



A STORY TO READ ALOUD

The Story of Prophet Isa (AS)

عیسی

A newborn who spoke from the cradle by the will of Allah.

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The Story of Prophet Isa (AS)

"Indeed, I am the servant of Allah. He has given me the Scripture and made me a prophet."

Surah Maryam · 19:30

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

Picture a small crowd, gathered in a dusty little town. In the middle of them stands a young woman, holding a tiny newborn baby in her arms, a baby only a few days old. But the people are not smiling. They are pointing at her. They are saying unkind things... accusing her of doing something wrong.

She does not argue. She does not even speak a single word. She only... points. Down at the tiny baby resting in her arms.

"How can we talk to a baby?" the people frown. "A little baby... who cannot even speak?"

And then... the tiny baby opens his mouth. And in a small, clear voice, a voice a newborn could never have, he begins to speak. Full, clear words, for everyone to hear.

A baby who spoke before he could even crawl. Who was he? And what did he say?

To find out, we have to wind the whole story back, back before that baby was even born. This is the story of Prophet Isa... alayhi salaam... the son of Maryam.

Long, long ago... in a blessed land... there lived a young woman named Maryam.

Maryam was pure, and gentle, and good. Of all the things in the whole world... she loved Allah the most.

She had a small, quiet room where she worshipped. She prayed there. She remembered Allah there. Morning... and evening... her heart turned to Him... the way a flower turns toward the sun.

And Allah loved Maryam. He chose her... and made her pure... and honored her above the women of all the worlds.

One day... something amazing happened in that quiet room.

Angels came to her. And they brought her news from Allah. Glad tidings... wrapped in wonder.

"O Maryam," they said. "Allah gives you good news... of a son. His name will be al-Masih... Isa... the son of Maryam. He will be honored in this world... and in the next... and he will be one of those closest to Allah."

Maryam was amazed. "How can I have a son," she asked, "when no man has ever touched me?"



The Baby Who Spoke

And the answer came... soft and sure.

"So it will be. Allah creates whatever He wills. When Allah decrees a thing... He only says to it..."

"Kun... fa-yakūn."

"Be... and it is."

Think of that, little one. Allah does not need anything at all... to make anything at all.

He made the sun without a lamp. He made the sea without a single drop of rain. And now... He would make a baby... with no father.

Not because Isa was anything more than a human being. No. Isa would be Allah's servant... and Allah's prophet. A boy... then a man... who ate food, and slept, and prayed... just like us.

But his coming into the world... would be a sign. A sign that Allah... can do anything.

And so, by the power of Allah alone... baby Isa was born.

Outside, the breeze moved softly through the trees... and a tiny stream whispered nearby... and Maryam held her little son close.

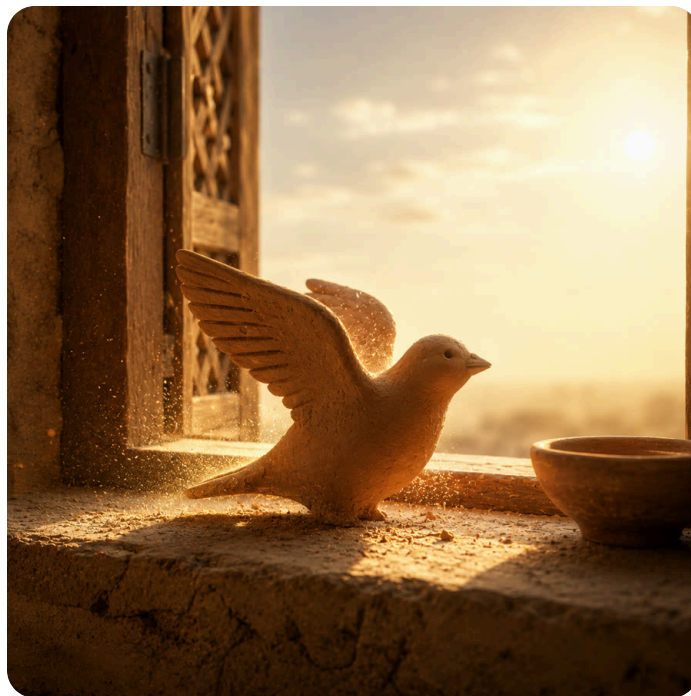
After some days... Maryam carried her baby home... to her people.

But when the people saw her with a baby in her arms... they did not understand. They had not seen the angels. They had not heard the promise.

And so they said unkind words to her. "O Maryam... what is this? Your family was so good and honest. What have you done?"

The words stung like cold wind. But Maryam did not argue. She did not even speak. Allah had told her... to stay silent that day... and to let Him take care of everything.

So she simply... pointed. Pointed to the tiny baby... sleeping in her arms.



The Little Clay Bird

The people frowned. "How can we talk... to a baby in the cradle?"

And then... it happened.

The baby opened his eyes. And he spoke. A newborn baby... speaking... clearly... calmly... by Allah's permission... for all the people to hear.

"Innī ‘abdullāh."

"I am the servant of Allah."

"He has given me the Book... and made me a prophet. And He has made me blessed wherever I am... and told me to pray, and to give to the poor, as long as I live... and to be kind and good to my mother."

The people went completely still. No one had ever heard anything like it. A baby... defending his mother... telling the truth about who he was... a servant of Allah... a prophet of Allah.

Imagine standing in that crowd... holding your breath... hearing a tiny baby speak... clear as a bell.

And every unkind word... melted away into silence.

Allah had protected Maryam... without her saying a single thing. She only trusted Him... and He spoke for her... through a miracle.

Take one more slow, soft breath, little one... in... and out... like the breeze in the olive trees.

The years passed gently... and Isa grew. From a baby... to a boy... to a man.

And when the time was right... Allah sent him as a messenger to his people... with a beautiful message. The same message every prophet has ever carried.

"Worship Allah," Prophet Isa told them. "My Lord... and your Lord. This is the straight path."

And Allah gave His prophet signs. Wonders. Miracles... so the people would know his message was true.



The Table from the Sky

Listen to this one.

Prophet Isa would take soft clay... just simple clay, like mud by a river... and shape it... into the form of a little bird.

Then he would breathe into it...

...and by Allah's permission... only by Allah's permission... the clay would flutter... and warm... and become a real bird. A living bird! It would spread its little wings... and fly away into the sky.

Not by Isa's own power. Never. Isa could not create anything by himself... and he never said he could. It was Allah who gave that bird its life... just as Allah gives every bird... every fish... every child... their life.

The miracle was Allah's. The prophet was only His servant.

And there was more. People who were sick... people who had been sick for years and years... came to Prophet Isa. People whose eyes could not see. People no doctor could help.

And he would pray... and touch them gently... and by Allah's permission... they were healed. Eyes opened. Weakness turned to strength. Sadness turned to joy.

And every single time... Prophet Isa said the same thing. This is from Allah. Worship Him alone. My Lord... and your Lord.

I wonder how it felt... to watch a little clay bird lift into the wind... and know that Allah... can do anything.

Now... some people believed Prophet Isa. And some people... did not.

So one day, he asked a question. "Who will be my helpers... for the sake of Allah?"

And a small group of true friends stepped forward. They were called the Hawariyyun... the disciples... the loyal helpers.

"Naḥnu anṣāru-llāh," they said. "We are the helpers of Allah. We believe in Allah... and we bear witness that we are Muslims... surrendered to Him."

They stayed by their prophet. They learned from him. They prayed with him.



The Helpers of Allah

And one day... the helpers came to Prophet Isa with a wish.

"Could your Lord send down to us... a table of food... from the sky? We want to eat from it... and let our hearts feel calm and sure... and be among those who witness a miracle."

So Prophet Isa raised his hands... and made a beautiful dua. Listen to how he asked.

"Allāhumma rabbanā... anzil 'alaynā mā'idatan mina-s-samā'..."

"O Allah, our Lord... send down to us a table spread with food, from the sky... a feast for us... and a sign from You. And provide for us... for You are the very best of providers."

And Allah answered.

Down from the sky... by Allah's power... came a table... spread with food. A gift straight from the Most Generous.

The helpers ate... and their hearts settled... and grew full of thankfulness.

Because here is the secret of that table, little one. Every meal you have ever eaten... came from Allah too.

The bread on your plate. The fruit in your bowl. The warm milk in your cup. It does not fall from the sky in front of you... but it all comes from Him... the Best of Providers... every single day.

That is why we say... "Alḥamdulillāh." All praise and thanks belong to Allah.

Prophet Isa kept calling people to Allah... gently... truthfully... year after year.

But some men in the city had hard hearts. They did not want his message. And in secret... they made a plan against him.

They planned... and they plotted... and they whispered.

But little one... hear this... and keep it in your heart forever.



Raised to the Sky

No plan... can ever beat the plan of Allah.

They planned... and Allah planned. And Allah is the best of planners.

Those men could not harm Prophet Isa. Not even a little. Not at all. Allah did not let them touch His beloved prophet.

Instead... Allah raised him up. Gently... the way the breeze lifts a leaf from the hillside... up... and up... to Himself.

Imagine being lifted that gently, little one... the way strong, loving arms carry you to bed... when you are already half asleep.

That is how safe he was. Safe... and honored... and at peace. Like a treasured guest... lifted softly out of reach... into the care of the Most Merciful.

And the men with the hard hearts? Their plan fell apart... into nothing at all. Allah had already carried His prophet... far, far beyond their reach.

And over the hillside... the breeze moved on through the olive trees... calm... and slow... as if nothing in the world... had ever been safer.

And one day... when Allah wills... Prophet Isa, alayhi salaam, will return to this world again. That is Allah's promise... and Allah always keeps His promises.

But that... is a story for another night.

That is the story of Prophet Isa, alayhi salaam... the son of Maryam. A baby who spoke in the cradle. A prophet who healed the sick and gave life to a little clay bird, always, always by Allah's permission. A servant of Allah, and His messenger, who called everyone to worship Allah alone. And when unkind men plotted against him, they could not touch him at all, for Allah raised him up, safe and honored, to Himself.

And now... slowly... we leave that quiet hillside and its olive trees behind... and travel back home. To right here. Right now.

But carry Prophet Isa with you, wherever you go. He was never more than a beloved servant of Allah, never Allah's son, never a god, and every wonder he ever did came from Allah alone. The same Allah who heard Maryam's quiet heart... who made a baby speak... who gave life to a little clay bird... who sent a table down from the sky... who kept His prophet perfectly safe... is the very same Allah who is taking care of you, right now. He sees you. He hears you. He provides for you... every single day.

So carry Prophet Isa's own message with you, the words he called his people to. They mean... indeed, Allah is my Lord and your Lord, so worship Him. This is the straight path.

Inna-llāha rabbī wa rabbukum fa-ʿbudūh... hādhā širāṭun mustaqīm.

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. Who spoke as a baby in his mother's arms?

- a. Prophet Isa
- b. Prophet Musa
- c. Prophet Nuh

2. In Prophet Isa's story, what did Maryam do that day?

- a. She stayed silent
- b. She argued back
- c. She ran away

3. In Prophet Isa's story, what did the baby say he was?

- a. Allah's servant
- b. A great king
- c. A rich merchant

4. In Prophet Isa's story, who gave the clay bird life?

- a. Allah alone
- b. The clay itself
- c. The warm sunshine

5. In Prophet Isa's story, what did he shape from clay?

- a. A little bird
- b. A little boat
- c. A little lamp

6. Who stepped forward as Prophet Isa's helpers?

- a. The hawariyyun
- b. The angels
- c. The rich kings

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/isa

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

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