

During a large part of my teen years, the law was not much of a shield but rather a changeable and arbitrary power. It was not presented to me through reading or arguing, but through an unfortunate incident. When my father was arrested, an event conditioned not by any criminal motive, but by the ignorance of the law on our part. I recall how I stood still in our home as a uniformed authority turned a compound situation into a one-dimensional assumption that permitted no explanation or dignity.

The experience had changed my relationship to the world. I grew critical and highly conscious of how the vulnerability was increased by a lack of knowledge about the principles of power. Fear accompanied me in the classes and in places of worship, not because I lacked faith in justice as such, but because I had witnessed just how easily it could be used without purpose. I decided to understand the laws to protect myself and my family from such situations.

With time, fear evolved to discipline. I conditioned myself to read critically, ask questions, and deal with different situations strategically rather than becoming emotional. This mental discipline helped me to enter the intense world of legal study, where accuracy, and perseverance are imperative. I was taught that strong advocacy is neither founded upon outrage, but rather, on skill.

I want a legal education since I do not want to be helpless in systems that require knowledge to be just. Colleges like Harvard Law School are not merely a symbol of achievement in academics, but the task of creating lawyers who can question authority with precision and moral solemnity. I study law so that the silence may be dispelled with knowledge, the fear with preparation, the isolation with the power to guard others against the results of their ignorance.