

## THE SILK PRAYER RUG

Written by Joy Himsworth

Pale pink and soft beige silk, it shone in the clear morning sunlight. Beauty beyond words. A stillness allowing me to see and feel of the girl who had spent years of her young life weaving the finest silk into such an exquisite design, a woven prayer to Alla, the blessed 'The Lord and giver of life'.

Thousands of tiny even knots, faultlessly form each flower of each Charka, each a masterpiece, of feeling and devotion. A child who became a woman, as she wove her priceless innocence and unquestioning devotion, into colour every flower and leaf. Over the brow Charka are written the Arabic words.. "The window of the soul". Above the heart the unmistakable key words "Love all people as God loves you'.

Then with such love she wrote the final words, "Honour all men and share that which you have, for many ,unaware, will dine with angels in this life"

Back home safely placed in front of the fire. The design now faced North as this lit up the whole design and showed it at its most beautiful. However, every day because the young weaver had in her love sat facing the Holy City of Mecca, her spirit began to move the rug, so that each day it would mysteriously be turned a quarter, a third, sometimes almost half way round towards the East. Daily we straightened and replaced the rug but every day it mysteriously moved.

Now we live in Brighton and the beautiful rug now faces East and the spirit of the young weaver is now at peace. The rug never moves now, but it has changed the atmosphere in the room as it radiates love and peace into the room, and sometimes as I kneel on it to pray I smell the wild flowers that surrounded the girl as she worked and I hear the words .....

In sh alla , In sh alla In sh alla.