

Who Created

**You, Me,
and Biso?**



I Would Like to Thank Him



I woke up this morning



but I did not jump off my bed and hurry to hug mom and dad as I usually do.



I just kept lying in bed, staring at my hand



spreading out my fingers,



twisting and turning my hand over,



clasping and unclasping it,



and raising my arms up and down

I then kicked the sheets down off my legs and lifted my right leg up and down, then my left leg



and then I repeatedly bent and straightened my knees.



I put both my hands on my face and closed my eyes.



Then I took my hands off my face, opened my eyes and rolled them



and repeatedly opened and closed my mouth.



I had this thought in my head: Who Created Me? I Would Like to Thank Him.



I sat up in bed, swung my bare legs to the floor



and ran out of my bedroom into the living room



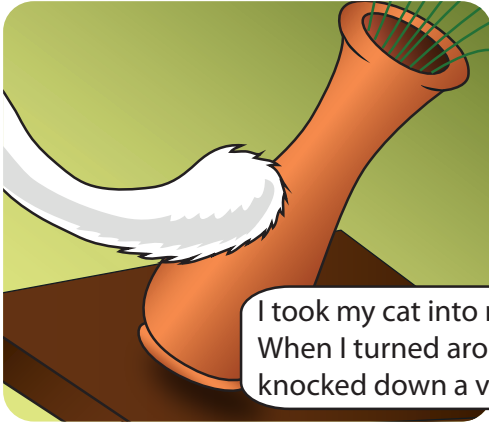
On the way, I banged into my cat



I giggled at the sight of my knocked-over cat, glad that it was not hurt.



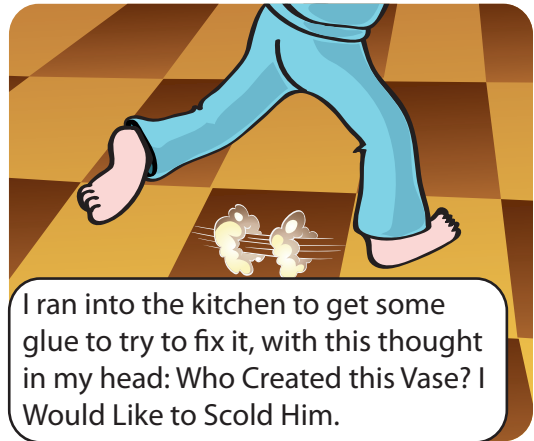
I patted my cat's head and felt its smooth fur, marveling at the contrast of its sharp claws and teeth. My cat caressed itself against me. While watching it, I again wondered: Who Created My Cat? I Would Like to Thank Him.



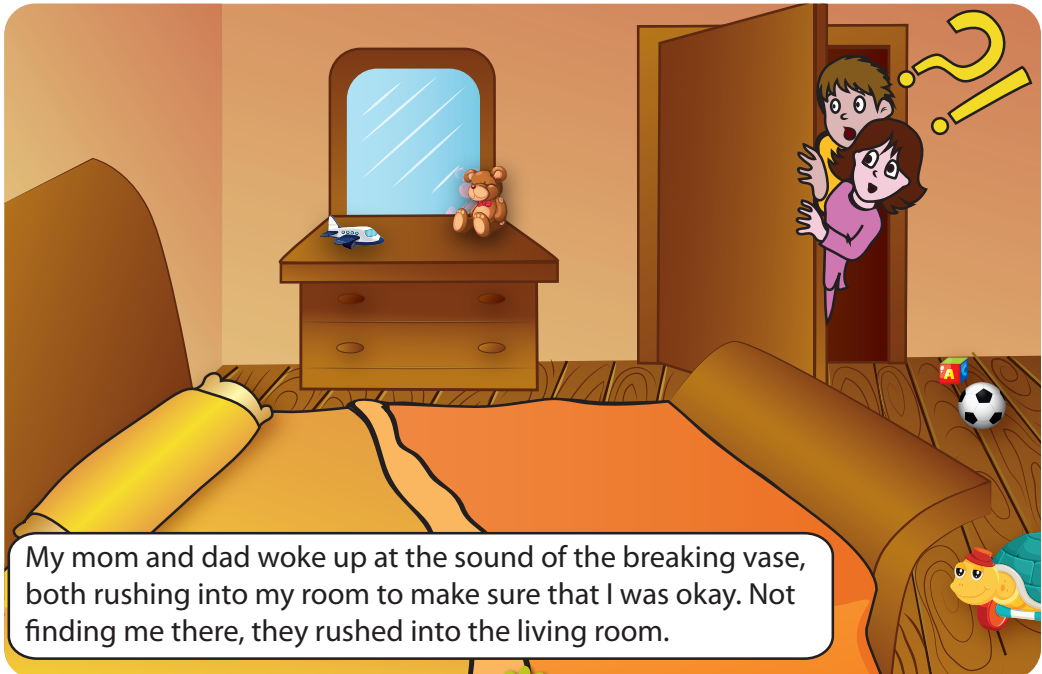
I took my cat into my little arms and rocked it back and forth. When I turned around to look for mom and dad, my cat's tail knocked down a vase of flowers,



which broke into many pieces with a big bang. But the flowers remained intact.



I ran into the kitchen to get some glue to try to fix it, with this thought in my head: Who Created this Vase? I Would Like to Scold Him.



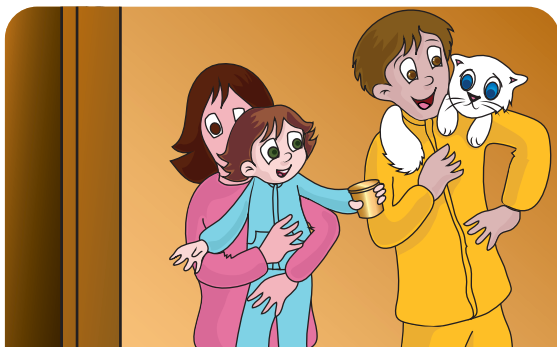
My mom and dad woke up at the sound of the breaking vase, both rushing into my room to make sure that I was okay. Not finding me there, they rushed into the living room.

All the while, my cat Bisio and I were watching them from the living room. I loved seeing them looking for me. I felt loved and cared for.



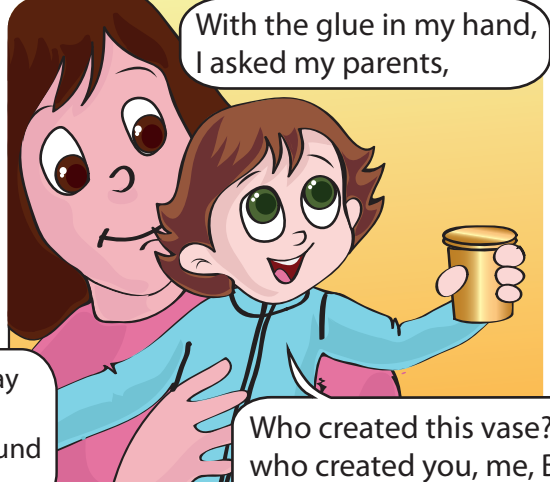
Again, the question flashed into my mind: Who Created My Mom and Dad? I Would Like to Thank Him.

A big smile shone across their faces when they saw that Bisio and I were safe and sound.

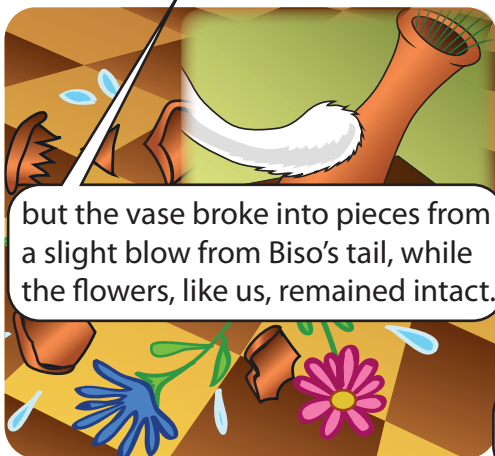


They quickly lifted me up into their arms, away from the broken vase. Bisio was faster; he was already on my father's shoulder, hanging around his neck like a scarf.

With the glue in my hand, I asked my parents,



Who created this vase? And who created you, me, Bisio, and the flowers?

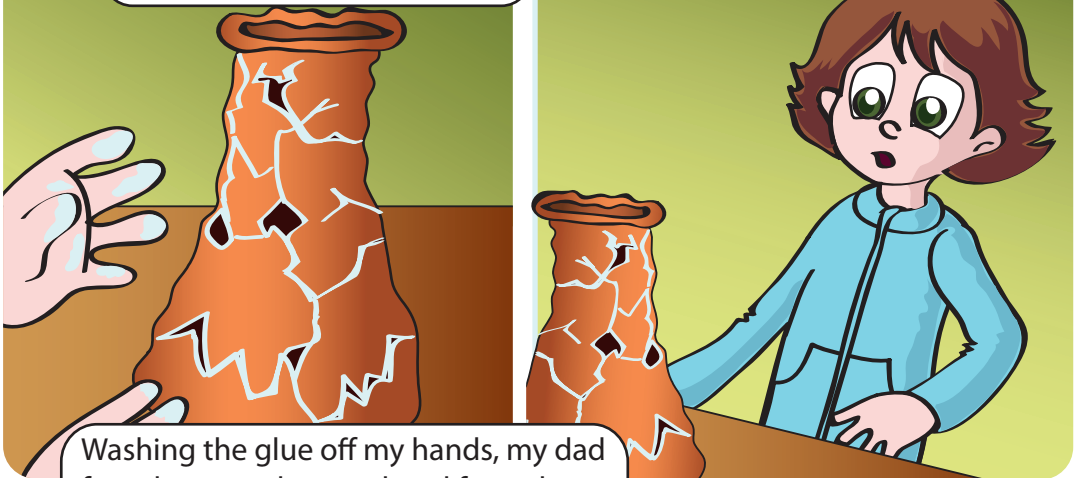


They left me and Biso to fix the vase for a while. My dad was watching; my mother was preparing breakfast.



I ended up with an ugly vase and a lot of glue on my hands.

My dad told me to leave the vase until the glue had properly dried.



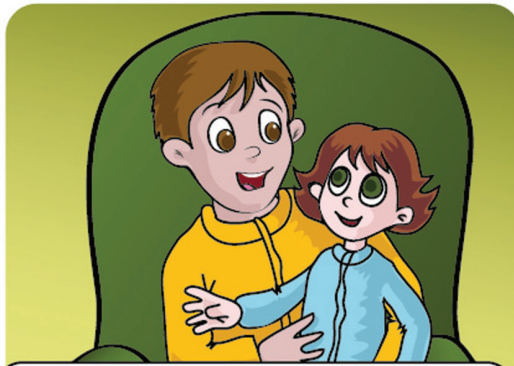
Washing the glue off my hands, my dad found a wound on my hand from the broken vase. I asked him, "Will it heal or will it remain like the broken vase?"



He washed it well, put a plaster on it, and said, "We shall see."



Who created the Universe ?



Then he placed me on his lap and narrated to me a lovely story. The hero was a youth called Ibrahim (Prophet Abraham, peace be upon him) who, young as he was, started to ask himself, like me: Who Is My Creator?



My father opened the big book he reads daily, the Holy Qur'an, and started reading to me the following Qur'anic verses:

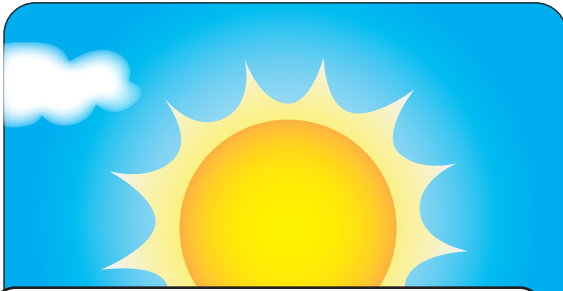


When the night covered him (Ibrahim) over with darkness, he saw a star. He said, "This is my lord." But when it set, he said, "I like not those that disappear."



When he saw the moon rising, he said, "This is my lord." But when it set, he said, "Unless my Lord guides me, I will surely be among the people gone astray."

Could my lord be the moon that vanishes and reappears?
But who would care for the creatures when it vanishes?



When he saw the sun rising, he said, "This is my lord. This is greater." But when it set, he said, "O my people, I am indeed free from all that you associate with God (in His Divinity or worship)."



"The Maker of anything must be greater than the things He has created," dad explained.



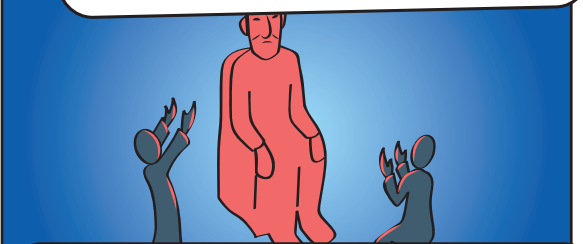
God is the Maker, Keeper, and Provider of all. He is in no need of any of His creatures, but they totally depend upon Him. He is completely Self-Sufficient and All-Sufficient.



"Verily, I have turned my face toward He Who created the heavens and the earth, upright on the truth, and I am not of those who associate others with God." [Qur'an 6: 76-79]

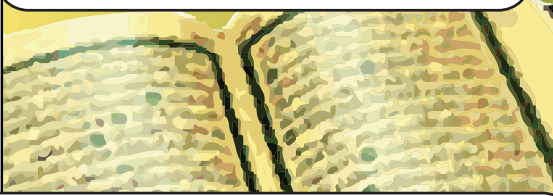


The Creator of the whole universe is our God. Anything other than Him (planets, animals, oceans, humans) is created, and thus cannot be called God or worshipped.

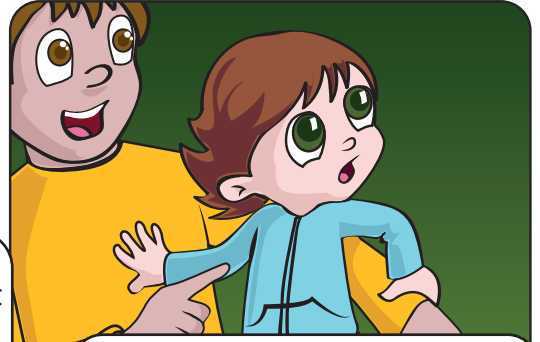


Ibrahim's people, instead of worshipping their Maker, the One and Only God, worshipped the things He made for them, such as the stars, the sun, the moon, or objects of their own making - idols.

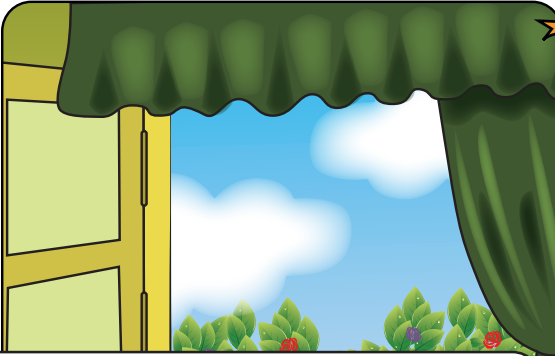
Dad read to me Ibrahim's words quoted in the Qur'an, explaining the truth to his people:



[Ibrahim (Abraham)] said: "Do you worship, instead of God, things that can neither benefit you at all, nor harm you? Fie (expression of disgust or disapproval) upon you, and upon that which you worship instead of God! Will you not use reason?" [Qur'an 21: 66-67]



He then read to me while directing my eyes to the blue sky peeping from the window:



It is He Who has created the seven heavens one above another; you can see no fault in the creations of the Most Merciful. Look again. Can you see any rifts? [Qur'an 67: 3]



I replied, first looking up at the sky



then at my little hand



then at my dad, then at Biso,



No, I can see no fault in His Creation. What about this vase, dad?"

We went to the vase, which had by then completely dried.



My dad poured some water in it, and it started leaking like a sprinkler



which made us laugh.



That is the difference between the creations of God and man, I guess.

After two or three days, the wound on my hand had healed.



Thank you, my God.