

My story begins in my first year of university, a year filled with many difficulties.

My parents got divorced, I was in a car accident, and one of my friends passed away.

I began asking myself: Why am I here? What is the purpose of life?

I started questioning the meaning of life. Since I was a Christian, I began searching for answers.

I attended a church camp, where I found everyone singing words I didn't understand.

I asked them some of the questions that had been troubling me, but instead of opening the Bible to provide answers, each person simply gave me their personal opinion.

The answers were inconsistent, sometimes even contradictory. Even their concept of God seemed weak, contradictory, and unconvincing.

How could a god be crucified and suffer harm?

I realized that Christianity involved a lot of human interpretation and lacked clarity.

While studying at university, I worked at a gas station. One of my colleagues was an Indian Hindu.

I asked him about the Hindu god with an elephant head. "Couldn't you have chosen a god with a lion's head instead?"

Hinduism did not appeal to me.

I continued my search and looked into Judaism. However, after extensive research, I found that their concept of God was also contradictory, much like the inconsistencies I found among Christian priests.

So, I did not find what I was looking for in Judaism either.

Finally, I explored Buddhism and thought it might be the right path for me. But as I delved deeper, I realized that it was not actually a religion, but rather an attractive way of life.

One day, a friend asked me about the religions I had explored. I told him, "I've looked into Christianity, Hinduism, Judaism, and Buddhism."

He asked, "What about Islam?"

I replied, "I will never look into Islam. Why would I?"

But sometime later, I found myself entering a mosque without removing my shoes, stepping onto the prayer carpet, almost stepping on the head of someone in prostration.

Then I noticed the imam walking towards me with a smile.

He said, "It's a beautiful day, my friend. How are you?"

This warm welcome from the imam encouraged me to ask him my questions—the same ones I had asked before.

What amazed me most was that whenever I asked them something, they wouldn't answer immediately. Instead, they would open the Qur'an and say, "Read here, my brother."

There, I found clear and logical answers to my most difficult questions.

After two weeks, I asked one of the Muslims, "Why don't you give me your personal opinion?"

He responded, "When we talk about God's words, we don't give personal opinions."

This response had a profound impact on me.

I took a copy of the Qur'an home and began reading it.

I realized that it wasn't just like reading a story—it was something that commanded and guided me.

One night, I reflected on the scientific truths in the Qur'an, such as mountains being like pegs or the formation of the embryo in the womb.

I said, "O God, guide me."

My whole state changed. I felt that God had led me to the truth because such a beautiful and precisely designed universe could not exist without a Creator.

I decided to become a Muslim and declared my testimony of faith.

The moment I said the Shahada, all fear and doubt left my mind.

My kind treatment of my father made him realize that Islam is completely different from the lies spread about it.

Because of this, he asked me for a copy of the Qur'an.

I am confident that he will soon accept Islam, in shā' Allāh.