

Don't skip this.

Because this might be about you.

He wasn't a criminal.  
He wasn't evil.  
He wasn't even careless.

He just kept saying one word.

"Tomorrow."

He knew right from wrong.

He felt guilt.  
He felt the pull.  
He even planned to change.

Just not today.

And that's how it starts.

Not with rebellion.

With delay.

He told himself:

"I'll pray properly tomorrow."  
"I'll quit this habit tomorrow."  
"I'll fix my life tomorrow."

And tomorrow kept showing up...

But he never did.

Here's the scary part.

He thought he had time.

We all do.

He had a job.  
Friends.  
Plans.  
Dreams.

Nothing felt urgent.

Until one completely normal evening—

Something happened  
that changed everything.

But before I tell you what it was,

answer this:

If tonight was your last night...  
would you know?

He didn't.

That evening, his best friend dropped him home.

They laughed.  
Talked about random stuff.

Nothing deep.  
Nothing dramatic.

Just a normal goodbye.

“See you tomorrow.”

Those were the last words.

The phone rang an hour later.

An accident.

He rushed to the hospital.

You know that moment  
when you're hoping it's not true?

It was.

Gone.

Just like that.

No warning.  
No final conversation.

No second chance.

The same person who was alive hours ago  
was now lying still under a white shroud.

At the burial,  
as soil hit the grave,

he felt something break inside him.

Every handful of dirt felt heavy.

Not because his friend was gone.

But because it could've been him.

And here's what terrified him:

If it was him—

He wasn't ready.

That night he didn't scroll.  
Didn't distract himself.

He just sat there.

In silence.

And silence is loud  
when you've been avoiding yourself.

He made wudu.  
Opened the Qur'an.

Not out of routine.

Out of fear.

And when he read—

It felt personal.

Like it wasn't general advice.

It was a message.

Return.

Not next year.  
Not when you're older.  
Not when life slows down.

Now.

That was the moment everything shifted.

Not because he became perfect.

But because he stopped assuming time was guaranteed.

One prayer.

Then another.

Then consistency.

He still struggled.

But now he struggled forward.

And he realized something most people never admit:

We don't avoid change because we're bad.

We avoid it because we think we have time.

But time is the one thing  
you're never promised.

So let me ask you something honestly.

What are you delaying right now?

What habit?  
What prayer?  
What apology?  
What return?

And what makes you so sure  
you'll get a tomorrow?

If your story ended tonight—

Would you be at peace?

If the answer makes you uncomfortable...

Good.

That discomfort is a gift.

It means your heart isn't dead.

You're still breathing.

Which means mercy is still open.

But don't wait for a funeral  
to wake you up.

Don't wait for loss  
to make you serious.

Take one step.

Just one.

Today.

Because the most dangerous lie  
you tell yourself

is

"Tomorrow."

Assalamu Alaikum.

And if this felt personal—

it was supposed to.