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# Hidden Gems About Prophet Muhammad's life

## ***The First Public Stand***

Let's begin with something specific. In the early days of his mission, when he stood atop Mount Safa and called his people to warn them, comparing himself to a warner who sees an army approaching, his own uncle, **Abu Lahab**, cursed him to his face.

*“May you perish! Is this why you called us?”* ([Sahih al-Bukhari, 4971])

The gathering dispersed. What could have been a moment of public success turned into rejection and humiliation.

What amazed me is that even though his very first public invitation was met with insult, he returned the next day,

undeterred. Not because the odds had changed or the crowd had softened, but because the truth was worth repeating, no matter how it was received.

And this was just the beginning. From there, opposition escalated. Abu Jahl, another fierce enemy, led many of the taunts. On one occasion, he dumped a camel's entrails on the Prophet (may the peace and Allah's blessings be upon him) while the Prophet was in sujood at the Kaa'bah. He remained in prostration until his daughter Fatimah (RA) rushed to clean him. ([Sahih al-Bukhari, 240])

A normal person would have given up. But he didn't. He returned again and again. That moment wasn't the beginning of persecution; it was the beginning of a *storm*, and he stood in it without flinching.

From that day, he was never allowed rest. The hatred didn't lessen. It grew, and then it evolved. From personal insults to public threats. From social boycott to physical assault. Then came the battles, the betrayals, the heartbreaks. He buried many of his children. He led prayers with wounds on his body and tears in his eyes. He lived for twenty-three years as the centerpiece of a cause that demanded **everything from him**.

## ***A Mission Greater Than Miracles***

What amazes me is how the miracles didn't make the mission easier. In Israa and Mi'raj, he traveled beyond the skies, crossed realms no creation had ever crossed, and stood in the presence of the Divine. He saw the unseen, heard what no ear had heard, yet returned to the earth with dust on his feet and the same burden on his shoulders. He spoke to Angel Jibreel (peace be upon him), who brought down revelation and once arrived with the Angel of the Mountains, offering to crush the people of Ta'if who had assaulted the Prophet (may the peace and Allah's blessings be upon him) - if only he had wished it. And yet, that very same Prophet (may the peace and Allah's blessings be upon him) would rise in the cold night to pray alone in gratitude to the One who sent him, even as his feet swelled and his heart bore the weight of the world.

And when he was given the choice of being a prophet-king or a prophet-servant, he chose the latter: the path of hunger and humility. (Mentioned in Musnad Ahmad and reported by others like Ibn Hibban and al-Hakim).

So, the miracles didn't remove his humanity. They deepened it. He didn't float above the world. He walked within it. He rode camels, stitched his clothes, consoled the grieving, played with children. He knew the Divine but carried that message with the dust of earth on his feet.

## ***Changing the Way People Think***

What also amazes me is how the Prophet (may the peace and Allah's blessings be upon him) didn't just fight enemies. He fought falsehoods deeply rooted in culture and identity. His greatest task wasn't to defeat armies. It was to **defeat blindness**. The blindness of arrogance. Of inherited belief. Of tribal pride. The Arabs of his time were proud people - poets, warriors, and traders. They had sharp minds and sharper egos. They honored ancestry, clung to tradition, and elevated idols they had crafted themselves. The Prophet (may the peace and Allah's blessings be upon him) had to break through all of that. He had to take a people intoxicated with their past and open their eyes to a future they couldn't yet see.

And he did it not with anger, not by mocking them, but with compassion. His strategy wasn't just revelation. It was relationship. He saw people. He understood their fears. He engaged their hearts as much as their minds. They called him mad, not because he seemed unstable, but because what he said was *unsettling*. His words disturbed their inherited truths. And yet, even his fiercest enemies struggled to deny his sincerity. They saw in him a truth too powerful to ignore, too inconvenient to accept.

## ***The Divine in His Humanity***

What amazes me is how fully human the Prophet (may the peace and Allah's blessings be upon him) remained while being so close to the Divine. He wasn't just delivering a

message. **He was the message.** Everything about him embodied the Quran - not just in words, but in living form. When Aisha (RA) was asked about his character, she didn't give a list of traits. She said, "His character was the Quran." ([Sahih Muslim, 746])

This is the man who bled for his people while praying for their forgiveness. Who buried his wife, his uncle, his sons. Who wept at night and smiled by day. Who fought in battles, then wept for martyrs. Who was hurt more by disbelief than by wounds. He was not just a messenger delivering a scroll. He was a soul carrying the burden of every soul he hoped to save.

### ***He Didn't Just Preach - He Felt***

It's easy to forget: the Quran wasn't revealed all at once. It came down slowly, verse by verse, situation by situation, often as a response to events in his life. Every time he was hurt, a verse came to console. Every time he was pressured, a verse came to guide. He didn't just recite revelation. He *lived it*. Surah after surah, he became the walking, breathing proof of its truth.

When people ask how the message of Islam moved the world, the answer is that it was the Quran – and delivered by the final Messenger, who embodied it perfectly. Someone who cried when his Ummah sinned. Someone who was offered revenge but chose mercy. Someone who could have built a palace but lived simply, choosing sincerity over

splendor.

Isn't that amazing?

### ***The Silent Victories***

Not all victories are loud. Some unfold quietly - through restraint, patience, and a vision no one else can yet see. Take Hudaibiyah for example. There were no parades, and many companions were left confused. But the Prophet (may the peace and Allah's blessings be upon him) saw what they could not. A treaty that seemed like a setback became the turning point for mass conversions. He knew that changing hearts takes more than swords. It takes time, presence, and trust. That was his real work. Not just building a state, but building souls.

Also, when he entered Makkah years later as a conqueror, there was no vengeance. No gloating. He bowed his head in humility. He forgave his enemies. The same people who had hunted him now stood before him helpless, and he chose mercy. Who does that unless their heart has been shaped by something far more powerful than ego?

### ***Do We Understand the Weight?***

What amazes me is that the Prophet (may the peace and Allah's blessings be upon him) carried the weight of being *the final* Messenger. Not just the events. But the emotional, psychological, and spiritual weight. **He was the seal of Prophethood.** If he failed, there would be no prophet

after him. He had to succeed. He had to preserve the message, protect his people, and lay the foundation of a civilization that would outlive him. And he had to do it all without losing his soul. Without letting the world poison his heart. Without becoming harsh or bitter. Without surrendering the softness that made him beloved to Allah.

What also amazes me is that he succeeded on all fronts. He changed minds, built a community, preserved revelation, and shaped history. And yet he died with no wealth, no palace, no army behind him. He died with a handful of possessions, but a heart full of Allah's love and a legacy that would never end.

### ***A Final Thought***

If we find our faith weak, our hearts heavy, or our connection to Islam fading - it's worth remembering who brought this message to us. Not just how much he endured, but how much he loved. **This faith did not reach us cheaply.** It came through the blood, tears, and prayers of a man who never stopped caring. Every surah we recite, every prayer we pray, every word of the Quran we hear - it all passed through his voice, his life, his sacrifice.

**Prophet Muhammad didn't just give us Islam. He gave us himself. And if we can't feel that - if we can't pause to appreciate even a fraction of what it took - then we've missed the essence of who he was.**

The Prophet (may the peace and Allah's blessings be upon

him) once said, “I am to you like a father is to his children.”  
(Sunan Abu Dawood)

He taught, he explained, he cried for us. So the question isn't: Do we know his story The question is: **Have we honored his effort with the way we carry his message today?**