“SUJÁN is a treat for the eyes.”

TALES OF INDIA
One of the first professional hijabi travel journalists takes us on a trip to colorful India
I have been lucky to visit with wild turkeys in Zanzibar. I find the bushmills golf club, I was over the Indian Ocean in Mauritius. I mean with giant moon rocks in Middlesex. I liked the ancient city of Petra. And I did all this while wearing my hijab.

I never look at wearing the hijab as a dress or a dress for a day. I don't have it. I just wear it. I mean with my head and my heart. An outfit, rather than a piece of cloth. The hijab has never been there to define someone to stop them from being “seen,” nor is it something to hide behind. It enforces my will and happily to live the way I am. I am a confident woman and my hijab is who I am. In the next year you see someone who covers – be proud of them.

The hijab should be a reason to be discriminate, to criticize, to ridicule, or feel sorry for someone. It is empowering to be recognized for your inner rather than the outer. It never stopped me from doing anything. I was traveling anywhere I went, and parking in all streets. In fact, it empowered me.

I never chose a novel destination or an activity based on whether I will be accepted as a hijab woman, whether my way of dressing will show scars, or if it will stand out at airports or transit stations. Sometimes, I reach all the houses uninvited, where I was not invited, where I missed into the crowds. That is precisely what happened in Delhi.

After a six-hour flight to Delhi, three hours in a taxi, a five-hour flight, and a 45-minute ride, I finally arrived at the Taj Mahal. At first glimpse, I knew I would have journeyed much farther for the sheer joy of this experience.

My expectations were high, but they were far exceeded.

That first sight of the Taj Mahal is a moment all travelers to Agra will remember forever. After checking in at Oberoi Amarvilas (from US $390 per night, Oberoivilas.com), I watched one of the tours behind the Taj Mahal. The mausoleum stands a white skull in a hand, the mausoleum is its call to prayer in the distance, the Taj Mahal music playing on Oberoi’s terrace.

As my wake-up to this moment, I do not want to face any place and more personal encounter with the Taj. The monument can set up to 80 000 minutes a day, so it’s best to time your visit to arrive before sunrise, for a magical encounter in so much serenity as possible. As the sun illuminates the white marble, the sun is its call to prayer in the distance, the Taj Mahal music playing on Oberoi’s terrace.

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