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## Father of ishmael and isaac

Who is the father of ishmael. Abraham father of isaac and ishmael.

Di Devduttting Pattanaik Ibrahim was born 4,000 years ago in Mesopotamia. Son of a producer of idol, he rejected idolatry and prayed the only true God without form. Allah. Allah made him a prophet (Paigambar) and declared that he would have had so many children as the stars in heaven. However, his wife Sarah had passed her age in fertile age and was without children. So, he encouraged Ibrahim to take another wife, Hagar, the Egyptian, who brought a son, Ishmael. Many years later, Sarah miraculously targeted a son, Isaac. He should never have doubted Allah. To avoid family conflicts, Ibrahim took Hagar and Ishmael to Arabia where they made a house in Mecca. There, Ibrahim and Ishmael rebuilt the Kabah, where Adam and Eve prayed once. One day, Allah asked Ibrahim to sacrifice his favorite son. Ibrahim agrees hesitantly, as his wife and son did. The devil (Iblis) tried to dissuade all three, but failed. The pilgrms of Haj still throw stones three times to the pillar of the devil in memory of this incident. When Ibrahim brought the sharp knife to cut his son's neck, the sharp edge of the turned knife. Allah, in his infinite mercy, had stopped the sacrifice, satisfied with the faith of Ibrahim's Insintegration. The boy was released, and a RAM provided by Angels was sacrificed instead. This event is remembered during the Bakra ID (Bakrid). Ishmael became the father of the Arabs, who are in conflict with the descendants of Isaac, the Jewish people. In Jewish and Christian traditions, Ibrahim's favorite son offered in sacrifice was Isaac, but Muslims insist that it was Ishmael. The views expressed above are the authors. End of the article I was born in a Muslim family in 1961 by a Patian background. Because of marriage problems, my father left my mother when she was six months pregnant with me and came to England, and so I was born and raised in my maternal grandmother's house in Pakistan. While my father was in England, he married an Anglo Indian lady who later became a Muslim. In 1968 he returned to Pakistan with his new wife and three children and abducted me from my mother and brought me to my home of my paternal grandmother. I stayed there until 1971 when my father returned to England, taking me and my grandmother with him. I was almost ten. During the following years, I attended local schools and had lessons in Islam at home. There was no established mosque that we could participate and my father and some members of the local Muslim community bought a house and turned it into a mosque. I clearly remember that it was my school summer vacation and my father, brother and I and one or two community members took the first steps to demolish a wall to create a mosque hall. I grew up as a typical Asian in England. Because of ourEducation and the stern temperament of my father, we had a complete education in Islam and in the acting of the Koran after school time. It gave me a great sense of pride to say that I was a Muslim and I come from the north-western north-western border of Pakistan. As I grew up and became more mature, I started slipping into a typical way of thinking of Western Asia. I was Muslim, but I could not follow the rigid discipline that my father wanted. Like many other young Muslims grown in Great Britain, we had two different lives, one at school and the other in an Islamic family. After returning home from school, they made us recover all the lost prayers of the day and because of the distance of the mosque from our home, there have been many times when my father acted as the imam and guided me and my Brothers in prayer. Looking back, I can say that my father's main concern in his life was that the sons of him did not walk towards a western lifestyle. This sometimes caused me a lot of bitterness for my misunderstanding of the way he had been educated. Like most adolescents, I followed the flow. At school I would just like English students except that I think I have respected my teachers more than the others. I have also not been involved in any relationship with girls because of my rigorous cultural education and background. The relationship between my stepmother and my father was deteriorating at this time because he wanted him to led a typically Muslim life and, although she was a devoted wife, he could not respect prayer five times a day and reading the Koran. Between 1975 and 1976, my father returned to Pakistan for a vacation by taking my youngest brother chair and sister. During that time, my stepmother in England received the news from a family friend that my father had remarried in Pakistan. Received this news, my stepmother grew up a lot and she wanted to divorce my father. Between 1976 and 1978 they were divorced and until then I had no contact with my mother to want my father. In 1982, I decided to go to Pakistan and contact my mother. Once there, I met all my relatives and restored the links with them and attended the local mosque from time to time. One day I was in the mosque when Muslim preachers, (Tableagh), urged young people to go to a sort of field where they would have spent time in a typically Islamic environment. They spoke with great zeal and passion. Until that moment, I hadn't thought of myself like someone who could live within a strictly Islamic lifestyle. Like many of my contemporaries, I believed that Islam was a real religion and that we should follow his ideals, but I have always felt short of these ideals. Listening to the speaker, I was overwhelmed by a great passion and raised his hand to be included in the group that was about to leave for the field. After combining the group, (Jamaat), I was presented at about a dozen people, some who have been doing this kind of work for quite some time. The rest of us were new members who promised to give three days to rediscover Islam and relearn the right way of life. We visited some remote villages where we have a strict Muslim code. While we were sleeping and living in the mosque we had to maintain a strict code of ablution and cleanliness. When walking with the group, we had to walk and speak with great humility. We do not raise our eyes above a certain level in case our vision has been distracted by any kind of evil. We all ate together from the same food tray and studied some of the laws of Shariah, and we prayed prayers to make sure they were saying them correctly in Arabic, and we did various other activities to rebuild our faith in Islam. After three days, I came home with a fresh seed planted in my heart. During the next month or two, I went for more days and then again for a few more. By now, I have been conditioned to pray five times a day and read the Qur'an as much as possible. On many occasions, I rushed to the mosque to take responsibility for the call to prayer to call other Muslims to pray. Most of my mannerisms and conduct were in accordance with Sharia law as my clothes and appearance. After a year in Pakistan, my plane ticket was expiring and I decided to go back to England. Upon arrival, I visited Dewsbury quite often as this was the main center for Jamaat's work and during the next year, I made frequent visits to recharge my spiritual batteries. Outside that particular environment, I would engage in constant conversations and debates with Muslims who had strayed from Islam. In my heart I believed it was more important for Muslims who had turned away to return to Islam than for non-Muslims to become Muslims. Due to unemployment, I returned home and replenished ties with my father, (with whom I had broken off the relationship because of his third marriage). Being away from the Muslim environment with the jamaat, I was left to my devices. Neither do we for the local mosque, but not as regularly as I used to. After some time the hold that Islam had on my consciousness during the previous two years began to fade and I didn't feel guilty anymore when I shaved your beard. During this time, I got a job in an Indian restaurant that would have been unimaginable two years earlier because I would eat handling alcohol and non-halal food. In 1983, my first mother figure converted to Christianity. He contacted a local Christian and asked him to come and talk to me about Christianity. Even though I had shaved your beard and was working in the restaurant, I still had most of my knowledge is Lam and considered it as the ultimate truth. When he met me, he presented himself as having been sent by my stepmother. It was my desire for him to know about Islam as I thought he had never had. proper discussion with a Muslim before. I was hoping to become a Muslim. On the one hand I was transmitting the message of Islam, but on the other hand I was not totally following the laws of Islam because of my work and lack of discipline in prayer five times a day. I also hadgambling and various other sinful things. Although I was ready to die for Islam and despised anyone who spoke out against it, I was no different from the people I condemned. Looking back at those years, I could say I was at war with my conscience, I wanted to do the right thing but not do it. Deep in my mind, I believed that if I could help someone to become a Muslim, regardless of my standing before God, I would be granted a great reward in heaven. I thought the medication I was prescribing was very good for non-Muslims to follow, but I couldn't swallow it all the time. I met that Christian every week for about two years. Even though I was about twenty-four years old, sometimes my way of thinking was quite immature and I only heard what appealed to me about Christianity. I still held the beliefs about Jesus that the Qur'an and Muslim teachers had transmitted to me. I was firmly convinced that what Christians were following was all madness and that the way the Bible spoke of Jesus had never happened and been invented. I also believed that the Jews deliberately changed the Bible, along with the subsequent Christian changes, although Islam taught me to believe in all the Holy Scriptures, including those of Jews and Christians. As a child, I had searched the Bible to see if Muhammad had been mentioned, because I had heard that his coming had to be foretold, but I couldn't find it. During this period of debate, I have often heard many questions at night. We explored the Old Testament, (Torah and Zabur), which has similarities to the Qur'an in dealing with the stories of prophets such as Abraham, Isaac, Moses etc. According to the Koran and the Bible, Abraham was promised a son and heir whose descendants would bless the earth and through whom the final prophet would be born.Abraham had two sons: Ishmael, the ancestor of the Arabs (and therefore of Muhammad, the Arab), and Isaac, the ancestor of the Hebrews. I held the Muslim belief that Abraham had taken Ishmael to be sacrificed (and also the son of Allah's promise to Abraham), and not Isaac, but looking at the Bible, I could not ignore the fact that there was a link between Isaac and all the Jewish prophets and Jesus who descended from him. It was Isaac who had a more miraculous birth than Ishmael because he was born to Sarah, Abraham's wife, who according to the Koran and the Bible was ninety years old, while Ishmael was born to Abraham's handmaid, Hagar, who was much younger. If Ishmael, who was the first to be born, had been the promised son, it would not have taken a miracle to beget a second son Isaac. I had always heard from various Muslim sources that the Jews had been jealous of the fact that the Prophet Muhammad was born of Ishmael and not of so they could not take themselves Accept it as promised final prophet. After reading the Bible and studying various other historical literature, however, I came to the conclusion that if I put aside my inbredia, then with all the prophets after Abraham being Jew from the Isacco line, it would seem quite reasonable for the Jews not to believe In Muhammad as a prophet. Considering that the Jews were in opposition to Muhammad and his statements at that moment he was founding Islam, it seems reasonable to me that he wanted to add prestige to the Arab nation, (of which he was a part), beyond the Jews saying that L' ancestor of the Arabs, Ishmael, was the son promised that he had to be sacrificed and not Isaac the ancestor of the Jews. Although Islamic sources tell us about the wonderful character of Muhammad and according to the Hadith some of the miracles he did, they didn't seem to me in the same championship as what Jesus said and did. After reading the Bible, Jesus came ac Ross as someone more than a prophet when he arrived at miracles. He said that the praise of getting up and walking, made the blind to see, raised dead to life, nourished five thousand people with few loaves and fish, walked on the water, he spoke with authority on the forgiveness of sins and not say Â € Â ¤ , ~ "God says Â € ¤ ,~ but Â € ¤ ¤ ,~" I say ". Jesus has always been told to Masih, the Messiah, in the Koran, but did not explain what it meant and none of the two comments. I have Discovered by the Bible that the Messiah was someone promised to the Jews who would have been a Jew who would rule the world forever. This was a very different vision of Jesus of what I was used to. Together with his miracles, Jesus fulfilled them all. The prophecies in the Torah and Zabur about the coming of the Messiah; being born in Bethlehem, entering Jerusalem at the back of a donkey, being betrayed by thirty pieces of silver, purifying the temple of merchants and literally hundreds of others. I also started to see the contradictions in the Koran If I were open to look for them. Even as a child, I couldn't understand the story regarding the fall of Satan. According to Islam, Satan was one of the Jinns who reached a great prestige position among the angels. When Allah has created Adam, he ordered the entire creation of prostrate before Adam but Satan refused and was punished. Muslim conviction is that Allah is merciful, beneficial, omnipotent, all knowing, eternal and immutable and you should not prostrate yourself to anything else other than Allah. If Allah is eternal and immutatn, then he has always been merciful by the ginning and the command that you should not prostrate himself to anything else that Allah must also have been from the beginning and be immutable. How then could Allah command all creation to prostrate yourself before Adam? This made me think that something was not right here. Although the Koran is appreciated as a very nice book and his acting in Arabic can be very muchShould I accept it for its content and message or just for the poem in which it is written? Surely it is the content that is important. I had always taken great pride in the way I would recite the Qur'an and it would have a calming effect on me, but this was only temporary solitude and not a lasting answer to my problems. I would be overwhelmed every time a speaker in the mosque would confront me with my life and the punishment that awaited all sinners in hell and that would make me want to change into a better Muslim but it didn't seem to last. When I thought about God's righteousness, I could not understand how Allah could be just if the Qur'an stated that it was up to Him whether to condemn or reward a person regardless of their sin or righteousness. For example, he could send a righteous man to hell if he wanted to or a terrible sinner to heaven if he wanted to. How could that be right? Even the Muslim belief that something good comes from Allah and all evil comes from Allah troubled me. If we say that Allah is loving and kind, which no Muslim will deny, then how can He give something that is evil? This applies especially to the teaching that you predestine evil things, including even adultery, murder etc.,. It cannot be escaped, no matter how hard men may run or try to escape.. Also this is not alone or kind and so it appeared to me and so it appeared to me The Islamic teaching makes Allah be unjust. In contrast to the Qur'an, the Bible states that God is love and that there is no evil in Him and no evil can come from Him. He is so pure that evil cannot exist in his presence in heaven. All this was asking me my Muslim background. For a long time, the main thing that kept me from becoming a Christian was the Bible's statements that Jesus is God. I could believe that Jesus was born without a father, who died on the cross, (although Muslims say they didn't), but to consider Him as God was something beyond my comprehension or ability to accept. Trying to put God in the body of Jesus and in heaven besides dying on the cross, feeling pain, bleeding was too much for me. Most of these conversations would play in my mind and I would try to block some of the thoughts that seemed blasphemous to my Muslim beliefs. Somehow I became convinced that what I had to do was open my mind to God and let Him show me the right way. It was at this point that I put away my biased leaning towards the teaching of Islam and tried to look at things from a fair and open perspective. A change began to take place in my heart. I could see my body as a robot-like device in which I sat to manage all my faculties and similarly, I could see Jesus as a person with God sitting illustrating it. But what happened to God in heaven while it was happening? The Muslim belief that God is everywhere would mean that he could be in heaven at the same time that he was in Jesus. This also helped me understand how Jesus Jesus pray to God the Father in heaven. I also knew that I could not reach the sky through my efforts, praying five times a day and following all the pillars of the law Islam and Sharia. I began to look more seriously in what the Bible said that someone has to do to get the right with God and when I learned the need for a relationship with God, I knew it was what I needed. In the Bible, Jesus says: "I am the way, the truth and the life; no one comes to the Father, except through me." He says that whoever believes in Him, trusting in his life in his hands for their forgiveness and to be saved on the day of judgment through His death on the cross for their sins and giving himself His control would be saved, forgiven and given eternal life, receiving the Holy Spirit of God in their hearts. I finally decided to trust Jesus in this way in 1987 and this began a change in my life that is still happening. Gambling gradually decreased and finally stopped completely after about four years. For some time, I kept my new convictions and the fact that I trusted Jesus as a secret because of the reaction I expected from my family. There have been times when I really wanted to go to the local mosque and stand in front of everyone and tel their new faith but deep inside I knew this would not be easy. Although I had no physical fear, I was afraid to face my family and especially my father who had a strong position within our local community. There was also the fact that my extended family in Pakistan would also be horrendous and would not understand what I had done and why, (to them Christianity was the religion of the West and a Muslim should not be part of it). While working in the restaurant, many people came from the mosque to tell us to revitalize our Muslim faith as I had previously done when I came from Pakistan. I would ask questions to them and discuss without letting you be Christian. They would give me heartfelt answers that I knew they didn't understand. After many visits from strangers and people known to me, I felt it was about the time I declared my faith outdoors. During this time, I prayed that the Lord would give me strength and create the right opportunity in which I could declare my faith. I also prayed that he would control the consequences of this and that I would have the right words to say when questioned. Once I told a close friend, who in turn informed my father, the first weeks were pretty intense for me. One evening, my father sang my apartment to ask me if what he had heard about me becoming a Christian was true. I admitted it was true and it was not an easy decision for me to openly declare it. To this has become very, vertyo the extent of disapproving of me. Some friends came to my house and begged me to become a Muslim again. They were crying in my house and and to give me all their wealth and wealth, if only I would return to Islam. Many relatives urged me to simply say that I was a Muslim. In response I told them that even if I did it verbally then I would be a hypocrite because in my heart, I truly believed that Jesus died for me and that it was the only way for God. I didn't know if they understood this or not as it had led me more than two years to come to this conclusion. Did they want me to become a Muslim again to add to the numbers or for the sake of pride or because they really wanted me to be saved? I can really say that in my experience, the majority of Muslims are Muslims because one after another is born into that religion. Although some outside the Muslim world are given the opportunity to question their religion, the majority you believe they are on the right track without any question or opportunity to question. Even those who believe in reciting the creed, praying five times a day, fasting, giving souls, and making pilgrimages have no assurance that they will be accepted by God into paradise. I asked those who came to me that if I returned to Islam they could guarantee me a place in Heaven and they said "if God is willing", but with Jesus I have a safe place in Heaven because He paid the price for my sins. There are many other Muslims who have put their faith in Jesus, but have not openly declared it because of fear of persecution they might face, (if a religion is so true, then it should not need intimidation to protect it).

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