



IN THE NAME OF
ALLAH

THE ALL-COMPASSIONATE, ALL-MERCIFUL



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METAMORPHOSIS OF A MUSLIM

Autobiography of My Conversion

هدايتي إلى الإسلام

Lena Winfrey Seder

الدار العالمية للكتاب الإسلامي

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ARABIC HONORIFIC SYMBOLS USED IN THIS BOOK

- (ﷲ): *Subhânahu wa ta'âlâ* — 'The Exalted'
- (ﷲ): *Şalla-Allâhu 'alayhi wa sallam* — 'Blessings and peace
be upon him'
- (ﷲ): *'Alayhis-salâm* — 'Peace be upon him'
- (ﷲ): *Rađiya Allâhu 'anhu* — 'May Allah be pleased with him'
- (ﷲ): *Rađiya Allâhu 'anhâ* — 'May Allah be pleased with her'

ABOUT THE WORD 'LORD'

The word *lord* in English has several related meanings. The original meaning is 'master' or 'ruler', and in this sense it is often used to refer to human beings: 'the lord of the mansion' or 'Lord So-and-So' (in the United Kingdom, for example). The word *Lord* with a capital L is used in the lexicon of Islam to refer to the One and Only God — Allah. In Islam, there is no ambiguity about the meaning of this word. While it is true that one may occasionally use the word *lord* (whether capitalized or not) to refer to a human being, in Islamic discourse the reference of this term is always clear from the context. Whereas for Christians, Hindus and other polytheists, the word *Lord* with a capital 'L' may refer to Allah, to Jesus or to some imagined deity, for Muslims, there can be no plurality of meaning. Allah alone is the Lord, and the Lord is Allah — not Jesus, not Rama, not any other being.

The Editor

DEDICATION

To my loving husband and my beautiful,
precious sons and baby daughter.

To my kind, loving, caring, supportive parents,
who raised me to become who I am today.

Most of all, to Allah (God) for guiding me
and bringing me peace, security and happiness,
as well as for giving me so many blessings.

DESERT ROSE (A POEM)

*I began my journey the day I was born.
My name told my destiny.
Yet, it remained hidden for me to discover.
I traveled a long time to get to this moment.
So many cactuses I stumbled over in the dark.
No star lighted my path — I was not yet awake.
Naivety guided me into sandstorms that made wounds in my soul.
Ignorance blinded me as the cactus' thorns scratched me.
However, these wounds propelled me forward and kept me on a
certain path.
One day when I looked ahead, I saw an oasis.
A mirage, I thought, so I slowly walked towards it — expecting to
be fooled again.
When I reached the mirage, I found a rose.
I touched it and found it was no dream.
Entranced by this rose, I placed it in the vase of my heart.
As it took root, it became a part of me.
My blindness lifted, for I could see the true Light.
Faith rested in my heart.
My Desert Rose led me to this destiny.
When I stray, its paper thorns remind me to come back to the
straight path.*

