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MY STORY OF RESILIENCE AND FAITH

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1. Introduction

"Life is like a river in constant flux; as soon as we see anything and it is already taken away. It is up to us to accept this fleeting nature with wisdom and serenity."
(**Marcus Aurelius**, *Meditations*, Book IV, §43
— adaptation)

There are paths that choose us, destinations that are intertwined with our steps before we can even understand them. Since my childhood in Petrolina, Pernambuco, I was shaped by

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challenges and dreams, sculpted by time and the incessant search for knowledge. "Life is like a river," said Marcus Aurelius, "it flows, and it is up to us to navigate wisely."

Thus, I continue my journey through the waters of knowledge, with the firm conviction that education is the compass that guides my journey. My trajectory is that of a dreamer and resilient woman, who never let herself be overwhelmed by the challenges imposed by life. Amid losses, financial difficulties, and seemingly insurmountable barriers, I stood firm, sustained by faith in God and the certainty that knowledge is the key to transforming the world. This descriptive memorial is not only an account of academic and professional achievements, but the testimony of a journey of overcoming, love for teaching and commitment to philosophy and education. Philosophy is a call to reflection, a journey that transforms thinking and being. My academic and professional career reflects this incessant search for knowledge, for understanding the world, and my motivations for entering the master's degree in Philosophy, reflecting on the challenges and achievements that shaped my education.

2. My Academic Trajectory and Remarkable Moments

I was a happy child. He lived between dreams and simple games, as if he believed that the whole world fits in the palm of his hand. I grew up in a simple childhood, where small gestures had great meanings and the days ran serene under the sun.

I was born into a traditional home with firm principles, my father Catholic and my mother evangelical. From a very young age I learned to walk under the delicate thread of limits and to dance, albeit with restrained steps, the melody of discipline. Today, as an adult, I realize the value of these lessons, especially when I observe the new generations – those that I so often meet in my classroom. I see how challenging it is for them, our little ones and adolescents, to cultivate persistence and find emotional balance in the face of life's natural stumbling blocks, in this world that demands everything for yesterday and that shakes the heart so much.

Sometimes I look back and realize: the rigid training I received was, yes, a silent gift. But like every gift, it came wrapped in complexities. Love, although present, was timid, hidden behind harsh gestures and prolonged silences. It was not customary to make room for emotions or open affection – and so I learned, very early, to keep what I felt inside me, like someone who cultivates a secret garden. To the outside eye, it seemed distant. But inside... Oh, how I felt everything, deeply.

My father, always practical and full of reflections on life, seemed to carry within him the soul of a filósofo. Com him, I learned to look at the world with attentive eyes and to seek wisdom in every little situation. He was the one who taught me one of the mantras that I treasure to this day: *"The power is in controlling the mind. To have a strong mind and to have great faith in the Lord."* These words echoed in me and were the foundation for my steps and dreams.

My mother, in turn, was rigor itself made a person.

Every conduct, every gesture, every organization of daily life had to meet an almost perfect standard. When we didn't respond—especially my sister and I—the punishments came severely, often without us being able to explain our mistake. This left us with a bitter taste of injustice, a feeling that time sometimes found difficult to dissolve. My father, at least, allowed us to speak before applying any punishment and justified it by saying that it was for us to learn and not repeat the mistake.

It was a home of firm discipline and undoubtedly patriarchal—where weights and measures were different for girls and boys. And I carried a silent revolt inside me. I didn't understand, and it hurt, to realize that so many things were forbidden to me just because I was a girl, while my brothers could walk more freely, and they were often even encouraged.

A thousand questions then arose in me: why couldn't I? Why did the same error weigh more heavily on me than on them? Why didn't I have the same freedom? Why did my desires and dreams need to fit into such tight frames? These questions echoed in my chest, without many answers, but with increasing force. But even within these walls, the dreamy girl full of faith grew in me, the one who knew how to find happiness in the simplest things and who, despite everything, never stopped believing in the beauty that lies in being who you are.

Born in the city of Petrolina, Pernambuco. My childhood was marked by curiosity and thirst for learning. School was my first temple of discoveries, the space where I realized that knowledge has the power to transform realities. As John Locke

said, "the mind is like a blank sheet, and it is experience that writes in it". Each book, each teacher, each teaching were traces that began to draw my destiny. I began my studies in elementary school at Colégio Dom Bosco. However, at that time, during the government of President Collor, the country was facing a serious economic crisis. My father was hit hard by financial difficulties and, under the circumstances, ended up bankrupt. To honor his debts with the bank, he had to sell some important assets of the família. Com this change in our reality, my brothers and I had to leave the private school where we studied and migrate to the state public network. It was then that I attended the 5th and 6th grades in a public school called State School, starting a new stage of my school career. Later, I completed elementary school II and high school at the Otacílio Nunes de Souza State School — a place that had enormous importance in my education. It was there that my eyes opened to a larger world, full of possibilities that I had not known until then. Living with different realities and perspectives broadened my mentality and planted seeds of even bigger dreams in me.

It was also at this school that I had my first contact with the Center for Language Studies (NEL), where I fell deeply in love with the English language — a passion that I carry to this day. And, at the time, only the students with the best grades were selected to participate, and this achievement was a source of great pride for me.

Still during this phase, while I was in the 1st year of high school, I had an unforgettable experience: I was chosen by my science teacher to represent the school at the XI Ciência Jovem, an important knowledge fair held in Recife. in addition to

being the only representative of the morning shift. These moments were fundamental milestones in the construction of the person I am today: determined, passionate about knowledge and always in search of new achievements.

While in the 3rd year of high school, I faced a new challenge. Without financial conditions to pay for pre-university courses, she found refuge in books, studying alone in the school library and in the municipal library. It was during this phase that a teacher, noticing my dedication, told me about a free selection for a preparatory course called PREVUPE. I grabbed this opportunity with all my might. I ran after the registration and, to my happiness, I won one of the vacancies.

Classes took place on weekends. My family, very simple and going through financial difficulties, had no way to help me with transportation or food. So, I went back and forth on foot, walking the way home to the course. He spent the whole day there, as the course was in the morning and afternoon. Often, during the break my lunch was just a baked bread, or some cookies, accompanied by coffee with milk taken in a simple bottle. When I could, I bought some popcorn and drank water to support myself. I hardly left the room during breaks, embarrassed to see my classmates going to buy snacks in the canteen or being picked up by their parents to have lunch at home and return later. But none of this saddened me, I knew the value of the opportunity I had at hand. She was happy and determined. I always prayed to God for strength, courage and wisdom to achieve my dream of passing the entrance exam.

With faith, determination and many nights of silent study, I took my first entrance exam and was approved for the

course of **Letters – English and its Literatures**, at the **Faculty of Teacher Training of Petrolina (FFPP)**, of the **University of Pernambuco (UPE)**, entering in 2005 and concluding in 2008.

The search for education was a path that always inspired me to grow. As **Simone de Beauvoir said** (1949) "You are not born a woman, you become a woman." This phrase echoed within me, as it was throughout my trajectory that I learned to become the woman I am today, someone with the courage to face challenges and pursue your dreams with all my heart. During graduation, I dove headlong into academic life: I was a class representative, I was a member of student unions and participated in several meetings, always fighting for the rights of students and for improvements in our university. I participated in the graduation committee and was chosen to be the valedictorian by the class. This trajectory of dedication and hope was sculpted with a lot of effort, but above all with love for the dreams that I have always carried in my chest.

It was at this stage of my life that I met a person who, at first glance, seemed to be everything I had ever dreamed of. He was someone who attended church, who said he was a Christian, well-dressed, with impeccable posture, coming from a good family, independent and educated as a true cavalheiro. Com sweet and persuasive words, soon won me over. I, so sweet, innocent and dreamy, believed I had finally found my prince charming.

After a few months of living together, he asked for my hand in dating. I, delighted, accepted. He came to my house, talked respectfully with my parents, and received their approval. My middle brother, however, from the beginning did

not like him, on the first day he saw him, he said: "I did not like you, my saint did not match yours, but I respect my sister's choice". In my naivety, I thought it was just brotherly jealousy.

But, over time, the prince charming who opened the car door for me to get in and pulled out the chair for me to sit at the table began to reveal who he really was. Little by little, it was transformed. The gentleman gave way to someone jealous in an unhealthy and controlling way. He started to distance me from my friends, I was jealous even of common looks and gestures. He said that the only men who could be close to me were my father and my brothers.

My freedoms were being taken away, one by one. I couldn't smile at anyone anymore, I couldn't go out alone, I couldn't even do anything without their permission. Using indoctrination and religious interpretations, he even controlled the way I dressed — he said that my clothes or makeup were of an indecent woman. Cut your hair? Inadmissible. The beautiful thing is big hair. Go to the doctor alone? Forbidden. Answering the phone? Only if it was on speakerphone.

Gradually, I was silenced. When he tried to complain or question, he responded with manipulative speeches, saying that it was his duty to act like this, because he already considered me his wife and that "the head of the woman is the man", citing passages from the Bible and examples of other women in the church to reinforce his authority. I, confused and full of doubts, felt ashamed of myself for thinking differently. His persuasive words stirred my faith, my hope, and left me without strength.

Even with the weight of these impositions, he always

looked me in the eye and said that he loved me, that he was just taking care of me — and so, in the midst of this turmoil, I gave in, trying to believe that that excessive control was proof of love.

Little did I know what was yet to come. While all this was happening, I was trying, with all my strength, to reconcile college, the complicated relationship and even my first job as a saleswoman in a shoe store. Even though he worked and studied hard, he insisted on watching me: he often passed in front of the store, appeared unexpectedly at the bookstore where I later worked, at the orthopedics hospital and even at college. Sometimes, without warning, it would appear in my classroom window, causing me a constant sense of vigilance and fear.

Anguish became my daily companion. I developed cardiac arrhythmia and gastritis. I cried a lot, not knowing how to deal with the pressure, not being open to talk to anyone — shame silenced me. Gradually, I closed myself even more in my own suffering.

In the last year of college, a different light emerged. A teacher named **Ludja Costa** (in memoriam), who always encouraged students to dream bigger, invited me, along with a few colleagues, to participate in an exchange program called **Culture Au Pair**. She, who every year took students to an international experience, rekindled dormant hope in me. The proposal was to study and work as a nanny in **Toronto, Canada**, while we improved our English. My eyes lit up with happiness. Finally, the opportunity to fulfill my big dream seemed to be at my fingertips.

The next day, the teacher sent emails explaining the steps of the process and we kept in touch through **Messenger**, the most used chat in the época.Com all enthusiasm, I started to gather my documents and fill out the dossier for the visa application.

But what seemed like a new beginning quickly turned into a new nightmare.

One day, during the break from class, a colleague called me, saying that the teacher wanted to talk to me. When I found her, I noticed that her expression was different, grave.Com care, she asked:

- Raíla, my daughter, do you really want to go to Canada?

With all innocence and enthusiasm, I replied:

"Of course, teacher!" It's my dream!

Then, she took a deep breath and said:

"I'll help you, but you need to know what's going on."

She told me that in the last few days, someone had started talking to her on **Messenger**, pretending to be me. The person said nonsense, spread terrible lies, attacked the teacher with absurd slanders, calling her a groomer of women, an exploiter, and making threats. Suspicious, the teacher confronted the person, who ended up confessing: it wasn't me, it was **him**.

At that moment, I felt the ground disappear under my feet. Tears flowed as a new arrhythmia made me lose my breath. I felt the urge to vomit, shame, deep sadness. My classmates welcomed me, trying to comfort me, asking if my parents knew the kind of person I was dealing with. But I could barely answer.

The teacher, with great generosity, also told me:

"Don't give up, Raíla. If it's your dream, go for it.

That same day, he picked me up from college. Halfway through, he stopped the car abruptly and started an argument full of cruel words— words I didn't deserve to hear. Crudely, he snatched my purse from his hands, broke my only bank and credit card into smithereens, destroyed my cell phone chip, saying it was to "protect me".

I cried desperately. He, with the coldness that haunted me, said that he did everything for love. Because of this delay and the destruction of my documents and means of payment, I missed the deadline to send the papers along with the group. Later, I was able to submit only my application — but on my own, my visa was eventually denied.

I tried to end the relationship many times, but I was always enveloped by her tearful pleas and her promises of change.

When he realized that I really wanted to break up, he transformed even more: he began to threaten me saying that he would disclose intimate photos and videos, which he would have recorded without my consent.

He said that if I left him, he would kill himself — and kill me too.

Colleagues at work, seeing my anguish and fear, encouraged me to seek help. Very ashamed, because I was raised in a traditional and Christian family, I was reluctant to tell my parents.

But God, in his infinite mercy, was giving me strength.

A friend from work gave me her cell phone and

insisted:

"Call his parents." Tell them what's going on.

Trembling with fear, I dialed his house number. When his father answered, I could only say through tears:

"Your son doesn't accept the end of the relationship and is chasing me.

On the same day, I took courage and told my parents in a summarized way. My father, furious, asked:

"Do you want me to talk to him?"

Afraid of the threats he had made, especially about the videos, I asked him not to, that we wait, because I had already informed his family.

That was the beginning of my hardest struggle: to free myself from that cycle of fear, pain, and shame, while trying, within me, to keep hope and faith alive in better days.

After that moment of revelations, I finally began to find the strength to break away from what was holding me back. Still afraid, with a heavy heart and a confused mind, I knew that I could not continue to live under the control and threats of someone who claimed to "protect me" but who, in reality, imprisoned me. The following days were the hardest. I, so young and full of dreams, was immersed in a silent pain, but something inside me began to scream for freedom, for peace.

When the truth came out and the help of my family was present, the weight was a little lighter. I knew I was supported, but I still had to face the emotional consequences of an abusive relationship that left deep marks on me. With the unconditional support of my parents, my friends, and a cycle of people who helped me get back on my feet, I began to rebuild

myself, one step at a time.

I gave more value to my mental and emotional health, and little by little I left behind the ties that bound me. With each step, I felt the weight of pain diminishing, and the feeling of freedom began to take over me.

Time went by and, although the wounds did not heal immediately, life taught me to be stronger, to trust myself and to seek happiness in a genuine way, without fear of being who I am. I turned to my dreams, to what really mattered: my education, my growth, and my freedom to live the life I chose.

It was when, already free from that toxic relationship, I finally managed to find my own goals again.

The search for a better future was renewed in me, and, with the support of my family and my faith, I was able to go back to school, to dedicate myself to what really made me happy: my passion for the English language.

The desire to travel, to study and to get to know the world that I have always had, was renewed with more intensity. I realized that despite the obstacles, opportunities were still in front of me. And that's how, with a lot of effort, I was finally able to join exchange programs and improve the English language, finding a way to fulfill my dreams that, until then, seemed too distant.

After this challenging period, with a lot of effort, I ended up getting an exchange opportunity in **Sweden**, where I studied English at the **Internationella Föreningen for Invandrakvinnor**, attending the intermediate and advanced levels and works as a nanny for two children, an 8-year-old girl and a 6-year-old boy, between 02/2010 and 12/2010. This

international experience broadened my horizons and consolidated my passion for education and critical thinking. During that year, I had the opportunity to visit other countries such as **Finland, Norway and Turkey**, which allowed me to get to know new cultures and further expand my worldview.

When I returned to Brazil, I was received by several job offers, and soon I started teaching English in the **English Without Borders** program at UNIVASF for university students, in addition to working in the Youth **English Students - YES** and as an administrative assistant. These new job opportunities have allowed me to put into practice everything I have learned over the years and help others develop, just as I have been helped.

Viktor Frankl (2001, p.150) said: "**When we are no longer able to change a situation, we are challenged to change ourselves.**" These words have a deep meaning for me. In all the difficult moments I faced, I knew that the only thing that could change was the way I handled the situation. Over the years, I have been rebuilding myself, changing my way of thinking and, above all, freeing myself from the ties that tried to bind me. Today, I can look back with the feeling that, despite all that I have been through, the person I have become is stronger, more capable, and more aware of the power I have over my own life.

The pain I experienced transformed me into a wiser woman, more aware of my choices and the power I have over my own vida.Com time, I learned to deal with fears, insecurities, and to strengthen myself in my identity and I was thirsty to know more and have new challenges.

It was in the brief interval of a strenuous routine that I saw the announcement of the new Philosophy degree course. Jean-Paul Sartre, in his manifesto on existentialism, wrote: "*Man is nothing but what he makes of himself.*" A silent call ignited in me old questions about the existence and functioning of the human mind – restlessness that had hitherto fallen asleep under the weight of daily responsibilities. I wanted to do more, and I decided to try, I signed up for the entrance exam. I managed to enter the degree in Philosophy at the Federal University of Piauí (UFPI), where I was approved in first place in the entrance exam of the UAB pole, in the quotas for public school students – a feat that filled my heart with pride and hope. At the time, he faced a hard alternating workday, divided between three jobs, on days that began before sunrise and often ended under the tired light of dawn.

John Locke, who said: "*The mind is like a blank sheet, on which experience writes*". I wanted to experiment, to learn, to write in my own tabula rasa.

The classes, in a blended format, were love at first sight. However, the arduous journey made it difficult for me to stay: I often arrived exhausted, struggling with sleep and discouragement, afraid of not being able to handle the readings, deadlines and activities. There were times when the idea of giving up surrounded me with force.

It was then that I found support in a singular figure: the teacher-tutor Gabriel Kafure. Owner of a human and welcoming presence, Gabriel was the one who, even in the face of challenges, kept the flame of perseverance alive in each student. His stance – firm, but never authoritarian; wise, but

never arrogant — she made him more than a teacher: she was a true friend of the class. Between orientations and informal conversations in the breaks, always permeated with good humor, he helped us find meaning in our efforts.

Under her guidance, I was fortunate to publish my first two academic articles: "*Comprehensiveness of Knowledge through the Human Mind*", published in April 2017 in *Cadernos Cajuína*, and "*The Feminist Philosophy of Luce Irigaray*", *Philosophies: From the seed to the world*, in 2018. These moments marked not only my academic career, but also the flowering of a passion: Philosophy as a way of life, reflection and transformation.

After graduating, I finally decided to embrace education as my life path. I left my job in the administrative area, where I worked as an assistant, and stayed only teaching, so I enthusiastically immersed myself in the world of teaching and learning. Driven by a constant thirst for knowledge, I started new studies in postgraduate courses, all in the online modality, reconciling them with new professional experiences.

Thus, I started specializations in English Language Teaching, Philosophy Teaching and Youth and Adult Education (EJA), seeking to deepen my practice and my understanding of the various ways of teaching and learning

I was inspired by thoughts such as that of Paulo Freire (1996, p. 44), for whom "*to educate is to impregnate with meaning what we do at every moment*". In education, I found not only a profession, but a way of existing that gave meaning to my trajectory, my dreams and my daily effort. Motivated by this continuous desire for growth, I participated in a selection

process at a renowned private school, where I currently practice teaching. The institution values and encourages the constant training of its teachers, recognizing that excellence in education is born from dedication to continuous improvement.

With only one year of work, I was awarded a full scholarship to take a postgraduate course in Educational Management and Strategy, offered by UNINASSAU, which I successfully completed, strengthening my administrative and pedagogical vision of school organization.

In addition, I participated in the *English for All* course, the result of a partnership between SESI and the American Consulate, aimed at improving the English language for teachers. As part of this program, I had the opportunity to take the TOEIC (*Test of English for International Communication*) proficiency test for free, in which I was officially certified, adding another important milestone to my training.

In recognition of my commitment and dedication shown, I received a special invitation from the school's management and pedagogical supervision to join, as the first female coach, the *Cyber.Lego robotics team*, from the international FLL (First Lego League) program. In this project, I was able to immerse myself even more in the practices with innovation, technology and *core values* projects, which teach children and adolescents not only technical skills, but also fundamental human values, such as respect, cooperation and empathy.

However, in the midst of so many achievements, life, unpredictable as it is, surprised me in a painful way. Last year, during a routine exam, my mother was diagnosed with a tumor in the large intestine. He urgently underwent three surgeries

almost consecutively, facing difficult days in the ICU. There were times when hope seemed to be extinguished, but faith and incessant prayers brought the miracle of his survival.

Since then, the struggle has continued: my mother is still in treatment, very weakened, and facing depression. Between hospitals and household chores, I shared it with my sister, she spent the day and I every night — sometimes in a hospital chair, sometimes on a living room sofa — and often went straight to school to fulfill my workday. Taking care of my elderly parents, I faced one of the most challenging periods of my life, where faith and resilience were my great companions.

It was in this context of fatigue and hope that, in the middle of the year, I saw a message on social networks and WhatsApp groups: registration was open for the selection process for the Professional Master's Degree in Philosophy, offered by IF Sertão Pernambucano. Immediately, I remembered the list of dreams I had written as a teenager — and among them, the goal of one day studying for a master's degree shone. And even if I only have a 1% chance, as I usually say, I decided to believe. With faith in God and driven by the desire to continue growing, I applied for the selection process. Even between late nights in the hospital, nights redoing projects and with little time to prepare, I delivered the best I had. I trusted that, if it were God's will, the dream would come true.

And so it was. Today I am a master's student in Filosofia. Ao see the result of the approval, I cried. Not only for the academic achievement, but for the certainty that, even in the greatest storms, God took care of every detail of my life. I feel

blessed and deeply grateful for each step of this journey – where study, faith, and love intertwine, giving meaning to my story and renewing in me the hope that every effort is worth it.

My academic and existential trajectory was deeply marked by the influence of great philosophers, whose ideas shaped my way of seeing the world and education.

Jean-Paul Sartre's existentialism taught me that "*man is nothing more than what he makes of himself*" (Sartre, 1946), leading me to courageously take responsibility for my choices and to build my own path, even in the face of adversity.

Hegel's dialectic expanded my understanding of the development of human thought and the constant need to overcome contradictions in history and life. Nietzsche's critique of traditional morality provoked in me the desire to question imposed paradigms and seek new perspectives to think about education and the formation of free and authentic subjects.

I was also impressed by Kant's deontological ethics, when he stated that "*act only according to that maxim by which you can at the same time will it become a universal law*" (Kant, 1785, p. 56), which consolidated in my educational practice the idea of moral responsibility and unconditional respect for the other.

It was, however, in the insurgent voice of Paulo Freire that I found my greatest pedagogical foundation. His liberating pedagogy, based on the belief that "*to educate is to impregnate with meaning what we do at every moment*" (FREIRE, 1996, p. 44), reaffirmed my ethical and political commitment to a critical, dialogical and transformative education.

Other thinkers also echo in my trajectory. Rousseau, in his work *Émile*, taught me that "*man is naturally good; it is society*

that corrupts him" (Rousseau, 1762), reminding me of the importance of respecting the rhythms and singularities of each student. Socrates, with his maieutics, instigated me to understand that true knowledge is born from dialogue and questioning: *"I only know that I know nothing"*, he said, teaching intellectual humility and openness to the new.

John Dewey, in turn, when stating that *"education is not preparation for life; education is life itself"* (Dewey, 1916), inspired me to perceive learning as a continuous, dynamic process that is deeply linked to everyday experiences.

In each class, in each new stage of my studies, I carry with me the legacy of these masters of thought, whose wisdom guides my steps in the present and illuminates my searches for the future. When reflecting on the theme of my master's project, I chose the line of research focused on the teaching of Philosophy and female representation in school organizations because this discussion deeply crosses my own life story.

From childhood, I grew up in a traditional, patriarchal family environment where gender roles were rigidly delimited. Many times, I have been deprived of doing what my heart desired—whether it was practicing martial arts, dancing, or dreaming of traveling alone—simply because I was a woman. As Beauvoir (1949) points out, she lived the experience of being constructed as "the other", to whom a secondary and limited place in the world is attributed.

However, when I gained my financial and emotional independence, I was reborn to freedom. I rewrote my story by fulfilling dreams that were previously denied to me: I practiced martial arts jiu-jitsu and muay-thai, danced without fear, got

the license to drive and traveled alone through different parts of Brazil and the world, discovering new spaces and new versions of myself.

It was in this process of reconstruction of one's own existence that I understood, in practice, the meaning of "sexual difference" worked out by Luce Irigaray (1992), for whom the liberation of women passes through the affirmation of their own identity, not subordinated or reflected in the male gaze.

Thus, my research project, *The Teaching of Philosophy and the Female Representation in the School's Didactic Organizations*, was born not only from an academic restlessness, but also from an intimate and visceral experience. Through this investigation, I seek not only to understand how philosophy can deconstruct gender inequalities, but also to propose pedagogical practices that celebrate difference and promote equity in educational spaces, as stated by Irigaray (1992, 1997), Butler (1990) and Freire (1996).

3. Future Prospects

Philosophy, for me, is not just a field of study, but a way of life. I intend to continue my research in the master's degree, delving into topics such as ethics, epistemology and philosophy of education. My academic and professional experience prepares me to contribute significantly to philosophical teaching and to the critical formation of students.

I aim to work in higher education, promoting a philosophical approach that instigates reflection, intellectual autonomy and critical thinking.

In addition, I wish to publish articles and research that contribute to the advancement of the philosophical and educational debate in Brazil, with special emphasis on the themes of gender, ethics and social inclusion.

My goal is to be, in the academic environment, a voice that encourages transformation and the construction of new possibilities for education and society.

4. Final Considerations

Throughout my career, I have learned that knowledge is not an end in itself, but a powerful means to understand and transform reality.

As Socrates said, "*I only know that I know nothing*", and it is this epistemological humility that guides my journey in philosophy and education.

Each stage overcome, each obstacle overcome, and each achievement celebrated are the fruit of a deep belief: that, despite the difficulties and pain that life imposes, the search for knowledge and faith in God are forces capable of moving mountains and making old dreams flourish.

I carry with me the certainty that philosophy and education not only form us intellectually, but humanize us, challenge us and free us. And it is in this spirit that I follow, convinced that teaching and learning are, above all, acts of love and hope.

Today, as I look back, I see a woman who went through so many difficulties, but who never stopped fighting for her happiness, her freedom and her dreams. And, above all, I see a

woman who managed to reinvent herself, get up and move forward, always with courage and determination.

My academic and professional background reflects a continuous commitment to learning and building a more critical and reflective world. The master's degree in Philosophy represents, for me, another step in this journey of questioning and discovery. Thus, I follow my trajectory inspired by great thinkers, aware that each new learning is an invitation to rethink the world and myself.

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