

My
'Outings'
with
Jama'atu
Tableegh



Aboo Aamir Is'haaq bn AbdirRaheem
(may Allaah be merciful to his parents)

My 'Outings'

with *Jama'atu Tableegh*

**A Twenty-Five Year (1996 to 2021) Communal
Encounter North and South Nigeria**

Originally A Series of Facebook Posts Written in December 2021

By Aboo Aamir Is'haaq bn AbdirRaheem – may Allaah be merciful to his parents

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Appreciation

This work was compiled into a single document by Aboo Amaanah Fat'hu Yaqoob – Jazaahullah Khairan, under the assistance of al-Akh Ishaq Ismaeel of Department of the Combined Law, Faculty of Law, Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria.

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To the readers:

Please kindly pardon me for my choice of words and slangs in the piece. It was originally a series of Facebook posts.

Nevertheless, I tried to give the English meanings of some of the slangs and terms. I however intentionally retained the pidgin usage.

BismiLlahir-Rahmanir-Raheem

Let me start:

I can recall being the Imaam of one of the students' *masjid* back on the OAU campus, Ile-Ife, around 2008. As the Imaam, I had to be giving lectures around cropping up issues from time to time. It was Salafee preachings all along. No compromise, *walhamdulillah*.

So, one day one of the brothers slipped a question through about the Tableegh. That, were they on the right path? The question was left unattended to for like three days.

I was aware there were some Tableeghis in the *masjid* who had been wary of the Salafee Da'wah already. Besides, there was someone who was like a backbone to them on campus. He was an old graduate but with a lot of influence. He owned a popular café close to the *masjid* then.

Hmm! There was another figure in the medical college who could defend all the deviants of this world. His *manhaj* was (hope he has dropped it), 'I am with whomever you Salafees say is a deviant.' He and the café man were a powerful combo on campus in striving against the Salafi Da'wah. Strangely enough, these people had some jihadi leanings too. They used to silently celebrate the suicide bombers. We all knew this about them then. [\[No wonder the belief that the Tableeghis are indirect recruitment centre for the suicide bombers\]](#)

There was another lecturer at the Geology Department who used to say he was a Tableeghi who had travelled to several places in the world in the cause of Tableegh.

So, I was being careful. The question had become the talk between all of us the *masjid* admins. Everybody said I must attend to it. So about five days after, I stood up one morning in the *masjid* and constructively destroyed the Tableegh Jama'ah! *Walhamdulillah rabbil aalameen.*

I had hardly finished my talk than the grumbings started. I was surprised to see those you would think to have *gboroye* (understood the da'wah of Sunnah) saying, leave the Tableegh alone. *Subhaanallaah!*

The successive days were hot, we must kill that Tableegh Jama'ah on campus come what may. So we successfully silenced all of them, *Walhamdulillah.*

Unknown to me, the news had spread across Ile Ifè that there was someone on campus destroying *Ise Igbiyanju* (da'wah of the Tableegh). I could recall the lecturer at Geology Department cornering me at the Central Mosque of OAU saying, 'Are you the Imaam of such-and-such masjid condemning the Tableegh?' I told him I was only saying what I knew about them from the available facts and scholars' views. The conversation ended hotly after some minutes.

Then one Maghrib, we received a Pakistani visitor courtesy of the old graduate who owned the café I said. I led the Salat and a note was passed to me that the visitor wanted to talk to the Jama'ah! I knew what the mission was, so I refused to grant it but the old graduate spoke out and announced to the Jama'ah that a visitor wanted to talk! You can see the effrontery. Well, we allowed them for the sake of *maslahah* (peace). At least we were in charge of the *masjid*. If they left, we would debunk their lies. Though we really ought not to have allowed them come what may. So, the visitor came forward and began to speak.

Normal Tableegh programmed talk *nani*. Six Points! He was speaking Arabic, yes Arabic, in fact, fluent Arabic. The old graduate was translating into English... All of a sudden, the visitor switched into English and stopped his translator. Only Allaah knew what made him do that. His English was awkward. He could not pass any message. *Alhamdulillah* the Jama'ah was saved from their virus. The old graduate was disappointed. Visibly unhappy. So saddened. He felt like crying.

That was not the end...

After Isha Prayer, the old graduate said the visitor would like to speak to all of us the Duaat in the *masjid* in camera. Did you get the reason for that?

They *sha wan buy us by force*. In the *masjid* office, the discussion began. I had an MP3 recorder with me, that MP3 player *gbungbu* like this. So, the visitor began the talk again, yes in Arabic. Then he made another mistake... He started praising himself. Telling us all what he knew in the Deen, books he had read, scholars of Pakistan he had learned from. I was to face him. May Allaah pardon Ajiferuke and the rest, they would always say I should face such people. *Walhamdulillah*.

Lest I forget, the man said I should tell him what I knew too, and the scholars I learned from too. So, I told him I would be too foolish to praise myself as he had praised himself! I told him, they were on the wrong path. They should change to Sunnah. That was the end of the discussion. The old graduate was disappointed again. His eyes became red. He felt like spitting at me. Though apart from his faulty *manhaj*, he was a nice man. It could be for Tableeghi reasons though.

Everything was recorded! Some few days after, the old graduate met me by his café (where we had downloaded all the materials we nailed the Tableegh with, there were no smartphones then).

He asked me: 'Abu Zaynab (that was my Kunya then), seems you recorded our discussion in the *masjid* office?' He was an intelligent person, Allaah just afflicted him with *Tableegiyyah*. I said yes. Then he requested for the Player. I gave it to him, when I later collected it, he had wiped it away. So sad, I had not transferred it to the computer system. I didn't even know he had wiped it until several days after. Anyway, they failed. That was not the end. After that year I still had another encounter with him when I stayed for a year in the city of Ifè.

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I had the cause to spend an extra year in school. Allaah the All-Knower used a lecturer as a *sabab*. So, I stayed in town with my family, moving then down from Ikire where I had had most interactions with the Tableeghis.

Let me go back the memory lane a bit...

Yes, Allaah guided me to the Sunnah in 1996 in Kaduna. That is the greatest thing in my life which I am always grateful to Allaah for. My earlier encounter with the Tableeghis was in Ikire before I traveled to Kaduna. Sincerely the coming of the white Pakistanis was an effective venture of the Tableeghis. *Kai*, you would wonder why *Oyinbos* would come and mix with us the locals. No doubt many of our folks followed these *Oyinbos* just as our other people followed the other *Oyinbos* to the Church. I can recall the *Oyinbos* of Don Bosco in Ondo Town, they

converted a lot of people to Christianity in that city. I too almost followed these Pakistanis if not by Allaah's mercy. Yes then at Kaduna, at Asikolaye Street (to tell you I am sure of what I am saying), I had listened to some Pakistani preachers saying whoever followed them in the path of Allaah, Allaah will grant him seventy houses in Jannah, each house has seventy rooms, each room has seventy women.

Hmm! I almost fell for that but my uncle whom I lived with said *lailai*, he would not allow me to follow unknown people. But before I left Kaduna in 1997. after some learning, I could understand that the Tableeghis had some problems. They were always critical of the rest of Ahl Sunnah in Kaduna. If anybody knows Markaz Ibn Khattaab at *Tudunupawa* here, you will know what I am talking about. Markaz Ibn Khattaab through one of our teachers there, Ustaadh Abdulwaasi Kilaanee (one of my first Qur'aan teachers, a classmate of *Saadiqu* at Zamfara) warned me about the people of Bid'ah, Jama'ah Tableegh *khusoosan*. So when I came back home (Ikire was home then, many people till date don't know I am not a native), I was like 'which Jama'ah would I join?'

Before me was the Tableegh and MSSN...

I first tried the Tableegh.

I attended some of their sittings at Pakoyi (I think they have moved to Oke Awo Area of Ikire now). By Allaah, those sittings convinced me they were on *Dalaalah* - misguidance.

How? I saw deceptions in them. I saw speakers faking cries I saw people faking one another. I saw ignorant people trying to call to the path of Allaah. One of their speakers would mount the front seat, face the people, and exhort them to

outing, faking cries. It is their Thursday sittings, I think they call it *Juloos Bayaan*. Perhaps, it was because we were in the local level (I had thought) let me see what would happen in the next '*istima*' which I later got to know was supposed to be called *Ijtimaa*.

They mobilized us for the 1998 *Istima*, then at Eyenkorin, Ilorin. It used to be centralized at the time. At the *Istima*, let me call it in their terms, I saw *winrin winrin* (horrible things). Ignorance par excellence! People came from different places. Judges, justices, police officers, businessmen, artisans, farmers, foreigners. A lot of booksellers, books of Sunnah that are against what the Tableegh were upon.

Then we were taken through a series of Bayaan. They are people trained in oratory (upon falsehood) and the art of crying ('art' I said). *Tashkeer*, or what do they call it, was flying about. One major deception I noticed in them all was when the same set of the people raise their hands in every bayan for an outing, and you would see them rushing to put down their names, again and again, one of their speakers, I think one 'Ustaadh' Tajudeen, whom many of them used to treat like a saint (they once said he did *naafilah* on water), he said it is only at Hajj such number of the people could be found.

Anyway, I returned home convinced that the Jama'ah got a k-leg. By then I was privy to reading *Fasail Amaal*, as they call it, in some of the local masjids, you know they always drop a copy in a *masjid* they influence on. *Fasail Amaal* is filled with horrendous things; fabricated stories, *shrikiyaat* and *qubuuriyat*.

By 1998 my Arabic had improved. I was exposed to the books of Sunnah. *Sifaat Salaat* of Shaykh Al-Albaanee (rahimahullah) was an eye-opener. It is a book on Salat but it teaches no to *taqleed*. So I didn't want to see any baseless hadeeth or report. So *Fasail Amaal* was a no-no.

In 1999 I gained admission into ABU Zaria to read Mass Communications. At ABU, I met some Tableeghi guys. The room I stayed in in Part One, at Suleiman Hall, was under the control of a Tableegh man, one of their bigwigs in Kaduna State. Alhamdulillah he is out of the Jama'ah now, now a Salafite staying Kano.

(Someone just sent this to my inbox; Evening, is it that you don't have any other topic to treat on or talk about UNLESS TABLEEG'. I replied: Yes, tonight and days to come it is Tableegh. Inshaa Allaah. Take heart)

In that room, it's war! My Tableegh host would say we must do *Ta'leem* before we sleep. The book to use was *Faadaail Aamaal* (now better pronounced). My host knew some Arabic. Unlike those in the South, he was more knowledgeable. Perhaps Allaah used that to guide him back to the Sunnah. In fact, he later travelled to Sudan to learn the Sunnah. So, whenever it was my turn to read *Faadaail Aamaal*, I would skip the hadeeth *Da'eef* (weak) and other horrible things. My host would insist I read everything, I would say no. Later the *Ta'leem* died. Smiles.

Kai at Suleiman Hall then, hmm, the Tableeghis tried *fa*, upon their ignorance, they were very committed to the cause of Muhammad Ilyas. I could recall one AbdurRahman that used to wear medicated glasses, all his life na Tableegh. I don't think he graduated. His colleagues *gan* in Tableegheeyah used to 'fear' him.

The Tableeghis capitalized on the fact that the Sunnah Da'wah was weak on ABU campus. The Da'wah then was more of *Harakiyyah* – Islamic movement ideas (I once said it, we all celebrated the September 11 attacks, in fact I wrote a piece praising Osama bn Laden and posted it on the Notice Board of Kashim Ibrahim Library).

So, there was a day the brothers tricked me into a 3-day outing!

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How was I tricked into this 3-day outing?

I forgot to tell my readers yesterday that at a point some other Tableeghis came to join us in that my host's room to live with us. They were also students. We all lived in 'peace and harmony'. I was the only one odd out ideologically. So, they used *to park me aside* in their Tableeghi deliberations on 'progress of Da'wah on campus'. The Da'wah they meant was the Da'wah of Tableegh.

Yes, there was an Ikhwaani guy on campus rooting for Ikhwaaniyyah (even as far as the Zaria City). He was a senior colleague in my department. He was graduating that my first year. He really mentored me on Ikhwaaniyyah. Telling me how Da'wah Ikhwaaniyyah was the best thing in the world. He would not mince his words against the Tableeghis, though in secret. He had some secret programmes he used to organize for some folks on campus even to the extent of the MSSN leadership on campus, unknown to the latter that they were being used to drive home an agenda. I think I used to be more at home with him. Sincerely he really tried to buy me into Ikhwaaniyyah. Unknown to him, I already had some information about them back at home especially how they dismantled MSSN in

the South West. There was one IVC in Oyo Town that I was told the Ikhwaanee leaders who came to the MSSN to disrupt it almost rendered futile.

Anyway, I was careful with the Ikhwaani guy. He too was an orator. He was the editor-in-chief of the MSSN ABU publication at the time.

He was definitely grooming me to take over the editorship of the MSSN publication when we irrevocably fell out. We had a tough argument on Ikhwaaniyyah, so he was convinced I was not 'buyable'. I once refused his order as the editor-in-chief to cover a beat. He had sent me and a beautiful sister to go and interview a lecturer at Federal College of Education, Gyelesu, Zaria, which was on the other side of Zaria from Samaru. I asked him would the sister and I go differently, he said we would go together. I said in the same bus, he said yes. *Apaayan* (what a killer!). I declined and he got infuriated with me. My name had been shortlisted as the editor-in-chief by then, he went and convinced the MSSN leadership on campus that I should be removed, and I was removed. I was not pained. Interestingly he was the one that sent me to interview Zakzaky also at Gyelesu. The latter almost lured me into Shia!

In appreciation to him, he mentored me on writing right from my Part One. He would always say there is power in writing. He introduced me to the use of computer (he was the one that took me to ABU Computer Complex, I forgot the name, to make me use the computer). He also tried taking me through Spreadsheet, hmm, a software for graphics then.

I think we later met at one of the IVC's at Ogunmakin (smiles) some years after. Definitely he came as a spy for the Ikhwaanees, he knew that I was aware. There used to be many of them like that. Ustaadh Luqman Idris (now Dr, hafidhahullaah),

Abu Naasir, Ustaadh Qamarudeen Bello and many others used to have a hell of time slugging it with them then. There was one Sa'eed Salman, *na bàbà n là* person of *shubuhaat* he was (Ibn Taofeeq, Abu Mazeedah et al of today are just gofers). He could argue from morning till night. You would always see him stoking one issue or the other. Ustaadh Luqman Sekoni used to give him a lot of *Ifolenu* at one of the IVC in Ota, Ogun State. If you see Sa'eed Salman today, you will thank Allaah for guiding you. he remains perpetually Sunnah-bankrupt. May Allaah guide him and others.

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One of the brothers in that room said to me one day after a joint meal. 'Mallam Ishaaq, we would be going for a 3-day, we would like you to follow us.' It caught me by a surprise, I tried to protest when the person, an elderly brother in Surveying Department, said jokingly 'don't say anything, we are going together.' The others joined him, 'yes you are following us.' Inside me I knew I was in a hot soup. What would I be doing in those three days there?

Okay I agreed with them but deep inside me I was not happy. I was like *hey* won't these people hoodwink me into accepting their ideology. I was praying Allaah would give me a way-out. By Allaah, I was very wary of misguidance after guidance. So, we moved. No kobo was collected from me. One of them said, he would sponsor me. *Modaran!*

Our destination was beyond Samaru Village after its big local market. Hmm that market *ehn, things cheap die there*. We first stopped at a masjid close to Dr Sani Bichi's (now a professor, I was told) residence. He was their *za'eem* (chief) all of Kaduna State if not all of the north. *Na agba tebu* (as we used to call them back in

Ikire then) him be. We were schooled on the etiquettes of outing, they call it *tarteeb*.

The etiquette *na waya*!

Don't make the adhan for any masjid.

Don't make the Iqaamah.

Don't rush to the first row.

Don't sit reclining on the walls as the Bayaan goes on.

We must do our things in unison. No individual act. No.... No... We would eat together, sleep the same time... I was like running back to the campus but it was too late. I don't even think I could know the way back home. A long *trek ni o*. (Yes, don't try be the Imaam can be correct so also the Muadhin, when they are standing people for those positions. But refusing to lead when the congregation asked you to lead can be pretentious)

Then we started the trekking....

We trekked and trekked into the hinterland.

I was wondering why all this trekking? These people we were going to meet, were they non-Muslims? Okay, we shall see. After several hours of trekking we got to the *masjid* we would use. It was no random masjid; it was the one the elders tashkeed us to.

When we finally arrived there, I sighed. *Alhamdulillah* we arrived. I wanted to ask when we were returning whether we would take a ride. But I shelved it having

known that we would definitely trek back. Sincerely I could start feeling some pains in my body but I did not give myself out. Before we entered the village, the Ameer asked us to come together for a prayer. Ok o. We all prayed silently for the *hidaayah* ('guidance') of the people of the village and rubbed our faces after that. Me just stood no prayer no rubbing of face. To me that was *bid'ah*. *But I never see something*. When we got to the *masjid*, before we set our feet in, there was a 'need' for another joint prayer. *Haba! Wetin be all this?*

Then a short reminder on why we were there. We were reminded that was how the Sahabah used to do. I wanted to ask in which book could we read that but I restrained myself. It would be too early. But inside me I knew that Ameer was lying, or that was what he was fed with. You know the Tableeghis with their *hikayaat* (tales) of lies. Pure *litireso atenuenu* (oral literature) with no chain of transmission. So, we were reminded of the rules and regulations again, the do's and don'ts of outing. We settled in the *masjid* and we sat round for another briefing and *ta'leem*. Tableegh *na babanla* programme. I don't know who is a champion between them and the Ikhwaan.

They taught us out to give the *bayan*...

Tell the people about the power of Allaah then invite them to outing. I was scheduled to make my *bayaan* the second day. Some veterans must precede us the novice. Though they used to refer to me as 'our aalim' throughout the outing. *Babanla ikraam* and *iskaat*. Yes I am your *aalim* (don't mind them, *I be total beginner then o, still a beginner now even*) let me tell you what is proper to do in the Sunnah, *inaa!* ('Inaa' in Hausa means 'never' '*lailai*'). So, no matter your

knowledge, you must follow the *tarteeb*. They used to say almost all the percentage of guidance is with the Ameer of any contingency. *Wàhàlà wa o*.

So, we started the drama we had scripted. That's what I could make of it. One act then its scenes then another act with interludes, a tragi-comedy all along. Sometimes I would feel like crying for the ignorance then another time I would be laughing at their foolhardiness.

At 'learning' time, we were to memorize the Qur'aan. I was like *maasha Allaah!* Then we started...Suratul Feel to Naas. They said we wouldn't go beyond that. I asked what of we that we had like five Juz? They said that's what we would do. One of them reminded me of the *tarteeb*, and that we should not argue with the Ameer. These people wanted to kill me. Okay, let's do it. The person that led us in the recitation of the Qur'aan was such an awkward reciter. The *makhaarij* were very bad. I was even trying to correct him by reciting loud correctly, *he no care*. *Na me sabi*. I said it was not their fault *na me carry myself follow them*. We were still in the first day o!. I was already homesick. I saw myself under a prison of a sort.

Then it was time for breakfast.

Haa! The food was massive. *If na food, Tableegh dey try*. They can feed you to forget yourself. We ate and ate, and we were told there was still more if we liked. *Make I no lie*, I ate. At least, *if I no gain anything there I must add some weight*.

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I was to make the *bayan* to the *masjid Jama'ah* the following day. It was a dilemma for me. How would I make my presentation? I was not used to a six-point agenda. Anyway, I tried to say something. I was speaking English and my translator was translating it into Hausa.

Therefore, I was no threat. The translator was there to correct my anomaly. Of course, the translator took over at a point. I think that was the point I supposed to invite the Jama'ah to outing. I failed to do just that. To the team, my *bayan* was devoid of light!

Anyway, we got back to the hostel. The euphoria of coming back home did not even make me remember the rigour of the trek back home.

They afterwards carried on with their Da'wah while I tried my best to stay away from them.

One thing about most of the Tableeghis then on ABU campus was inviting people to outing. Surprisingly they did not have a say in the Suleiman Hall masjid. They never tried doing there Da'wah in the masjid but would visit Muslims in their rooms to call them to their path. As for me, I tried preaching Tawheed in the Masjid. I could remember my standing up almost every morning reading from Shaykh Jameel Zaynoo's Aqeedah Islamiyyah, just a small text.

In my Part Two I moved to ICSA-Ramat Hall, that place no Tableegh activities but Sufi students in faculty of Education and Arts.

My host and some other Tableeghi brothers graduated and I never heard about them again. I left ABU in Part Three and came to OAU to read a new course! *We love boko for this tribe en.*

So, I was effectively back at home, Ikire. I was back in the midst of the Tableeghis. I observed they had multiplied yet upon ignorance and misguidance. We used to hear and see a lot about them. Like one of them who went for outing leaving a heavily pregnant woman in labour. That case occurred at Majendaje Area of Ikire. Like one of them at Oke Afa, Apomu, who said he would not use mobile phone (when it first appeared, I mean the GSM, when Econet line was N30,000!) because it makes one tells a lot of lies.

An example of that was one of them who stood up in our local masjid one morning at Oke Awo and claimed he saw a *Malaika* (an angel) by the side of the masjid before the dawn. An old man countered him and said he was the one he saw, that he was calling him back when he turned back saying *Subhaanallaah! Allaah Akbar! Subhaanallaah!* (In the ecstasy of seeing an angel, in his thought).

Or is it their *hikaayat* (baseless tales) of what they saw in outing... Miracle of cooking with water. Miracle of a food multiplying in the pot. Visions upon visions. They tell lies effortlessly and shamelessly. The best Tableeghi is the one with the most weird *hikaayah*.

That reminds me of one of them who came from Oluti, one of their first *maraakiz* in Nigeria, located in Lagos. We used to hear the reports of how those Oluti-trained Tableeghis used to be saint-like. Real time mystics! They used to say the Oluti people are a people with a lot of *karamaat* (wonders). They are an epitome of *karamaat auliyaa!*

So, one of them relocated with his family to Ikire. *Kai na real time Oluti'ism!* Firstly, the man took unkemptness as a virtue (I want to believe it is his own idiosyncrasy, there are some of them who used to be very neat but many are idiotically dirty).

But this one, dirtiness is an act of *qurb* (means of closeness to Allaah) to him. he hardly took birth. A worn one single cloth about with long crests of failure to iron cloth half way down. He was avowed to our peddling the *Fatawa* of the scholars about issues of Islam. He told us we only knew *Fatawa* but no *Taqwah*! Someone who could not recite Faatihah correctly but who had gone to forty-months and several *jouls* in Ilorin. Then it was no long when we started hearing domestic issues about him and his wife. You know what? He once accused his wife of witchcraft. We asked him how he knew she was, he said he saw it in his *dhikr* ecstasy in the night. We asked him to narrate how. He said whenever the woman was asleep and he began his *dhikr* of multiples *laa ilaaha illa Allaah* in the night some spirits would be running round the house and the eyes of his wife would be flashing like cat's. A clear case of hallucination!

He stayed with us for about three or five months before he disappeared with that wife and their kids, perhaps back to Oluti.

That also reminds me of a brother's experience at that same Oluti. My white-white friend at Ilé-Jago, Apomu that studied PPE at OAU. He had a cause to travel to Lagos one day, in 1998, I think. He narrated to me that he had sought the permission of the people at Oluti to sleep over till the following morning but they came back to inform him that he would not be allowed because Oluti was only for those who came for the cause of Tableegh! Waow! My friend said it was a woman who used to sell items at roadside that allowed him sleep in her shop till morning. That singular event convinced my friend that the Tableeghis were just calling to themselves.

Or should I inform you of how they treated me when I was coming back from a journey when they thought I was coming from an outing? On that fateful night, I landed in Ikire from Ondo, I was penniless so I had to trek home. When I got to Opeyemi Area of Ikire, I saw two Tableeghis by the junction to Pakoyi discussing. When they saw me, they rushed at me to help me with my luggage.

One of them said, 'are you coming back from outing?'

I replied: 'No, I was coming from where I went to assist my mum in her farm.'

Suddenly both of them withdrew their hands and went away leaving me confused.

Someone might say but other Muslims have their own faults too. Yes, you are right but those faults should not be made a religious duty. The Tableeghis have made those faults of theirs as religious activities Allaah will reward them for. Beside, will they see those faults as faults? You can answer for them. I still visit Ikire occasionally (ordinarily I supposed to relocate to Ikire but for my personal reasons I did not). I still see those Tableeghis everywhere upon their misguidance. By Allaah, they still wallow in ignorance. Many of them still can't recite the Qur'aan. Many of them can't read and understand Arabic (they were trained to hate knowledge, they believe too much knowledge is destructive). Many of them still move about with small *subhah* (rosary), even their womenfolk! You would see them on the road moving their lips in subtle *dhikr*. So we don't know what they what to offer the Ummah. Imagine the Tableeghis are in control of an Islamic state! They have nothing to offer.

The Tableegh Da'wah is far away from the Sunnah of the Prophet – sallallaahu alayhi wa sallam, and from the way of the Companions. The Tableeghis prey on

the ignorant Muslims alone – to recruit to their way. Reaching the non-Muslims is a problem for them. That is the reason it thrives where the Muslims are majorly ignorant of their deen. For example, it is a fact that the Tableegh Da'wah is strong in South West Nigeria than other places. You hardly see the Hausas follow them. Ever wonder how they will do da'wah in places where there are no masjid and Muslims.

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Now back to Ile-Ifè.

Or have you forgotten I digressed from Ile-Ifè?

The Tableeghis are many in Ilé Ifè and Ilesha, in Osun State, those places are devoid of Sunni scholars, and when cats travel the rats take over. Yes, let me go back to Ifè.

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Back to Ilé-Ifè where I digressed. You would recall I said it was about our Old Graduate (let me make that a proper name for him). The event was when I was a teacher at the Geepee Boosters Centre. I was the Imaam of the centre. I taught English Language and Literature-in-English to the 'JAMB' students. I was also the image maker for the centre. I once granted an interview at Orísun FM about the centre.

It was a year of eventful events. Alhamdulillah, we used the centre to make positive impact on a number of students, Muslims and non-Muslims alike. We had the intellectual prowess and I think *we could blow some grammar*. I was told to

let the guys in the class know I could teach them English Language well. Since it was no act of Ibaadah I proved it to them. My class used to fill to the brim as I bamboozled the university-intending souls. I was at an occasion in Ìjèbú Òde sometime in 2021 when a sister in Niqaab sent her husband to greet me. The husband said she said I was her teacher at Ile-Ifè. *O ri mi sì wù*. Sadly and happily that I don't teach English Language again, I made that official in 2010, after a decade and a half of active service in English Language teaching

Don't forget that year, 2009, was the year I was having my extra year from the university. Hmm, *na some sadists in the Law Faculty of OAU work am for me*. I was not pained. So life was going on until one Ramadan of that year. Hmm! Our Old Graduate was at a Tafseer sitting at Oluorogbo Road 7, the Masjid Sunnah there, when some talks came up about the Tableegh. I was not there but the brother that reported it to me said our Old Graduate expressed himself and his Jama'ah as Salafees.

'Abu Zaynab, *fulaan* is a Salafee!' The brother reported to me emphatically. I knew something was amiss. Some viruses had been shared. Our few Salafee brothers in Ile-Ifè Town (*alhamdulillah* they are getting back on their feet now) had been deceived.

No problem, I just took my PC, my veteran laptop, that had fought a lot of literary battle with me, made a compilation of scholars' verdicts against the Tableegh and made it into some copies of booklets. Dr. Sa'eed Adio and my boss, *GPooo* (as I used to call him) did the typesetting and printed the copies for free. May Allaah reward them for that. These brothers might have forgotten but Allaah does not. It was that brother that brought the news of Tableegh of Ifè turning Salafees that I

sent to distribute the copies to certain personalities in the Tafseer two or three days after. It was written in Arabic and was distributed to about 15 people among whom was our Old Graduate. Yes, I put my name there that I was the compiler. *Wetin go happen?* That night, I received a call from Old Graduate and I knew there was a fire on the mountain of Ile-Ifè.

'Yaa Abaa Zaynab, I saw your compilation on Jama' atu Tableegh, when can we have a discussion about the matter.'

Yes e don shele.

'Anytime you feel like Sir.'

Of course, he was a respectable figure. Beside he was like an elder brother to me. We fixed a date for the Great Debate, the venue was our centre at Sabo, Ile Ifè. It would be solely between both of us while GP was going to be a witness. *Hakika!*

Let me laugh at myself a bit.

You are welcome to the last leg of this narration.

So we fixed a date for the Great Debate that would only involve me and Old Graduate while my boss, the proprietor of GP Boosters was going to be a witness. Before then, the information had gone round somehow that there was going to be a debate. Some people were interested in the outcome. Not until today, I don't think I ever made any official report of the outcome of the debate. There were conditions for the debate, largely set by the Old Graduate. One of them I had mentioned in the foregoing.

So early that morning Old Graduate arrived in his wagon with a load of books. I came with my load too. Lol. It was our centre so we had books in reserve if the 'ammunition' in the ones I brought got exhausted. Interestingly that was the time I just bought my first set of volumes of books from Kurumi after I received my first jumbo pay for the translation of the Commentary of Shaykh Uthaymeen on *Riyaad Saaliheen*. I did volume one with one of our Ustaadhs in Ede then, and I solely translated volume six of the compendium. Everything was courtesy of our teacher, Abu Naasir. May Allaah reward him for the privilege. (We later did a lot of translations even after I arrived in Ede for years. I could recall the accusation of some people in Ede then about us that we were living too comfortable! They never knew I used to work around the clock sifting pages and punching the computer, I still used to have back pains till date).

The venue of the debate was inside Old Graduate's car. He sat in the front seat while GP and I sat at the back seat. I was to open the discussion after a brief talk by GP. No fight, no shouting, no abuse. The caution was necessary because a similar thing had occurred at the centre between me and the brother at the medical college. You remember him? We had an argument over an issue (Ikhwaanee related) and we almost hit ourselves. I regret that incident. That young man, as he then was, could be very frustrating. We normally didn't use to see eye-to-eye. Argument *ni sha*. I would tell him I was not interested in any discussion, he would *sha* find my trouble. He could pick up a *raawin* in a hadeeth, from there we would land in *manhaj* and *problem go wake up*.

Ordinarily my brother is a nice brother. Very brilliant and intelligent. Now one of the best surgeons in West Africa. By Allaah, he is brilliant. But he was affected by

too-much reading that got no one to guide him about what should be read and what should be avoided, he used to read *sense plus nonsense*. Had he sat up with some teachers and was calm he would have become a great scholar for the Ummah. My friend would always defend every deviant. I could remember a defence he made of Faisal one time that angered Abu Naasir. It was tough. Funnily, he could blend to any circle of knowledge. If he started defending the *Harakis*, you would carry a gun and go to Iraq. He used to be fond of the *Ikhwaanis*. He was very vocal in defending the *Tableeghis*. It was this last point that made him and Old Graduate bosom friends. He used to sell the other ideas to Old Graduate too.

They were a powerful team against the Salafees back on campus (their women folk used to make efforts in the sisters' side too). One thing that I used to disagree with him was his calling himself a Salafee. He used to say *gbogbo wa ni Salafi* ('we are all Salafees'). That I would never take from him till date unless he has changed. May Allaah rectify all of us.

Back to the Great Debate *jàre*. The debate turned out as not great as you would have thought. I don't think it lasted one hour. It was a KO at the end of the day. *Walhamdulilah*.

Please stay tuned.

I started the debate because I was the 'accuser'. I tried to justify the scholars' verdicts about the Tableegh and I stopped. Meanwhile as I was about to begin my talk and Old Graduate noticed I had a recording device (I think another MP3 player not that black one I used in the first encounter) with me. He asked if I was going to record the discussion. I replied in the affirmative.

He said, 'haba, there is no need for all that, just a mere discussion.'

Haa o ga o.

I had the premonition that he was up to something. Well, no problem, let's carry on. Then he began his presentation. So flowery and colourful. In fact, very beautiful only that it lacked the substance of the Qur'aan and Sunnah.

Some minutes into his presentation, he said:

'Abaa Zaynab, did I say we should not record this discussion?'

'Yes'.

'O sorry I think we can start recording it.'

Do you get that? (I don't want to say 'gerrit')

I didn't protest. I started recording it.

In his presentation, he had brought out a book of collection of Fatawa of *mashaayikh* on Tableegh Jama'ah. The Fatawa were an admixture - for and against. The early pages were Fatawa praising the Tableeghis by the scholars when they had not known them in reality. He read from that book, and from another book that contained an undated and unsigned Fatwa of Shaykh Bn Baz about the Tableegh. I rejected it as evidence as far as our discussion was concerned. How would you bring an undated and unsigned Fatwa to this kind of discussion?

But when he was sifting through the dated Fatawa that were favourable to the Tableeghis, my eyes caught attention of some titles in the same book that were critical of the Tableeghis. In fact, they were bombshells.

When he stopped, I said 'bring the book, Sir.'

When I opened some pages which he deliberately concealed as the Jews did in the presence of the Prophet (salallaahu alahyi wa sallam) in Madeenah.

'Can you please read from here Sir?'

When he saw that he had been exposed he said:

'Yaa Abaa Zaynab, are will still recording this discussion?'

By Allaah, that was what he said. Remember I said we had a witness. He is still very much alive. I hope he is reading this too. He can just simply say I have told a lie and I will throw in the towel.

No problem, I stopped the recording. A mild exchange ensued. It was no fight. I told him I could understand his game and what he was up to. He came up with a forceful and falsely defence. Then he uttered this statement:

'Abu Zaynab, in fact you are a person given to argument!'

At that, I 'lost' my cool. It was a calculation from me too. It was time the discussion should end.

'Alhaji, did you just say I am given to argument?'

I repeated it like three times.

'I am not going to take that from you, in fact you have embarrassed me.' I kept on saying.

(OAU folks will understand what I did there. There was something we used to call it, let me keep it a secret).

Old Graduate had no option but to calm me down. He was begging me and said he really did not mean it. He tried to *tashkeer* me again. *Tableegh people en*. I said that was over. Yes, it was over. He left our centre unhappy and down again.

I don't think I saw him or heard of him in Ile-Ifè again till I left for Èdè in December of that year.

Now to Èdè.

I lived in Èdè between 2010 and 2021. A whole eleven years, *Walhamdulillah*. Throughout my stay, I didn't have serious encounters with the Tableeghis because they were as though as non-existent. The nature of learning and teaching in Èdè did not give them, and other people like them, like the MSSN, Ta'awun, Ummah, etc, a breathing space. You hardly see them bringing *Ijade* (outing) to the well-known *masajid* of the city rather the soft-spot *masajid* of the vulnerable Muslims.

By the mercy of Allaah, the Salafiyyah is widespread in Èdè. There is hardly any corner or location in the city where you will not feel its impact. In fact, the matter is whenever the general Muslims see anybody in physical acts of Sunnah such as

not trailing the lower garment below the ankles, they will say 'those are people of Oke Iresi.'

I am aware the Tableeghis have their own locations such as Oke Gada and Yidi Area yet they are not effective. Tableegh thrives where there is prevalent ignorance. Èdẹ is not such a place.

ولا أزيها على الله.

The only few encounters were when I was living in Sawmill/Atidade. The Tableeghis seem to be in the control of the main Central Masjid there due to the fact that the Imaam of the Masjid, a well-known Baba to me, is with them. Anyway, Haramain Masjid is not faraway to cushion their effects. They are still not vocal. Yes, there were some individuals, namely this man that owns a Muslim school at a street off Sawmill Atidade, that made some political efforts in infiltrating the people of Sunnah especially that time when there was a tough crisis in the town between the people of Sunnah. The Tableeghi man was doing one *kubekube* like that. *Wallaahul musta'an*.

Presently speaking Èdẹ is for the Pure Sunnah *Walhamdulilah*. The projection Inshaa Allaah is that in some years to come there will be hardly a Muslim household without a Salafi male or female. By Allaah, sons and daughters of chiefs, Baales, influential people are turning to the Sunnah, and in fact actively learning it.

May Allaah continue to support the Duaat of Sunnah in the town, and every other places viz. Lagos, Ilorin, Osogbo, Ifè, Iseyin, Ijebu, and several other places. Let me add the Big City too. Did you get it?

I relocated from Ede some weeks to Eidul Ad'hah, 1442AH. It had been in my plan to do so about five years earlier. I was facing a lot of distractions thus becoming idle. I was becoming too social and a crisis manager of sort. The *paparazzi* was becoming unbearable to me. I just had to move. I thank Allaah for the decision for I am achieving what I quest to achieve. In the Big City no one even knows you exist. I have only attended two meat-munching occasions (now about five) since I arrived. I sleep, work, sleep, work as I like...and I think I am not idle *tadreestically*-speaking.

That's the end of my narration.

It came spontaneously and circumstantially (even it was about a year now that nothing was done to it not until recently when the sympathy and agitation for the Tableeghis are becoming more brazen from some quarters. May Allaah reward the duo of Dr Sharaf Gbadebo and Dr Faadil al-Imaam best for their standing on the side of the truth on this Tableegh matter, may Allaah preserve them and others like them on goodness).

Otherwise, when last did you see me write about the Tableegh? I did say their matter is a minor one not until some people began to peddle some dangerous insinuations. Okay, if that is the case, let me share an experience. I never planned it to be as long as this. I had thought it would be a post and I would be off but...

لَيَقْضِيَ اللَّهُ أَمْرًا كَانَ مَفْعُولًا

...that Allaah's Will be done...

I ask Allaah to accept this little effort from me, forgive me of my mistakes therein, and reward both my late loving parents with it.