

My family moved around frequently when I was a kid. It was always scary sleeping alone in a new house in an unknown city. I remember watching the shadows of tree branches creeping along the wall, imagining them as arms reaching out to get me. In my fright, I would dive under my blanket and press my hand against my chest, feeling the soft vibrations of my heart. After a few minutes, I would doze off peacefully.

There's something calming about a beating heart- its rhythmic motions undisturbed by the dynamic world. It has this amazing consciousness, sensing the situation and beating accordingly. The heart is the organ of life, ceaselessly pumping blood throughout our existence. Needless to say, I was fascinated.

Moving changed everything. My home, my friends, my school, even me. The only thing that remained constant was my fascination for the heart. As I progressed through middle school, I started reading about it more. I flipped through anatomy books, examining pictures and scratching my head as I attempted to decipher its puzzling morphology. I was astonished at how complex and intricate the heart was, despite having such a simple purpose. Who knew that the heart created its own electricity? My newfound knowledge opened my eyes to the importance of heart health. I took great delight in teaching my family about the various types of heart disease and how to prevent them. This information was definitely not in my school curriculum. However, I enjoyed learning it more than any activity or hobby I had ever done before. Everything else would simply cease to matter as I immersed myself into understanding the heart's purpose. And along with that, I began to gradually understand my own.

In high school, I extensively read about the diseases and defects of the heart, trying to grasp the way they affect the body. My chemistry and biology classes aided me as I explored the bioengineering of heart valves, the hemodynamics of the vascular system, the embryology of the heart, and more. While these topics were perplexing, they also compelled me to think in ways I hadn't before. Through persistence and hard work, I became skilled at visualizing the blood flowing through the heart, understanding the physics that governs its valve movement, and gaining insight into the development of the organ itself. On some days, however, you will definitely catch me lazing on the couch in my free time, watching videos on heart valve disease.

Last year, I stumbled upon a cardiac surgery program while browsing online, and I fell in love with it. I could have the valuable opportunity to be taught surgical skills and procedures by accomplished surgeons. I poured my heart and soul into crafting my application, ensuring that it fully showed my attraction for the heart.

After a few months I received the decision letter. I remember crying in happiness when I saw the magical word: "accepted". It was an incredible feeling, knowing I had achieved something that I truly cared about. My efforts had culminated into something that was real and meaningful. On

that day, I realized that my fascination for the heart was something much more significant; it was my passion.

What started as merely a hobby has now become a part of my identity. From answering cardiology questions on Quora, to explaining the circulatory system to my little sister, I cannot imagine a life without my passion for the heart. People always say that you should find your purpose in life, whether that is teaching kids, or building cars, whatever gets you out of bed everyday. For me, I didn't need to look further beyond. I found my purpose right inside of me.