O HESITANT ONE: ITS AN OBLIGATION!

A message from the martyr, may Allah accept him, on the eve of his martyrdom operation against a CIA team in Khost

This is a brief letter of motivation to Jihad in Allah’s path which I leave in the mailbox of a Muslim who is wavering between the honor of going forth and the humiliation of staying behind[1]. Know, my brother, that I singled you out for this letter due to my conviction that you are the closest among all people to the mujahidin in Allah’s path. Almost no mujahid goes forth to the fields of competition without passing through this stage of indecision and lingering. However, while for some, a few days, hours or minutes suffice, for others this stage goes on and on until even his entire life isn’t enough for him to make up his mind. And don’t think, my beloved brother, that your brother, this poor slave, isn’t aware of your condition. I lived among you for such a long time that it is as if I am wandering around in one of the impoverished neighborhoods of your emotion, or resting my head on a cold sidewalk in the border zone between consciousness and unconsciousness where you have hidden the love of jihad from sight and exiled it like a stranger without an identity or like a lonely heart searching for company. So I am calling to you from there, from the depth of your hearts, with words whose letters resemble pieces of my body which I scatter like severed limbs in the ether, for their echoes to reverberate in your ears forever, and for me to plant them like seeds in your consciences, in the hope that out of them will grow jihad if I water them with my blood tomorrow. Oh, if only I had something other than these words with which to call on you, then I would have flown to you without wings, like a breeze which comes before the winds, in order to stand in front of each one of you, with my eyes looking into your eyes and my hands on your shoulders, to shake you and recite to you Allah’s statement, {Unless you go forth, He will punish you with a painful punishment, and put others in your place. But Him you would not harm in the least} [at-Taubah: 39].

Oh, if only I had as many souls as there are hairs on my head, so that I could send them to the minarets of all mosques in the realms of the Muslims, to call out to the people on the day of the weekly congregation, “O you who have responded to ‘Come to the prayer,’ there is no good in you if you turn your backs on ‘Come to jihad!’” Until when must love of jihad remain confined to daydreams and private thoughts, only coming into view in slips of the tongue? Until when must this longing remain reduced to an embarrassed tear you shed when you see the tragedies of the Muslims, or a passing elation you experience when you hear a nashid or read a poem? Until when must the love of jihad remain just another one of those hobbies of yours with which you while away your free time. We’re neither looking for discerning
viewers nor the emotions of sympathizers: We’re looking for you in our midst and if we don’t find you, we shall continue to look, and look again. We shall target you with our media productions, laying for you emboldening ambushes and plating motivational mines, in the hope that they will blow up on you as admonishments and reminders which will fill your souls with thoughts and inflame your hearts with a desire to join the caravan of champions. And even if it means having to preoccupy ourselves entirely with you instead of our enemies, we will preoccupy ourselves with you until you join us. We shall continue to search for you and search again, sometimes like a beautiful dream which tempts you, and sometimes like a terrifying shadow which chases you, in order to disturb your peace and quiet and make your life miserable every time we remind you of your desertion of the mujahidin. We shall send you coded messages whose meaning only you will understand, in newscasts, newspapers, and websites. Every report which talks about us you will read as if it is talking about you. Every discussion about us will seem as if it is complaining to Allah about your staying behind us. You will hear your real names and see your photographs between the lines, among the words and behind the scenes, as you are now on the mujahidin’s most-wanted list. You will sense that the mujahidin aren’t targeting anyone else in this world other than you, and that they aren’t inciting anyone to fight except you, until you join us.

You shall never find enjoyment in any of your habits, nor even in your acts of worship, as long as you continue to refrain from jihad. We shall continue to search for you, and search again, until you join us. My brothers in Allah: Allah has tested the ummah with idols who have led the people away from their religion, and thus the Sunnah has been deserted and bid`ah has spread, and sound nature has been corrupted and jihad in Allah’s path has become a reckless venture and gamble in the eyes of many among the Muslim laity; and human devils sit beside jinni devils on the pathways of the Muslim to turn him away from jihad in the path of Allah, by telling him, “Are you going to perform jihad in the path of Allah, and get yourself killed, and let your wife remarry and your children become orphans?!“ and by telling him, “To whom are you leaving your pretty wife?! Who will be dutiful to your frail mother?! Who will take care of your little child and your elderly father?! And how can you abandon your wonderful work and desert your beautiful house?!“ But if you were to mention in front of them that you are going not to jihad in Allah’s path, but to spend a summer vacation or take a course in some worldly sciences, you would see their faces brighten, and they would help you with their time, money and counsel, and they would wish they could accompany you, even if only in your suitcase. {If it had been an immediate gain and a short journey, they would certainly have followed you, but the long journey seemed too far to them} [at-Taubah: 42].

Beware, my brother, of being turned away from the obligation of jihad by these enemies, who have concealed themselves in the cloak of family and friends. Beware of letting them deceive and mislead you. {O you who believe! Among your wives and your children are some who are your enemies, so beware of them} [at-Taghābun: 14].

And that when death inserts its claws You find that all amulets are worthles
Woe to you that death has taken you so quickly and in such a short period of time. It is then that you will realize that you are the loser and that those slackers and deserters around you swindled you. You will realize that you aren’t the same as those mujahidin you used to love, even if you resemble them in your points of view and your claiming to love going forth in Allah’s path; whereas they died the way they loved and wished for, you died the way the slackers around you love. And there is neither power nor strength except with Allah.

I swear by He in whose Hand is my soul that this worldly life is narrower and more restrictive for the believer than the mother’s womb is for her fetus, and that the easiest way for him to free himself from this restriction is martyrdom in Allah’s path. In fact, the blood, suffering and pain which the fetus goes through in order to reach the life of this world is a horrible tragedy when compared with the killing of the martyr, for whom it feels like nothing more than an insect bite. This is death in the culture of the mujahid: a transition from one deficient life to another perfect one, which, although he hasn’t experienced it, he knows by heart, through Allah’s description of it. 

{And He will bring them in unto the Garden which He has made known to them} [Muhammad: 6].

Demolish the barriers, cross the borders, defy all the security apparatuses, and burst out from all directions towards a Paradise as wide as the heavens and the earth which Allah has prepared for His slaves the martyrs.

{You will soon remember what I say to you. And I entrust my affair to Allah} [AL-Ghaafir:44].

Footnotes:
[1] The following are a few sections taken from Abu Dujanah's speech to the ummah in the As-Sahab Media recording, "O Hesitant one: It's an Obligation!"

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