

Waiting for Father's Return

Abu Ady



Illustration by Nida
(Was Created with the
assistance of dall E)
English translation by
Nandyka Yogamaya

That afternoon, the sun began to set. On the porch of their house, two boys sat side by side while swinging their legs gently. Ady, the older brother who was ten years old, gazed at the road in front of their home. Mushab, his eight-year-old younger brother, drew something on the ground with a small twig.





That night was the first evening of Ramadan for the year. "Brother, if father were home, we would surely go to the mosque for tarawih prayers tonight," Mushab said. Ady smiled, trying to hide his longing. "Yes, Mushab. I remember when we used to race each other to the mosque. Father always laughed watching us compete to walk in front." Mushab continued, "And father also liked to buy us snacks after tarawih. I miss the treats we used to eat together after returning from the mosque."

For a moment, both boys fell silent. The house felt empty without their father's presence. Carefully, Mushab asked, "Ummi, will father come home this year so we can celebrate Eid together?" Their mother paused briefly, then smiled gently. "Let us pray for it, my dear. If Allah wills it then father will surely return home." Ady and Mushab nodded, although deep in their hearts they longed for a definite answer.



Ramadan finally arrived. Just like the previous years, they do the fasting with great enthusiasm. Every afternoon, they helped their mother prepare the meal for breaking the fast. Mushab was responsible for fetching drinking water, while Ady helped cut watermelon.

Yet, something still felt different. The dining table seemed quiet without father. Mushab often stared at the empty chair at the corner of the table, hoping father would arrive and sit there with them.

Then, one day in the middle of Ramadan, as the maghrib call to prayer echoed, something unexpected happened. There was a knock at the door. Mushab, who was pouring water into a glass, quickly turned his head. "Who could that be?" he wondered.



Ady rose from his seat and opened the door. Suddenly, his expression changed. A big smile appeared on his face, and his eyes filled with tears. Standing at the door was a man carrying a suitcase and a bag on his shoulder. "Father!"

Ady and Mushab shouted at the same time.

Without thinking twice, they ran and hugged their father tightly. Mushab started to cry, letting out the longing he had kept inside for so long. "Ady, Mushab, I'm sorry I could only come back now. Alhamdulillah, we can finally break our fast together!" their father said, gently patting their heads.



That evening became their happiest iftar. The simple food on the table tasted more delicious because father was there with them. After eating, they performed Maghrib prayers together, and that night, for the first time in a long while, they walked to the mosque together again. As the Ramadan sermon began, Mushab leaned against Father's arm, and Ady sat beside him.



Eid finally arrived. Ady and Mushab wore their new clothes. Although simple, the clothes felt special because this time they could walk to the prayer field with their beloved father. As the takbir resounded, Ady held father's hand on his left and Mushab's hand on his right. On this day, they did not need luxurious clothes or special dishes. Their greatest happiness was celebrating Eid together as a family.

