

A photograph of a bed with white linens and a wooden headboard in a dimly lit room. The bed is the central focus, with the white sheets and pillows appearing soft and slightly wrinkled. The wooden headboard is visible in the background, and the overall lighting is warm and intimate. A yellow rectangular box with a dotted border is overlaid on the center of the image, containing the word "Reflection" in a white, cursive font. Two light blue rectangular shapes are positioned above and below the yellow box, appearing as if they are holding it in place.

*Reflection*

*I was searching for truth. Everything I have believed was wrong. I realized I was standing on the sand which wasn't strong enough to hold me through my life. I was young and I decided to follow my religion-Islam. I started asking questions from my grandmother who prayed Muslim Prayer 5 times a day. I thought she was the true, devoted Muslim, who prayed no matter what, who never skipped a prayer. But then she never learned to read. So she couldn't teach me Muslim prayer. Then I asked my older aunts who knew how to read and write. When I asked her how to pray Namaz, she told me that I have to do it in original language –Arab language. I still remember that conversation with her.*

*“But you don't speak Arabic”, I said to my aunt.*

*“It is ok, you just need to write it down how it sounds and learn by heart this prayer. God wants you to speak to Him in the original language”, she said to me.*

*“But I don't even know what I am saying to Him?! What if I say something wrong and call God a donkey?”. If God existed I wanted to be careful with what I say.*

*So my aunt didn't know what to say to me because she learned the prayer that way. So I wrote down all the prayers and learned the rituals with it. I talked with many other relatives about God, I asking them how I can find Him. But no one could answer me, or their answers didn't satisfy me.*

*I started praying Namaz.<sup>84</sup> I washed myself every time and I prayed. One thing my aunt taught me was that at the end of the prayer I can ask God whatever I want in my own language. So I would recite Namaz in Arabic language very fast to get to the end so I could talk to Him in my own language.*

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<sup>84</sup> Also known as *salah*.

*“God, If you created the universe” I would start, “if you created me and all the other nations, don’t You understand my language? I don’t even know what I am saying to You. I am really sorry if I called You a donkey or something worse, I just don’t know this language. If you exist how can I find you? I am asking many people but they cannot answer me.”*

*This was my prayer for a long time. I asked and I waited. Then one day I met one lady with whom I talked only 15 minutes and she answered all my questions about God. She talked about Him like she knew him very well. Then she gave me a Bible, the Book I have heard a lot about, which was forbidden to touch or read. She told me that I could find the answers to all my questions in it. I took the Book, I hugged it very tight and on the way home something happened in my heart. I came home and started reading the Bible from the beginning to the end. I couldn’t stop. I finished the whole book in one month. After I finished I started talking to God and told him that I believe in him, I believe in Jesus.*

*My prayers have changed. I started talking to Him and in my heart I hear Him talking back to me. Now I have conversations with Him. He found me. He heard my prayers, He knew I was looking for Him, He responded to me. I realized I could talk to Him wherever I go, whatever I am doing, day or night. I would wake up and would just start talking to Him. I remember asking the same lady who gave me the Bible, “Can I talk to him in the toilet? It is a dirty place, it is haram to talk with the Holy one in a dirty place.” She replied, “yes, God is more concerned with my heart than where I am or what I’m doing.” Later as I read the Bible I understood the true meaning of sin and what is dirty to God.*

*God is amazing. He created all the different languages. He understands us before we even say anything to Him. He hears our thoughts, our hearts, our souls. We can actually have conversations with Him.*