

# GUARDIAN OF THE SACRED H



## The Guardian of the Sacred Hall

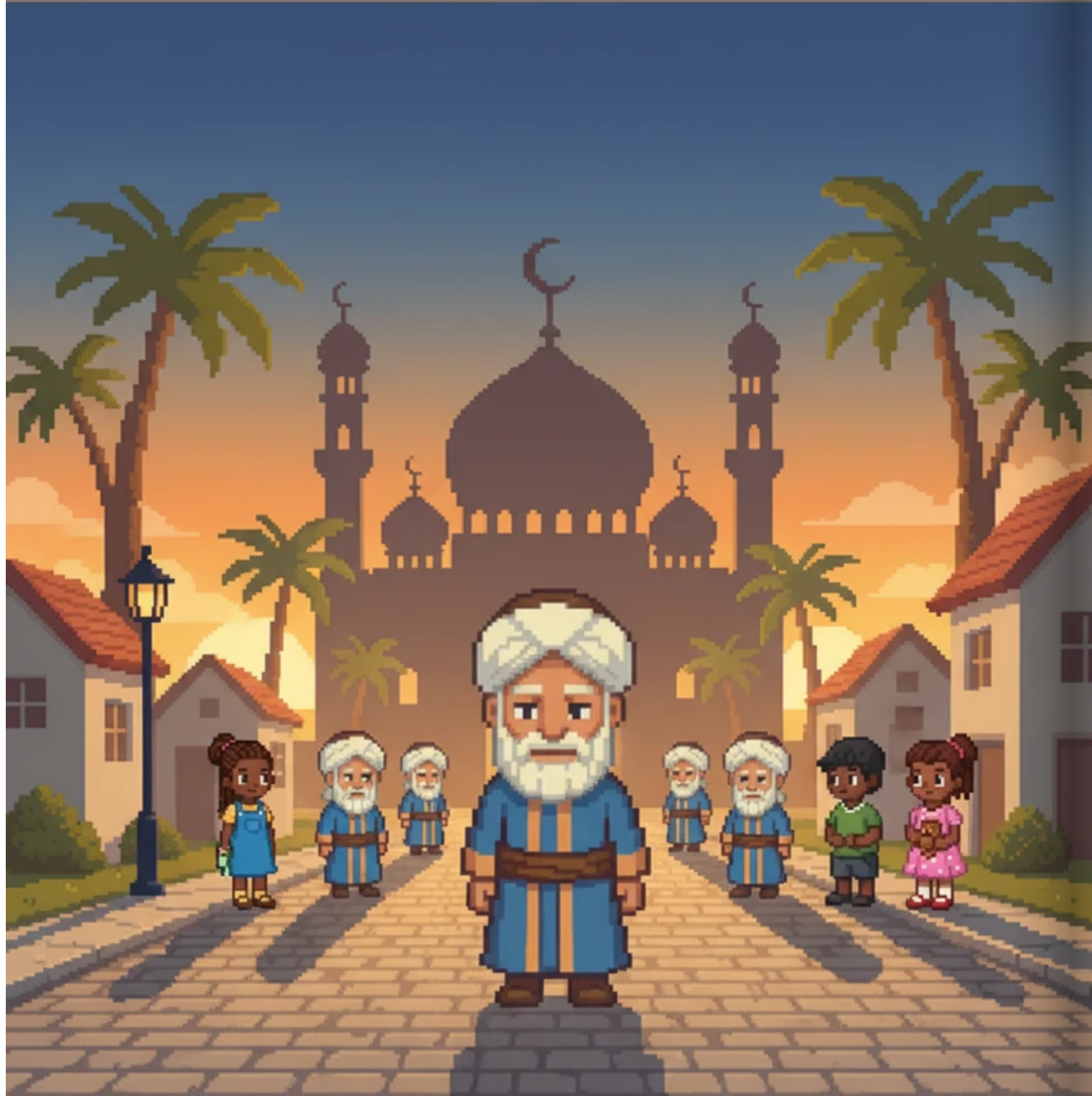
Medinet Sehic

## PRE-DAWN VIGIL



A MOMENT OF PEACE

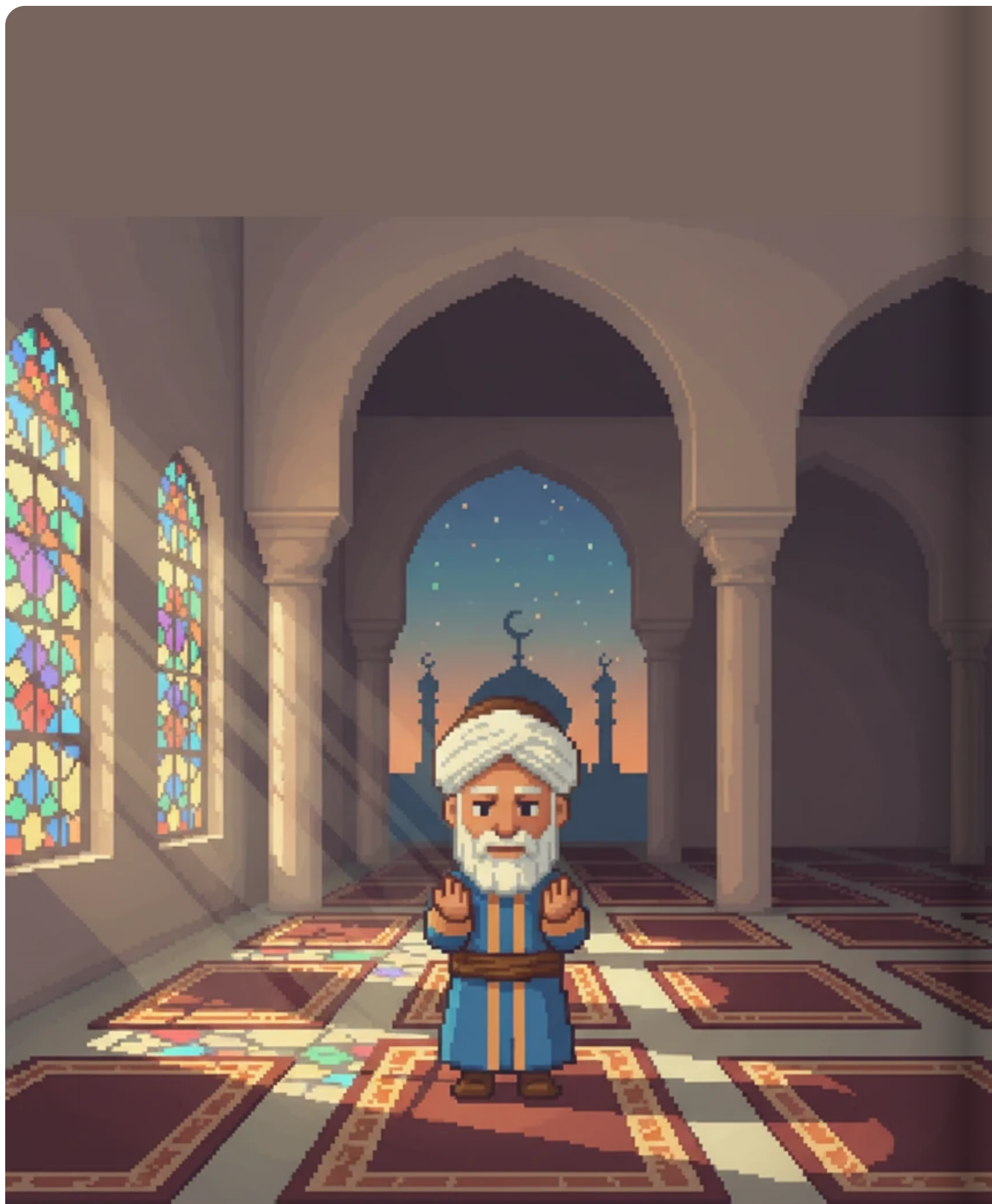
Long before the city stirs, Hafiz Ibrahim wakes to the gentle call of the morning. He gathers his bucket and mop with a heart full of purpose, ready for his weekly act of love. The air is crisp and filled with the promise of a new day.



As the first golden rays of sunlight touch the horizon, Hafiz walks through the quiet streets toward the mosque. The world is still and calm, mirroring the peace he feels within. His footsteps echo softly on the pavement as he approaches the grand entrance.



Inside the mosque, a profound silence hangs in the air, offering a sanctuary from the busy world outside. Hafiz stands for a moment, admiring the vast prayer hall and the soft light filtering through the windows. The cool marble floor waits for his caring touch.



He notices a few early risers bowed in deep prayer, their silhouettes peaceful in the dim light. Hafiz nods to them with quiet respect, moving carefully so as not to disturb their conversation with the Divine. He prepares his tools, ready to begin his humble task.



He fills his bucket with warm water and a splash of soap, the scent of cleanliness filling the air. Kneeling on the floor, he offers a short prayer of his own before dipping his brush into the water. With steady hands, he begins to scrub the marble.

## EVENING PRAYER



For hours, Hafiz works with meticulous care, moving from one section of the hall to the next. He rinses the soap away and mops the floor until it reflects the intricate patterns of the ceiling above. Every stroke is an expression of his devotion and gratitude.



As the sun climbs higher and the mosque begins to warm, Hafiz pauses to catch his breath. He sits against a cool stone wall, closing his eyes to soak in the serenity of the sacred space. In this quiet moment, he feels a deep connection to everything around him.



The silence is suddenly broken by the cheerful laughter of children entering the mosque for their lessons. Their bright eyes and innocent smiles bring a new wave of energy to the hall. Hafiz watches them play, his heart swelling with joy at their pure spirits.



Feeling refreshed by the children's presence, Hafiz picks up his mop to finish the final corner. He works with renewed strength, imagining the many feet that will walk upon these clean floors throughout the day. His service is small, but it feels immensely significant.

## THE PEACEFUL SAGE DEPARTS



With his task complete, Hafiz looks back at the sparkling hall, now bathed in full daylight. He feels a profound sense of happiness and peace, knowing he has served his community and his Creator. He walks home with a light heart, already looking forward to next week.