

I.

When the Traveler came in, the Philosopher, in order to welcome him, stood up. He embraced him, that was the mark of his love and friendship. He was a holistic thinker of Andalusia whom Andalusia always remembers him with great courtesy. The Traveler was only nineteen years old. The Philosopher was a friend of his father. He was living in a two-storey house, built of stones, in the westside of the city. The upper storey was filled to capacity with books. They were in a space, just comfortable enough for two people, among the books, partly in Greek and partly were translated from this language to Arabic. The Philosopher embraced the Traveler sincerely and with affection. "Welcome my home" he said. The inside of his eyes were shining. The Traveler responded with the same warmth and was asked to sit down on the cedar. He set down quietly on the empty part of the cedar that was shown to him. The Philosopher was dressed like a poor Bedouin. A long and large dressing gown, buttoned with a golden yellow stripe up to his bosom, in his foot a yamani that was made from camel leather, a beige turban, falling down to his shoulder, covered one-third of his curly, chestnut hairs. He had wrapped his turban like slaves, but yet his wide and round forehead struck by shadow, tip of his nose slightly raised, his purple eye bag under his eyes could be discerned at first sight. The Traveller looked into the eyes of the Philosopher who was the most famous Thinker of Andalusia. For a while there was silence. The Philosopher was looking into the face of the Traveler, full of love and trust. There was no any trace of wrinkles on his face. He was just in springtime of his life. Having looked closely and constantly, this young man who was at the age of his son, the Thinker could see he was gleaming like a piece of fire. He was sitting almost side by side, knee by knee with someone who would dim his fame. There was a silence which orients everything to its essence. As if they were three, the Philosopher, the Traveler, the Silence. The Philosopher, with the Traveler, felt the silence as if it was a separate existence. Later this feeling of him dispersed, began to see the Traveler only. As if he himself has vanished as well. There was only Him. He looked at his visage in silence. He looked at him attentively for a long time. His eyes were green of the ocean. His pupil was getting bigger as he looked at. At his forehead, glitters were dancing from prostration. His forehead was shining. Now he only saw his forehead. He only was looking at it, and as if he saw him only as a mere forehead. For a while they remained in this state, in this rapture. The Traveler, taking deep breath, broke the silence, and said "yes". The exhalation that was stuck in the breast of the Philosopher suddenly got emptied, and he felt himself at ease. With the help of the joy that was fired in his heart, he too said "yes". The Traveler sunk into the silence again. The Philosopher had been waiting for him for years. With the hope of getting that answer he had been waiting for him at home. Now he was in happiness of attaining to his objective. He was relieved. The weight as heavy as the world upon his shoulder has been removed. He lightened like a bird. The answer "yes" that was poured out of the Traveler's tongue was the approval of his writings and sayings until now. He interpreted "yes" that way. This was the most beautiful word of the world. The Philosopher looked in the heart of the word and saw this. The Traveler congratulated him at last for his thoughts. The approval he has taken, while on the station of thought, delighted him and he became filled with unspeakable joy. For the Traveler, however, the situation was different in all respects. He, having been sunken in silence for a while, again, with a voice which is more resolute than the first one and full of mystery, said "no". The Philosopher, the moment he heard this word, became paralyzed, got pale, like desperate someone who became suspicious of his own thoughts. All in fluttering, "What is the conclusion that you have reached with the divine inspiration and divine enlightenment, would you speak more clearly?" he asked. The Traveler, without losing the mystery of his voice, with the same decisive and mysterious tone said: "yes and no". "Until today what I have learned in my whole life is these two words." The Philosopher, as if writhing in ache, waited

for the rest of the word. The Traveler continued to his conversation: "It is these two words announced to me with the divine inspiration; heads apart from their shoulders, souls become free from their bodies with yes and no." The face of the Philosopher became bloodless, his body began to quiver; with a voice of indistinct "There is no power, but God" he whispered. The Traveler, after requesting permission, quietly left the Philosopher. The Philosopher accompanied him to the door, looked long at his disappearance from the sight. That was the last time of seeing him. Later, many times the Philosopher requested the meeting, but he did not get any answer at all. But the Traveler saw him once. When he filled with the desire to speak to him, the Traveler went his home. The divine gift, with a thin curtain between the Philosopher and the Traveler, in a moment of ecstasy, showed the Philosopher to him. He saw him behind that curtain of mercy. But the Philosopher did not know that he was there. He had immersed in his thoughts as such, he could not discern him. The Traveler, with a steady glance, to himself, "your ideas and your accuracy can not bring you to a place in which I am there." he whispered. It was the time five hundred ninety five years after immigration of the Messenger to Medine. The Traveler, after that unilateral meeting, until to his death never encountered him. When he took his death news, The Traveler was conversing with his friends. He attended to the funeral with his two friends, one a prince, the other a poet. The coffin of the Philosopher was being carried to his grave in Cordoba. The atmosphere was overcrowded. The fame of the Philosopher was widespread. His name was heard in every part of the country. The crowd has turned the streets of Cordoba into the day of resurrection, there were so many people that if one had thrown a needle into the air, it would not have fallen on earth. They went up to the terrace of a structure that was looking at the street from above. A load-bearing animal was loaded with the corpse in the coffin on the one side, his books in a chest on the other side. The Traveler, from his spot, tranquil, unmoving was viewing the happenings. "Do you see the Master" said his friend, the Poet, "what has he been weighed with? Himself on the one side, the books he wrote on the other side". "I see" stepped in the Prince, as if it was spoken to him. The Traveler took the word of Poet in a corner of his memory. He will be carrying it constantly. For him this was reason of reflection and remembrance. "Human kind is being weighed by his deeds" he said. The Poet, looking at his friend, smiled. "Yes" said the Prince. The Traveler remembered the "yes" that he had said to the Philosopher. The funeral was proceeding through the crowd on the street in which the Stone buildings has risen. A little ahead was the Jewish neighborhood. Until disappearance of the coffin from his eyes he did not separate his look from him. He straighten himself on the spot, looked at the cathedral that is noticeable at first sight in the horizon of the city. "They" he said "passed away". "On the one end his work, his corpse on the other end. How very much I wonder whether his hopes became true or not."

2.

After asking leave for home he walked and reached the first street, leading to the Jewish neighborhood, a little further ahead of where they were, he still was holding the question in his mind. He could predict whether his hopes had come true or not, only he was not sure of it. He came to this city when he was thirteen. The city on the shore of Guadalquivir. The inhabitants of that time, known as producers of Maroken, were rather busy with the work of jeweller and filigree. It was seen that the work of animal breeding in slum regions, especially in wide fields, had formed singel houses. Farmers, who cultivated cereals and olive, had built churches and small mosques that was enough for them. Once he entered into a street on the skirt of the castle which was built in Mudejar style. The street, making curves, was reaching out to the mountain. His riding took him to a village society that usually made kadiri zikr after evening prayer. At the outside there was only yaping of animal and slight sound of the wind. The society's wide room was illuminated by flickering and yellow light. Through the window of the room, decorated with Stone, was coming out the chanting sound of Calali and Camali names of God. Only chanting encomium in internal with the mağribi accent, zikr of "Hay Hay" was flowing through ecstatic chests. He stood there by the window, still, and listened to that sound for a long time. Particularly after tehliil (there is no god, but God) the sound of Hayy and Hu, like breathing of a lung, after washing that breath with a name of God; was pouring out from the mounth like breathing. The sound was coming out from the bottom of the hearts of them. Than for a while only it was continueing as Hu Hu or Hay Hay, and in between the sentence of "there is no God but God" was crowning the zikr. In this village where the heart of life was striking, he thought about the value of living life as an ordinary villager. Is it possible all hopes of someone would come true in this place? Than he slowly went away and turned to jewish neighborhood. There were many mills in the city. He saw them as the image of the world. When his father used to go to mill he would take the Traveler with him. For hours he would listen to the sound of water and Stone for hours. If the miller did not like talking, this, for the Traveler would become the moment of reflection. The grains would enter from one side, and come out as flour from the other side. The Stone was turning perpetually, without stopping, and the water was flowing in a way that would not give any possibly for breathing. There, was passing the most beautiful image of time; while passing, the time was touching to the whole objects of the world. The Traveler sometimes was in it, somethimes was outside, and somethimes neither in nor out, he would feel the richness of the moment. Once when the miller held his hand under the wooden chamfer, pouring flour, he took a wad and checked it, the Traveler looked at his face which had become white, "here everything turns to the dust of destiny" he said. The miller this time looked at into the eyes of the owner of the voice, smiling. He held out his palm and poured the flour into his palm. "Take it" he said. The water that would turn the millstone was coming from the great river which would confine the city by the eastside. People had built mills alongside the river. A small arm was sperated from the river, and with the cahanals the water was distributed all over the city. One of the canals was passing through the courtyard of a mosque which was a chatedral once. In the direction of Eastwest there was nineteen naves which were holded up by twofold leaf archs, and the archs were holding up a hundreds of pillars. In the middle of courtyard that was half open, half closed, there was a chorus place that gave impression of baroque. In this place people, dervishes would would make circle for conversation before and after prayer. The same style sinagogue was in the middle of the neighborhood with narrow streets, white houses, flowery paths. In the South, on hills in front of mountain range of Andalucia viniculture was widespread, and in basin there was olive trees. Morena, In the plain north of

Guadalquivir, would form long, big and wide solitary areas. Once in a while The area was jollified by miner workers, but despite of everything it was the most desolate region of the city. Encinas with small and hard leaf, would stay green all in summer and winter, the mushrooms could be seen offenly, the hand of humankind was influential in changing of climate, the earth had become a wide plain with thyme, rosemary, and thorny weed. As leading toward the east, cereals which like salt as demirhindi, and brooch, Accommodated themselves to the salty rocky structures, could be found. Wherever there was oak grove, there must had been the foot of a dervish. As one walked through the region full of Pine, katırtırnağı, and bushes one could reach at the river that were leading to Guadalquivir. One end of this mixed natura was surrounded by Sierra Morena and Betica mountain, The other end was confined by the river. The big farmers were irrigated by the river. The cereal and olive of generous cortijos was exceedingly enough for farmers and for those who worked hard on earth with them. The underground richness of Morena had not been discovered yet. As The Morena's Morcivet range of mountains getting long, it would become purple. The South coasts would get dry as one goes to the direction of the east. Beyond Adra there was deficiency of rain. The westside of the coast was not in this state, begining from The Mediterranean region, range of Penibetic Mountains which was cut by deep passways, made a climate shelter and a sphere of sunshade. Deep passages connected the shore to the tableland. This palce was the most watery and fertile basin of Iber peninsula. The red earth departing from mountain has been feeding the region for hundred years. The region, in the state of undiscovered treasure, has become powerless with imigrations. This land was being fed by elderley persons like Musenna in İşbiliyye. Her mother gave him to her service when he was nine years old. He stayed with her for years. She was ninety five when he saw her the first time, but because of fresshness and beauty of her face one would ambarras looking at her. In spite of her advanced age, her cheeks still was very red. When one look at her beauty and freshness on her face he would thinks she was fourteen or fifteen. She was with her Creator in a unque way. There were many people following and serving to her, but, somehow, she always chose the Traveler, and when she was asked, she used to say: "He is an exception, I nevvver seen someone like him before. When he comes into my house, he comes in with his full existence, and leaves with his full existence, he nevvver leaves a piece from his existence in my house." On day she said this, "I am surprised about someone who says he loves God, but he can not find peace with Him. In fact, He is the existence seen by the servant. The eye of the servant sees Him in every eye. Even for one moment He nevvver disapear from their eyes. Some people always cry, I nevvver understand this. How do they cry while loving him? They nevvver feel ashamed? The lover, is the person who is the most closest of all people to God, because he sees Him in every moment. So in this case for whom do they cry and for what?". Later she turned to the Traveler, "What do you think" she asked, "the word is yours mother" said the Traveler. "My lover" she continued "granted to me Fatiha, He gave the Sura to my service, I swear it nevvver leaves me even for one moment." The Traveler, when she said that Fatiha was serving to her, saw the level to which she had reached. Again, one day, they were sitting together in the hall of the house, eating dry fig, drinking cornelian cherry. The bell ringed. The Traveler opened the door. A young woman, crying, entered in. There was barely time asking "what happened? What is the trouble?" The woman began to complain, "Son, my husband is a Merchant, now he is in the city of Şuzun. He had follen in love with a young girl there, I received the news that he wanted to marry her, help me please." "What do you want" asked the Traveler in an amazed state. "I want" said the woman, "my husband to return to me." The Traveler turning to the old woman, "Mother" he said, "the woman is helpless, she needs your help." "What does she want son?" asked the old woman.

“She wants her husband back” said the traveler. “Okay” said the old woman, “take her in, let her be relaxed, in a moment I will send Fatiha, and tell it to bring her husband back.” She began to read. I accompanied her as well. While we were reading, the sura took a shape, an existence. While reading, I saw the state that she has attained. The sura, as she reading, took an image, stood up, rised, “go to Suzun and bring this woman’s husband. Nevver leave him until you are here, let him be far away just as much as the distance of road,let him reunite with his family as soon as possible.” The Sura took the order and began to its journey instantly. “Go to your home my girl” said the old woman, “your husband will return before you go your home.” The old woman somethimes was playing tabbourine and amusing herself. In those moments The Traveler used to ask her confidential questions. “I feel spiritual joy in this” she used to say, “God is showing interest in me, He puts me among his friends, connects me to Himself tightly, Who am I, He has chosen me with his special servants? I swear upon the power of my owner, most of the people are envy of me. Whenever I direct myself to something with the confidence, because being heedless of him, in that orientation surely I would have trouble.” She used to say many things like this. The Traveler served to the old woman for four yers. In final yer he built a hut from reeds for her, and she lived there until her death. The Traveler was given her by his mother. “I am your spiritual mother and the light of your real mother” the old woman used to say. When his mother came to take him at the and of the fourth year, he kissed her hand, “from you” he said, “about the requirements for the first station of the journey, “I learned many things. I hope your owner would glorify you, and award you for what you have taught me. Make your due right halal to me.” The old woman, kissing on his forehead, ”May my Lord be with you.” She said. “No doubt the things I learned at the end of my life, You already have learned them in the begining of your journey.” She turned to his mother, “light! this is my son, and your father. Take care of him and nevver be disobidience to him. Obidience to parents is like the obidience to Lord.”