

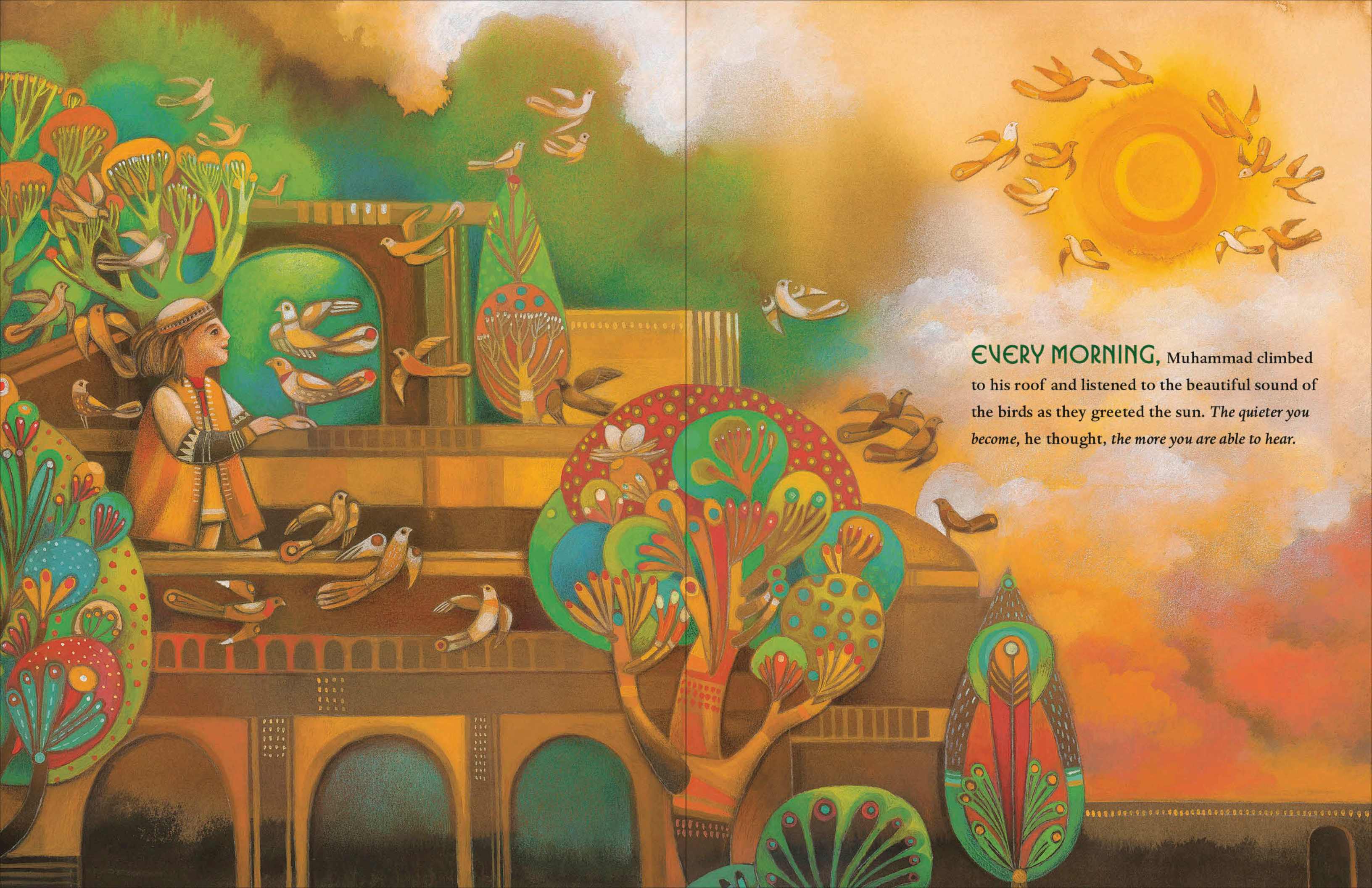
# THE ONE AND ONLY RUMI

WRITTEN BY  
RABIAH YORK

ILLUSTRATED BY  
MANELI  
MANOUCHEHRI

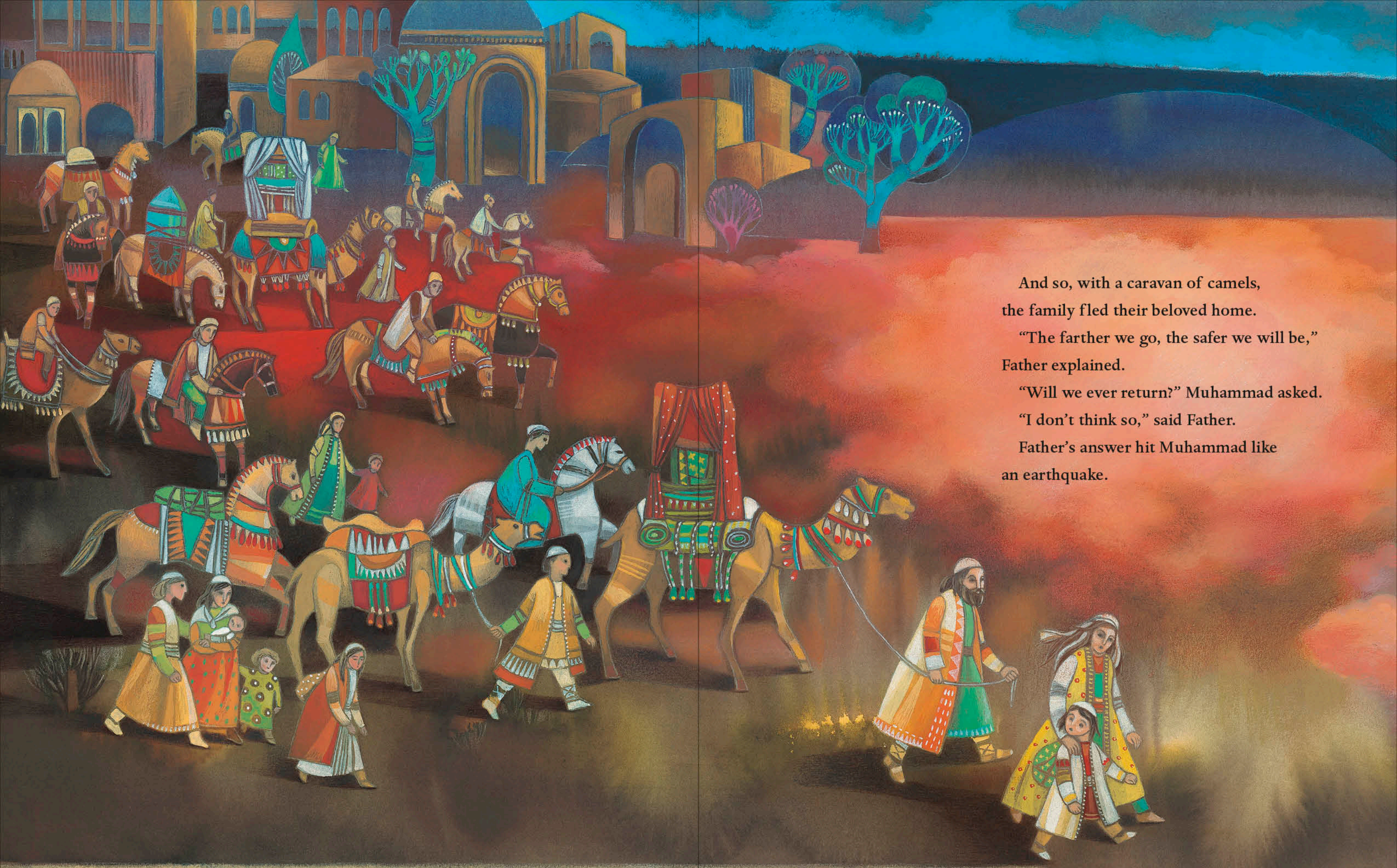






**EVERY MORNING**, Muhammad climbed to his roof and listened to the beautiful sound of the birds as they greeted the sun. *The quieter you become, he thought, the more you are able to hear.*





And so, with a caravan of camels,  
the family fled their beloved home.

“The farther we go, the safer we will be,”  
Father explained.

“Will we ever return?” Muhammad asked.

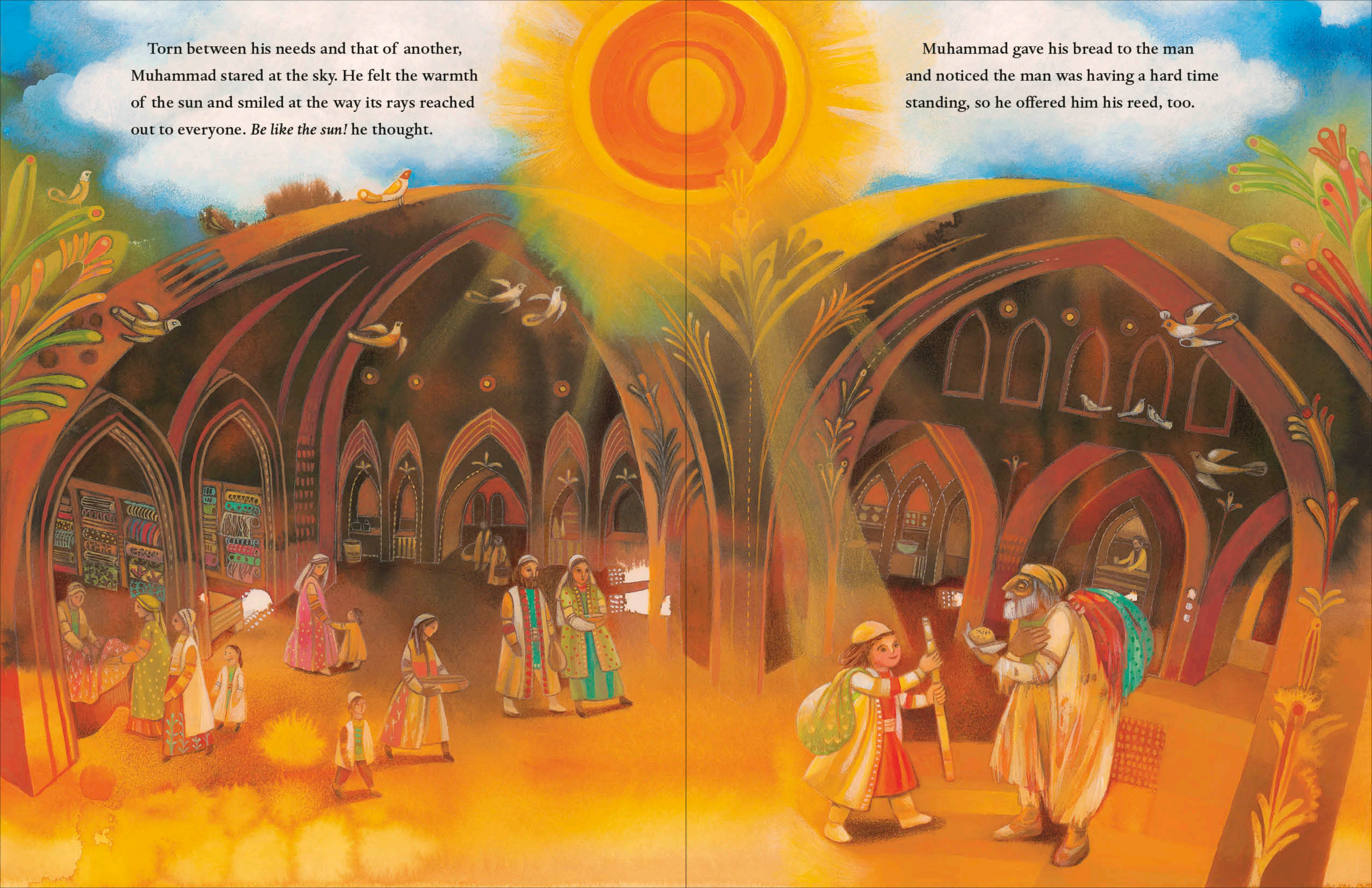
“I don’t think so,” said Father.

Father’s answer hit Muhammad like  
an earthquake.

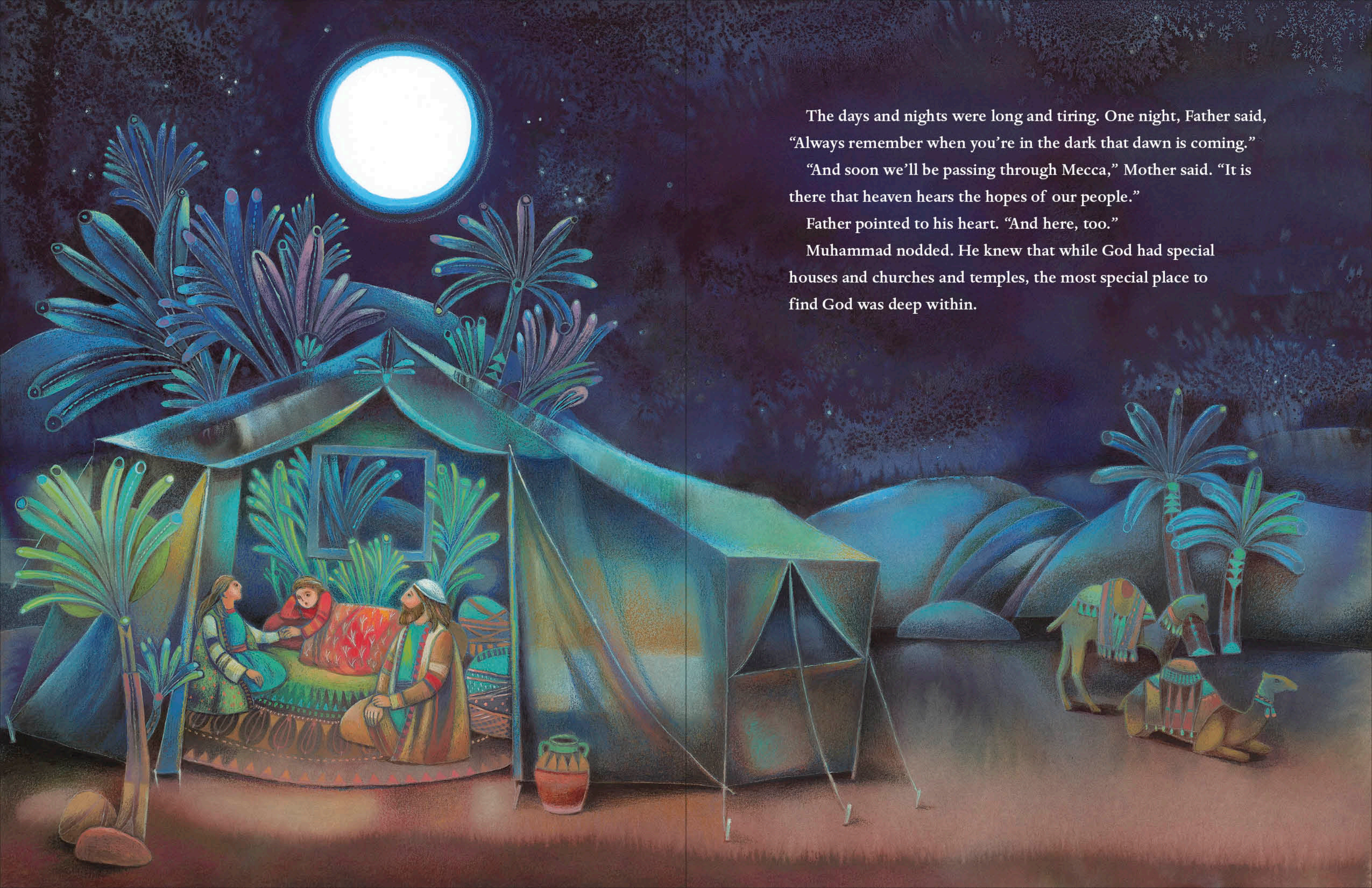


Torn between his needs and that of another,  
Muhammad stared at the sky. He felt the warmth  
of the sun and smiled at the way its rays reached  
out to everyone. *Be like the sun!* he thought.

Muhammad gave his bread to the man  
and noticed the man was having a hard time  
standing, so he offered him his reed, too.







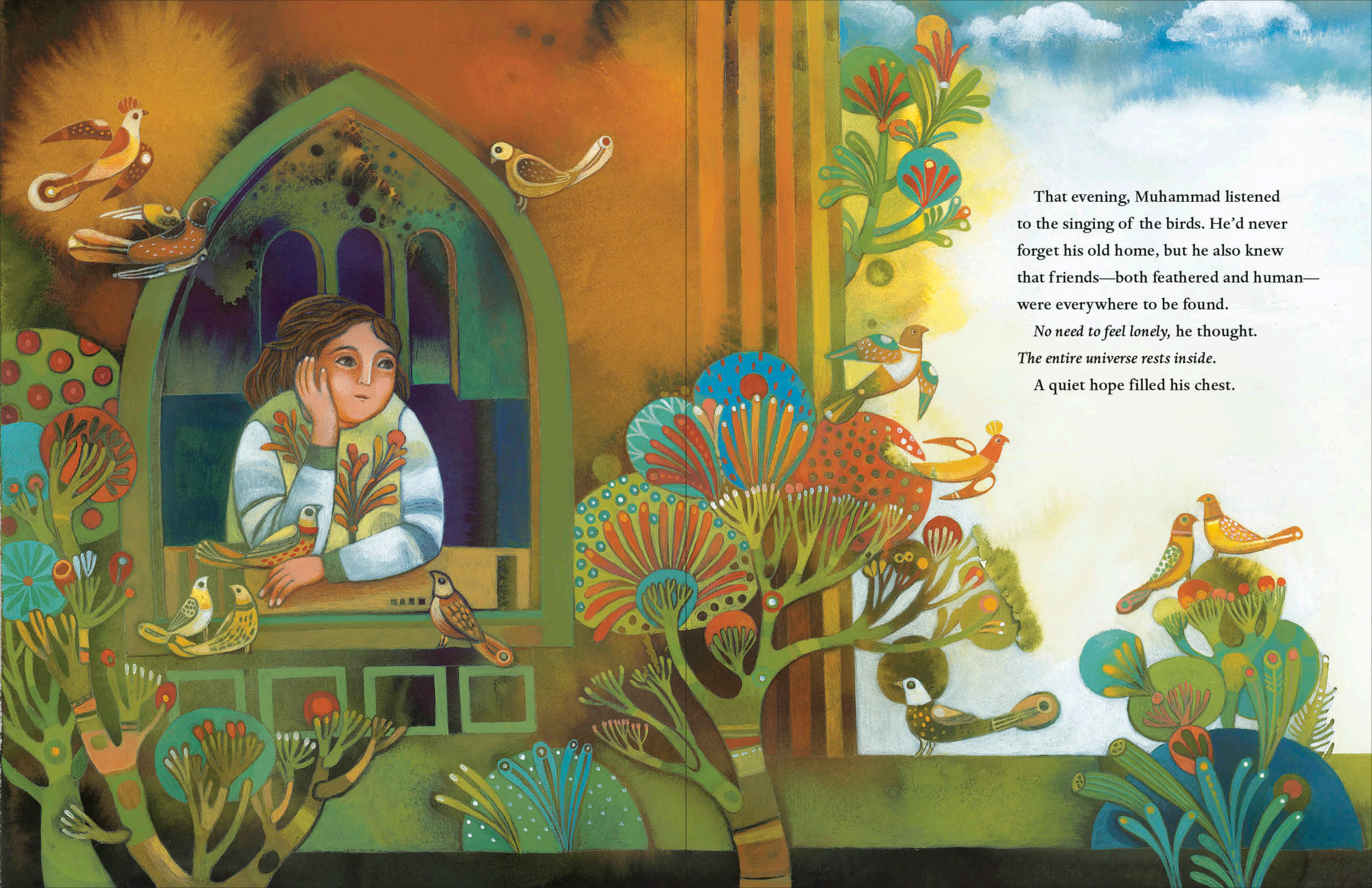
The days and nights were long and tiring. One night, Father said, "Always remember when you're in the dark that dawn is coming."

"And soon we'll be passing through Mecca," Mother said. "It is there that heaven hears the hopes of our people."

Father pointed to his heart. "And here, too."

Muhammad nodded. He knew that while God had special houses and churches and temples, the most special place to find God was deep within.





That evening, Muhammad listened to the singing of the birds. He'd never forget his old home, but he also knew that friends—both feathered and human—were everywhere to be found.

*No need to feel lonely, he thought. The entire universe rests inside.*

A quiet hope filled his chest.