

# My ability is stronger than my disability!

March 3rd, 1987, in Rahim Yar Khan (Southern Punjab) Pakistan. A mother gave birth to a child named Muniba Marzari. A child who was beautiful and shiny like sunshine in the early morning. A girl from a small town with a big dream as she enters her studies. Muniba studied in army public school and later then she attended college in her native hometown for a BFA, but before she could complete it, she got married instead of seeing her dream flying away of being in her life. Muniba is a Pakistan model and artist, who motivates and inspires people to never give up." Never thought it was over until it was finally over.

She said I believe in the power of words. Many people speak before they think. But I know the value of words. Words can make you, break you, they can heal your soul, they can damage you forever. So, she always tries to use positive words in her life. Wherever she goes, they call it adversity, I call it opportunity. They call it a weakness; I call it a strength. They call me disabled; I call myself differently able. They see my disability. They see my disability. I see my ability. Some incidents happened in your life. And those incidents are so strong that they change your DNA. Those incidents and accidents are so strong that they break you physically. They deform your body, but they transform your soul. Those incidents break you, deform you but they Mold you into the best version of you. And the same thing happened to me. And I am going to share what exactly happened to her.

Life was pleasant, things were going smoothly until a day came when life turned upside down. When she was 18 years old when she has got married. Mumbai's belongs to a very conservative family, a Baloch family where good daughter that never say no their parents. Her father wanted me to get married and she was said if that makes you happy, I will say 'YES.' and of course, it was never a happy marriage. About after 2 years of getting married, she met a car accident. Somehow my husband fell asleep, and the car fell into the ditch. He managed to jump out, saved himself. I am happy for him. But I stayed inside the car, and I sustained a lot of injuries. My right arm was fractured, my whist was fractured, shoulder bone and collarbone were fractured. And because of the rib cage injury, the lungs and liver were deeply cut. I could not breathe. I lost urine control. That is why she must wear the bag wherever I go. But those injuries changed me and my life completely. As a person, my perception of living my life was the spine injury. My backbone was completely crushed. And she has got paralyzed for the rest of life.

This accident took place in a far-flung area of Baluchistan where there was no first aid, no hospital, no ambulance. She was in the middle of nowhere. Many people came to the rescue. They drag me out of the car. While they were dragging me out, she got the complete transaction of my spinal cord. And now there was this debate going on, should we keep it here, she is going to die, or where should we go. There was no ambulance. The was one four-wheeler jeep standing on the corner of the street. They said, put her in the back of the jeep and take her to the hospital which is 3 hours away from this place. And Muniba's still remember that bumpy ride. It is was all broken. They threw me in the back of the jeep, and they rushed me to the hospital. That is when she realized that my half body was paralyzed, and my half body was fractured. She was finally ended up in a hospital where I stayed for two and a half months. She was under went multiple surgeries. Doctors have put a lot of titanium in my arms and there was a lot of titanium on my back to fix my back.

That is why, In Pakistan, people called me the 'Iron Lady' of Pakistan. Sometimes she wonders how easy it is for me to describe all this all over again. And somebody has rightly said that when you share your story and it does not make you cry, that means you are healing. Those two and a half months, in the hospital, were dreadful. She will not make a story just to inspire you. I was on the verge of dis-pare. One day the doctor came to me, and he said, well I heard that you want to be an artist, but you ended up being a stay-at-home spouse. I have unwelcome news for you. You will not be able to paint again because your wrist and arm are so deformed. You will not be able to hold the pen again. And I stayed quiet. The next day, the doctor came to me and said, your spine injury is so bad you will not be able to walk again. I took a deep breath. And I said it is all right. Again, the Next day the doctor came and said, because of your spine injury and the fixation that you have in your back, you will not be able to give birth to a child again. That day, she was devastated. Muniba's still remember, she asks her mother, why me, and that is where I started to question my existence. Why am I even alive? What is the point of living? I could not walk, I could not paint, fine. I cannot be a mother and we have this thing in our head about being women that we are incomplete without. Having children, I am going to be an incomplete woman for the rest of my life. What is the point?



People are scared that they think she will get divorced. What is going to happen to me? Why me? Why even Am I alive? We all try to chase this tunnel. We all do this. Because we see lights at the end of the tunnel which keeps us going. My dear friends, in my situation, there was a tunnel that I had to roll on but there was no light. And that is where she realized the words have the power to heal the soul. My mother said to me that these too shall pass. God has a greater plan for you. I do not know what it is. But he surely has. And all in that distress and grief, mom's those words were so magical that they kept me going. I was trying to put a smile on my face all the time hiding the pain. It was so hard to hide the pain which was there. But all I knew was that I will give up, my mother and brother will give up too. I cannot see them crying with me. So, what kept me going was one day I asked my brother, I know, I have a deformed hand, but I am tired of looking at these white walls in the hospital and wearing these white scraps. I am getting tired of this. I want to add more colours to my life. I want to do something. Bring me some Colours, I want to paint. so, the very first painting she was made on her deathbed. It was not just an art piece or not just my passion. It was my therapy. What an amazing therapy it was. without saying a single word, I could paint my heart out. I could share my story. People used to come and say, 'Wow, what a lovely painting.' so much colour

and then she was discharged. And she went back home. and I realized that I have developed a lot of pressure ulcers on my back, on my hipbone. I was unable to sit. There were a lot of infections all over my body, a lot of allergies. So, Doctor wanted me to lie down on the bed straight. For not six months, for not 1 year, but for two years I was bedridden confined in that one room looking outside the window listening to the birds chirping thinking there will be a time when we will be going out with the family and enjoying the nature. That was the time when I realized how lucky people are, but they do not realize it. That is the time when I realized, the day I going to sit, I am going to share this pain to make them realize how blessed they are, and they even do not consider them lucky. There are always turning points in your life. colour, nobody sees the grief in it. Only I could. So that is how I spend my two and a half months in the hospital. Lying, never complaining, or whining but painting.

Life hurts you but what hurts more is that when your people leave you in Life such a situation, where there is no one to turn to or look to. That was the time when she realized how lucky people Are they, but they did not realize it, she said that is the time when she realized that the day I am going to sit and share my pain with everyone to make them realize how blessed they are, and they do not even consider themselves lucky. That day she decided that she was going to fight her fear we all have an unknown n fear of Losing our healthy, losing people all we want to excel as a career, we want to become famous, and want to get money, we are scared all the time so, she wrote down all her those fear and she was decided to overcome these fears one bay at the time. She says you know what my first biggest fear was divorce. She could not stand to this word Muniba was trying to cling unto this person who did not want to her anymore, but she said no I must make it work but that day she was decided that this nothing but my fear she liberated herself by setting him free and she was made herself emotionally so strong that day she got news that hi is getting married she sent him a text I am so happy for you, and I wish you all the best. Also, he knew that I pray for him today. In 2015 father left her in in as being disability was her choice. Muniba's brother and her mother support her. Why is it that disability bad I wonder if your own family will not accept you?

second fear that she will be not able to be mother again and that was quiet devastating for her but then she realized there are so many children in the world, all they want acceptance so there is no point for crying just go and adopt one child and that is what I did? Two years later she got call this from a small town in Pakistan and she picked the call they said are you, Muniba Mazria? there is a baby boy if you would like to adopt. I could feel the labour pains. Yes, I am going to adopt him. She said I am coming to take him to home" when she reached there. There was a man sitting there and he was looking at her from head to toe. She was thinking he is going to say" she is on the wheelchair and how is she going take care of him? She looked at him do not judge me because I am on the wheelchairs, but you know what he said I know you will be the best mother of this child; you both has lucky that have each other "and that day Nail was 2 days old. Now he is 6 years old.

Her third biggest fear that she was facing people, she used to hide herself from people. You know why? When she used to smile, and they all looked at her and say, you are smiling? Are you ok? She was tired of this question that people should ask her. Are you sick? Do you ask? So, she used to hide herself from people she did not want that sympathy in their eyes. But she said I will be overcoming this fear too like how she faces others' fear before. She started going out in public not minding what people think about her. She was hated accepted as different person in the word, so she does not care what other people think.





They call me disabled but I call myself different Able.  
She asked a question "Do You know what you make perfect? Then she said,  
when you make  
someone smile" when you try to do something good for the people around  
you" when you  
fell someone's pain, and how beautiful pain is that it connects you with  
people.

The hero does not become a hero it always takes something to be the hero  
of people.

Fought her destiny and turned her life around to be an inspiration for  
people out there who  
are in the same situation as she was. Muniba 's' stood up and raised her  
voice to the word  
and mentioned that you can do it, if I can, you can too. A poem has been  
shared by Muniba  
Marzari" I could not find a hero in my life so I decided to be a hero and to  
be a The Muniba  
Mazari I do not know where my story will end anywhere in my text you will  
read, I gave up.

Live your life fully, accept yourself the way you are be kind to yourself I  
repeat you be kind  
to yourself, and only then you can be kind to be others love yourself and  
spread that love  
life will be hard, there will be turmoil there will be trails but that only make  
you stronger, so  
when you accept yourself the way you are the word recognize you it all  
starts from within.

