

I Love Clay Burger

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There are many ways to skin a cat

One of the benefits of growing up in the Muslim East was that we, the men, enjoyed unisexual mosques. While going to Bazaar, we, the pious ones, did not mind watching women of different size, shape, and color; mosque was, however, one place where our gaze was safe from those distractions. It was important not only for the safety of our Iman, but also for our wudu. We, the pious ones, are prone to losing our wudu while staring at women.

Things, however, changed when we came to the West. The mosques here became bisexual. Women also started flocking to the mosques. Even though we hurled hadeeth on them that the best place for them is their home, it did not work. Since our Prophet^{SAW} never discouraged women from coming to mosques, we, the pious ones, could not stop them from coming to mosque. That posed a problem for us, the pious ones, since we kept on losing our wudu right and left. In some mosques, we made our life easier by placing women in a big closet. Although this did not prevent us from losing our wudu in the parking lot of the mosques, we found ourselves well protected within the confines of the mosques.

Unfortunately, many mosques could not afford to have a separate closet for women. My mosque is one of those. Before leaving home, I would make my wudu and would head to the mosque. But, by the time I would park my car, my wudu would already be gone. I would go to the wudu section and would re-constitute my wudu, but while going to the prayer hall, I would break my wudu again. I would make more trips to the wudu section than to the rest room when I had diarrhea once. The only way I could protect my wudu was to pray, after re-constituting my wudu, that I would not run into any woman. I could have closed my eyes and could have stumbled my way to the hall, but that could have caused me to bump into ladies and a bigger disaster could have happened. I started getting complaints from mosque administrators that the water bill was getting high because of my frequent trips to the wudu section. I also got tired of making my wudu so often. So I made a burger of clay and kept it in my pocket. Now I only make my wudu once, when I leave my house. From then on, I re-constitute it by making dry ablution with my clay burger. I love my clay burger. It saves water and allows me to make wudu without going to the bathroom.

About the Writer:

The writer has authored "Secrets of Angels, Demons, Satan, and Jinns – Decoding their Nature through Quran and Science," and "Atom to Adam – How, When and Where in the Light of Quran, Bible and Science (A Study of Human Origin)," both published by InstantPublishers.com (<http://instantpublisher.com/>) and "Lessons from the Qur'an," published by Ta-Ha Publishers (<http://www.taha.co.uk/>). These books are available from Amazon.com (<http://www.amazon.com/>) and Ta-Ha Publishers (<http://www.taha.co.uk/>), respectively. He has also published many essays on religious issues in the Charleston Gazette, West Virginia and written quite a few Islamic satires. He is a Chemical Engineer and possesses Master of Science degrees in Chemical Engineering and Chemistry and has Professional Engineers license from the State of Texas. His e-mail address is mnajawaid@yahoo.com. Many of his writings can be viewed at MahmoodJawaid.com.