Women in Black Abayas

Women play an active role in building the future

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Dedication from the Netherlands: A Message of Loyalty from the Diaspora to the Cradle of Glory

"To the land of dignity and monotheism... to the birthplace of revelation, the cradle of civilizations and glory... to Greater Saudi Arabia, which has never left our hearts, even if the distances of homelands have separated us from it."

Exile and the Warmth of Belonging: (From the Chill of the Netherlands to the Warmth of Loyalty)

Beneath the cool skies of the Netherlands, where forests are veiled in dew and autumn leaves fall in absolute silence, our homes throbbed with a different life—a life whose roots trace back to the desert of light, the sanctuaries of purity, and streets overflowing with grace.

There, in those distant lands, exile was nothing more than a mirror revealing the depth of what the Kingdom has planted within our souls. Today, we live in the Netherlands, yet our spirits, minds, and every detail of our days fluttered above the minarets of the Two Holy Mosques, dancing to the rhythm of the footsteps of our four children—our eldest son and our three daughters—who opened their eyes upon the pure land of the Kingdom. Thus, its sands became the ink for their souls, and its waters a sweetness flowing in their veins.

Our children, who were born and raised upon the soil of Greater Saudi Arabia, studied in its primary schools, and were touched by the purity of its society and the kindness of its people, never viewed Saudi Arabia as a mere "temporary residence." Rather, it was the tender mother, the primary homeland, and an identity that never fades. How often our tears fell with joy and emotion when we heard them, in the quiet of European mornings, chanting as one voice without pause:

"Rush to the glory and the loftiness! Glorify the Creator of the heavens!"

Neither the pain of exile, nor the distance of miles, nor cultural differences could ever extinguish the flame of that love rooted deeply in their hearts and ours. The Saudi National Anthem was never merely words to be memorized; rather, it was a pulse that revived within us the meaning of a proud belonging to a country unmatched by any other.

A Message from Spouses and Children (From a Family Born Under the Wing of Saudi Arabia)

"To every Saudi citizen—man and woman alike—upon this pure land, and to its wise leadership that has turned the impossible into a tangible reality:

From the heart of the diaspora, we impart to you a great secret that none can truly comprehend save those who have tasted the bitterness of distance from the vicinity of the Ancient House and the sanctuary of ultimate safety: **You are living in the greatest homeland on the face of the earth.**

We have lived among you, and we witnessed with our own eyes how Greater Saudi Arabia works miracles; how it opens its doors to all with generosity, justice, and security. We saw our

children learning in your schools, growing up upon the values of chivalry, noble character, and loyalty. Today, as we watch them hold their heads high in pride over every Saudi achievement—whether in Vision 2030, in space sciences, in the arenas of glory, or through the gallantry of the protectors of the nation—we say to you with absolute sincerity and love:

'Never depart from this homeland, nor take it for granted. Be always the impenetrable fortress and the steadfast arm that builds, develops, and prospers. By Allah, the blessing you enjoy under the soil of Saudi Arabia is beyond price, and the love of this homeland is the most precious medal that must be bequeathed to generations.'

This book in your hands—which chronicles the epic achievements of Greater Saudi Arabia and the role of the 'daughter of the nation' along with all its dutiful sons—we dedicate to you from the heart of the Netherlands, laden with the fragrance of longing, the tears of loyalty, and profound gratitude.

A humble gift from a Yemeni family raised and nurtured in the Kingdom of Goodness (a father, a mother, and four children: a boy and three girls, where the mother and children were born in the beloved Kingdom and blessed land—**Dark-Robed Women: Shields of the Homeland in Times of Betrayal**), to tell you from across the seas: Cherish your homeland, know its true worth, and remain forever in the caravan of its glory; for Saudi Arabia is not merely a country on a map, but the very pulse of life and the majesty of all humanity.

'Long live the King for the flag and the homeland... And may you remain, O Greater Saudi Arabia, the cradle of majesty and sovereignty, the shield of safety, and the home of glory!'

A gift presented with pure love and eternal loyalty from our family residing in the Netherlands, to every heart that flutters with the love of Greater Saudi Arabia."

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Book Introduction: Hymns of Glory in the Presence of the Great Nation

Where the purest spots on earth are carved upon the face of the globe, and where towering mountains rest upon pillows of dignity, Greater Saudi Arabia stands—an unyielding oasis of safety and an unconquerable fortress of glory. This land is not merely a geographical space, but genes that inherit noble character, a horizon expanding for everyone aspiring to peace, and a wall of iron and fire facing every traitor blinded by dark hostility.

When the land throbs with the love of its people, and the majesty of the state meets the awareness of its nation, the grandest images of loyalty unfold. This book is not a mere recounting of passing events, but an inscription upon rock documenting a purely human and national epic, inspired by the purest and bravest stands.

In times of betrayal, and when storms of malice attempt to undermine the tranquility of the innocent, this land never trembles; rather, the authentic caliber of its people shines unchanged. Here, the heroic Saudi woman steps forward—she who unites gentle tenderness with the strength of mountains, taking the dignity of the dark abaya as a shield that protects and a banner that flutters with pride.

We dedicate these lines to the heart of Greater Saudi Arabia and its people... to its wise leadership that made the human being its most precious treasure, and to every Saudi woman who stood proud like a palm tree in the face of danger, proving to the entire world that this homeland is preserved by the eyes of God, and then by the hands of its loyal sons and daughters.

PART ONE: Glass Hall and Sparks

Chapter One: Whispers of Passersby and the Clamor of Fates

At the airport, life does not stop at the boundaries of travel and departure; rather, destinies intertwine and the lines of souls intersect. People depart with hearts full of longing for distant reunions, while others return laden with the eagerness of embraces and the warmth of home.

Under the bright lights reflecting upon the expansive glass that reaches toward the runways—where airplanes land and dreams ascend—the heroic Saudi daughter stood with a steadfastness and majesty worthy of the place. Her work was never a mere routine job spent behind screens; rather, she was fully aware that she represented the face of the nation—the first human face a visitor meets, and the reassuring safety that brings comfort to the citizen.

She watched the moving crowds with eyes observing every detail: a child carelessly holding his mother's hand, an elderly man whose steps were weighted by his cane to whom she offered a smile that dissolved the fatigue of the journey, and a stranger carrying a touch of awe in his eyes whom she calmed with kind words springing from her pure nature.

She says to herself as she inhales the fragrance of this great nation:

HERE ENDS THE STRANGENESS OF THE LOST, AND HERE BEGINS SAFETY... AS LONG AS THIS FLAG FLUTTERS, NO HARM SHALL TOUCH A GUEST UPON OUR LAND.

Yet, in the quietest moments, when the precautions of hearts relax, the winds of betrayal bring that which ships do not desire.

Suddenly... and without prior warning, the silence of the hall was shattered!

A colossal sound deafened ears and shook the foundation of the entire place, followed by a shockwave that knocked down everything. The expansive glass fell like scattered rain, and the bright corridors of the airport turned into an arena of heavy dust and thick smoke. The echo of a brutal and treacherous attack resounded, executed by stray elements stripped of all human and religious values, targeting the lives of the innocent and secure.

In a matter of seconds, the hall filled with suffocating dust and sounds of panic, as cries of fear and stampedes escalated amid everyone's shock at the horror of the surprise.

CHAPTER TWO: THE METAL OF GOLD BENEATH THE RUBBLE OF DUST

Amid the thick clouds of dust obscuring vision, and the screech of emergency alarms piercing ear drums, the nation’s heroine did not think for a single second of individual survival, nor did she take a single step backward.

In that decisive moment, all ordinary job specifications dissolved, and the deep-seated genes of Saudi noble character revealed themselves. She saw with her own eyes a small child

whom panic had separated from his mother, and an elderly woman fallen on the floor, protecting her head with her hands, tears choking her voice.

The heroic Saudi daughter surged like a gentle wind amid the rubble, ignoring the glass shards scattered around her feet. She crawled toward the elderly woman, covering her with her pure dark abaya to shield her from smoke and dust, words of reassurance pouring from her tongue with solemn dignity:

Mother, do not fear, I am your daughter and I am beside you... Under the safety of God, no harm shall come near you!

She lifted her in her arms with a strength supplied by her deep faith and the grand resolve of her homeland, directing her toward the safe emergency exit, before turning back swiftly to rescue those remaining in the heart of the hall burning with fear.

PART TWO: THE WHITE LINE OF DEFENSE - RITES OF MERCY AND STEADFASTNESS

IN THE LAND OF THE TWO HOLY MOSQUES, WHERE PEACE IS INSCRIBED UPON THE THRESHOLDS OF MERCY, HUMANITY KNOWS NO BOUNDARIES. AND WHEN THE HANDS OF BETRAYAL DEFILE THE TRANQUILITY OF THE INNOCENT, THE WHITE COAT IN THE HANDS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE NATION TURNS INTO A SHIELD OF LIGHT, CONFRONTING THE DARKNESS OF DEATH WITH THE PULSE OF LIFE.

CHAPTER ONE: THE TEMPLE OF HEALING AMID THE STORM'S CLAMOR

In the corridors of emergency hospitals near the scene, the atmosphere was no less daunting, yet it served as the stage for silent heroics no less significant than frontline battlefields. Ambulances arrived consecutively, carrying the wounded and injured betrayed by blind terrorism.

IN THE HEART OF THE INTENSIVE CARE AND EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT, the proud daughter of the nation stood with the dignity of her white coat—a coat that was not merely a professional uniform, but a banner of peace and salvation. Her eyes were filled with certainty and calm amid the roar of shouts and rising sirens.

She realized, with the consciousness of a Muslim and Arab human being belonging to this pure land, that every passing minute, nay every second, is a divider between life and death, and that saving a soul entrusted to her neck is part of the creed of giving in which she was raised in the birthplace of revelation and the land of faith.

One of the young nurses approached her, showing signs of panic and confusion at the sheer number of incoming casualties, and whispered with a trembling voice:

Doctor, the injuries exceed our capacity, the intensive care rooms are overflowing with the wounded, and the situation is about to slip from our hands!