

REAFFIRMING THE IBRĀHĪMIC ACCORD

Muzaffar Iqbal

It is just before midnight as I write these words under the clear brilliance of the moon on the twelfth night of Jumādā II, 1447 lunar years after the Hijrah of the Prophet Muḥammad—upon him blessings and peace—to Yathrib, which would immediately change its name to become *al-Madīna al-Munawwara*, the Radiant Madina; may it ever be radiant with the guidance of the One who made it his home for the last eleven years of his life on earth. As I approach the hour when the arc of my life would move by one calendar year, I feel the stillness of the night—its silence, its luminosity—opening a widening inward horizon through reflection on the seventy-one years that have passed.

As a child, I slept often on the rooftop of our home in Lahore—a city that, in the 1950s, was still a constellation of gardens and open skies, its night sky densely populated with brilliant stars. From that height, the world felt nearer to heaven than to earth. I can still hear the sound that would rise after the *fajr* prayer from the mosque of ‘Alī b. ‘Uthmān al-Hujwīrī—Allah sanctify his secret—the slow, insistent cadence of remembrance: *Lā ilāha illā Allāh, Lā ilāha illā Allāh*... It would spread through the neighborhood like breath through a body, filling the air with a gravity that seemed to loosen gravity itself, as though the words, freed from their earthly anchors, hovered between roof and sky. That shrine, and the one buried there—then in a very simple, square-shaped enclosure—became a constant presence in my life long before I understood it, and the book that sought to unveil the veiled—*Kashf al-Mahjūb*—still rests beside me as I write these lines, a companion across decades, as faithful as the moon that has never ceased its course.

After having lived seven decades upon this earth, with frequent

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opportunities to walk in the streets of all three of its holiest precincts—Makka, Madina, and al-Quds—one does not merely see the world as it is, but as it has become and as it is becoming. Tonight is especially luminous with an awareness of the continuity of sacred history; it makes the present moment appear not as just one more point in time, but as a station in a long caravan of meanings.

II

This personal landmark aside, the moon I am looking at tonight tells a story of its own: it is the same moon that once shone upon Ibrāhīm, upon him peace, as he contemplated the signs of his Lord. It is the moon that illuminated the desert path of the Hijra for the Prophet, upon him blessings and peace, and his Companion Abū Bakr, Allah be pleased with him. It is the same moon that rose over the night of *Isrāʾ* and *Miʿrāj*, when the Prophet, upon him blessings and peace, was carried to the precincts of al-Aqṣā, where he led all the prophets in prayer. It is the moon that looked upon ʿUmar b. al-Khaṭṭāb, Allah be pleased with him, as he entered Jerusalem in humility to receive its keys and grant its people a covenant of protection unmatched in the history of Late Antiquity. And it is this same ancient lunar witness that now shines over this attempt to reaffirm the Primordial Covenant and the Ibrāhīmīc Accord.

This reflection was stirred by the contemporary deployment of the phrase “Abraham Accords”—a term that, despite its political prominence, feels painfully hollow when measured against the Qurʾānic Ibrāhīm, upon him peace, and the multi-millennial moral weight of his covenant. In recent years, powerful global actors have affixed the name of Ibrāhīm, albeit in its distorted, angelized form, to political instruments forged through coercion, imbalance of power, and the normalization of ongoing injustices. Yet the Qurʾān speaks of *Milla Ibrāhīm*—the primordial path of surrender—more than any other prophet’s way. It speaks of the Covenant—*ʿahd* and the *mīthāq*—and of the House that Ibrāhīm, upon him peace, raised, as it mentions the supplications he uttered for a secure land and a righteous community, and the arguments that unfolded between him and his people, and later between the Prophet, upon him blessings and peace, and the People of the Book, *Ahl al-kitāb*, who claimed exclusive inheritance of his legacy.

It is time to restore the blessed name of Ibrāhīm, upon him peace, and reclaim it from political instrumentalization; this restoration can only be done through its Qurʾānic meaning—rooted in *taḥwīd* (Unicity of one God), justice, humility, ethical custodianship, and sacred trust. The sixty-nine Qurʾānic mentions of Ibrāhīm, upon him peace, when viewed in the light of two monumental moments in the sacred geography of Islam—the Night Journey and the entry of ʿUmar b. al-Khaṭṭāb, Allah be pleased with him,

into Jerusalem—map the terrain we need to thread, gently and thoughtfully. These two moments, separated by some sixteen years, represent the spiritual and historical horizon of the true Ibrāhīmīc covenant: first in the Prophet's heavenly ascent from al-Aqṣā, and then in the ethical restoration of Jerusalem under his second successor, who out of humility would not allow himself the title of *khalīfa* and who was, instead, called *Amīr al-Mu'minīn*, the Commander of the Believers.

This reflection thus seeks to articulate, through a Qur'ān-centered analysis, a historically grounded narrative, and a contemplative reading of *ayyām Allāh*, the “Days of Allah,” the restoration of the term and its meaning, for it is an accord not of political convenience, but of divine covenant; not of diplomatic normalization, but of moral elevation; not of imposed compliance, but of spiritual continuity. It is the accord embodied by Ibrāhīm, upon him peace, in the Qur'ān, renewed by the Prophet, upon him blessings and peace, in the Night Journey, and enacted by 'Umar, Allah be pleased with him, in his luminous entry into Jerusalem—a moment that, as we shall see, holds within it the concentrated essence of Islamic ethics, sacred heritage, and Ibrāhīmīc truth.

III

Ibrāhīm, upon him peace, appears in the Qur'ān as a living axis upon which revelation, covenant, migration, and human destiny revolve. His presence traverses the Book like a stream of light—sixty-nine mentions unfolding across twenty-five suras—each revealing a facet of that primordial covenant (*'ahd*) by which Allah, exalted is He, joined heaven and earth, solitude and community, the beginning of prophecy and its final flowering. Ibrāhīm, upon him peace, is not simply a prophet and patriarch; he is an Umma, a whole nation gathered into the turning of a single heart. A youth who stands before the idols of his people, confronting a world shaped by inherited illusions. The intimate Friend of Allah who is shown the *malakūt* of the heavens and the earth—*Thus did We show Ibrāhīm the malakūt of the heavens and the earth* (Q 6:75)—this is not astronomical sight, but a cosmic unveiling, an opening of the inner eye. He is tested with the rising and setting of the star, the moon, the sun, each revealing its contingency. He declares, *I do not love the things that set* (Q 6:76); his seeking heart does not wane, and in the turning of his face toward the Originator—*innī wajjahtu wajhiya lilladhī faṭara al-samāwāti wa-l-ard̄ ḥanīfan* (Q 6:79)—the Qur'ān discloses the archetype of the *ḥanīf*: one who inclines away from falsehood with luminous clarity, untouched by the sediment of centuries.

This *ḥanīfiyya* is not a mere doctrinal stance; it is a world-shaping posture of the soul. The Qur'ān describes Ibrāhīm as *ḥanīf* and Muslim; as *qānit*, devout

in his obedience; as *ṣiddīq* and *nabī*, utterly truthful and prophet; as *awwāh*, deeply imploring; *ḥalīm*, forbearing and gentle; *munīb*, ever-returning; as *rashīd*, one granted sound judgment; as *alladhī waffā*, the one who fulfilled completely; and—most uniquely—as an *Umma*, a whole community gathered into one obedient servant, who had *uṣwa ḥasana*, a beautiful exemplar for those who seek Allah and the Last Day. His solitude becomes revelation; migration becomes vocation; supplication becomes the architecture of history (cf. Q 16:120; 60:4).

The fire his people kindled to consume him becomes, by the divine command, coolness and peace (*bardan wa-salāman*; Q 21:69). What was flame becomes sanctuary, and what was meant as obliteration becomes an everlasting *ḥujja*—proof both of Divine Power (*qudra*) over the entire order of creation and of His continuous presence in history. The miracle teaches that covenant is forged in the crucible of trial; that the elements themselves obey only the word of Allah. The One who extracts fire from the green tree (Q 36:80) extracts from the heart of a youth the flame of *tawḥīd*, a fire that purifies without consuming.

From this crucible the scene shifts to the barren valley where Ibrāhīm and Ismā‘īl—upon them both peace—raise the foundations of the House. Their voices join across the stones of the Ka‘ba: *Rabbanā taqabbal minnā... wa-j‘alnā muslimaynika... wa-b‘ath fihim rasūlan minhum* (Q 2:127–129). The sanctum becomes the heart of the earth, the axis of orientation for all who seek the path of surrender. In that valley without cultivation, where only trust could sustain life, the prayers of Ibrāhīm become the wellspring of a future Umma—the best brought forth from humankind—and the traces of his footsteps become the geometry of worship until the end of days. This is the geography of covenant: the desolation in which he left his family; the sanctuary he purified for *ṭawāf*, *rukū‘*, and *sujūd*; the *Maqām* that bears the imprint of his standing.

This Qur’ānic portrait of the patriarch of *tawḥīd* unfolds not only through landscapes and trials, but also through the long sweep of human history. The People of the Book, who claimed exclusive patrimony over him, are addressed directly: O People of the Book, why do you argue concerning Ibrāhīm while the Torah and the Injīl were not revealed except after him? (Q 3:65). And the Qur’ān restores him to his primordial purity: he was neither a Jew nor a Christian—*mā kāna Ibrāhīmu Yahūdīyyan wa-lā Naṣrāniyyan, walākin kāna ḥanīfan musliman* (Q 3:67). In this verse, history itself is reconfigured: Ibrāhīmīc identity is detached from lineage and fixed instead upon the turning of a heart toward Allah Most High.

The true heirs of Ibrāhīm are not those who unethically attach his

angelized name to an Accord of oppression, but those whose inward orientation echoes his surrender: *The closest of people to Ibrāhīm are those who followed him, and this prophet, and those who believe; and Allah is the Guardian of all believers* (Q 3:68). The Ibrāhīmīc claim, in Qurʾānic terms, is not a matter of ancestry but of allegiance to Truth; not an ethnic privilege but an ethical vocation. In this, revelation dismantles the narrowness of tribal assertions and restores Ibrāhīm to the Umma of believers who walk in his *ḥanifiyya*.

Across the Qurʾān, as his portrait deepens, Ibrāhīm, upon him peace, emerges as an intercessor, pleading for the people of Lūt—*ḥalīmūn awwāḥūn munīb* (Q 11:75)—gentle, imploring, ever-returning. He becomes the fulfiller of the covenant, who leaves his wife and son in a barren valley, *saying, Our Lord, I have settled some of my children in a valley of no vegetation, close to Your sanctified House...* (Q 14:37), trusting that from this desolation Allah would bring forth a sanctuary visited by people from all parts of the earth. He becomes the seeker who asks to witness how the dead are brought to life (Q 2:260), not from doubt but yearning, and the Lord responds by commanding him to gather the birds and witness life's reconstitution by divine fiat.

And he becomes the bearer of the universal covenant (*mīthāq*): *And when We took from the prophets their covenant, and from you and from Nūḥ and Ibrāhīm and Mūsā and ʿĪsā, the son of Maryam...* (Q 33:7), a covenant binding all prophets into a single chain of truth, culminating in the final Messenger, Muḥammad—upon him blessings and peace—who is commanded likewise: *Then We revealed to you, "Follow the way of Ibrāhīm, the upright..."* (Q 16:123).

It was the answer to the Ibrāhīmīc supplication that emerged in the person of Muḥammad, upon him blessings and peace, who said of himself, as though speaking back to the patriarch across the corridors of time, *daʿwatu abī Ibrāhīm wa-bushrā ʿĪsā ibn Maryam*—I am the answered supplication of my father Ibrāhīm, and the glad tidings of ʿĪsā, son of Maryam. Thus the true Ibrāhīmīc Accord, carried as a flame through the shifting empires of men, took earthly form in the final Messenger, whose mission would gather the scattered descendants of Ibrāhīm into a single Umma, and whose Night Journey would unite the sanctuaries that anchor the patriarch's own supplications.

Ibrāhīm is thus the bridge between primordial beginning and eschatological end: the seeker purified by fire; the builder of the House toward which all prayer converges; the father whose supplications shaped the destiny of Makka; the prophet whose *milla* became the compass of the final revelation. His turning became the turning of history itself. And once the supplication was answered and a Prophet born, then within a single generation the flame of that covenant would blaze again—first in the Night Journey of the Prophet Muḥammad, upon him blessings and peace, to al-Aqṣā, and then

in the luminous entry of ‘Umar b. al-Khaṭṭāb, Allah be pleased with him, into Jerusalem, where the true Ibrāhīmīc Accord would reappear as justice, mercy, and sacred trust.

And it is a binding covenant for all three faith communities—Jews, Christians, s—for Ibrāhīm is not the ancestor of competing claims; he is the luminous center of a single, undivided Truth. He is the measure by which false accords are unmasked and the fire by which authentic covenant is illuminated.

Jerusalem: The Night Journey, the First Qibla, and the Reclaiming of Sacred Geography

Jerusalem—al-Quds, the precinct of al-Aqṣā—stands as one of the most luminous points in the sacred geography of revelation. If Makka is the sanctuary raised by Ibrāhīm and Ismā‘īl—upon them peace—then Jerusalem is the sanctuary where prophets gathered in prayer under the leadership of the final Messenger, Muḥammad—upon him blessings and peace—on the night when the veil between heaven and earth was lifted. The two sanctuaries form a single axis of the Unicity of Allah Most High—*taḥwīd*—a line of light drawn across centuries and continents, connecting the covenant of Ibrāhīm to the community of Muḥammad, and binding their supplications, their migrations, and their prayers into one unbroken lineage.

The Qur’ānic evocation of that night is as brief as it is immense: *Blessed is He who transported His servant by night from the Sacred Mosque to the Farthest Mosque—whose precincts We have blessed...* (Q 17:1). The verse gives no details of sky, steed, or ascent. Instead, it anchors the entire event in two sanctuaries sanctified by the covenant of Ibrāhīm, the first built by his own hands in Makka and the second forever a site of supplication in the long line of prophets descending from him. Between these two poles, the Night Journey becomes not a voyage of distance but of inheritance, not a departure but a return.

It was at al-Aqṣā that the Prophet—upon him blessings and peace—led the assembly of all the prophets in prayer, a moment unimaginable in ordinary time, where Nūḥ, Ibrāhīm, Mūsā, and ‘Īsā—upon them all peace—stood behind him in rows. This is the *ijāzah ‘ālamīyya*, a universal certification that the Seal of Prophets bore the mantle of all who came before him, and that the *milla* of Ibrāhīm had reached its perfection in the final revelation. In this luminous prayer, the House of Makka and the precinct of Jerusalem were joined as two hearts beating in the body of one Umma.

Yet the significance of al-Aqṣā in the life of the early Muslims began even before the Night of Isrā’; Jerusalem was the first qibla. In Makka, the Prophet—upon him blessings and peace—stood with his face toward al-Quds, aligning his heart with the sanctuary of Ibrāhīm even as he prayed before the

Ka'ba. In Madina, he faced north for sixteen or seventeen months, until the revelation descended transforming the direction of prayer: *We have seen your face turning to the heavens, and We shall turn you toward a qibla you will be pleased with* (Q 2:144). The turning of prayer toward Makka did not sever the bond with al-Quds; rather, it reaffirmed the unity of sacred geography descending from Ibrāhīm, upon him peace. His House became the axis of the Umma's outward orientation, while the precinct of al-Aqṣā remained the axis of its spiritual memory.

But what kind of city was Jerusalem at the time of the Night Journey? Not the serene sanctuary of prophets, but a city ravaged by conquest and counter-conquest. In 614 CE—only a few years before the Hijra—it had fallen to the Persians, who slaughtered tens of thousands of Christians. When the Byzantines regained it under Heraclius, their retribution was fierce, and the Temple Mount—where al-Aqṣā would one day stand—was turned into a dumping ground to humiliate the Jewish population. The precinct where prophets had prayed became a heap of refuse. The land of peace had become a site of vengeance.

It is in this historical darkness that the Night Journey acquires its full radiance. The Prophet—upon him blessings and peace—was carried not to a place of earthly splendor but to a sanctity buried beneath centuries of desecration. The Qur'ānic phrase *alladhī bāraknā ḥawlahu*—the [place] whose environs We have blessed—thus becomes a declaration of divine reclamation: a blessing reasserted over a precinct whose outward form had been disfigured by the inequities of men. On that night, the Prophet traversed not only space but time itself, reuniting the sanctuary of Ibrāhīm with the site of prophetic prayer, and restoring through his presence what empires had destroyed.

The Isrā' and Mi'rāj did more than link two cities; they set the spiritual precedent for a historical restoration yet to come. The day when the Prophet—upon him blessings and peace—stood in the trench of the soon-to-be-attacked city—the very city that had become his earthly home after they drove him out of his beloved Makka—and struck the rock that sparked three lights, showing him the palaces of Persia, Yemen, and Byzantium, was a foretelling that these would fall into the hands of the Muslims. Among the glimmers seen by Salmān al-Fārsī, Allah be pleased with him, who was standing by him, was the vision of al-Quds itself, reclaimed not by the might of armies but by the unfolding of Allah's decree. Within that same generation that witnessed the Night Journey, its prophecy would be fulfilled and become a memory engraved in earthly time.

Jerusalem thus becomes, in the Qur'an and the Sunna, the meeting point of history and eternity, covenant and geography, fire and illumination. It is

the city to which the Prophet was carried, the city toward which the early community prayed, the city sanctified by the footsteps of prophets, and the city destined to be reclaimed not by violence but by justice. It was here that the true Ibrāhīmīc Accord will, once again, be enacted in a true covenant—God willing, not too far in the future—just as it was given new life under the humble stride of ‘Umar b. al-Khaṭṭāb, Allah be pleased with him, whose entry into Jerusalem reactivated the millah of Ibrāhīm in historical time.

Let us relive that sacred nexus of Qur’ānic revelation and Prophetic ascent, when prophecy became history: the entry of the second caliph into a city long scarred by the struggles of empires, and the emergence of a covenant that embodies, in earthly form, the true Ibrāhīmīc Accord.

The Journey of ‘Umar, Allah be pleased with him: Humility, Covenant, and the Restoration of al-Quds

The Night Journey reveals Jerusalem as a celestial station in the sacred geography of revelation; the entry of ‘Umar—Allah be pleased with him—into the city reveals it as a terrestrial station in the geography of justice. Between the two events lies merely sixteen years, yet together they form one of the most extraordinary fulfillments of prophecy in the history of religions: a covenant conceived by Ibrāhīm, confirmed in the Ascension (Mi‘rāj) of Muḥammad, and realized in the footsteps of ‘Umar.

The journey begins in Madina, where ‘Umar, who rarely left the city, was reluctant to separate himself from the people whose welfare he held as his sacred trust. When the invitation came from Abū ‘Ubaydah b. al-Jarrāḥ—the Amīn of this Umma, Allah be pleased with him—informing him that the patriarch of Jerusalem, Sophronius, would surrender the city only to ‘Umar himself, he hesitated. He knew the weight of that journey. He knew that the land to which he was being summoned was the land of the prophets, a place sanctified by the Night Journey of the Messenger of Allah, upon him blessings and peace. Yet he also knew that the acceptance of the keys of Jerusalem was not a triumph of arms but the acceptance of a trust—an *amāna*—that stretched back to Ibrāhīm, upon him peace.

When he finally set out, he did so not in the manner of emperors, but in the simplicity that marked his stewardship of the Umma. He and his servant alternated the ride on a single camel. His garment was patched with seventeen patches, his feet dusted with the earth of the desert. As he approached the outskirts of Jerusalem, the commanders of the Muslim army came out to greet him, adorned in armor and garments befitting a moment of such magnitude. They urged him to wear something more regal, lest the Byzantines despise the humility of his appearance.

But he replied with words that would echo across fourteen centuries: *nahnu qawmun a'azza-nallāhu bi-l-Islām, wa-mā btaghaynā al-'izzata bi-ghayrihī adhalla-nallāh*—We are a people whom Allah has honored through Islam; if we seek honor through anything else, Allah will surely humiliate us.

With that declaration, the theology of *tawhīd* became a political ethic, the millah of Ibrāhīm became a principle of governance, and humility became the signature of authority. This was not merely the entry of a ruler; it was the descent of a covenant into the rhythms of earthly time.

When 'Umar, Allah be pleased with him, reached the city gates, Sophronius beheld him—a figure of dust and patched cloth, sharing the lead of his camel with his servant—and exclaimed in awe, *li-mithli hādihā tusallamul-Quds*, “To a man such as this is Jerusalem surrendered.” His eyes, trained by years of witnessing imperial pomp, recognized in 'Umar's austerity the very signs that Christian tradition had preserved: that the liberator of Jerusalem would be a man clothed in humility, marked by justice, and walking in the path of the final Prophet.

The handing over of the keys was thus less a transaction than a recognition: the patriarch beheld in 'Umar the moral line that descended from Ibrāhīm and culminated in Muḥammad—upon them peace—and he surrendered the city not out of fear but out of conviction.

What followed was one of the most remarkable covenantal acts in the annals of Late Antiquity. Standing amidst the clergy and notables of Jerusalem, 'Umar granted the city a pact—an 'ahd—whose words have lost none of their radiance across the centuries. It began not with his title but with his servanthood: *hādihā mā a'tā 'abdullāh 'Umar amīru al-mu'minīn ahla Īliyā'*... This is what the servant of Allah, 'Umar, Commander of the Believers, grants to the people of Īliyā'. Life, property, churches, crosses, and rites—all were protected. No forced conversion, no destruction, no displacement. Even the terms of *jizya* were lighter than the *zakāt* borne by Muslims. The pact was justice made visible.

As they concluded the covenant, Sophronius invited 'Umar to perform prayer inside the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. But the caliph declined—not out of suspicion, but out of foresight. “If I pray here,” he said, “I fear that Muslims after me may claim this place as a mosque.” He stepped outside and prayed on a bare piece of ground, the site that would later become Masjid 'Umar. In this simple refusal lies an entire *fiqh* of sanctity: the protection of the sacred Other as part of the true Ibrāhīmīc Accord itself.

Nearby stood a gathering of Muslims unlike any assembly since the Prophet, upon him blessings and peace, left this world: Abū 'Ubaydah, Khālīd b. al-Walīd, 'Amr b. al-ʿĀṣ, Sharḥabīl b. Ḥasana, 'Abd al-Raḥmān b. 'Awf,

Mu‘ādh b. Jabal, and Bilāl b. Rabāḥ—Allah be pleased with them all. Most of these men had prayed toward Jerusalem in Makka, and then, still facing Jerusalem, had prayed with the Prophet in Madina; now they stood in the very city where the prophets had assembled behind their beloved, who had left the earth for an everlasting abode. History had curved into a circle.

When ‘Umar held Bilāl in that tight embrace of love that bonded them, they both wept, and then he said, *hādḥā yawmun min ayyāmi-llāh*—This is a day from among the Days of Allah. Then he said, *adhīn lanā yā Bilāl*—Give the adhān for us, O Bilāl. But Bilāl answered through tears that he had vowed never to give the *adhān* for anyone after the Prophet, upon him blessings and peace. ‘Umar responded, *amā innahu yus‘idunā idhā fa‘alta*—Surely he will rejoice with us if you do so.

So Bilāl ascended, and when his soaring voice called out the words that had once echoed from the rooftop of the Ka‘ba and across the radiant city of Madina, the Companions—hardened by battles and softened by faith—wept until their beards were soaked. ‘Umar fell to his knees. The city trembled with remembrance. For a moment, it was as if Madina had descended upon Jerusalem, and the Prophet himself stood among them.

From that high point of memory and mercy, ‘Umar asked to be led to the place where the Prophet had prayed on the Night Journey. He found it buried beneath refuse and rubble. He wept, then cleared it with his own hands, the Companions joining him. On that cleansed ground he led two cycles of prayer, reciting in the first Sūrat Ṣād, pondering the divine address and trembling when he reached the verse, O Dāwūd—indeed We have made you a khalīfa on earth, so judge between people with justice; and in the second, Sūrat al-Isrā’, revisiting in recitation the very journey whose footsteps he now retraced in reality. Thus the true Ibrāhīmīc Accord became visible in the world: not through conquest but through purification; not through domination but through humility; not through erasure but through preservation. In ‘Umar’s entry into Jerusalem, the *milla* of Ibrāhīm descended into the stones of al-Quds, sanctifying them anew.

The So-Called “Abraham Accords”: A Borrowed Name, an Empty Vessel, a Misappropriation of Covenant

When a thing of light is torn from its source, its glow becomes eerie, its form distorted.

These contemporary misnomers—these accords of oppression and injustice, these “Abraham Accords”—borrow their name from a covenant whose essence they neither understand nor seek. They invoke Ibrāhīm—upon him peace—yet their architecture is hewn from the logic of empire, not from the *ḥanīfiyya* of surrender. They take the name of the Friend of Allah, but bear

none of his fragrance.

A covenant in the Qurʾānic sense is a bond of moral weight, a joining of heaven and earth, a fire that purifies, a tenderness that protects. It is born in solitude, confirmed in trial, enacted in justice, and sealed in humility. It is a light that moves through history, calling hearts to truth. But these modern accords are not covenants. They are not born of supplications, nor forged in fire, nor carried by hearts trembling before God. They are arrangements of convenience, drafted in the shadow of worldly power—contracts of geopolitics negotiated in chambers far removed from revelation, equity, or sacred trust.

The Qurʾān teaches that language is an amāna, a trust. To use the name of Ibrāhīm for alliances crafted without reverence for his path is to commit a kind of conceptual trespass—to stand on holy ground without removing one’s shoes. For what is Ibrāhīm—upon him peace—if not the one who shattered idols and refused every power that claimed to mediate between creature and Creator?

What are these modern accords if not attempts to sanctify forged and forced political realities that violate the very principles entrusted to the Umma through his lineage? And those who are signing them! Yā Allāh, to You is their affair; the Umma seeks Your succor through its powerlessness: *Allāhumma, ilayka ashkū ḍaʿfī*.

O Allah! Unto You do I complain of my weakness, of my helplessness, and of my lowliness before men. O Most Merciful of the merciful, O Lord of the weak and my Lord: into whose hands have You entrusted me—unto some far-off stranger who receives me with hostility, or unto a foe whom You have empowered against me? I care not, so long as You are not angry with me. But Your favoring help—that were for me the broader way and the wider scope. I take refuge in the light of Your countenance whereby all darkneses are illuminated and all things of this world and the next are rightly ordered, lest You cause Your anger to descend upon me or lest Your wrath beset me. Yet it is Yours to reproach until You are well pleased. There is no power and no might except through You.

When the “Abraham Accords” are read beside the ‘Ahd ‘Umarī, the contrast is not between past and present, but between two kinds of worlds:

- a world where sanctity shapes power, and a world where power manipulates sanctity;
- a world where covenant descends from heaven into the hands of the humble, and a world where covenant is invoked from earth to legitimize the ambitions of empires;
- a world where a patched garment entering Jerusalem

eclipses emperors in gold, and a world where the name of the Friend of Allah is employed to mask the machinery of domination.

The ‘Ahd ‘Umarī was signed with a trembling heart and a hand that feared injustice more than defeat. The modern “Abraham Accords” are signed with hands that fear disadvantage more than moral betrayal. The ‘Ahd ‘Umarī protected churches, crosses, monks, widows, orphans, and strangers.

The modern accords offer no such moral vision—they are not written in the ink of mercy, but in the calculus of strategy.

The ‘Ahd ‘Umarī emerged from *tawhīd*. The modern accords emerge from geopolitics. One is rooted in light. The other in leverage. One sanctifies Jerusalem by guarding its soul. The other speaks its name while negotiating away its sanctity. Thus, the contrast is not merely ethical or political; it is ontological. It is a contrast between the covenant of Ibrāhīm and the appropriation of Ibrāhīm—between the reality of the Friend of Allah and the rhetorical use of his name.

These treaties could have called themselves anything. They chose to name them “Abrahamic”—not to honor Ibrāhīm, upon him peace, but to harness the residual power of a sacred memory. The result is a simulacrum: an outward form without inward light, a borrowed mantle without the body it was cut for. For what “Abrahamic Accord” can arise from the destroyed homes of Gazans? From the charred bodies of babies burned alive? From the neglect of the oppressed? What “Abrahamic Accords” can emerge from transactions that ignore the sanctity of al-Aqṣā? What Ibrāhīmīc peace can be built while the children of the land cry out under occupation, and the voice of justice is silenced in its own sanctuary?

The Arab rulers who have signed these Faustian accords, despite widespread public disapproval in their own countries and elsewhere, have not only betrayed the Umma; they have betrayed their own blood which is not surprising because they are the children of destitute shepherds of two generations ago, who are fulfilling portents of the promised end which include the slave girl giving birth to her mistress, the barefoot, naked, destitute shepherds vying with each other in building, as the most Trustworthy Messenger foretold.

To place the name of Ibrāhīm upon arrangements that disregard the very virtues for which he lived is to turn covenant into branding, and sacred history into diplomatic décor. It is to hollow out the word “Ibrāhīmīc” until it becomes a banner flapping above a reality it does not illuminate. Yet a true covenant cannot be appropriated. Light cannot be borrowed without submission.

The fire that once became coolness and peace for Ibrāhīm burns away

pretense and exposes falsehood. What bears his name must bear his path. And the path of Ibrāhīm does not bend before the idols of the age. It does not seek honor from dominion, nor cloak injustice in sacred speech. It does not trade the sanctity of Jerusalem for the favor of worldly powers. It does not negotiate with oppression while invoking the Friend of Allah.

Thus, when we look upon these modern accords, we see not an extension of the Ibrāhīmīc covenant, but a departure from it—an eclipse of its light by the shadow of worldly calculus. And by contrast, the light of the ‘Ahd ‘Umarī grows even clearer. For the name “Abrahamic,” even in its angelized form, belongs not to those who wield power, but to those who walk in surrender; not to those who negotiate advantage, but to those who guard sanctity; not to those who invoke Ibrāhīm by name, but to those who inherit his *ḥanīfiyya* in truth.

Only a covenant born of humility, justice, and divine fear can claim the lineage of the Friend of Allah. And such a covenant—in all of history—has appeared only once—in the footsteps of ‘Umar, Allah be pleased with him.

The True Ibrāhīmīc Accord: A Covenant Remembered, a Land Defended

The True Ibrāhīmīc Accord is not a document written upon parchment, nor a treaty negotiated in the dim rooms of power, nor an alliance carved out of mutual fear and fleeting advantage; it is the living covenant breathed into the heart of Ibrāhīm, upon him peace, when he turned his face away from the setting things and toward the Originator of the heavens and the earth—*ḥanīfan*—and from that turning the world itself began to revolve differently. It is the echo of the supplication he raised beside the foundations of the House with Ismā‘īl—*rabbanā wa-b‘ath fihim rasūlan minhum*.

It is the arc of light drawn across the sky on the night when the Messenger was carried to al-Aqṣā, whose environs are sanctified, where he led the long line of prophets in prayer, sealing with his recitation the unity of revelation from Adam to the Last Day. It is the descent of that same light into the dust of Jerusalem under the feet of ‘Umar b. al-Khaṭṭāb, Allah be pleased with him, whose patched garment and trembling heart bore more authority than the regalia of emperors, and whose justice purified a wounded city with the tenderness of a covenant restored. For the True Ibrāhīmīc Accord is a flame that passes from heart to heart: from Ibrāhīm’s solitude before the idols, to Muḥammad’s ascent through the heavens, to ‘Umar’s hand as it signed a pact made not in the calculus of power but in the consciousness of God.

The shape of this covenant is not political but moral, not strategic but spiritual, not crafted but revealed. Its essence is *tawḥīd*—the unicity of the Creator, before which all false idols collapse. Its breath is *taqwā*—the fear

that frees the human soul from fear of men. Its law is ‘adl—justice not as negotiation but as worship. Its fragrance is *raḥma*—mercy that flows from humility before the unseen. Its geography is sacred—Jerusalem as an axis of remembrance, not as the prize of empires. And its stewardship is *imārah bi-l-ta‘abbud*—governance as devotion, the tending of land and people as a form of standing before God. This stewardship is the opposite of dominion, the opposite of arrogance, the opposite of conquest; it is the tenderness of caretakers who know that the earth is not theirs but Allah’s, and that to walk upon it unjustly is to profane His signs.

And it is here that covenant confronts the present: for what is happening today in the land where Ibrāhīm is buried is not *imārah bi-l-ta‘abbud*, but its inversion—its desecration, its night-shadow. The sacred soil where prophets walked is now being gouged, carved, and defiled by the machinery of settler colonialism, its hills claimed by those who build in defiance of justice and in contempt of the people whose roots run deep beneath that earth. The illegal settlements rising upon Palestinian olive groves are not acts of stewardship, but acts of idolatry—structures erected in devotion to power, privilege, and possession.

They are idols of stone no less than the carved shapes that Ibrāhīm shattered, for they too stand between humanity and God’s command of justice; they too demand bowing; they too insist that what belongs to Allah be seized by human arrogance. And so the land groans beneath these intrusions, for every act of settlement that uproots a family, seizes a hill, tears down a home, or encircles a village is a denial of the covenant entrusted to those who walk in the path of Ibrāhīm.

The True Ibrāhīmīc Accord cannot coexist with this profanation. It cannot be spoken in the same breath as policies that wound the inhabitants of the land or encircle them with walls. For the covenant of Ibrāhīm is a covenant of protection, not dispossession; of mercy, not erasure; of sanctity, not desecration. It is the covenant by which ‘Umar protected churches and monks, crosses and sanctuaries, property and rites—while today bulldozers uproot ancient trees, tear down walls, stand to divide neighbor from neighbor, and settlements spread like scars across the hills that once hosted prophets. Such acts do not inherit Ibrāhīm; they oppose him. They do not renew the Ibrāhīmīc bond; they fracture it. They do not honor the Friend of Allah; they betray the trust for which he was made an Umma.

For the True Ibrāhīmīc Accord is not negotiated between states; it is lived by men and women between heaven and earth. It is not sealed with signatures; it is sealed with humility. It is not reinforced with armies; it is reinforced with justice. It is not proclaimed with ceremonies; it is proclaimed with the clearing

of refuse from a forgotten sanctuary by a caliph who feared God more than he desired victory. It is the covenant that transforms fire into coolness, captivity into dignity, and conquest into mercy. It is the only Abrahamic accord that has ever existed in truth, and it appeared not in press releases or summits, but in the supplication of a prophet, the ascent of a messenger, and the tears of a *muezzin* calling *Allāhu Akbar* over the hills of Jerusalem.

This is the covenant the Qurʾān commands us to follow when it says, follow the millah of Ibrāhīm, the upright. This is the accord that sanctifies Jerusalem when all other accords fail. This is the inheritance that cannot be claimed by power, only by surrender. This is the path that exposes the falsehood of treaties that use Ibrāhīm's name while defiling his land. This is the light that still burns beneath the rubble of the age.

This is the fire that cools only for those who walk with Ibrāhīm in truth.

And until the land of al-Quds is tended with the tenderness of ʿUmar, guarded with the justice of Ibrāhīm, and honored with the humility of Muḥammad, upon him blessings and peace, no treaty, no summit, no normalization will bear the name “Abrahamic” without lying about its lineage. For the True Ibrāhīmī Accord is not made by men; it is remembered by hearts. It is not written with ink; it is written with light. It is not enacted by force; it is enacted by fear of Allah. And its sign is clear: wherever justice shelters the vulnerable, wherever sanctity is guarded, wherever the Name of Allah is remembered in humility, there—and only there—does the covenant of Ibrāhīm live.

A Moonlit Night, a Life's Turning, and the Covenant That Still Breathes

It is now the early hours of dawn; the moon of Jumādā II still rides high above the quiet sky, bright as it was when I began this reflection. The date has changed; I have lived seventy-one years beneath the light of this moon—seventy-one circuits around the sun, seventy-one seasons of prayer and bewilderment—and in all that time, the moon has never aged. It is the same radiant witness that shone upon Ibrāhīm, upon him peace, when he searched the heavens for the One who does not set; the same moon that accompanied the Prophet, upon him blessings and peace, on the night of his blessed Hijra; the same moon that cast its glow upon the stones of Jerusalem when ʿUmar entered the city with dust on his garment and justice in his heart. And tonight, as I look upon that ancient lantern in the sky, I feel the smallness of my seventy-one years against the immensity of three millennia of covenant.

There are moments in life when age does not weigh, but clarifies—moments when the heart, emptied of illusion and ambition, sees the world

not as spectacle but as trust. This has been one such moment. For what is a human lifetime if not an interval during which the covenant passes through us, asking only that we carry it with honesty before handing it onward? And what is Jerusalem if not the place where that covenant was made visible in stone, in prayer, in supplication, in mercy?

As I trace again the arc from the fire of Ibrāhīm to the Night Journey of Muḥammad, upon them peace, to the entry of ‘Umar, Allah be pleased with him, I realize that the True Ibrāhīmīc Accord is not an idea I have “proposed” in these pages. It is something I have merely remembered. It has existed longer than any state, longer than any empire, longer than the ruins of the ruins of the ruins that line the roads to and around Jerusalem. It is the accord that breathes beneath history. It is the *amāna* that outlives civilizations. It is the light that flickers still in hearts that have not surrendered to the idols of power.

This reflection began by looking at the moon, feeling the weight of years. I end it looking upon Jerusalem, feeling the weight of the Covenant. And the question that remains is not whether the world will someday return to the path of Ibrāhīm—the world has strayed many times and returned many times—but whether we ourselves will turn our faces toward the Real as Ibrāhīm did.

Across seven decades and more, I have watched treaties rise and fall, alliances form and dissolve, powers appear invincible and then collapse into dust. But the covenant of Ibrāhīm does not collapse. The prayer of Ibrāhīm is never lost; the mercy of Muḥammad is never spent; the justice of ‘Umar is never extinguished. These are not events. These are renewals. They are the moments when the veil parts and the world remembers what it was created for.

And so I end where I began—with the moon, with the night, with the light, with the stillness that allows one to hear the deeper voice of the heart, of the oppressed, of the violated. My seventy-one years feel like a single breath against the ages that have passed since Ibrāhīm first broke the idols of his time. Yet in that breath lies a certainty: that the covenant he carried still glows beneath the rubble of ages, that the path he walked still stretches out before us, and that the sanctity of al-Quds will one day be restored—not by the power of treaties, but by the return of hearts to their Lord.

For the true accord has already been written. Its ink is revelation. Its parchment is history. Its seal is justice. Its author is Allah Most High. And its light is waiting for us to walk upon the Earth, once again, as the true *khulafā*, bearing witness, for He made us *witness upon people*.

Wa-llāh al-Musta‘ān, wa mā tawfīqī illā bi-llāh.

12 Jumādā II, 1447
December 3, 2025