weighing less than a thought. She fed you from her own body. She woke through the nights you cried and could not tell her why. And she worried over you in a way that most of us will never fully understand until we are cradling our own children in the dark, if Allah ever grants us that.

Today, I want to speak to you about that woman. About the *mother*, and about the astonishing rank that Allah, in His infinite wisdom, gave her in this religion. And I want to warn you gently at the outset, because this is one of those topics that can slip past us. We nod along. We feel a warm feeling. And then we walk out, pick up our phones, and treat her exactly as we did yesterday. I do not want that for you and I do not want it for myself. So let us make a promise, you and I, that this will not be an hour of feeling and then forgetting. This will be an hour that changes what you do the moment you leave.

Because here is the reality that should stop every one of us in our tracks: of all the rights Allah could have placed beside His own, He chose hers. When He commands us to worship Him, again and again in His Book, in the very same breath, without pausing for anything else, He commands us to be good to the one who gave us our earthly life. Let that sink in. The greatest right in all of existence, the right of the Lord of the worlds to be worshipped alone, and right beside it, joined to it, He places the right of your mother and father. If Allah weighed her that heavily, my dear brother, my dear sister, can we afford to weigh her lightly?

The Right That Comes Right After the Right of Allah

Listen to how Allah arranges His words, because the order is never an accident. In Surah al-Isra, He decrees His own worship, and then, with no other duty slipped in between, He decrees excellence to parents. It is as if Allah is telling you: after Me, there is no one.

ج
وَقَضَىٰ رَبُّكَ أَلَّا تَعْبُدُوا إِلَّا إِيَّاهُ وَبِالْوَالِدَيْنِ إِحْسَانًا
إِمَّا يَبْلُغَنَّ عِنْدَكَ الْكِبَرَ أَحَدُهُمَا أَوْ كِلَاهُمَا فَلَا تَقُلْ
لَهُمَا أُفٍّ وَلَا تَنْهَرُهُمَا وَقُلْ لَهُمَا قَوْلًا كَرِيمًا ﴿٢٣﴾
وَاخْفِضْ لَهُمَا جَنَاحَ الذُّلِّ مِنَ الرَّحْمَةِ وَقُلْ رَبِّ
ارْحَمْهُمَا كَمَا رَبَّيَانِي صَغِيرًا ﴿٢٤﴾

*And your Lord has decreed that you worship none but Him, and that you be excellent to your parents. If one of them or both of them reach old age with you, do not say to them so much as a word of impatience, nor scold them, but **speak to them a noble word**. And lower to them the wing of humility out of mercy, and say: My Lord, have mercy upon them as they raised me when I was small.*

Surah Al-Isra (17:23-24)

The scholars of tafsir noticed exactly what you just noticed. They said Allah joined the greatest right, His own, to the right of the parents, so that a person would understand that after the worship of his Lord, there is no obligation upon him heavier than the kindness he owes the two who raised him. And then,

subhanAllah, Allah does something that touches every heart that reads it honestly. He paints a scene. He shows you the future. He shows you the moment when the parent who once carried you has grown old and frail, and now leans on you the way you once leaned on them.

Think about the tenderness of that. Allah did not just give a dry rule. He described a moment you will one day live, if you have not lived it already: your mother, older now, slower now, needing you now. And He told you exactly who to be in that moment.

THE SMALLEST SOUND

Not Even a Word of Impatience

Now watch how fine the line is that Allah drew, because this is where the lecture becomes personal for every single one of us. Allah did not begin by forbidding us to strike our parents. He did not begin by forbidding us to curse them. Why? Because those are crimes the conscience already recoils from. No decent person needs to be told not to hit their mother. So Allah began somewhere far smaller. He began with the tiniest possible sound of irritation. The word *uff*. A sigh. A click of the tongue. That faint exhale of impatience we make when someone asks us the same question for the third time, or needs our help at an inconvenient hour.

Allah forbade even that. Even the sigh. Al-Qurtubi, may Allah have mercy on him, made a striking observation. He said that if there were anything smaller than *uff* by which a child could show disrespect to his parents, Allah would have forbidden that too. Because the point was never just to ban one word. The point was to close every single door of harm, down to the quietest breath of annoyance you could ever exhale in your mother's direction.

Let me ask you something honestly, my dear brother, my dear sister. When was the last time you sighed at your mother? When she called at the wrong time. When she asked you to fix the same thing on her phone again. When she told you the same story you have heard a hundred times. That sigh. That tone. That look. Allah is talking about *that*. And notice precisely when He raised the stakes: in old age. When the parent has become difficult, repetitive, perhaps forgetful, perhaps unable even to recognise you, asking the same thing again and again and again. That is the exact hour Allah singled out. Why? Because that is the exact hour the lower self grows impatient. That is the hour the test truly begins.

Ibn Kathir, may Allah have mercy on him, drew out something beautiful here. He noticed that Allah ties the command to the moment the parents reach old age *beside you*, in your own care, in your own home.

Because that is when they most need you and least are able to repay you. It mirrors, exactly, the way they cared for you when you could give them nothing back. Think about the whole of your childhood: the parent pours out, and the child only takes. Years of it. And the verse is describing the season when that account comes due, when the tables turn and the parent becomes the weak and dependent one. To meet that season with generosity is the proof of a grateful soul. To meet it with impatience is to fail at the very hour the entire test was set.

But Allah did not stop at restraint. That would have been enough for most religions and most people. Allah commanded something deeper. He said, lower for them the wing of humility out of mercy. Picture a bird. Picture it folding its wing down low, gently, over its young, to shelter them, to embrace them, to keep them warm. That, Allah says, is the posture I want you to take toward your aging mother. Not just no harshness. Actual tenderness. Stooping down. Softening. Not a trace of arrogance in you toward the one who wiped your face when you could not.

And then Allah closes the verse by placing a du'a on your very tongue: *My Lord, have mercy upon them as they raised me when I was small.* Reflect on the perfect justice of that prayer. They raised us when we were small, weak, utterly helpless. They cleaned what we soiled. They fed what we could not feed ourselves. They forgave the cries that shattered their sleep. And now Allah teaches us to ask Him to show them that very same mercy now that the wheel has turned, now that they have grown small and weak all over again.

HER BURDEN

The Weight She Carried Before You Ever Knew

Now, Allah commands kindness to both parents, and the father's right is immense and never to be neglected. But Allah singled out the mother for a special mention, and He did it for a reason no honest person can argue with. She bore a hardship the father never bore. When Allah commanded gratitude to parents in Surah Luqman, He paused, right in the middle, to describe what the mother endured, almost as if to explain to us why her right weighs heavier.

وَوَصَّيْنَا الْإِنْسَانَ بِوَالِدَيْهِ حَمَلَتْهُ أُمُّهُ وَهْنًا عَلَى وَهْنٍ
وَفَصَّالَهُ فِي عَامَيْنِ أَنْ اشْكُرْ لِي وَلِوَالِدَيْكَ إِلَيَّ الْمَصِيرُ



*And We have enjoined upon man concerning his parents: **his mother carried him, weakness upon weakness**, and his weaning is in two years. Be grateful to Me and to your parents. To Me is the final destination.*

Surah Luqman (31:14)

Weakness upon weakness. Wahnan ‘ala wahn. Sit with those words. Allah did not have to describe it at all. But He chose language that carries the sheer exhaustion of those long months: the heaviness, the sickness, the sleeplessness, the body quietly giving of itself until it is depleted. And then the years of nursing and waking and carrying that follow. And look, look at what Allah placed immediately after this description of her suffering: *be grateful to Me and to your parents*. He joined gratitude to Himself with gratitude to them, in a single command, the same way He joined His worship to kindness toward them. The scholars said this is among the strongest proofs of the rank of parents anywhere in the Book, that Allah would mention thankfulness to them in the very same breath as thankfulness to Him.

And He described her ordeal again, even more vividly, in another chapter.

وَوَصَّيْنَا الْإِنْسَانَ بِوَالِدَيْهِ إِحْسَانًا ۚ حَمَلَتْهُ أُمُّهُ كُرْهًا
وَوَضَعَتْهُ كُرْهًا ۚ وَحَمْلُهُ وَفِصَالُهُ ثَلَاثُونَ شَهْرًا

*And We have enjoined upon man, to his parents, good treatment. **His mother carried him with hardship and gave birth to him with hardship**, and his bearing and weaning are thirty months.*

Surah Al-Ahqaf (46:15)

She carried you with hardship. And she delivered you with a hardship that human language genuinely struggles to capture, a pain that brings a soul right to the edge of life itself. And then, my dear brother, my dear sister, here is the part that should melt every hard heart. Having survived all of that pain, she did not turn away from the source of it. She did not resent the thing that had caused her such agony. She pulled it close to her chest. She looked at it. And she loved it more than her own life. That is your mother. That is what she did for you before you had done a single thing to deserve it. This is why, when Allah commands kindness to parents, the heart turns first to her. She carried a weight your father never carried, and so her share of your gratitude is greater.

SETTLED FOREVER

Your Mother, Then Your Mother, Then Your Mother

If anyone still doubts that the mother holds a place above the father when it comes to companionship and service, let me show you a conversation the Prophet ﷺ had that settled the question for all time. A man came to him, and he asked the most important question a son can ask. He asked: of all people on this earth, who has the greatest claim on my kindness?

جَاءَ رَجُلٌ إِلَى رَسُولِ اللَّهِ ﷺ فَقَالَ: يَا رَسُولَ اللَّهِ،
 مَنْ أَحَقُّ النَّاسِ بِحُسْنِ صَحَابَتِي؟ قَالَ: أُمُّكَ. قَالَ: ثُمَّ
 مَنْ؟ قَالَ: أُمُّكَ. قَالَ: ثُمَّ مَنْ؟ قَالَ: أُمُّكَ. قَالَ: ثُمَّ
 مَنْ؟ قَالَ: ثُمَّ أَبُوكَ.

*A man came to the Messenger of Allah ﷺ and said: O Messenger of Allah, who among people is most deserving of my good companionship? He said: **Your mother**. The man said: Then who? He said: Your mother. He said: Then who? He said: Your mother. He said: Then who? He said: Then your father.*

Source: Sahih al-Bukhari: 5971 and Sahih Muslim: 2548 · **Authenticity:** Muttafaqun Alayh (agreed upon)

Three times. The Prophet ﷺ named the mother three full times before he named the father even once. This is not an accident of speech. The scholars explained that this threefold mention corresponds to three hardships she bore that the father did not: the hardship of carrying, the hardship of giving birth, and the hardship of nursing and rearing in those earliest, most demanding years. For every burden she carried alone, she earns a portion of your devotion.

And I want you to feel how radical this is in our own age. We live in a time that so often diminishes the worth of a mother's quiet labour. The world reduces her years of sacrifice to a thing simply taken for granted, unpaid, unseen, unthanked. And into that, the Prophet ﷺ raises her threefold above all other companionship on earth. Understand this clearly: there is no human being alive, after the Messenger of Allah ﷺ himself, with a greater claim upon your gentleness, your patience, your service, and your time than the mother who carried you, weakness upon weakness.

Her Contentment and the Pleasure of Allah

So tightly did Allah bind her right to His own that the Prophet ﷺ taught us something that should make every one of us weigh our words with our mothers very, very carefully. He taught that the pleasure of Allah follows the pleasure of the parent, and the anger of Allah follows their anger.

رِضَا الرَّبِّ فِي رِضَا الْوَالِدِ، وَسَخَطُ الرَّبِّ فِي سَخَطِ الْوَالِدِ.

The pleasure of the Lord lies in the pleasure of the parent, and the displeasure of the Lord lies in the displeasure of the parent.

Source: Sunan al-Tirmidhi: 1899 · **Authenticity:** Sahih

Do you realise what this means? A door to the pleasure of Allah stands wide open in your own home. It has a face. It is sitting in the next room. In the form of a parent whose contentment Allah has tied directly to His own. A kind word. A patient answer. A glass of water brought before she even asks. A visit that lights up her whole day. Every one of these, my dear brother, my dear sister, draws down the pleasure of Allah upon you. You are not just being nice. You are pleasing your Lord through pleasing her.

And the reverse is just as real, which is exactly why our religion counts disobedience to parents among the very gravest of sins. When the Prophet ﷺ wanted to warn his Companions of the most destructive sins a human being can commit, look at the company in which he placed the betrayal of parents.

أَلَا أُنبِّئُكُمْ بِأَكْبَرَ الْكِبَائِرِ؟ الْإِشْرَاكُ بِاللَّهِ، وَعُقُوقُ
الْوَالِدَيْنِ.

Shall I not inform you of the greatest of the major sins? Associating partners with Allah, and disobedience to parents.

Source: Sahih al-Bukhari: 2654 and Sahih Muslim: 87 · **Authenticity:** Muttafaqun Alayh (agreed upon)

He set disobedience to parents directly beside shirk. Shirk, the one sin Allah has said He will not forgive if a person dies upon it. Now, this does not mean the two are equal in weight, of course not. But it tells you, with unmistakable force, how seriously Allah and His Messenger ﷺ regard the wronging of a parent. So the one who raises his voice at his mother, who treats her as a burden, who is always too busy for her calls, who shames her or makes her feel unwanted in her old age, is not playing with a small matter. He is standing at the edge of one of the greatest sins a person can commit, and he is slamming shut, with his own hands, a door to the pleasure of his Lord.

A STRIVING

Serving Her Is a Jihad

Now I want to show you just how far the reward of serving your mother goes, because the Prophet ﷺ equated it with the very highest of deeds. A man came to him, and his heart was on fire. He wanted to go out and strive in the path of Allah, to fight, perhaps to be martyred, to earn that greatest of ranks. And watch how the Prophet ﷺ redirected him, to a jihad closer to home, and dearer to Allah than he ever imagined.

أَحْيُ وَالِدَاكَ؟ قَالَ: نَعَمْ. قَالَ: فَفِيهِمَا جَاهِدُ.

He asked: Are your parents alive? The man said: Yes. He said: 'Then strive in serving them.

Source: Sahih al-Bukhari: 3004 and Sahih Muslim: 2549 · **Authenticity:** Muttafaqun Alayh (agreed upon)

Consider what the Prophet ﷺ just did. He took a man yearning for the battlefield, for the most celebrated act of sacrifice in our entire religion, and he told him: your jihad, your striving, is in serving your living parents. In another narration, a Companion who longed to go out and fight was asked whether his mother was alive. He said yes. And the Prophet ﷺ told him to stay close to her, because *Paradise is at her feet*.

This, my dear brother, my dear sister, is the origin of the truth we repeat so often, that Paradise lies beneath the feet of mothers. And I want you to hear it not as a poetic exaggeration, not as a greeting-card slogan, but as a literal doorway. For so many of us, the shortest, surest road to Paradise is not across some distant frontier, not in some grand heroic deed we imagine ourselves doing one day. It is right here. In the patient, daily, unglamorous, unnoticed service of the mother in the next room. She is your battlefield. Her happiness is your victory. And Jannah is the prize.

And all of this flows from that command Allah placed beside His own worship: never to associate anything with Him, and to show excellence to parents.

وَأَعْبُدُوا اللَّهَ وَلَا تُشْرِكُوا بِهِ شَيْئًا^ص وَبِالْوَالِدَيْنِ إِحْسَانًا



And worship Allah and associate nothing with Him, and to parents do good.

Surah An-Nisa (4:36)

Even the prophets, the highest of all creation, took pride in their devotion to their mothers. When 'Isa, upon him be peace, spoke from the cradle as a newborn infant, among the very first things Allah caused him to declare about himself was his dutifulness to his mother. He placed it among the marks of a blessed, humble servant, rather than an arrogant or wretched one.

وَبَرًّا بِوَالِدَتِي وَلَمْ يَجْعَلْنِي جَبَّارًا شَقِيًّا

*And He has made me **dutiful to my mother**, and He has not made me arrogant or wretched.*

Surah Maryam (19:32)

And it is worth remembering, just for a moment, the world into which this honour first came. Our Prophet ﷺ was sent to a people who, in their ignorance, would bury infant daughters alive in the sand, who saw in a baby girl nothing but shame and burden. Into that pitch darkness, the religion of Allah came, and it raised the woman, and it raised the mother highest of them all. It declared Paradise to lie at her feet and her right to exceed even the father's. No movement, no philosophy, no revolution in human history ever elevated the mother the way this revelation did, lifting her from a thing buried in shame to a station the very angels honour. So understand, when we neglect our mothers today, we are not only failing them. We are turning our backs on one of the very mercies that made the guidance our Prophet ﷺ brought so beautiful in the first place.

HER SECRET WEAPON

Her Supplication Is a Treasure You Cannot Buy

Among the gifts your mother gives that no amount of wealth on this earth could ever purchase is her supplication. The Prophet ﷺ taught that there are certain prayers Allah answers without any doubt whatsoever, and he placed the prayer of the parent right among them, beside the prayer of the oppressed and the prayer of the traveler.

ثَلَاثُ دَعَوَاتٍ مُسْتَجَابَاتٌ لَا شَكَّ فِيهِنَّ: دَعْوَةُ
الْوَالِدِ، وَدَعْوَةُ الْمُسَافِرِ، وَدَعْوَةُ الْمَظْلُومِ.

*Three supplications are answered, without doubt about them: **the supplication of the parent**, the supplication of the traveler, and the supplication of the one who has been wronged.*

Source: Sunan al-Tirmidhi: 1905 and Sunan Abi Dawud: 1536 · **Authenticity:** Hasan

Think about what this means for your life. Your mother holds a key to the doors of the heavens. When she raises her frail hands and prays for you, that prayer ascends with a special, guaranteed acceptance. And I want you to know something that should bring tears to your eyes: many a believer has been carried through his entire life on the back of a mother's whispered du'a that he never even knew she made. The exam you passed. The accident you avoided. The marriage that worked out. How many of them were her, in the dark, hands raised, whispering your name to Allah?

But this cuts both ways, and it should make us tremble. The same tongue that can call down the mercy of Allah upon a devoted child can, if it is wounded and embittered, pray against an ungrateful one, and that prayer too is answered without doubt. So the wise child, the truly intelligent one, does not merely avoid angering his mother out of fear of sin. No. He *actively serves* her, deliberately, so that her heart overflows and her tongue runs loose with prayers in his favour. Let me tell you plainly: there is no investment in this entire world with a surer return than the contented du'a of a mother. None.

IN THE LIFE WE LIVE

Honouring Her in the Age of the Phone

It would be a failure of this whole lecture to praise the mother in the language of the past and never once ask what her right demands of you this very afternoon. The ways we neglect our mothers today are quieter than the cruelties of old. We do not bury anyone. But it is neglect all the same, and Allah sees every bit of it. So let me get specific, because vague inspiration changes nothing.

Ours is an age that has learned to *send* rather than to *come*. To transfer money rather than to give time. To mark a day on the calendar with a gift and consider the whole debt paid. But listen to me carefully: a mother does not ache for your money. She aches for your presence. The cruelest poverty an aging mother can know is to have children who provide for her every material need while starving her of their company. Children who answer her with a text when she is longing for a face. Children who visit out of duty with their eyes glued to the screen the entire time they are sitting beside her.

So let me ask you honestly. When did you last sit with your mother with your phone put away entirely, in another room, on silent, and simply let her talk? Not half-listening. Fully there. When did you last call her not to ask for something, not because you needed a favour, but only to hear her voice and to let her hear that she is loved? The screen that has stolen so much of our attention has stolen, most quietly of all, the very hours we owe to the ones who gave us everything we have.

And remember, Allah specified old age in His command for a reason. When a mother grows old, she may become forgetful, repetitive, demanding, even childlike, and this is the very test the verse foresaw. Our age offers us an easy escape from this test: to place the aging parent out of sight, to treat her care as an inconvenience to be outsourced and quietly forgotten. Now, there is no sin in seeking help to care for a parent who needs more than you can physically give. But there is a great, great loss in surrendering the honour of serving her with your own hands. The honour of being the one who is patient when she is difficult. The one who answers gently when she asks the same question a fourth time. The one who lowers the wing of humility precisely when it is hardest to lower. The early Muslims did not run from this. They competed for it. They understood that the difficult years of a parent's old age are not a burden Allah placed on them by mistake. They are a field of reward He opened for them on purpose.

AFTER SHE IS GONE

The Du'a That Still Reaches Her

And for those of you whose mothers have already returned to Allah, I do not want you to feel that the door of devotion has closed on you. It has not. It has only changed its shape. The Prophet ﷺ taught that a child can still reach his deceased parent with good. A Companion came to him grieving that his mother had died suddenly, worried that she would have given in charity had she only been able to speak, and he asked whether he could give on her behalf.

إِنَّ أُمِّي افْتَلَتَتْ نَفْسَهَا وَلَمْ تُوصِ، وَأَظُنُّهَا لَوْ تَكَلَّمَتْ
تَصَدَّقَتْ، أَفَلَهَا أَجْرٌ إِنْ تَصَدَّقْتُ عَنْهَا؟ قَالَ: نَعَمْ.

Indeed, my mother died suddenly and left no instruction, and I think that had she been able to speak she would have given charity. Will she have a reward if I give charity on her behalf? He said: Yes.

Source: Sahih al-Bukhari: 1388 and Sahih Muslim: 1004 · **Authenticity:** Muttafaqun Alayh (agreed upon)

So if your mother has passed, here is your work. Give in charity in her name. Make du'a for her in the depths of the night when the world is asleep. Fulfil any promise she left unfulfilled. And keep the ties with the people she loved, because the Prophet ﷺ taught that maintaining the friendships of one's parents after they are gone is among the very highest forms of dutifulness. Understand this beautiful truth: the relationship with a righteous mother does not end at the grave. It becomes a quiet exchange of mercy. Your prayers rising up for her. And her du'a, all those prayers she made for you across all those years, still working, still travelling, still landing in your favour long after she is gone.

There is a striking scene from the early generations that I never forget. 'Abdullah ibn 'Umar, may Allah be pleased with him, once saw a man carrying his elderly mother upon his back, doing the tawaf, circling the Ka'bah with her on his shoulders. And the man, exhausted, turned and asked him: do you think I have now repaid her? And Ibn 'Umar gave him an answer that should humble every one of us until the Day we die.

He told him: *You have not repaid her, not even for a single one of the breaths she took in pain while giving birth to you.* Not one contraction. Not one breath. After carrying her on your back around the House of Allah, you have not repaid even a single breath of her labour. So let go, my dear brother, my dear sister, of the idea that you will ever be even. You will not. The most you can do is serve, and love, and pray, and hope that Allah accepts the little you offer against the ocean she poured out for you.

A Moment of Honest Accounting

Before we turn this into a plan, I want each of us to turn the gaze inward for just a moment and weigh, honestly, how we have treated the one whose pleasure Allah tied to His own. If your mother is alive: when did you last bring her genuine joy without being asked? And when did you last wound her with a sharp word or an impatient sigh, the very thing Allah forbade? Have you made her feel like a treasure in your home, or like a burden in the corner of your busy life? Do you answer her with the tenderness of a bird lowering its wing, or with the irritation of someone who has been interrupted?

And if she has passed: are you still reaching her with charity and prayer? Or have you let her quietly slip out of your devotion as the months have gone by? I ask these questions not to drown you in guilt, my dear brother, my dear sister, because guilt that does not move the hands is useless. I ask them because the door of making amends stands wide open, to the living and to the dead alike. These questions are the lantern of the grateful child, the one who knows that the shortest road to the pleasure of his Lord may be lying right there at his mother's feet, waiting, all this time, only for him to get up and walk it.

A REMINDER CARRIED HOME

Between Hope and Fear

So let no one leave this reading crushed by the memory of how they have fallen short. And let no one leave thinking their neglect is a light affair. Walk, as the believer always walks, between the two wings of hope and fear. If you carry regret for years of impatience, for harsh words, for time you did not give, then hear this clearly: the door of return is wide open. Go to her while she lives and make those years good with devotion. And if she has already passed, reach her now, tonight, with prayer and charity, for Allah accepts the turning of the repentant child.

And if Allah has granted you closeness with your mother, if things are good between you, then please, do not grow complacent. The years are shorter than you think. The chance to serve her will not knock twice, and once it is gone, it is gone. Learn from those whose service to their mothers raised them to stations the world could never see. The Prophet ﷺ told 'Umar ibn al-Khattab, may Allah be pleased with him, that there would come from Yemen a man named Uways al-Qarni, unknown to the people of the earth but famous in the heavens, and that if 'Umar could ask this man to seek forgiveness for him, he should do it. And why was the du'a of this completely obscure man so readily answered by Allah? Because of his devotion to his mother, whom he served and obeyed all his days. A man that the greatest

of the Companions went searching for, just so he might pray for them, earned that rank through nothing the world could see, only the quiet, faithful, unglamorous service of his mother. Hope in a Lord who opens Paradise at a mother's feet. And let us make our devotion real, starting today, so that when we stand before Him, we stand as the grateful child, and not the one who turned away.

رَبِّ أَوْزِعْنِي أَنْ أَشْكُرَ نِعْمَتَكَ الَّتِي أَنْعَمْتَ عَلَيَّ وَعَلَى
وَالِدَيَّ وَأَنْ أَعْمَلَ صَالِحًا تَرْضَاهُ

*My Lord, enable me to be grateful for Your favour which You have bestowed upon me and **upon my parents**, and to do righteousness of which You approve.*

Surah Al-Ahqaf (46:15)

☰ Your Action Plan: Honour Her Now

Don't just read — choose what you will act on this week.

1 Bring her joy for no reason at all

Go to your mother, or call her if you cannot go, with one purpose only: her happiness. Not to ask for anything, only to make her smile and hear that she is loved. If she has passed, give a charity in her name today.

TODAY

Make it last: once you begin today, keep it every day after — until it becomes a permanent habit for life.

2 Guard your tongue and kill the sigh

For one week, refuse yourself even the 'uff' Allah forbade. No sharp tone, no impatient sigh, no eye-roll, especially when she repeats herself or calls at a bad time. Replace it with a gentle, noble word.

THIS WEEK

Make it last: once this first week is done, don't stop — carry it on as a lifelong habit.

3 Give her your presence with the phone away

Sit with her, phone in another room on silent, and simply let her talk. Fully present. If she has passed, spend that time in du'a for her instead, in the depth of the night.

THIS WEEK

Make it last: once this first week is done, don't stop — carry it on as a lifelong habit.

4 Make her du'a a daily habit

Every single day, raise your hands and say the prayer Allah placed on your tongue: Rabbi rhamhuma kama rabbayani saghira. Ask Allah to have mercy on her as she had mercy on you when you were small.

DAILY

Make it last: keep it daily until it becomes second nature — a habit for the rest of your life.

🚩 The 7-Day Threshold of Paradise Challenge

For the next seven days, treat your mother as if Paradise itself depends on it, because the Prophet ﷺ told you it does. Every day: one act of service with your own hands before she asks, zero sighs or sharp words no matter how tired you are, one du'a for her, and at least one real conversation with the screen put away. If she has passed, replace each act with charity in her name and prayer in the night. Keep a one-line note each evening of what you did. By day seven you will have proven to yourself that the road is walkable, and the goal is not seven days, it is the rest of your life, until her feet, or her grave, become your gate to Jannah.

Make it stick – and make it last

- ✓ **Write it down.** Put your chosen action on a sticky note on your mirror, desk, or fridge – somewhere you cannot miss it.
- ✓ **Print this plan** and tick each action off as you do it.
- ✓ **Set a daily reminder** on your phone or calendar so it never slips your mind.
- ✓ **Keep a one-line journal** each night – did I do it today? how did it go? – and watch your streak grow.

Don't aim for one good day or week – aim to keep it for life. A habit only counts once it outlives the challenge.