

CASTLE OF MIRROR: THE RESET BUTTON

by Ellen Jelita

Teenage life, what does it feel like? People said, “It’s a wonderful taste of life” but in the other side, people also said, “It’s the most bitter thing that I’ve ever tasted.” Well it is scary, teenage time is the time for you to choose your own path. It’s time for you to change the person you look in the mirror to a better person. Maybe you want to be a teacher or a *hafidzoh*, or maybe both. Just like this young lady, who chose her path to make her life as meaningful as it could be, Bethany Jane Clifford. That’s her name, and this is her story.

Beth, that’s what her friends called her. She was born in Jakarta 15 years ago, on August 11. If you ask me, I’ll say colorful, that’s all that I can say about this girl. Why? Because you know, orange, she’s a cheerful person, she’s shining like the sun that light up the world. Pink, every time she smiles, is like you can see a cherry blossom flower blooming on her cheeks, you probably can smell the scent of the cherry blossom when you go near her. Red, she’s

a fighter, because when everything is trying to bring her down, she always chooses to fight back. Brown, her eyes is brown like a chocolate, even by the look of her eyes, you can tell that she's a sweet person like a chocolate pudding, just like her favorite. She's like a good slice of pizza, filled with pepperoni and cheese, with a balanced amount of sweetness, spiciness, and saltiness.

Beth is the second daughter of lovely parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford. She has a big sister named Laura Clifford, and one little brother named Aaron Clifford. They didn't know sunnah at first but as the caterpillar turns into a butterfly, they finally study sunnah. They sent their three kids to a boarding school. They sent them to Ihya As-Sunnah in Tasikmalaya, West Java, when she was 13th.

When she was in the boarding school, it felt like a life changing. She began to wear big hijab, didn't wear trousers but replaced it with a long skirt instead, and try to stop listening to music. They taught her Arabic language, aqeedah, morals, etc. She found it hard to herself, as you can say this is the reset button of her life.

They told all the students to recite and memorize quran everyday, she can't handle it at first, it was hard, she can't understand the subject. There're times when she was crying because she can't take it no more, it was too heavy. But as I said earlier she's a fighter, she won't let that bring her down, so she fights back. She keeps telling herself "Bismillah" when she feels like she can't do it anymore. She kept more attention to the teachers when they explain the subject. And she prays to Allah to give her help, whenever

she need to, which means every day. Cause each day you need help from Allah to give you the best, and help you through everything. And luckily she has amazing friends who supported her from the backstage, who cheered her whenever she felt down. And a lovely parent who gives her a lot of motivations to keep her stand straight. A little by little, she began to understand. She kept listen, listen, and listen. She kept pray, pray, and pray. And she does, does, and does what the teacher taught her. And she did it, this rabbit lover finally be able to say "I made it, I told you I can do this" cause she's definitely worth saying. Now she can look to the mirror, not to see a regular teenager who'll die to get to see their favorite idol, who spent their money to buy mini clothes, nor the old her, but the new Beth, she'll sees an extraordinary girl, who just a half way there, to her dreams, a girl who likes to sleep and watching television but definitely a fighter.

Heaven, teacher, and a hafidzoh. If you ask her, that's her dreams, this avocado juice drinker, dedicated her life to reach her goals. She worked very hard to reach them. Now, she continues her study in an Islamic school in Serpong, Tangerang, which is actually a bit far from home. So I can say that she's like Marlin who tries so hard to chase her Nemo, who chose a school that a bit far away from home just to chase her dreams. Sometimes she can be like Dori who forgets things, but she keeps her head up. She keeps repeating what she had memorized, so they'll still stay in her mind.

This time will come to anyone. Just like Bethany, there will come the time when you face your reset button. It will come to everyone. Maybe you'll cry, mad, scream, or sad, but if you fight back, if you raise your sword, you will defeat it. You might struggle at first, but in the end it's all worth it. You can taste the sweetness of your victory. You can smell the glory that you've waited for so long. You can look to the mirror to see the new beautiful you. If you think life won't let you to fight back, put on your armor, do not let yourself be the slave of a nightmare and a life full of failure. Because everyone will find their own way home, maybe not now, but later. Allah knows when. Cause everything happens for a reason.

Note: This is a real story, with vague names and places.

ISLAM ATAU BUKAN?

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Suatu hari ada seseorang (fulan) yang bercerita bersama teman-temannya tentang sebuah keluarga di Amerika yang sedang merayakan Iduladha.

Fulan: “Menjelang datangnya bulan Dzulhijjah, sebuah keluarga di Amerika mengikuti berita-berita seputar penentuan tanggal 1 Dzulhijjah. Ayahnya aktif menyimak berita di radio. Istrinya menyimak lewat televisi. Sedangkan anaknya rajin *searching* di internet. Ketika pengumuman tanggal 1 Dzulhijjah diumumkan, keluarga itu bersiap-siap untuk menyambut Iduladha yang bertepatan dengan tanggal 10 Dzulhijjah, setelah acara wukuf di Arafah tanggal 9-nya.

Keesokannya, mereka sekeluarga pergi ke desa untuk membeli domba sesuai kriteria syari untuk dijadikan hewan kurban (*udhiyyah*). Domba pun mereka bawa dengan *pick-up* sambil terus mengembik di perjalanan.

Anak terkecilnya yang baru berusia 5 tahun, asyik berceletoh dan mengatakan, “Ayah... alangkah indahny

hari raya Iduladha! Aku akan pakai gaun baru, dapat THR, dan bisa membeli boneka baru. Aku akan pergi bersama teman-temanku ke TOY CITY untuk bermain sepuasnya di sana. Duh, alangkah indahnyanya saat-saat hari raya,” katanya. “Andai aja semua hari adalah hari raya,” lanjutnya.

Begitu mobil tiba di rumah, istrinya berbisik, “Wahai suamiku tercinta, kamu tahu kan, bahwa disunnahkan membagi daging korban menjadi tiga: sepertiga kita makan sendiri untuk beberapa hari ke depan, sepertiga kita sedekahkan ke fakir miskin, dan sepertiga lagi kita hadiahkan ke tetangga kita.”

Begitu Iduladha tiba, keluarga itu bingung di manakah arah kiblat, karena mereka hendak menghadapkan domba kurban ke kiblat. Setelah menebak-nebak, mereka memutuskan menghadapkan kurban ke arah Saudi Arabia, dan ini sudah cukup. Setelah mengasah pisau, George menghadapkan dombanya ke kiblat lalu menyembelihnya. Ia kemudian menguliti dan memotong-motong dagingnya. Adapun istrinya membaginya menjadi tiga bagian sesuai sunnah. Namun tiba-tiba George berteriak mengatakan, “Waduh, kita terlambat ke gereja... sebab ini hari Minggu dan kita akan terlambat menghadiri misa!” George konon tidak pernah ketinggalan misa di gereja setiap hari Minggu. Ia bahkan rajin membawa istri dan anak-anaknya ke gereja.”

Berakhirlah cerita dari fulan. Teman-temannya yang mendengar cerita dari fulan pun menganggap ini cerita bohong. Mana ada seseorang beragama Islam sekaligus Kristen. Mana mungkin seorang Nasrani mau mengikuti hari raya muslim sampai rela mengeluarkan uang untuk

ikut menjalankan syariatnya.

Si fulan menjawab: “Wahai saudara-saudaraku tercinta, tentu kalian tidak memercayai ceritaku. Kalian tidak akan membenarkan jika ada sebuah keluarga Kristen yang melakukan hal tersebut. Akan tetapi, kita yang berada di negeri-negeri muslim: Abdullah, Muhammad, Khalid, Khadijah, Fatimah, dan nama-nama muslim lainnya dengan santai turut merayakan hari raya kaum Nasrani dan Yahudi. Kita turut merayakan tahun baru Masehi (Masehi nisbat kepada Isa Al Masih/Yesus), mengucapkan selamat Natal, merayakan Valentine’s Day, April Mop, Paskah, ulang tahun, dan lain-lain. Bagaimana dengan kenyataan ini? Mestinya, kita tidak perlu mengingkari bila keluarga Nasrani ini melakukan hal itu. Namun kita harus mengingkari diri dan keluarga kita sendiri.”