

From Hamedan to the Pentagon

The story begins in Hamedan, one of the most ancient cities in the world, nestled among the mountains of western Iran. Known for its poets, philosophers, and scholars, Hamedan has long been a cradle of Persian culture and intellect. But in the bustling Baba Taher neighborhood where I was born, the grandeur of history often felt overshadowed by the daily struggles of a working-class family.

Hamedan's streets were lined with history, yet my childhood world revolved around the immediate realities of our modest home and the close-knit community that surrounded it. Baba Taher, named after the famous Persian poet, was a neighborhood of narrow alleys and vibrant bazaars where the aroma of fresh bread mixed with the earthy scent of dust after a summer rain. It was a place where people knew one another's names, where children played barefoot on Cobblestone streets, and where families shared both their joys and sorrows. Amid this setting, I grew up in a household where hard work and education were not just encouraged—they were essential.

My parents, though not wealthy, were visionaries in their own way. My father, with his quiet determination, and my mother, with her unwavering resilience, both believed in the transformative power of knowledge. They often spoke of education as the path to freedom—not just financial freedom, but the freedom to think, to question, and to dream. They didn't have much to give us in terms of material wealth, but they gave us the tools to build our futures: books, encouragement, and a belief in the value of persistence.

Our home, while humble, was filled with a sense of purpose. The walls were plain, but they echoed with the sounds of lively conversations—discussions about history, philosophy, and the challenges of the day. My older siblings, with their curiosity and aspirations, became my first role models. Though life was not easy, it was rich in the ways that mattered most. I often found myself sitting quietly, observing the adults, soaking in their wisdom and their struggles, trying to piece together what it meant to live a life of meaning.

Education was my escape and my anchor. I remember walking to school, my feet stirring up the dust of the unpaved streets, clutching books that felt like keys to a world far beyond the mountains that cradled Hamedan. My teachers recognized my hunger for knowledge and encouraged me to think beyond the boundaries of our neighborhood. Even as a child, I sensed that my journey would take me far from the place where it began.





Yet, Hamedan never felt like a place I wanted to escape from—it was a place that shaped me, that rooted me in values and traditions while igniting my desire to see what lay beyond. The city's ancient history was a constant reminder that the world was vast and full of possibilities. I would often imagine the travelers and scholars who had passed through Hamedan centuries before, wondering if, like me, they had dreamed of distant horizons.

As I grew older, those dreams began to take shape. The lessons I learned in Baba Taher's humble streets—resilience, community, and a deep respect for learning—became the foundation for the journey that would eventually lead me to the United States. But no matter how far I traveled, Hamedan remained with me, a quiet reminder of where I came from and the values that guided me.

I was the youngest of five siblings, a position that came with both its privileges and its challenges. In our household, being the youngest meant having a front-row seat to the successes, struggles, and lessons of those who came before me. It also meant being surrounded by a constant hum of activity—older siblings preparing for school, engaging in animated debates, or simply navigating the daily demands of a modest life in Hamedan. While some families might have treated education as a necessary chore, in ours, it was nothing less than sacred.

My parents, though they lacked wealth, possessed a wealth of wisdom. They believed fiercely in the transformative power of learning, not just as a means to escape poverty but as a way to elevate the soul and contribute to society. Education was not merely about securing a livelihood—it was a calling, a bridge to enlightenment, and a pathway to understanding the world. My father often said, "Knowledge is the one thing no one can take away from you," and my mother, while quieter in her expression, showed her commitment by making sacrifices to ensure that we had the tools we needed to succeed.

Our home was humble, a modest dwelling where the walls were plain, and the furniture was sparse. Yet, it was rich in something far more valuable: ideas. Books lined the shelves, many of them handed down or borrowed, their pages worn from years of eager hands turning them. These books were more than objects—they were doorways to other worlds, and in their company, I discovered the vastness of human thought. From Persian poetry to mathematics, history to philosophy, the books in our home offered a feast for the curious mind. Even when resources were scarce, my parents somehow found a way to keep this intellectual lifeline alive.

Mealtimes in our household were more than just moments to satisfy hunger—they were opportunities for learning. Conversations often revolved around history, politics, and the ideas that shaped our world. My siblings, each at different stages of their educational journeys, would share what they had learned, and I, as the youngest, absorbed it all like a sponge. My father would ask probing questions, encouraging us to think critically and articulate our opinions, while my mother would offer practical wisdom that reminded us of the realities of life.



Though resources were scarce, the environment my parents created was one of abundance—an abundance of curiosity, encouragement, and a belief that with effort and education, we could achieve anything. They made sure we understood that education was not just for personal gain but for the betterment of the family and, ultimately, the community. This was especially important in Hamedan, where our modest neighborhood was a tapestry of dreams and struggles, with many families unable to afford the luxury of schooling for their children. My parents' determination to prioritize education set us apart, creating a foundation that would shape the trajectory of our lives.

As the youngest, I sometimes felt the weight of expectations but also the gift of inspiration. Watching my older siblings navigate their paths—one excelling in literature, another in science, and yet another in social activism—showed me the countless possibilities that education could unlock. They were my first role models, and their successes became the proof I needed that hard work and dedication could lead to extraordinary outcomes.

Yet, it wasn't just formal education that defined our household—it was the way my parents nurtured a love for learning in every aspect of life. They taught us that lessons could be found in everyday experiences, whether it was helping my mother in the kitchen and learning the science behind cooking or listening to my father recount stories of Persian heroes and philosophers. This blend of practical wisdom and intellectual exploration created a holistic approach to learning that stayed with me throughout my life.

The foundation of my dreams was built in that home, not with bricks or mortar, but with the intangible yet powerful resources of love, encouragement, and a belief in the transformative power of knowledge. It was there, in the warmth of our modest house, that I began to understand that the limits of my world were not defined by my surroundings but by the scope of my imagination and the depth of my determination.

From the very beginning, my life seemed to oscillate on a delicate balance between chance and choice, as if the universe itself had set me on a path where these two forces constantly intertwined. Was it luck or destiny that I was born into a family that valued education so deeply in a time and place where many did not? Perhaps it was a blend of both—a fortunate accident of birth and the deliberate nurturing of my parents. Whatever the case, I grew up acutely aware that my circumstances were both a gift and a challenge, a foundation that required resilience and courage to build upon.

Life in Hamedan, though modest, was vibrant with possibility, but only for those willing to see it. Many of my peers were caught in the cycles of hardship that often came with lower-middle-class life. For some, education was seen as a luxury, a pursuit secondary to the immediate demands of survival. Yet in my family, education was non-negotiable—it was the cornerstone of our existence. My parents, despite their limited means, instilled in me and my siblings a belief that knowledge was not just a tool for upward mobility but a force capable of transcending circumstance.



This environment of encouragement and expectation was, in many ways, a stroke of fortune. But chance alone did not define my journey. With every opportunity came the need to make choices—to embrace risk, to persevere through uncertainty, and to actively shape the narrative of my life. As a child, I often wondered why I had been placed in this specific family, in this specific city, at this specific moment in time. It felt as though an unseen hand had positioned me at the crossroads of history, culture, and society, presenting me with a unique set of variables that would shape my future.

Looking back, I see my life as part of a multiverse of possibilities, where every decision—big or small—converged to create the path I ultimately took. The cultural richness of Hamedan, with its blend of ancient traditions and emerging modernity, served as a backdrop that taught me the importance of adaptability. The social dynamics of my family, where each sibling's choices influenced my own, revealed the power of interconnectedness. And the historical moment in which I was born—a time of transition and complexity for both Iran and the world—showed me that progress often requires both courage and compromise.

Chance played a role in opening certain doors, but it was choice that determined whether I walked through them. When I excelled in school, it was not merely because I was naturally gifted but because I chose to study late into the night under the dim light of an oil lamp, even when I was tired. When the opportunity arose to pursue higher education abroad, it was not just luck but the culmination of years of preparation, sacrifice, and the willingness to leave everything familiar behind.

The confluence of these forces—cultural, social, historical—created a unique context for my journey. The cultural reverence for scholarship that defined my Persian roots gave me a sense of purpose. The social structure of my family, with its emphasis on collaboration and support, gave me a safety net. And the historical crossroads of my time, where tradition met modernity, demanded that I develop the ability to navigate complexity and embrace change.

My journey has been anything but linear. At every turn, I've been reminded that the interplay between chance and choice is what defines us. Chance presents the circumstances, but choice determines what we do with them. Together, they create a mosaic of experiences that shape not only who we are but also who we have the potential to become. For me, that potential meant moving beyond the narrow streets of my neighborhood in Hamedan to the global stage—a journey defined not by a single moment but by the countless decisions made along the way.

As a young boy, I often found myself standing at the edge of the narrow streets of Hamedan, gazing at the horizon and wondering what lay beyond the mountains that framed my city. These streets, though familiar and comforting, felt like the boundaries of a world I longed to explore. Hamedan was a city steeped in history, its air rich with the echoes of ancient poets and travelers. Their stories, told and retold by elders in our neighborhood, ignited my imagination. I envisioned the grand bazaars of distant lands, the vast deserts crossed by caravans, and the towering minarets of cities I had only read about in books. These tales painted vivid pictures in my mind, making me dream of a world far beyond the cobblestone alleys of my childhood.



But dreaming alone was not enough. Life in our neighborhood demanded more than imagination—it required grit, determination, and a willingness to shoulder responsibilities from an early age. My family, like many others, relied on every member to contribute. There were chores to be done: fetching water, running errands, and helping my mother with tasks around the house. Traditions were deeply ingrained in our lives, and with them came expectations—respect for elders, adherence to cultural norms, and a sense of duty to the family. These were not burdens, but they left little time for idle daydreaming.

Yet, amid the daily grind, I found a sanctuary in my studies. The schoolbooks I carried to and from class were more than just tools for education; they were keys to unlocking a world of endless possibilities. Each evening, after completing my chores, I would retreat to a quiet corner of our home, often with only the faint glow of a kerosene lamp to light my pages. There, I would lose myself in the words of poets and the principles of science, the histories of empires and the mysteries of mathematics. These moments were not just a respite from the demands of daily life—they were a source of inspiration, a reminder that there was a path beyond the walls of our home and the limits of our neighborhood.

My passion for learning was not just a private pursuit; it became a lifeline, a way of connecting to something greater than myself. I began to see education not as an obligation, but as a gateway to the world I had long dreamed of. It gave me a sense of purpose and a vision of what could be achieved through effort and determination. I would sit in our modest home, my fingers tracing the lines of a book, and imagine a life where I could walk in the footsteps of the travelers and scholars whose stories had captivated me.

The narrow streets of Hamedan were my starting point, but they were never my limit. They taught me resilience, rooted me in tradition, and gave me the tools to navigate a much larger world. As I immersed myself in my studies, I realized that while the stories of poets and travelers had inspired my dreams, it was my own persistence and curiosity that would ultimately propel me beyond those walls. The streets of Hamedan were not the end of the journey—they were the beginning of a path that would lead me to places I could scarcely imagine.

Education became both my escape and my weapon—a force that allowed me to rise beyond the limitations of my surroundings. In the crowded classrooms of Hamedan, where resources were scarce and competition fierce, I found a sense of purpose. Every exam, every essay, every question answered correctly felt like a step forward, a small but significant victory in the larger journey I was beginning to chart for myself. The harder I worked, the clearer it became that education was not just a pathway to a better life—it was a tool of transformation, a means to unlock doors that otherwise seemed permanently closed.



While many of my peers were limited by the constraints of their circumstances, I was fortunate to have the encouragement of my family and the fire within me to excel. My teachers, recognizing my drive, often pushed me harder, knowing that I had the potential to go far. I thrived in that environment, driven not only by my dreams but also by a deep sense of responsibility to honor the sacrifices my parents had made to prioritize my education. Every opportunity I earned felt like a validation of their belief in me.

One of the most pivotal moments of my life came when I earned the chance to study abroad in the United States. It was an opportunity that had once seemed impossible, a dream that had always felt too big, too distant. Yet here it was, within my grasp. The moment I received the news, I felt a mixture of exhilaration and fear. Leaving Hamedan, the city that had shaped me, the family that had nurtured me, and the culture that had defined me, was not a decision I took lightly. It was a leap into the unknown, a step into a world I had only read about in books and imagined in my quietest moments.

The days leading up to my departure were filled with a whirlwind of emotions. My family, though proud, was understandably anxious. My mother reminded me to stay true to my roots, while my father encouraged me to embrace the opportunities ahead with courage and humility. My siblings, each in their own way, shared advice and words of support, their excitement tinged with the sadness of knowing I would be far away. Hamedan, with its familiar streets and comforting rhythms, was my anchor, and leaving it behind felt like stepping off the edge of a cliff.

When the day finally came, I boarded the plane with a small suitcase and an even smaller understanding of the world I was about to enter. The journey was both literal and metaphorical. As the plane ascended, so did my hopes and fears. I was leaving behind the narrow alleys of Hamedan for the expansive possibilities of America—a land that promised opportunity but demanded perseverance. It was a journey that would forever alter the course of my life, shaping me not just as a student but as a person, and setting the stage for a future I could barely begin to imagine.

Arriving at the University of Michigan was like stepping into a different world. Everything about it—its sprawling campus, towering buildings, and the hum of innovation and possibility—stood in stark contrast to the quiet, traditional streets of Hamedan where I had grown up. The air was electric with ambition, a sharp departure from the more modest aspirations of my old neighborhood. At first, I was overwhelmed by the scale of it all. The endless rows of books in the libraries, the cutting-edge laboratories, and the diversity of students from every corner of the globe—it was both exhilarating and intimidating.



But rather than feeling out of place, I chose to embrace the change. My upbringing in Hamedan had prepared me for this moment, though in ways I hadn't fully realized until then. The values my parents had instilled in me—hard work, perseverance, and an insatiable thirst for knowledge—became my compass in this unfamiliar terrain. In Hamedan, I had learned to make the most of limited resources, to dig deep into books when guidance wasn't always available, and to trust in my ability to overcome challenges. Those same skills now served me well in this new environment, where opportunities were vast but so were the expectations.

The academic rigor at the University of Michigan was unlike anything I had experienced before. The pace was relentless, the competition fierce. Yet, as I navigated the challenges of academia, I found myself growing not only as a student but as a person. My professors were not just educators; they were thought leaders, pushing me to think critically and question assumptions. The diversity of ideas and perspectives I encountered broadened my understanding of the world and my place in it. For the first time, I began to see how the traditions of my upbringing could coexist with the modernity of this new world, each enriching the other.

Balancing tradition with progress became a central theme of my journey. I carried with me the faith and discipline of my roots—values that anchored me amid the whirlwind of change. At the same time, I was drawn to the creativity and freedom that this environment fostered. I learned to appreciate the duality of faith and reason, of discipline and innovation, understanding that true growth comes not from choosing one over the other but from finding harmony between the two.

There were moments of doubt, of course—times when the weight of homesickness or the enormity of the challenges ahead threatened to overwhelm me. But each time, I reminded myself of the sacrifices my family had made and the dreams that had brought me here. I found strength in remembering the narrow streets of Hamedan and the lessons they had taught me about resilience. Those memories became a source of motivation, a reminder that I was not just pursuing a degree; I was honoring a legacy of perseverance and hope.

Over time, I began to see the University of Michigan not as a place of contrasts but as a bridge between worlds. It was a space where my past and present could coexist, where the values of my upbringing could inform my future. Here, I was not just a student of engineering or finance; I was a student of life, learning to navigate the complexities of identity, ambition, and belonging. The lessons I absorbed during those years went far beyond the classroom, shaping the person I would become and setting the foundation for the life and career that awaited me.



Over the years, my journey unfolded like a tapestry, woven with threads of varied experiences that spanned roles and industries, each adding a unique dimension to my understanding of the world. What began as a pursuit of education and opportunity in a modest neighborhood in Hamedan evolved into a remarkable odyssey through academia, industry, and public service. Each phase of my career, though distinct, contributed to a larger narrative of growth, adaptability, and purpose.

My first professional steps were taken in the corporate world, where I worked as a production engineer at General Motors. The role was challenging, demanding precision and efficiency, and it taught me the value of structure and discipline in problem-solving. Yet, amid the hum of machinery and the calculations of manufacturing systems, I realized that my aspirations stretched beyond the confines of engineering. I yearned for a broader understanding of how organizations functioned and how decisions at the highest levels could shape industries and economies. This realization set me on a path of reinvention—a decision to pivot toward the world of financial management and strategic planning.

Transitioning to academia was another transformative chapter. Teaching at universities allowed me to step into a role that was both intellectually stimulating and deeply rewarding. Standing before students, I found joy not only in imparting knowledge but also in learning from their diverse perspectives. The classroom became a space for exchange, where ideas were challenged, and innovation was born. It was here that I began to see the interconnectedness of education, industry, and governance, and how each played a critical role in shaping society.

But the pinnacle of my journey was my transition into public service, culminating in my roles at the Department of Defense and the Pentagon. To say this was merely a professional achievement would diminish its significance. It was, in truth, a profound personal transformation. Walking through the halls of the Pentagon, surrounded by history and decision-making that impacted millions, I often reflected on the journey that had brought me there. I had traveled from the narrow streets of Hamedan—a neighborhood defined by its simplicity and resilience—to one of the most prestigious neighborhoods in Washington, D.C., a place I could scarcely have imagined as a child.

The Pentagon was more than just a workplace; it was a crucible of leadership, strategy, and service. There, I witnessed firsthand the intersection of ideas and systems at a scale that was both humbling and inspiring. My role demanded not only technical expertise but also the ability to navigate complex human and institutional dynamics. I was tasked with making decisions that balanced efficiency with ethics, innovation with tradition, and immediate needs with long-term objectives. Each day was a lesson in leadership, teaching me the importance of vision, collaboration, and accountability.



This journey, from humble beginnings to a life that once seemed unimaginable, is a testament to the interplay of ambition, opportunity, and perseverance. It is also a reminder of the power of transformation—not just professional but personal. The boy from Hamedan, who once dreamed of distant horizons, had become a part of something far greater than himself. The simplicity of my origins remained a source of strength, grounding me amid the complexities of my roles and reminding me that true success is measured not by where we end but by how far we've come.

This journey was not without its challenges. Growing up in a traditional and, at times, deeply conservative environment, I often found myself navigating the delicate balance between honoring my roots and embracing the modernity that beckoned from beyond the confines of my upbringing. In Hamedan, my family valued religion and tradition as pillars of identity and morality. These values provided a strong foundation—a moral compass that guided me through the complexities of life. But as I ventured into broader worlds, they also became a source of introspection, requiring me to question, adapt, and redefine my beliefs in order to thrive in an ever-changing landscape.

Respecting my roots was never a question; it was a given. The teachings of my parents and the cultural richness of my Persian heritage shaped my sense of self and my understanding of the world. Religion was woven into the fabric of daily life, offering structure, community, and a deep sense of purpose. Tradition brought with it rituals and values that connected me to generations past, reminding me that I was part of a continuum much larger than myself.

Yet, as I moved further into the realms of academia, industry, and public service, I began to see that tradition alone was not enough to navigate the complexities of the modern world. The values I had inherited were valuable, but they needed to evolve in the face of new ideas and challenges. The tension between tradition and progress became a defining theme of my journey—a push and pull that demanded both humility and courage.

Adapting to modernity did not mean abandoning my past; rather, it meant embracing the best of it while remaining open to change. I came to see modernity not as a rejection of my roots but as a continuation of their best ideas, reimagined for a new era. The pursuit of knowledge, the importance of community, and the moral framework I had grown up with—all of these could coexist with the innovation, freedom, and diversity that modernity offered. It was a matter of integration, not opposition.

This balancing act required a great deal of introspection. There were moments when the pull of tradition felt at odds with the demands of progress. For instance, the deeply ingrained respect for authority and hierarchy that I had learned in my childhood sometimes clashed with the more egalitarian and dynamic environments I encountered in the United States. Similarly, the communal values of my upbringing had to be reconciled with the individualism that often defined modern Western society. Navigating these tensions was not always easy, but it forced me to grow, to think critically about my identity, and to chart a path that was uniquely my own.



Ultimately, this process of adaptation became a source of strength. It allowed me to see the world not in terms of binaries—tradition versus modernity, faith versus reason—but as a spectrum of possibilities. I realized that the values of my upbringing could inform and enhance my engagement with modernity, just as modern ideas could enrich and expand the perspectives I carried from my past. This synthesis became the guiding principle of my life: to honor where I came from while remaining open to where I was going.

In this way, the journey was as much an internal one as it was external. It was a journey of reconciling the lessons of my youth with the demands of a rapidly changing world. It was about finding harmony between the simplicity of my roots and the complexity of the global stage. And, above all, it was about understanding that progress is not a rejection of the past but a continuation of its best principles, applied with intention and purpose to the pursuit of longevity, happiness, and a better future.

Looking back, my journey from Hamedan to the Pentagon feels like both a reflection of my choices and the result of countless forces beyond my control. It was as if my life unfolded within a complex multivariable equation—where luck, perseverance, and the unique circumstances of my time each played a critical role. These variables, though unpredictable, seemed to align in moments of opportunity, creating pathways I could never have anticipated yet felt compelled to walk.

There was, of course, an element of chance. Being born into a family that valued education, in a city known for its intellectual and cultural heritage, was not something I chose. It was a gift, one that came with its own set of expectations and privileges. But chance alone was never enough. The environment I was born into demanded perseverance. In Hamedan's bustling streets, where resources were limited and opportunities scarce, ambition had to be paired with relentless effort. Every door that opened required not only the courage to step through but also the preparation to seize what lay on the other side.

Perseverance was my constant companion, guiding me through the challenges of school, the leap to studying abroad, and the steep learning curve of navigating life in a foreign land. It was the force that kept me focused when the obstacles seemed insurmountable—whether it was mastering a new language, adjusting to cultural differences, or proving myself in a competitive academic environment. Perseverance turned the spark of chance into a flame of opportunity.

Yet, my journey was also shaped by the unique circumstances of my time—circumstances that I often reflect on with a sense of wonder. I grew up in an era of significant global change, a time when traditional ways of life were intersecting with rapid modernization. This juxtaposition created a fertile ground for growth and reinvention, offering challenges that pushed me beyond the boundaries of what I thought was possible. The cultural richness of my Persian roots, combined with the dynamism of my adopted homeland, gave me a perspective that was both grounded and expansive.



As my journey unfolded, I came to see education as the great equalizer—the bridge that connected chance with choice. Education provided me with the tools to navigate complexity, to adapt to new environments, and to contribute meaningfully to the world around me. It was the vehicle through which I transformed the circumstances of my birth into the opportunities of my future. Without it, the doors that opened to me might have remained closed, their possibilities unexplored.

The Pentagon, in many ways, became the symbol of this journey—a destination that once felt as distant and unattainable as the far-off horizons I dreamed of as a child in Hamedan. Walking its halls, contributing to decisions that shaped national policy, I often reflected on the path that had brought me there. It was not a straight line but a series of intersections where chance met choice, where preparation met opportunity, and where resilience turned obstacles into stepping stones.

My journey is a testament to the possibilities that emerge when education meets opportunity and when chance intersects with choice. It is a reminder that life's outcomes are rarely the result of a single factor but the interplay of many—some within our control, others shaped by the currents of history, culture, and time. For me, the journey from Hamedan to the Pentagon is not just a story of personal achievement; it is a celebration of the human spirit's ability to transcend limits and create a life that once seemed unimaginable.

I hope my story serves as a reminder that no matter where one begins, the possibilities in life are truly endless. The narrow streets of Hamedan, with their modest beginnings and the quiet rhythm of tradition, were not barriers but the foundation for dreams that would eventually span continents. My journey, though unique in its specifics, is not singular in its essence. It is a testament to the resilience of the human spirit and the boundless opportunities that await those willing to persevere, adapt, and embrace change.

Breaking barriers was not simply about overcoming external challenges—it was about challenging the limitations within myself. It meant daring to dream beyond the constraints of my environment, stepping into the unknown, and believing that with effort and determination, a path forward would always reveal itself. Each step, from the classrooms of Hamedan to the lecture halls of the University of Michigan, from the bustling factories of industry to the solemn halls of the Pentagon, was a leap of faith that brought its own lessons and rewards.

My journey is also a story of embracing change, of finding the courage to let go of the familiar and step into worlds that were vastly different from my own. From the rich traditions of my Persian heritage to the dynamic modernity of the United States, I learned to navigate the intersections of culture, identity, and progress. In doing so, I discovered that growth lies not in clinging to what we know but in being open to the endless possibilities of what we can learn and become.

Above all, my story is about finding meaning in a world that is as complex as it is beautiful. The challenges I faced were not obstacles to be avoided but opportunities to grow and evolve. The diversity of experiences—from the warmth of family life to the intensity of academic pursuits, from the demands of leadership to the quiet moments of reflection—taught me that life’s richness lies in its complexity. It is this complexity that gives life its beauty and its endless potential.

While my journey may appear extraordinary, its essence is universal. It is a story that belongs to anyone who dares to dream, who faces uncertainty with courage, and who strives to make a meaningful impact in their own way. My hope is that my experiences inspire others to see the possibilities within their own lives, to break their own barriers, and to embrace the ever-changing, ever-beautiful complexity of the world.

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