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I wonder, wonder. Every day I wonder and can not get over the miracle. Tewbe Ja Rabbi!

A good man told me once that Muslims were in Bosnia at time of the revelation of the Qur'an to the last prophet Muhammad, alayhi-s-salaam. And that man told me that there was a Bosnian spiritual leader, djed (the grandfather), and on the basis of changes in nature and based on the celestial signs he predicted arrival of a new Prophet. He immediately sent a delegation of forty good men to Arabia. They went there on foot, barefoot. So because of that they are named Bosnians and their country Bosnia. In Arabia they embraced Islam and went back to his homeland. It was at the Mecca time of revelation when namaaz wasn't ordered, so today there are no traces of mosques and masjids from that time. The descendants of these people upon arrival of Turks accepted Islam en masse. Tewbe Ja Rabbi!

Last year, in Travnik, I heard what it was Mehmed Fatih dreamed of when he overran Bosnia. That story told me an old man in front of Sarena mosque: "It was like Padisah dreams that in Bosnia he met Hazrat Abu Bakr, Hazrat Uthman and Hazrat Ali but Umar was nowhere in sight. Sultan Mehmed woke up and called his tarjumans to translate him message of this strange dream. They told him that here Islam will stay to the Kiamat day and there will be always sincere people like Hazrat Abu Bakr was, edebli Insans like Hazrat Uthman, brave warriors, such as Hazrat Ali, but there will never be Hazrat Umar's justice. "Tewbe Ja Rabbi!

My mother told me about my grandfather and grandmother, the late Idriz and Mejra, whom I did not even remember. She had been telling me that in her village, down near the creek, the grandfather saw a good man who did namaaz. Without delaying the next day, on that place he made a sofa - a gentle elevation to mark this blessed place where a good man undisturbed can make namaaz. People wondered and secretly fleered to the late Idriz. Later, when the communists made some unnecessary road, they flattened sofa. The grandfather didn't leave his house for three days because of severe grief. And in my grandfather's house a place for sleep had every musaafir who was bring by roads of destiny through the village. There were different sorts of people of all laws and customs. He was especially pitiful for Herzegovinian tobacco traders, who carried tobacco in a backpack from Herzegovina to the interior of Bosnia and traded. When my grandmother complained because he calls Vlachs to stay in his home for the night, my grandfather gently hugged her and said: "Well my dear Mejra, have you forgotten that we are all children of Adam!"

"My mother also was telling that my grandfather never brought home the entire salary, but always half. The other half would finish at mahala's children, who were eagerly waiting for the first of each month for their share in what Allah has bestowed to my grandfather. When his soul, at the invitation of the Lord, moved to a better world and his jamaat brothers passed his body to the earth on his grave a strange thing happened. At dusk time on my grandfather's grave was appearing Noor, which was tied for the sky and stayed there for the time of Maghrib namaaz. So was the entire first week. Tewbe Ja Rabbi!

My father told me about my late grandfather and grandmother, Osman and Hatidza. I can't remember my grandfather, but I was present at the grandmother's funeral. She had fasted all Ramadan, and became ill on the third day of Bayram and after a week she moved to a better world. They say she let her soul go as easy as a bird. For my grandfather, my father was telling me how after "the previous" war he worked in Prozor. He had to walk over a mountain from the Gornji-Vakuf's village Cvrca in

order to arrive on the job. He was moved early from the house, before dawn. They lived in a modest way and there was no even a clock in the house, not only Time-table, so late Osman made three or four time fajr namaaz while he was walking to the workplace. He was afraid to omit God's fard or proper time for namaaz. People talked around that there by the road they see in the morning a good man who prays in namaaz, and it was him, my late grandfather. Tewbe Ja Rabbi!

This summer, I was sad a little. This world pressed from all sides, so my chest narrowed. I was sitting in the courtyard and thinking about the problems that I had then when Hajji Yusuf arrived. He still wears his emerald green taspeeh in hand, I thought. He expressed salaam and asked me for health, I told him also even more beautiful and offered him to sit. He looked at me for a few moments and then through the gentle smile on his face he began to talk: "Son, all this life in the world is a film which is directed long time ago. Everything is set in place, and you just watch and cite Allah much. So once upon a time there was an emperor, and he asked for someone who will engrave a saying on his ring which will bring him hope back when he is sad, and when he is happy to warn him to stay not too fascinating.

So the wise men engraved on his finger: It will pass also.

So, my son, if you're lucky, there is always the fear that happiness will be replaced with sadness, but when you're sad, there is always hope that keep you not to fail. Turns out neither is good when the end is good or bad until the end when it is bad. Fake world - what would people say. "I did not notice when Yusuf went. So I sat half an hour staring at alem of the mosque across the street from my house.

When I was aroused from this odd situation, I saw that Yusuf was not there, but there were no problems that just pressed my chest. I looked back – everywhere was green vegetation, forests and hills as it is first time that I see them. Hazrat Hidir has certainly been in Bosnia. Perhaps Hajji Yusuf was Hidir of his time. Tewbe Ja Rabbi!

I walk down the hall, and the scent of fresh backed hurmasicas came from the kitchen. In the middle of the table is a plate full of my favorite delicacies. "This Fatima has sent you!" says my mother. This is that Fatima who stops me whenever I go to Sarajevo, stops along the way and throws a wad in my bag, and after shaking hands with her a couple of marks remain in my hand. Tewbe Ja Rabbi!

I look at this story of mine – and it seems that I did not even mention Bosnia. And it's not true that I didn't decorate it. Indeed, what a story about Bosnia and my attachment to it could tell except about the good people and God's grace spread over them. So it's no wonder that I mentioned in it these honorable names: Muhammed, Mehmet, Abu Bakr, Uthman, Ali, Umar, Idriz, Mejra, Hadidza, Jusuf, Hidir, Fatima. And they are all found in the story of Bosnia. Isn't all goodness in Bosnia, isn't all mine here, in this Bosnia. Tewbe Ja Rabbi!

That is why I wonder. As much as I wonder to goodness which coming out from telling of this story, I wonder to those who do not know how to feel. I watched on television a Serbian politician that threatened to split Bosnia. How to split something what the Almighty placed under its protection? But eyes are not blind, but heart in chest. Tewbe Ja Rabbi!

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