

As Salamu Alaaykum Malika,

Received your letter with the pictures - thank you - as you know Bismi come up sat. with Naomi - been a good 19 months since i last saw the brother, Masballah, any way it's good seeing people, there are few i can rap with here, their heads are other places like materialism & psychology that enslaves - Alhamdulillah i still see it like it is.

Childhoods end, that's what growing up is - a time to be responsible & act accordingly we are the sum total of our actions - deeds & thoughts. Yeah i felt easy in our visit, i use to wonder how it would be & i use to reflect on the story of Ayyub (Job) and how he lost everything & because he remained steadfast in faith Allah gave him back all that he lost. Some day Inshallah i'll tell you how Allah strengthen me & nourished me, gave me protection & healed my soul.

I will do as you ask about writing the comrades - the days are gone where i use to write long letters - remember :- that was youth & its exuberance, now i've mellowed, but still got some fire.

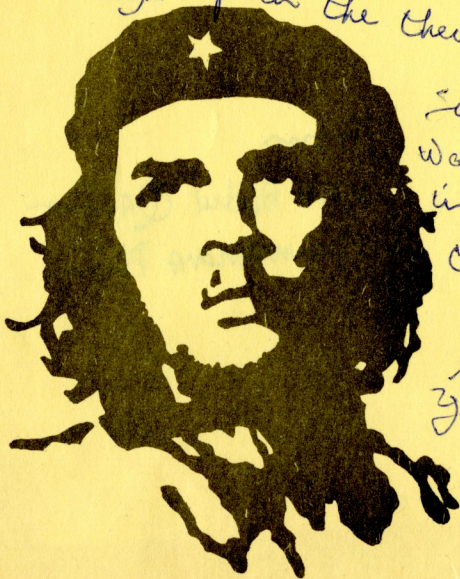
I had wrote you about the arena & combat - there are times i remember those bouts we had and still bring me to attention like a good soldier & i come to realize that it was more than the act it was the person whom it was performed with. The Quran tells us to reflect & i do [The advantage of being here is being able to think for long hours] about male & female, the why of it, the beauty of it.

Come imagine the thrill of watching the children grow & develop into people with such inner beauty. Sorry to hear about the Abu Bakr's having problems, they are also in my prayers, you know with the knowledge they have their condition should be better but they are caught up in the theory & not the practice but Allah know's best.

Sorry about the shortness of this i am tired, mentally - mainly i wanted to acknowledge receipt of your letter, i always notice in your letters your southern way & i like it, my love to the children, take care.

Give all the vades my love. when you write them

Love
Nuh



To You Malika

Childhood's End

BPP Archival Collection of
Frankye Adams Johnson

THERE WAS youth
A Time of joy and fears
Where security was found
In the arms of those who brought me forth
And I spent many days lost in dreams
Hoping these days would never end.
Such are the thoughts of youth.

The seasons change
And I grew but changed not
Fearful of the other world
I withdrew fighting to maintain
O, but life the greatest of teachers
Cast me with others
Who looked to me guidance and security.
"And a child shall lead them"

The ~~journey~~ child goes forth on the journey
Which we call life
Hard is the road and painful the transition
But I grew and blossomed like a flower,
And there was a sense of loss within this joy
For it was childhood's end.

From
Nah Abdul Qayum
Dawwemara Prison