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Unit 1: Education Narrative Essay

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My Chaotic Road to Peace

“ It's Friday, which means it's Jummah. I better see you getting a prayer mat, you have ten minutes to do so”, my mother had always reminded me. Religion is a subject that may be delicate for some and a passion for others. I was born into a Muslim family, but nobody was more religious than my mother. If anything, she was the only person that had committed herself to Islam. For my brother and I, we had rarely prayed or read the Quran unless we were forced to. However, my brother does have the passion to willingly pray to God about once a week. In contrast, I had never prayed or read the Quran with interest or without being advised to do so. If I had never had a figure to force me, I am aware that I would never have devoted myself to religion on my own.

Growing up, I had been enrolled in an Islamic center to comprehend Arabic and the teachings of the Quran. I remember those years as the core memory of my unhappiness. It felt like an additional three hours of school after the usual eight hours of elementary school. In that mosque, I had witnessed students getting hit, ears pulled or taken to the rat room. As kids, the mosque teachers would threaten students to memorize the Quran or they would be taken to a room filled with horrifying, big rats. While my mother had been confident she had sent her daughter where she belongs, I felt unsafe and disturbed by my discipline. While most of my companions at school went to the playground after to play, I had to proceed to a mosque to fulfill

my mom's expectations. Due to not yearning to be there, I had never memorized the sections or retained anything. My brain repented the knowledge. I can take myself back to one of my recollections that shaped my rebellious phase. It was a burning, summer afternoon. I had been watching television in a space shared by my mother and me. I could recall hearing my mother speak to my private educator to come over. "I'll go to sleep, so she thinks I'm tired and will revoke my session. That has to work, it worked before," I repeatedly told myself as I was feigning to sleep. The instant my tutor reached, I was slapped back into existence. I sat on that desk with my eyes tearing up, my nose running, and my cheeks swollen. That exact moment sparked my determination to set boundaries and there was only one way of doing so: rebelling. My mother evolved to become more observant and dedicated to finding a way, so she introduced me to an at-home tutor that would reach over to my house to teach me the laws of Islam. Through this, I became dedicated to uncovering ways to rebel. I would feign falling asleep before she called my mother so that she would come in to tutor me, expecting my mother would cancel. But, that never seemed to work. I vividly recollect using my sense of hearing to pin the phone conversation to the identity of the individual. At this moment, I can visualize my sense of sight. For example, I had a particular foldable desk that was used during my private sessions. When I used my sense of sight to see the table was set up, I realized that my tutor was on her way. Eventually, I enraged my mother for not fulfilling her hopes as a Muslim daughter. "Are you even Muslim? You're born into a Muslim family, but you don't pray or read the Quran. So what? You just don't believe in Allah," duplicated my mother throughout my childhood. In my religion, women are identified as pure, committed, and the embodiment of preparing for marriage. As I was lacking my part in religion, I was portrayed as the opposite: impure, rebellious, and lack of identity. It had become to make me feel guilty to be on a prayer mat but

pretended to pray, knowing that a pair of eyes were watching me. It made me feel like a bad individual for partaking in an action that was disrespectful to those that practice the religion of Islam. Due to pretending, my long-term effect led to forgetting how to pray or understand Arabic. During that phase in my life, I had no attraction to regaining my knowledge of the practices of Islam. As my mother had admitted to herself that she had done what she could, she had begun to stop forcing. Instead, she would mention it once a month to pray sometimes or read a page of the Quran.

During quarantine, I found myself not finding comfort within myself with a lot of trauma. I had found myself reaching out to God and saying small prayers. At times of need, I felt comfort and peace. I realized that religion does not have to be associated with my bad experience. I realized I needed time to know when I was ready, independently, to learn about Islam at the pace that I needed. Still to this day, I may not be the most religious individual that you may come across. However, I'm now open-minded to the idea and am willing to learn. I'm proud of myself for overcoming this issue I had within my inner child who had been traumatized by the subject of religion. I had transformed into a woman that is currently writing her college narrative on religion and slowly overcoming my life-long obstacles. I gained my waking up the moment that I read all writer's experiences in the novels they have written. I realized that there had been nothing wrong with me for not having the same dreams as my mother. Throughout my life, I had believed that religion may have been created by the people to help individuals find an answer to all their questions. But, with an additional amount of years, I have realized that religion may be real and I needed to discover Islam on my own.