



A STORY TO READ ALOUD

The Story of Prophet Ayyub (AS)

أيوب

*When he stamped his foot on the dry earth, a cool spring came
bubbling up by Allah's command.*

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The Story of Prophet Ayyub (AS)

"Hardship has touched me, and You are the Most Merciful of all who show mercy."

Surah al-Anbiya · 21:83

Come with me. Today, we're going on a journey... far, far away... and long, long ago.

But wait. Before this story can truly begin... there is something you have to hear. Just one small sound. Listen with your whole heart.

It is the middle of the night, in a small, worn-out house. Inside, a man lies very still. He is too weak to stand. His body aches from his head to his feet. Everything he ever had... is gone.

And in the darkness... he is whispering something. Lean closer. Can you hear it?

"Alhamdulillah... all praise belongs to Allah."

Thank You? He has lost everything... he has been ill for years... and the words on his lips... are THANK YOU?

How? How can a heart do that? And what will happen to him... will he be alright?

Tuck those questions away somewhere warm... like a little bird in your cupped hands. Because to understand that whisper... we have to wind the years all the way back... to a time when this same house rang with laughter.

We're in a wide green farming land, far to the north of the great deserts... the land we now call Syria. And here we are... standing between fields of golden wheat that roll away like a sea. Feel the warm sun on your face. Smell the orchard fruit on the breeze... figs, and olives, and sweet ripe grapes. Hear the doves calling... the wind swishing through the wheat... children laughing somewhere behind the trees.

All of this belonged to a man named Prophet Ayyub, alayhi salaam.

Allah had blessed Prophet Ayyub with so many wonderful gifts. Fields heavy with wheat. Orchards heavy with fruit. Flocks and herds spreading over the hills. A strong, healthy body. And best of all... a big, beautiful family filling his home with noise and joy.



The Whisper in the Dark

But do you know what made Prophet Ayyub truly special? Not the fields. Not the flocks. It was this: he never, ever forgot Who had given it all to him.

Every morning, his first whisper was thank You. Every evening, his last whisper was thank You. Alhamdulillah... alhamdulillah... like a soft song that never stopped playing in his heart. He was kind to the poor. He shared his food. He helped the weak. And the more Allah gave him... the more humble and thankful he became.

Remember that whisper. The whole of this story flows out of it... and back to it.

Now... Allah sometimes chooses His greatest servants for His greatest tests. The prophets were tested hardest of all... and then those most like them. It is like a teacher saving the hardest questions for the very best student... not because the teacher wants them to fail... but because the teacher knows they can grow through them. And the test that came to Prophet Ayyub was one of the greatest tests any person has ever been given.

It began in the fields. One hard season, the harvest was lost. Then the flocks were lost too. The barns stood empty. Little by little, everything Prophet Ayyub owned slipped away... like water through fingers.

And what did he whisper? "Alhamdulillah. Allah gave it... and Allah may take it back. All praise belongs to Allah."

Then came the hardest day of all... the day his dear children were taken back to Allah.

Oh, how that hurt. Even a prophet's heart can ache... and this ache was too big for words. But even then... even then... Prophet Ayyub said the words Allah teaches all of us to say when we lose something we love: "We belong to Allah... and to Him we are returning."

And last of all... the sickness came. A long, heavy sickness that settled deep into his body. His strength melted away. His skin ached. His bones grew tired. Days became months... months became years... and still he lay ill.

His friends stopped coming. The visitors disappeared. The house grew quiet... so quiet you could hear the wind in the empty fields. In the end, only one person stayed by his side... his kind and faithful wife. She cooked for him, and cared for him, and never once left him. What a heart SHE had... gentle and strong at the same time.

But here is the secret the sources tell us. In all those long years of sickness... two things were never touched. Two things stayed as strong as ever.



The Spring at His Feet

His heart. And his tongue.

His heart never stopped trusting Allah. And his tongue never stopped thanking Him.

And there it is... the moment I showed you at the very beginning. Do you remember? The dark room... the worn-out house... the whisper. "Alhamdulillah."

Now you know how a heart can do that. Prophet Ayyub's thank-you had never depended on the fields, or the flocks, or even on feeling well. He thanked Allah in the years of plenty and in the years of hardship. His heart truly ached... he missed the ones he loved... and still, he never stopped trusting and thanking Allah. That is what patience really is.

But you asked another question too. Will he be alright?

What happened next... is one of the most beautiful answers in the whole Qur'an.

One day, after years upon years of patience, Prophet Ayyub turned to his Lord. He didn't shout. He didn't say "why me?" He didn't even ask for anything... not in so many words. He simply called out, soft and honest:

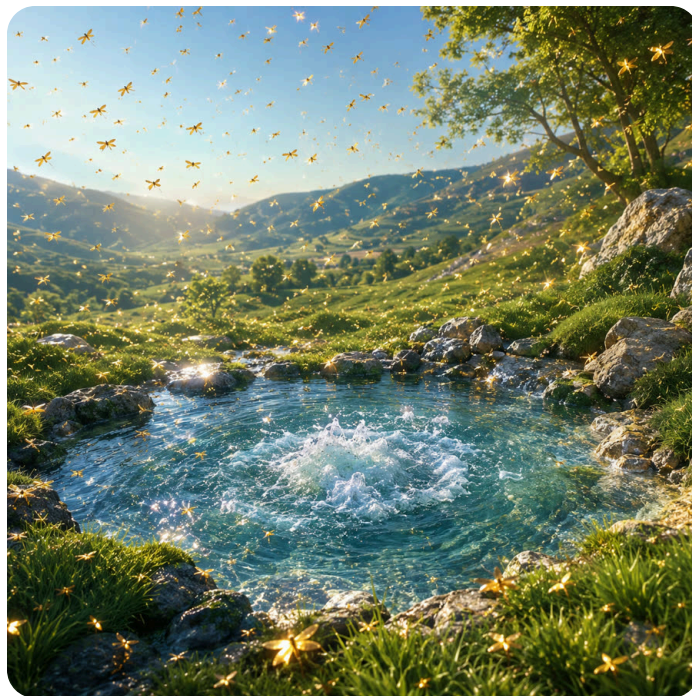
Annī massaniya-ḍ-ḍurru... wa anta arḥamur-rāḥimīn.

"Hardship has touched me... and You are the Most Merciful of all who show mercy."

Do you notice what he did? He told Allah what hurt... and then he simply praised Him. That was all. The politest, humblest dua... from the politest, humblest heart.

And Allah answered him.

The Qur'an tells us Allah's command: "Strike the ground with your foot."



The Golden Rain

So Prophet Ayyub gathered his strength... lifted his tired foot... and stamped it down on the dry earth.

And deep, deep under the dry ground... something began to move. Something began to rise.

Up from the earth burst a spring. Cool, clear, sparkling water... bubbling and shining... catching the light... spreading into a pool right at his feet.

"Here is cool water," Allah told him, "to wash in... and to drink."

Prophet Ayyub washed in that spring... and as the cool water ran over him, Allah made the sickness leave him... off his skin, out of his bones... washing away like years of dust. Then he drank... and Allah cured the illness deep inside him... completely... until not one ache was left. He stood up straight... strong, and healthy, and completely well... as if the long sickness had been nothing but a dream.

Take a slow, cool breath... like morning air over new water. He was alright. He was more than alright.

And Allah wasn't finished.

While Prophet Ayyub was washing, something wonderful happened... a story our Prophet Muhammad, ṣallallāhu ‘alayhi wa sallam, himself told. Gold began to fall on him from the sky... tiny golden pieces, like little golden grasshoppers, sparkling down all around him. And Prophet Ayyub began scooping them up into his clothes... handful after eager handful.

Allah called to him: "O Ayyub... have I not given you enough?"

And Prophet Ayyub answered with words the world has never forgotten: "Yes, my Lord... but I can never have enough of Your blessing."

Still thankful. Always thankful. In the hard years, and now in a golden rain... the same whispering heart. Alhamdulillah.



Everything Back, and More

And then Allah gave back everything the test had taken... and more. The Qur'an says Allah gave him his family, and as much again with them... "a mercy from Us, and a reminder for all who worship Allah." His home filled up once more with running feet and laughing voices. The fields grew golden again. The flocks came back to the hills. And at the center of it all stood Prophet Ayyub... whispering the same words he had whispered in the dark.

And Allah honored him with one more beautiful gift. A medal... not of gold, but of words... written in the Qur'an until the end of time:

Innā wajadnāhu ṣābirā... ni'ma l-'abd... innahū awwāb.

"Truly We found him patient. What an excellent servant... always turning back to Allah."

So... what should we carry home from the story of the most patient man?

This. Patience is not just waiting. Anyone can wait with a grumpy heart. Prophet Ayyub's patience was waiting while still trusting... still thanking... still being gentle and kind. His thank-you didn't depend on easy days. And the Qur'an promises us: Allah loves the patient ones... and He never, ever forgets them. Allah always brings good to the patient... in this life, or in the next... even when we cannot yet see how.

So when your own hard day comes... when you're sick in bed, or something you love is lost, or the waiting feels too long... remember the whisper in the dark. Tell Allah what hurts. Praise Him anyway. And trust that Allah is preparing good for you... in His own way... at His own time.

I wonder which little hardship in your life... is quietly waiting to become... your own story of patience.

And now... slowly... we leave the green fields and the singing spring behind... the dove-song fading, the golden light softening... as we travel back home. To right here. Right now.

And we can end with Prophet Ayyub's own dua... the whisper that opened the door to all that mercy. It means... hardship has touched me... and You are the Most Merciful of all who show mercy. Say it with me... slowly... like a secret between you and Allah...

Annī massaniya-ḍ-ḍurru... wa anta arḥamur-rāḥimīn.

Talk about it

Read a question aloud and let your child answer before you show the choices. Then ask: what would you have done?

1. In Prophet Ayyub's story, what came out of the ground?

- a. A cool spring
- b. A she-camel
- c. A tall palm tree

2. In Prophet Ayyub's story, what did Allah tell him to do?

- a. Strike the ground
- b. Climb the mountain
- c. Walk to the river

3. In Prophet Ayyub's story, what fell from the sky?

- a. Little gold pieces
- b. Heavy rain
- c. Fresh dates

4. In Prophet Ayyub's story, who stayed to care for him?

- a. His faithful wife
- b. All his neighbors
- c. The king's helpers

5. Who thanked Allah when he lost his farms and flocks?

- a. Prophet Ayyub
- b. Prophet Nuh
- c. Prophet Yunus

6. In Prophet Ayyub's story, what did Allah do with the water?

- a. Healed him with it
- b. Watered the fields
- c. Filled a deep well

Answers: 1a, 2a, 3a, 4a, 5a, 6a



Hear this story

Read it again online, or listen to it narrated in the Sukun Kids app.

sukunkids.app/stories/ayyub

Sukun Kids: stories of the prophets for Muslim children, narrated for bedtime.

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