

Transcript

Visiting the mortuary with Zainab

Zainab:

What floor did they say?

Narrator:

Zainab mutters. She's overwhelmed. She can barely respond when a member of staff offers her help.

Staff member:

What ward do you need?

Zainab:

I need the, um....

My father has just passed away and they said he'd be somewhere...

The - the mortuary?

Gosh, they can't even clean the windows, how are they caring for Baba down here?

Now what do those signs say?

...Oh, local art from 1995. Very nice but what can tell me which way to go?

What's behind the door...

Will I see Baba right there? Will he be covered?

Narrator:

She's tired from the walk and there is nowhere to sit. She wishes staff would hurry up as people are looking at her.

Finally, an assistant appears but Zainab almost wishes he hadn't.

Assistant:

Oh hi. You're here for Mr Jabal. He's on the table.

We suggest you visit the garden or chapel after this.

Narrator:

It's so cold she can almost see her breath. And it smells...odd. Like strong cleaning spray.

Zainab:

How can we do the ghusl here?

Narrator:

She goes to sit by her father, wanting to hold his hand. The chair puts her at eye-level with his body. She notices the table is cold, hard, and metallic and that the sheet is ripped.

Zainab:

This is so shabby, I'm sorry Baba.

Narrator:

Zainab goes to find a place to reflect.

Zainab:

This a Garden of Peace!? It's shambolic.

Narrator:

She sees the sign saying they are renovating the garden, raising funds over several years. She decides to try the chapel.

Narrator:

It's lovely inside. You'd never think from the signs outside that look so dated.

They even say it's often locked but nothing about how to get a key.

It's just such a calm room and they even have prayer mats.

Zainab:

Why didn't someone tell me about this place sooner – I've been visiting Baba for weeks!