

A TRUE STORY MAY BE DANGEROUS FOR PEOPLE WITH WEAK HEARTS

My little family and I have a harsh experience in life that deserves to be told. Perhaps someone who reads a “Harsh” word, would think that my experience was bad. And I say no. not at all. Sometimes harsh conditions make you an iron person or perhaps a steel person.

In 2015, farewell moments at Kuwait Airport are still firmly on my mind. Where tears and fear of living in a country I have not visited before, a country that is rumored to marginalize Muslims. I do not know whether they will love my children in schools, will they bully their religion or their Muslims names, will they accept the “Hijab” on my head! On the other hand, a country popularized by a lot of crime and gangs. I was thinking would we be safe?!

The Airplane took off. Whenever I fell asleep, I had a short nightmare, whenever I fell asleep, I see my mother’s face, and tears pouring down. I whispered inside me “I missed them from now, so how I will endure!”. And I began to pray to God to strengthen my heart.

The Airplane landed on the territory of the United State. We went to the hotel calmly and sadly because we don’t know what lies ahead. I was very weak. I mean if my baby cries for milk, I cry with him (don’t get me wrong I didn’t cry for milk!). I want my family; I want my home. There was a burden on my shoulder.

On the first morning in the United State, we went to the restaurant for breakfast, my 6-month-old son was playing, screaming and laughing loudly. I was constantly silencing him “shhhh shhhh”. On the next table there was a nice American lady and she said: “honey, let him

play, don't shush him, we love babies". This was the first situation that turned my tears and fear into contentment.

We faced a difficulty in the first year. We felt home sick. Especially when I did not understand what people saying. I mean I studied English in my country for more than 12 years, but WHAT IS THIS?! This is completely different from what I studied! On the other hand, my 3-year-old twins did not get along in their school at the beginning, which forced the administration to expel them from school. I found another school that my twins started accepting it. Even their English began to improve at an enormous speed.

After one year, it is time to visit my county, Kuwait, in the summer. We enjoyed the family, Ramadan and Eid gatherings. But in the last three weeks of our vacation, my father falls to the ground. After his transfer to the hospital and checks, he was found to need an urgent open-heart surgery. Thank God, the process succeeded. My father was taken home two weeks later. With joy of my father returning home, my mother diagnosed with leukemia. There is a week left on our vacation. How do I travel and leave my parents like this? My mom's hair will fall out because of the chemo while I'm not beside her. But she insisted that I travel, or she will feel worst (officially she threatened me!).

We traveled...

As soon as we arrived at United States, we received a bad new about my husband's father. He passed away. Here we realized how difficult it is to live far away from your family. My parents are sick and cannot visit them, Father-in-law passed away and cannot attend his funeral. How hard is that, right?

From here, my husband and I realized that we will face difficult circumstances that require strength and resilience. We are seeing this long travel as a war and we want to survive. In this period, a lot of negative people around us have a great role in our steadfastness until this moment. As they began to convince us to give up and return home due to our circumstances.

Days pass by countless events and adventures. Not to mention missing events such as my best friend marriage, my sister give birth to her first child, my little sister's graduation. All these beautiful events and I'm not within them... Not easy, at all.

After my little son entered kindergarten, I decided to join the ELTI and University to obtain a bachelor's degree. Here I really started getting to know different personalities and cultures of different nationalities. The odds did not stop here only. But the difference is that I have a family who stood by my side this time and they are my teachers. We received news that my son needs to undergo an open-heart surgery as soon as possible. I cannot describe the amount of support I received from my teachers. Even if I meet more than thousand teachers in my life, I will not forget my teachers in ELTI.

I remember feeling fear before I came to the USA, but now I feel sense of belonging and safety. No wonder those who say (If you want to see the real tears, go to the cemeteries, hospitals and Airports and see the sorrow of the people). We went through all these, we lost people that we love without saying goodbye, we left people while they were sick, and we faced diseases far from home and family.

I became accepting the bad news with great openness. Maybe I give myself the right to be sad and cry for two days, but I have a strong belief that the god will not leave me. My children, my husband and I, faced with all kinds of problems. Whatever problem we face now,

we say we have overcome the most difficult before. Thanks to the people who have done good to us, thanks to the negative people that gave us the spirit of challenge.

Let's see where the wind will blow us.