

A Special Love for Learning

I always had a passion for learning and trying new things. I was always up for a challenge or an adventure. I dreamed of many ambitions:

Law. Teaching. Herbal Medicine. Being a seamstress.

I also had many questions. Each answer led me to another. I was always curious. Even as a little girl I would never leave my family members in peace until I had a full explanation of what they were doing.

When I won the Love of Learning and Responsibility award in school I had even more questions. How was helping little kids and my friends being responsible? How was being in charge of cleaning the class responsible?

And what did Love of Learning mean? That you knew everything? *No*, I told myself, *it doesn't*. Because there is still so much out there in the world to know. What did "learning" really even mean anyways?

I pondered on these questions for a long time. I wasn't satisfied with the answers my father gave me. It was then that my mother told me to read the "Al Ghazali, Book of Knowledge" that I started to understand what *real* learning really was. How you don't learn only physically but also spiritually. And how it helps not only physically, but also spiritually.

And it wasn't until then that I finally got the answers I was looking for. Ghazali books are simple, yet they radiate a special, beautiful meaning. A meaning that is just the plain truth. A meaning that makes you smile and nod your head as if saying, *now I understand*.

When I read the words in the book: *The world gives us a chance to have time to polish our hearts with good deeds*, I leaned back in my chair. I understood. That was all I wanted. But I have never stopped asking questions and learning, and I never will. Because you can *never* know too much.

And with each question I asked and researched, the thread of my destiny unraveled, bit by bit.