



A STORY TO READ ALOUD

The Story of Maryam

مريم

Beneath the palm, Allah sent her fresh dates and a flowing stream.

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The Story of Maryam

“And [mention] when the angels said, 'O Maryam, indeed Allah has chosen you and purified you and chosen you above the women of the worlds.'”

Surah Aal Imran · 3:42

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

We're going to a quiet, hidden place, far from the busy world... where a young woman has come to be alone with her Lord. She has drawn a soft curtain around herself. She is certain that no one can see her.

But someone is there. A stranger... standing quietly before her. And he tells her something so astonishing that her heart nearly stops. He tells her... that Allah is going to give her a baby boy. A pure and blessed child. Even though she has no husband. Even though no man has ever touched her.

How could that be? How could a mother have a child... with no father at all? Her whole life has led to this single, trembling moment... and yet she cannot begin to understand it.

To see how this gentle miracle came to be... our story has to begin many years earlier, with a different mother, making a quiet promise to Allah. This is the story of Maryam... alayha salaam.

Long before Maryam was born... there lived a quiet, righteous woman.

Her name was Hannah. The wife of a good man named Imran.

Hannah longed... longed... for a child.

The years passed. And no child came.

Until one day... she felt the first stirring of life inside her.

She raised her hands to the sky.

And she made a vow.

My Lord... I have promised You what is in my womb. I will give this child... entirely... to You. So accept this from me. You are the All-Hearing... the All-Knowing.

This child would serve Allah. In the holy sanctuary. Not for trade. Not for marriage. Only for Him.

When the time came... Hannah held the newborn in her arms.

And she looked down... and saw a baby girl.

She had imagined a son. Sons were the ones who served in the sanctuary.

She felt a quiet ache. My Lord... I have given birth... to a girl.

But Allah does not refuse the gifts of grateful hearts.

The Quran tells us... Allah knew best what she had given birth to.

A daughter. With a different role. A different light.

Hannah named her Maryam.

And then... she made one more dua.

I seek refuge for her in You... and her children... from Shaytan, the rejected one.

A mother's prayer. Whispered over a tiny newborn. That her daughter... and her daughter's child... would be safe forever.

And little one... did you know?

The Prophet Muhammad, ﷺ, told us something beautiful about this dua.



A Mother's Vow

He told us... every baby born in this world... is touched by Shaytan at birth... and cries.

Except two babies.

Maryam... and her son.

Two souls. Kept safe. Because of one mother's whispered prayer... long before either of them was born.

Subhan'Allah.

Hannah kept her vow.

When Maryam was old enough... she was brought to the great sanctuary.

A place of prayer. Of soft incense. Of long quiet halls where prophets had walked before her.

The wise men of the temple gathered. Each one wished to care for her.

They argued gently. Who will be her guardian?

So they did what was custom in those days.

They took their writing reeds... the pens they used to copy scripture... and they cast them into a stream of water.

The pen that floated against the current... that man would be her guardian.

The pens rushed downstream. One by one. Carried away by the water.

But one pen... one pen alone... rose up against the current. Holding steady. Where all the others were swept away.

That pen belonged to Prophet Zakariya, alayhi salaam.

A righteous man. A prophet. Already old in years.

He looked at the floating pen. And he understood. This is from Allah.

So he took Maryam under his care.

He built her a small chamber. A place of prayer. With a curtain. Soft light. And silence.

Maryam grew up there.

She learned to read. She learned to pray. She prayed long into the night. She fasted in the day. She kept her gaze low... and her heart higher still.

Now... Prophet Zakariya, alayhi salaam, brought her food each day. Quietly. Setting it inside her chamber and stepping away.

But one morning... he came in... and he stopped.

There was already food there.

A plate of fruit. Fresh fruit. Out of season. Fruit that did not grow in the lands around them.

Fruit he had never brought.

He looked at Maryam. And he asked her gently.



The Girl in the Sanctuary

Maryam... where is this from?

She lifted her face. And she answered with three soft words.

From Allah.

Indeed... Allah provides... for whom He wills... without account.

Prophet Zakariya, alayhi salaam, stood in silence.

A girl. Alone. In a quiet chamber. And Allah was sending her food from places no one could see.

Can you imagine that, little one?

Fruit appearing... where there was none.

That is what Allah can do. For those who trust Him.

The years passed.

Maryam grew into a young woman of quiet eyes and a softer voice.

One day... she felt the need to be alone.

Even her quiet chamber was not quiet enough.

She walked... through the eastern gate of the sanctuary. Past the courtyards. Past the date palms. Out into a place where no one would find her.

She drew a curtain around herself. Just to be... before her Lord.

And there... in that quiet place...

A man stood before her.

A man she had never seen.

Maryam's heart moved with fear. She had been certain she was alone.

Her words came quickly.

I seek refuge in the Most Merciful from you... if you fear Allah.

The man's voice was not the voice of a man.

It was a voice she had never heard before. And yet... it was a voice she had been learning to listen for... her whole life.

I am only... a messenger of your Lord... to give to you... the news of a pure boy.

A messenger. From her Lord.

This was Jibril. The angel of revelation.

Maryam stood very still.



The Visitor at the Curtain

She understood, somehow, that her whole life had been preparing her to hear this. And yet... it could not be.

How can I have a boy... when no man has touched me?

The angel's voice was gentle.

Such is Allah... He creates what He wills.

And then... the words that had built the whole world.

When He decides a thing... He says to it... Be. And it is.

Be... and it is.

Two small words. The smallest sentence. And the largest.

Maryam closed her eyes.

She did not understand how. She did not understand why.

She only understood... Whose hands held the world.

And she trusted Him.

In that quiet eastern place... behind a thin curtain... the smallest of beginnings began.

Allah had said... Be.

And it was.

Maryam went further away still. To a place far from anyone she knew.

The Quran tells us... she carried him to a remote place.

She walked alone. With a secret only Allah knew. With a body that was changing. With a heart that was both peaceful... and a little bit afraid.

She did not know what she would say to her people.

A young woman. With no husband. Carrying a child.

Who would believe her?

The pains of birth came upon her... beneath a single old palm tree.

Tall. Dry. Its leaves moving softly in the wind.

She leaned against it.

And in her tiredness... a quiet thought rose.

Oh... I wish I had been forgotten before this... completely forgotten.

She was not giving up on Allah. She was tired. She was alone. She was afraid of what people would say.



The Date Palm

Allah understood her heart. He always does.

And then... a voice came.

A voice from below her.

Do not grieve. Your Lord has provided beneath you... a stream.

She looked down.

And there... at her feet... a small spring of clear water rose up from the dry earth.

Cool. Bright. Bubbling softly. Where moments before there had been only sand.

The voice continued.

And shake toward you the trunk of the palm tree... it will drop on you ripe... fresh dates.

She reached up. And she shook the dry old trunk.

And from the leaves above... fresh dates rained down. Soft. Golden. Sweet.

Out of season. From a tree that should have had nothing left to give.

So Maryam ate.

She drank from the stream Allah had run beneath her feet. She tasted the dates Allah had sent down from the tree.

And she rested.

The voice spoke once more.

So eat... and drink... and let your eyes be comforted.

A mother. Alone. Cared for by her Lord.

And little one... if you remember...

Long, long before this... another mother had been alone in a quiet place. Hajar, the wife of Prophet Ibrahim, alayhi salaam. She had run between two hills... thirsty for her tiny baby. And Allah had brought forth a spring of water beneath the dust... the spring of Zamzam.

Two mothers. Two thirsts. Two miracles.

The same Allah.

And then... her child was born.

A pure boy. The one the angel had promised.

Prophet Isa, alayhi salaam.

She held him close.

And the voice spoke once more.

If you see anyone... say: I have promised the Most Merciful a fast... so I will not speak today to any human.



The Cradle that Spoke

She would not defend herself with words. She would let her Lord defend her.

Maryam returned to her people.

Carrying the baby in her arms.

When they saw her... they were stunned. They asked her hard questions. They reminded her of her noble family.

But Maryam did not answer.

She kept her promise of silence.

She only... pointed... to the baby.

The people scoffed.

How can we speak to one in the cradle... a baby?

But the Quran tells us...

The baby spoke.

His tiny voice... small as a sigh... but clear as a bell.

Indeed I am... a servant of Allah.

The crowd fell silent.

He has given me the Book... and made me a prophet. And He has made me blessed wherever I am... and has told me to pray and give zakah... as long as I live. And He has made me good to my mother. And peace is upon me... the day I was born... and the day I will die... and the day I am raised again.

A baby. In his mother's arms. Speaking truth. Defending her honor with the very words his Creator had placed on his tongue.

Maryam held him close.

She had not needed to say a single word.

Her Lord had spoken for her.

And so... Prophet Isa, alayhi salaam, grew up. He became a prophet of Allah. And his mother... walked beside him... the chosen of all women.

The Prophet Muhammad, ṣallallāhu ‘alayhi wa sallam, told us...

The best of the women of her time... was Maryam, the daughter of Imran.

A girl. Raised in a quiet chamber. Trusted with the deepest miracle. And honored... forever.

And now... slowly... we leave that quiet sanctuary, and that lonely palm tree, far behind... and travel back home. To right here. Right now.

But carry Maryam with you, wherever you go. She was alone, and frightened, and the whole world doubted her, yet she never once doubted her Lord. She stayed pure. She stayed patient. And when she could not defend herself, Allah defended her, even placing words in the mouth of a newborn baby. When you cannot see how things will possibly work out... trust the One who made the stars, and the streams, and every sweet date on the palm. Nothing is too hard for Him.

So carry a piece of Maryam's trust with you. When you do not know what will happen next, say it, and mean it. It means... Allah is enough for us... and the best One to rely upon.

Ḥasbunā-llāhu wa ni‘ma-l-wakīl.

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 Maryam's story, what fell from the palm tree?

- a. Fresh dates
- b. Golden rain
- c. Heavy rain

2. In Maryam's story, how did the wise men choose a guardian?

- a. They cast their pens
- b. They asked the king
- c. They drew names

3. Who grew up in the sanctuary?

- a. Maryam
- b. Asiya
- c. Aisha (RA)

4. In Maryam's story, what did she promise not to do?

- a. To speak that day
- b. To eat that day
- c. To sleep that night

5. In Maryam's story, what did Prophet Zakariya find?

- a. Fruit out of season
- b. A jug of milk
- c. A sack of wheat

6. In Maryam's story, who spoke up to defend her?

- a. Her newborn baby
- b. Her mother Hannah
- c. The town judge

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/maryam

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

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