

Special Issue

MOTIVATED

THE MAGAZINE THAT MOVES YOU!

THE SMILE OF HOPE

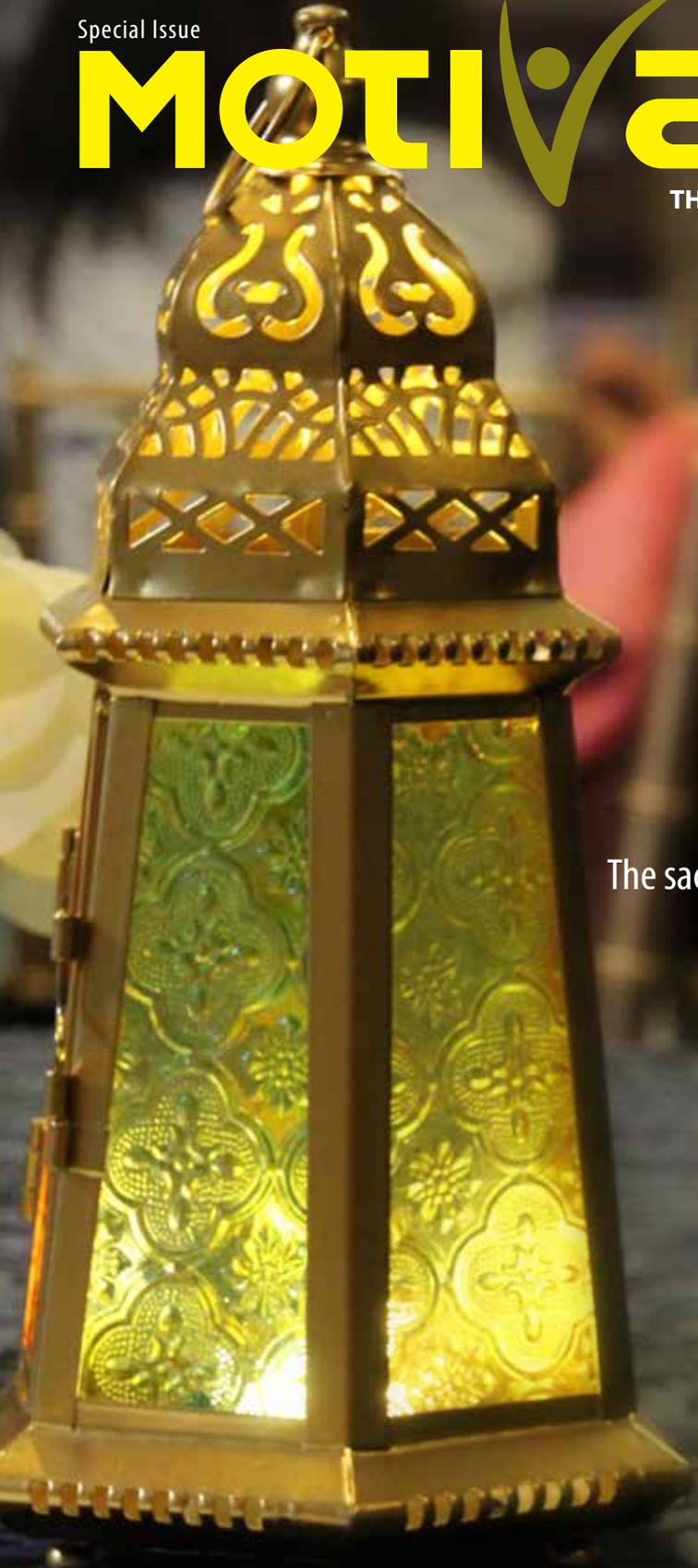
It always smiles on

A Memorable Eid

The sacrifice that made a difference

A Cup of Cold Water

You never lose by giving



A Guide to Life
—And list to live by.....3

The Smile of Hope
It always smiles on.....4

Wings of Gratitude
How lives can change.....6

In Search of Happiness
The ultimate wealth.....7

Just a Little Kindness
A poem.....7

The Five Grains of Rice
A fable.....8

A Memorable Eid
The sacrifice that made a
difference.....9

A Cup of Cold Water
You never lose by giving.....10

What I Once Was.....11

Notable Quotes
Happiness is.....12

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Eid is such a joyous time of thanksgiving; it is not just confined to acts of spiritual devotion and verbal expressions alone, but it goes far beyond that, and is manifested in a wonderful brotherly caring atmosphere; a warm social and humanitarian spirit. Eid moves us into action, into living our faith and expressing it in a tangible way.

At Eid we express our thanks to God for His goodness to us by extending a hand of help and giving to the poor and needy; by showing sympathy and consoling those who have suffered loss; by cheering up the sick by visiting them; and by paying extra attention to the care of the orphans. It is also a time that we remember God's mercy and compassion, and in gratitude for His forgiveness we forgive those who have wronged us. How wonderful it is to put away any ill feelings we may have had towards someone and to be forgiven ourselves in return.

Eid is also a celebration of peace—the kind of peace that we feel deep within that comes from being at peace with God, and which leads to being at peace with our fellowmen. More than ever in our troubled world, we long for and need this peace.—The peace of God that passes understanding and transcends the dismal circumstances and conditions we see in many parts of the world today.

Eid also marks a time of victory.—A time when we remember how God has helped us make progress in overcoming our weaknesses and live more the way He intends for us to live—unselfishly and with love in our hearts for those around us. God has done great things for us and we are glad.

We hope the stories and articles in this special issue of *Motivated* will be an inspiration to you. May this year's Eid be a celebration of thanksgiving, giving, forgiveness, victory, and peace for us all! Happy Eid!

Christina Lane
For *Motivated*



The most important thing in life
The most powerful channel of communication
The greatest asset
The most powerful force in life
The greatest joy
The most satisfying work
The worst thing to be without
The most destructive habit
The world's most incredible computer
The greatest loss
The ugliest personality trait
The greatest natural resource
The greatest "shot in the arm"
The greatest problem to overcome
The most effective sleeping pill
The most crippling disease
The most dangerous pariah
The two most power-filled words
The most worthless emotion
The most beautiful attire
The most prized possession

The power of God
Prayer
Faith
Love
Giving
Helping others
Hope
Worry
The brain
Loss of self-respect
Selfishness
Youth
Encouragement
Fear
Peace of mind
Excuses
Gossip
I can
Self-pity
A smile
Integrity

A Guide to Life

—And
list to
live
by

The Smile of



It was harvest time when the three women met in the field.

Harvest time was a time all women looked forward to, for it was traditionally a time of fellowship; an opportunity for the women to share the news, to speak of their children, to tell of their beautiful daughters' future and to confirm their sons' strength and wealth.

For Sarah, it was different this time. She shied away from the talk and gossip. She just concentrated on the harvest and kept to herself. The other women couldn't help but notice that Sarah was troubled. "Oh, come on Sarah, you must come and join us! We miss our talks together and we miss sharing the

latest news with you! Come on and do not leave your place vacant in our midst", they said.

"Oh", said Sarah, "there's really not much to share this harvest season. I have nothing to offer you, my sweet friends, of news that would cheer your heart and give you hope. I'm down and poor. Nothing has gone well for me this past year; nothing seemed to work out exactly the way I had hoped. I've lost a son, my daughters are home alone with no one to care for them, and My husband is failing in health. Oh my friends, please let me go about my work and sink in my sorrows."

Aisha and Farah backed away, but only for a moment. They thought about what Sarah had said and talked between them, "Should we really let our friend and neighbor immerse herself in sorrow? Should we really let her dwell in misery and not bring her some hope of life, a flicker of hope for the future? For what is life without that blessed word hope that keeps us going?"

So Aisha and Farah went to Sarah, and said, "Oh, Sarah, we understand your sorrow and we understand your heartbreak. Yet we can't bear to see you so sad and forlorn without sharing our little morsel of hope with you. You see, when we break the bread and share

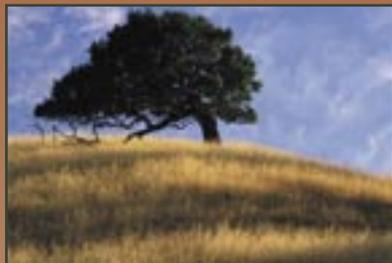


Hope

It always smiles on

the blessed fruit of the harvest together, we are strengthened in hope. For hope's strength is fanned and grows stronger in oneness.

"Hope may just seem like a passing word, a word that's nice to parrot or say in time of need, but it's more than that. It's the joy we share when we are happy and it's the comfort we



bring to those who sorrow. It's the baton we pass on to each other in the race of life that we run, and it's the flame that each of us must keep ablaze so that we may see the path ahead."

And so it was that Sarah, Aisha and Farah reaped their harvest together.

They truly enjoyed that summer as they harvested the fruit of the land and talked of their beautiful children. —And they strengthened their hope.

They knew deep inside that hope would forever remain in their hearts, and that forever they would keep passing it on to a neighbor in need and to their children and

their children's children. For as long as there is life, there is hope and as long as there is a smile, life will be beautiful. The force of destruction can never conquer hope, for hope in its simplicity is more powerful, and simply never gives up. — It always smiles on! ■

Hope

What a wonderful word it is!

It comes to life when we don't mock or doubt it. It's the force that propels our souls forward and makes us look heavenward.

Let us hope and not be afraid to hope.

Let us build a bridge to our hopes with faith, perseverance, and the determination to see things through.

Let this be the year of hope in our hearts, and let us pass it on to one another, to our children, to our friends, and to our loved ones everywhere. Let us hope in God today and tomorrow, and keep our faith strong with hope eternal.

When the ploughman ploughs and the thresher threshes, they ought to do so in the hope of sharing in the harvest.

A young teenaged girl wrote, “Sometimes we become so embroiled in life’s petty troubles, so focused on our own personal problems that we take for granted the great blessings we enjoy. Such was my state that hot August morning. My older sister would return to her job in a few days, school was starting, and I was expected to help care for the house and my seven brothers and sisters. Few of my friends lived nearby, free time was scarce, and I was absorbed in self-pity.

“I must have it harder than any other kid’, I thought, as I sat down at the computer for my weekly study of international news. Accounts of horror, poverty, and oppression soon appeared before my eyes. I had always been affected by stories like these and prayed for the innocents who were suffering. But today I was struck in an entirely different way. I read about a mother who lost her four little ones in a fire, and then another article about a girl who lost her little sister riding her bike near her home in an accident, and whose mother could only cry all day since it happened.

“I could not read any more. Suddenly my life—with all its hassles and troubles—seemed wonderful. My family was a treasure, the work I was expected to do a privilege. I was healthy and strong. I awoke each morning with clothes to wear, food on the table, and a roof over my head. I had the joy, moral support, and faith that come from being raised in a believing family. In an instant, those things that I had considered so important dwindled before me. I was blessed with the greatest gifts of all: love and peace. It opened my eyes and I knew that was enough.

“My life has been much easier after that day. Oh, the circumstances aren’t any different. But *I* am different. I have found I can rise above any trial—on the wings of gratitude.”

It’s a law of nature that when we dwell on the good, think about the good, speak the good, then good surrounds us. When we think on the good, we feel good.

If we are thankful even when we don’t feel like it, soon we do feel like it, because we begin to realize that God is in control and will work everything out for our good.

When we have a thankful spirit, even in times of trial, we will be confident that God Who has promised to be with us always, will never leave us or forsake us.

A praiseful and thankful heart always brings us closer to God. It simply works. ■



Wings of Gratitude

How lives can change

Gratitude unlocks the fullness of life. It turns what we have into enough, and more. It turns denial into acceptance, chaos to order, confusion to clarity.

It can turn a meal into a feast, a house into a home. Gratitude makes sense of our past, brings peace for today, and creates a vision for tomorrow.

In Search of Happiness

Happiness

The ultimate wealth

There is an Eastern tale of a wealthy king who ruled a vast domain and lived in a magnificent and luxurious palace. In spite of all his power and wealth he was very unhappy. Among the servants in his court there was a well-known sage whose counsel the king frequently asked in times of difficulty and crisis. This wise man was summoned to the king's presence. The monarch asked him how to get rid of his worries and depression, and how he might be really happy. The sage replied, "There is but one cure for the king. Your Majesty must sleep one night in the shirt of a happy man."

Messengers were dispatched throughout the realm to search for a man who was truly happy. But everyone who was approached had some cause for misery, something that robbed them of true and complete



happiness. At last they found a man—a poor beggar—who sat smiling by the roadside. When they asked him if he was truly happy and had no sorrows, he declared that he was a truly happy man. Then they told him what they wanted. The king must sleep one night in the shirt of a happy man, and he had given them a large sum of money to procure such a shirt. Would he sell them his shirt that the king might wear it? The beggar burst into uncontrollable laughter, and replied, "I am sorry I cannot oblige the king. I haven't a shirt on my back."

Just A Little Kindness...

Is anybody happier
Because you passed his
way?

Does anyone remember
That you spoke to him
today?

This day is almost over,
And its toiling time is
through;
Is there anyone to utter now
A friendly word for you?

Can you say tonight in
passing
With the day that slipped
so fast,
That you helped a single
person,
Of the many that you
passed?

Is a single heart rejoicing
Over what you did or said?
Does one whose hopes were
fading
Now with courage look
ahead?

Did you waste the day, or
lose it?
Was it well or poorly spent?
Did you leave a trail of
kindness
Or a scar of discontent?



the five TRAINS OF RICE

The Five Grains of Rice

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A Fable

Once upon a time there lived a poor beggar in a country ruled by a king. The beggar had no home, so every night he went to a free hostel, where he slept on a mat on the floor, covering himself in the cooler nights with old rags. His clothing was tattered and old, and having no means of earning a livelihood other than begging, he used to go out in the morning after a meal of cold rice left over from the previous day and sit by the wayside with his beggar's bowl. For merit passers-by used to throw some grains of rice or copper coins his way, so he usually had enough rice for two meals a day, and enough money to buy sticks for a fire and a few vegetables, fish or meat for curry, which he ate at the hostel.

One day he heard that the next morning the king himself was coming that way in his carriage. That raised his hopes, as he said to himself, "The king will not give me a handful of rice or a copper coin, or even a few pennies, but nothing less than a gold coin."

The next day he took up his usual position by the side of the road, and patiently awaited the king's coming. The sun stood overhead and still he waited in the noonday heat, but no sign of the ruler. Patiently he waited, still full of hope, until almost sunset and then he heard the welcome sound of the horses' hoofs and the carriage wheels.

Stepping into the road, he brought the carriage to a standstill, approached the king and begged for alms. Instead of giving him anything, the king extended his hands and asked the beggar to give *him* something. Extremely disappointed that a wealthy ruler would beg from a poor beggar, he counted out five grains of rice from his bowl and placed them angrily in the hands of the king. "Thank you", said the king, and he continued his journey.

With a sore heart and very discouraged, the beggar went that evening to his hostel, took out his winnowing fan and began to clean his rice for his meal. As he did so, a small glittering object attracted his attention. Picking it up, he saw that it was a grain of gold. Laying it carefully on one side, he went on winnowing till he found another glittering golden grain, then another. Now the search began in real earnest, and a fourth was found among the rice. After another search he saw a fifth and put it with the others. But no matter how long he searched after that, he found not another grain of gold.

Then the truth dawned on him. Five grains of rice given to the king had brought him in return five grains of gold. "What a fool I was!" he exclaimed regretfully. "If I'd known I'd have given it all to him." ■

—Author Unknown





It was Eid and I was ten years old. I was in the city hospital and was scheduled to undergo major orthopedic surgery the next day. I knew that I could only look forward to months of confinement, convalescence and pain. After my father's death, may his soul rest in peace, my dear mother and I lived alone in a small apartment. We were living on my mother's meager income of washing clothes and because we could not afford the fare for the bus, my mother was unable to visit me that day.

As the day went on, I became overwhelmed with feelings of loneliness, despair and fear. I knew my mother was home alone worrying about me, not having anyone to be with, not having anyone to eat with and not even having enough money to afford new clothes for me.

The tears welled up in my eyes, and I stuck my head under the pillow and pulled the covers over it. I cried silently, but oh so bitterly, so much that my body shook with pain.

A student nurse heard my sobbing and came over to me. She took the covers off my face and started wiping my tears. She told me how disappointed she was, having to work that day and not being able to be with her family. She asked me whether I would have dinner with her.

A Memorable Eid

A little later she brought two trays of food: Chicken, rice with nuts, fruit, and ice cream for dessert. She talked to me and tried to calm my fears. Even though she was scheduled to go off duty at 4 pm, she stayed on her own time until almost 11 pm. She played games with me, talked to me and stayed with me until I finally fell asleep.

Many Eids have come and gone since I was ten, but one never passes without me remembering that particular one and my feelings of frustration, fear, and loneliness.—And the warmth and tenderness of a giving, sacrificial soul that somehow made it all bearable. ■

—Author Unknown

*The
sacrifice
that
made a
difference*

Many people take water for granted. You turn on the tap and out it comes. But my wife, Riana, and I remember the days when water was not so easy to come by.

During a time of financial difficulty, Riana and I and our two young daughters lived in a two-room house close to Riana's father's farm. I worked doing construction on a new road, and I was glad to have a job—even if it meant walking five miles each way.

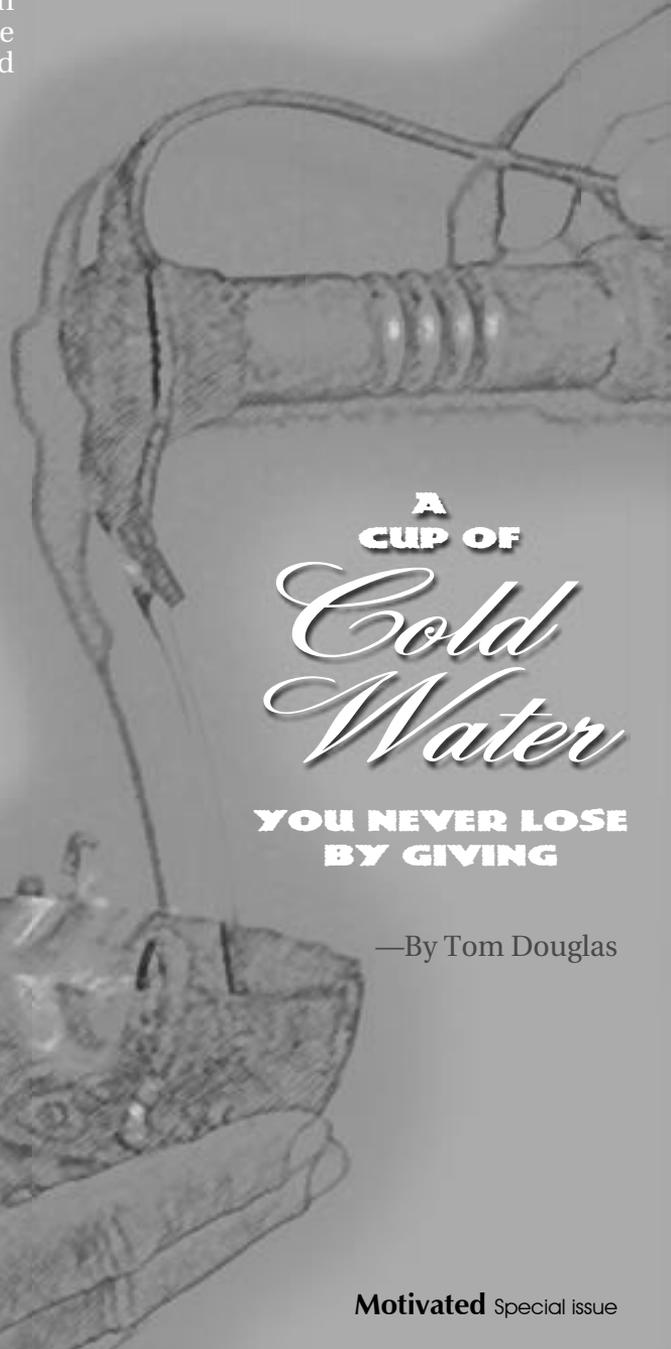
We had a big wood stove to cook on and keep us warm. But we didn't have electricity or running water. We washed with water from a nearby creek. But we had to carry drinking water all the way from a spring in the pasture. That meant walking some 300 meters up a hill and through a gate, filling a couple of 10 liter buckets, and trudging back to the house again. It tired us all out, especially Riana, who usually had the girls in tow. Still, we were thankful to God for what we had, and somehow sensed that He knew what we were going through and was in it with us.

One warm Saturday, Riana took the girls to visit her parents, and I stayed home working in the vegetable garden. I was hoeing away, trying to get over feeling tired and discouraged, when something made me stop and look up. A man was standing in the front yard. He was tall and wore black trousers and the whitest shirt I had ever seen. Our house was isolated, and I always knew if anyone was coming, so I was surprised.

"Good morning," the man said in a deep, pleasant voice. "I'm very thirsty. Could you give me a drink of water?"

Any drinking water taken from the buckets in our house meant we would soon have to climb up to the spring again, and even the thought of it seemed exhausting. But then it occurred to me that this stranger might be pretty exhausted himself.

"Sure can," I said, shoving aside



**A
CUP OF**

Cold Water

**YOU NEVER LOSE
BY GIVING**

—By Tom Douglas

my own weariness. “Want something to eat too?”

“Just water,” he said.

By now our water supply had been sitting for a while, and I suddenly thought of how much a tired and thirsty man would like a drink of fresh, cool water right from the spring. “You sit down and rest,” I said, taking a bucket. “I’m going to get some fresh water for you.”

I climbed the hill, came back, and poured the stranger a tall, sparkling glass. He drank it right down. “Wonderful water,” he said. “Too bad you have to go so far to get it.”

“It would be nice if the spring were closer,” I said, “but we have many other blessings.”

The stranger smiled, said thanks, and walked off down the road into town. I stood staring after him, feeling good—and a little peculiar. Where had the man come from? Where was he going? I had felt so peaceful in his presence I hadn’t even asked.

But I couldn’t get him out of my mind. I decided to go into town. The town was

so small that a stranger would be noticed by everyone, and I would be able to learn more about him. But my friends on the porch of the general store said I was the only one who had come down the road. “We couldn’t have missed him,” they said.

A few days later there was a downpour. About 30 feet from the house water began seeping out of the ground. When the rain was over and the earth dried, the trickle was still there. I took my shovel and dug in. Water bubbled out, fresh and fit to drink. It was a new spring—right at the spot where I had first seen the mysterious stranger.

We never had to make that climb up to the pasture again. Our new spring didn’t go dry for the next two years we lived there. After we finally moved, there was another downpour, and the spring vanished.

Years have passed since then. Yet I’ll never forget that long-ago source of refreshment and peace. One small deed of kindness to a person in need, and we got a wellspring in return. ■



What I Once Was...

A certain noble man was raised to his grand and exalted state from very humble surroundings. He had been a shepherd in his earlier days and so, in his mansion, he had one room known as “The Shepherd’s Room”. In that room were reproductions of hills and valleys, running streams, rocks and sheepfolds. There also were the staff he had carried and the clothes he had worn as a lad when herding his sheep. When asked one day the meaning of this, he replied, “If ever my heart is tempted to haughtiness and pride, I go into that room and remind myself of what I once was.” ■

—Author Unknown

Happiness is...

Happiness is a rainbow in your heart.

Happiness is thinking about others.

Happiness is not a station you arrive at, but a manner of traveling.

Happiness is something to be practiced, like a violin.

Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops on yourself.

Happiness is like the common cold —it's catching!

Happiness is not something you have in your hands; it is something you carry in your heart.

Happiness does not come from what you have, but from what you are.

True happiness comes not from having much to live on, but from having much to live for.

Gather the crumbs of happiness and they will make you a loaf of contentment.

It's not *where* you are, but *what* you are that determines your happiness.

It is not in doing what you like, but in liking what you do that is the secret of happiness.

The only way to multiply happiness is to divide it.

The heart is happiest when it beats for others.

RAMAZAN BAYRAMINIZ KUTELV OLSUN