

Special Edition

# MOTIVATED

THE MAGAZINE THAT MOVES YOU!

## PASS IT ON

Forgiveness

## Pass It On

Love

## From the Heart

Candles of hope



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Editor:  
Christina Lane  
Souad Abuhalm

Design:  
Jon Archer  
Marc Zenkner

Please contact us at:

Visit us at:  
[www.motivatedmagazine.com](http://www.motivatedmagazine.com)

Email:  
[motivated@motivatedmagazine.com](mailto:motivated@motivatedmagazine.com)

SPECIAL ISSUE

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## from the editor

Most of us have received chain email messages that encourage us to pass them on to a certain number of others, with wonderful promises attached if we do. Some of these emails are meaningful and touch our hearts, while others we discard almost instantly without giving them a second glance. In either case, we often simply don't want to get caught up in a nonsensical race to keep a chain of messages going.

Yet, there are times that we are actually excited to pass on a message, feeling for sure that it will brighten a loved one's day or provide some encouragement to a troubled friend.

On the occasion of Eid we especially think about passing on something meaningful to others. It often doesn't take a whole lot. Sometimes the smallest kind deed can make a big difference, like the following story illustrates:

"One little smile went on its merry way. First it went to the boy across the street. Next it was passed to his mom, who was sick in a hospital bed. From her it bounced to the next sick person in the hospital room. After it lingered there for a while, it moved out the door on the face of a visitor. It hopped on a bus, fixing itself to the driver, who then passed it on to his wife when he got home. She passed it on to their young son, who cheerfully gave it to his aunt. And the smile went throughout the day, to this person and then to that one, sometimes to more than one at a time. What could have been a trying day for some turned into a day of cheer. The smile, though passed on to another, left its trace on every heart; the joy lingered on. You never know what decision is brewing in someone's mind today. Your smile, or the bit of love you passed on to someone in a simple way could be the answer to another's prayers.—And the joy will always, in some way, come back to you again. Often you won't even know that the love that's being shown to you through a smile was a result of the smile chain you started—many weeks ago."

During these special holidays, may each of us be faithful to pass on that smile, that little bit of love, that kind word, and that message of hope. —We'll never lose by passing on these valuable life-giving gifts.

Blessed Eid! *Pass it on!*

Christina Lane  
For Motivated

*Pass it on...*

# Giving

**T**he following story was told by an enthusiastic traveler and writer.

On one of his trips through the rustic country side, weary and thirsty, he came to a small unpainted house that stood atop a fairly steep hill. Near one side of the road was a crude signpost finger pointing to a well-worn path, and a sign that read, "Come in and have a cool drink".



Following the path a short distance he found a spring of ice-cold water, above which hung an old-fashioned gourd dipper.

On a bench nearby was a basket of summer apples with another sign, "Help Yourself".

His curiosity aroused, the young man sought out the old couple who lived in the little house and questioned them about the signs and the fruit. He learned that they were childless, and that their poor farm yielded them a scant living. But because they had such an abundance of cold spring water and fruit they felt rich and wanted

to share it with any one who might pass that way. "We're too poor to give money to charity," the old gentleman said, "but we thought maybe in this way we could do something for folks who pass our way."

**Success is not getting the most you can, but giving the best you can.**

**One makes a living by what he gets; and a life by what he gives.**

**The surest way to have happiness and peace of mind is to give them to somebody else.**

**A small gift will do if your heart is big enough.**

**What I spent, I had.  
What I kept, I lost.  
What I gave, I have.**

Pass it on...

# Hope



One late afternoon, wanting to be alone, I entered an art gallery and sat down amid the silence and semi-darkness. It was a gloomy place at that hour. The stained glass windows were especially forbidding. Presently a caretaker approached me, and thinking he wished me to leave so that he could lock up, I started to go. "Oh no," he whispered, "don't go until the lights come on!"

So I waited. The room became darker, the shadows deepened, the windows were ugly and repelling and I wanted so much to leave. Then suddenly the street lights came on in full and the whole scene was changed!

What a transformation! I thought I had never seen such exquisite coloring, such heavenly suggestiveness as the windows gave forth in their wonderful coloring! Everything was enhanced with unearthly beauty that fed my soul, and I wanted to capture and keep it forever!

Then I thought of the darkness which had shrouded many times my spirit, and how inexplicably it can vanish with hope coming in and its light flooding the soul. I had learned a secret from that old caretaker, yes I had!

**"Don't go  
until the lights  
come on!"**

**Hope never quits,  
faith never stops  
trusting,  
and love never fails.**

**While there's life,  
there's hope.**

**For there is hope of a  
tree, if it be cut down,  
that it will sprout  
again, and that the  
tender branch thereof  
will not cease.**

**— Proverb**

Pass it on...

# Thankfulness

**T**here is a legend about two angels who were sent to earth to gather up the prayers of mankind.

One was to fill his basket with their petitions and the other was to gather their expressions of thankfulness. Some time later they went back to the heavens.

One had a basket heaped high and running over with the innumerable petitions of men. The other returned with a sad and heavy heart, for his basket was almost empty.

The thanks of men were heard rarely on earth, even though the angel had searched diligently.

Let us not forget to express our thankfulness in our prayers.

**We can complain because the rose bushes have thorns, or rejoice because thorn bushes have roses!**

**If we pause to think, we will have cause to thank.**

**He who forgets the language of gratitude can never be on speaking terms with happiness.**

**I had no shoes and I complained.  
— Until I met a man who had no feet!**

**Happiness is in the heart, not in the circumstances.**



*Pass it on...*  
**Selflessness**

## **A Coincidence?**

**By Ed Koper, adapted**

I was very proud of my daughter Emilia. At only nine years old, she had been carefully saving her allowance money all year and trying to earn extra money by doing small jobs around the neighbourhood. Emilia was determined to save enough to buy a girl's mountain bike, an item for which she'd been longing.

"How're you doing, honey?" I asked her. I knew she had hoped to have all the money she needed by the end of the year.

"I have forty-nine dollars, Daddy," she said. "I'm not sure if I'm going to make it."

"You've worked so hard," I said encouragingly. "Keep it up. But you know that you can have your pick from my bicycle collection."

"Thanks, Daddy. But your bikes are so old."

I smiled to myself because I knew she was right. As a collector of vintage bicycles, all my girls' bikes were 1950s models—not the kind a kid would choose today.

Soon after, Emilia and I went comparison shopping, and she saw several less expensive bikes for which she thought she'd have to settle. As we left one store she noticed a volunteer collecting money for charity. "Can we give them something, Daddy?" she asked.

"Sorry, Emilia, I'm out of change," I replied.

Emilia continued to work hard all through the rest of the month, and it seemed she might make her goal after all. Then suddenly one day, she came downstairs to the kitchen and made an announcement to her mother.

“Mom,” she said hesitantly, “you know all the money I’ve been saving?”

“Yes, dear,” smiled my wife Diane.

“I feel that God wants me to give it to the poor people.”

Diane knelt down to Emilia’s level. “That’s a very kind thought, sweetheart. But you’ve been saving all year. Maybe you could give some of it.”

Emilia shook her head vigorously. “I think God wants me to give it all.”

When we saw she was serious, we gave her various suggestions about where she could contribute. But it seemed like Emilia was firm in her decision, and so one cold morning, with little fanfare, she handed her total savings of \$58 to the same surprised and grateful volunteer we had seen previously.

Moved by Emilia’s selflessness, I suddenly noticed that a local car dealer was collecting used bicycles to refurbish and give to poor children. And I realized that if my nine-year-old daughter could give away all her money, I could certainly give up one bike from my collection.

As I picked up a shiny but old-fashioned kid’s bike from the line in the garage, it seemed as if a second bicycle in the line took on a glow. Should I give a second

bike? No, certainly one would be enough.

But as I got to my car, I couldn’t shake the feeling that I should donate that second bike as well. And if Emilia could do it, I decided I could too. I turned back and loaded the second bike into the trunk, then took off for the dealership.

When I delivered the bikes, the car dealer thanked me and said, “You’re making two kids very happy, dear sir. And here are your tickets.”

“Tickets?” I asked.

“Yes. For each bike donated, we’re giving away one chance to win a brand new men’s 21-speed mountain bike from a local bike shop. So here are your tickets for two chances.”

Why wasn’t I surprised when that second ticket won the bike? “I can’t believe you won!” laughed Diane, delighted.

“I didn’t,” I said. “It’s pretty clear that Emilia did.”

And why wasn’t I surprised when the bike dealer happily substituted a gorgeous new girl’s mountain bike for the man’s bike advertised?

A coincidence? Maybe! I like to think it was God’s way of rewarding a little girl for a sacrifice beyond her years—while giving her dad a lesson in charity.

**Unselfishness is a habit that you have to cultivate.**

**Fill your life with love and you’ll have no room for selfishness.**

**If there is no way to give a festive gift, give of yourself.**

**Our smallest efforts are magnified when the motives behind them are unselfish!**



## *An Extract of Wisdom*

Recently, when my dentist extracted one of my wisdom teeth, he told me this interesting fact: “When a tooth is removed soon after it becomes troublesome, the bone it’s lodged in lets go of the tooth easily. But when you allow time to pass, the bone becomes less forgiving. Good bone and bad tooth become intertwined.”

“Less forgiving...” my dentist said.

These words made me see that my soul is much like that bone. When someone does me a wrong, I feel resentment. It’s natural. But as resentment takes root, it takes over, and my soul loses the strength to forgive.

Now, when I’m done a wrong, I’m quick to uproot it, before my good soul becomes too intertwined with bad feelings.

— Jane Tilley

**A young boy, being asked what forgiveness is, gave the beautiful answer: “It is the fragrance that flowers breathe when they are trampled upon.”**

**Forgiveness is the key that unlocks the door of resentment and the handcuffs of hate. It is a power that breaks the chains of bitterness and the shackles of selfishness.**

**Forgiveness saves the expense of anger, the high cost of hatred, and the waste of energy.**

**Forgiveness is a funny thing. It warms the heart and cools the sting.**

**Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else when forgiving another.**

# *Pass it on...* forgiveness



Pass it on...

# Appreciation

A doctor sat down and wrote a letter of thanks to a schoolteacher for having given him so much encouragement when he had been in her class 30 years before. The following week he received an answer, written in a very shaky hand.

The letter read:

*“My dear Wajid: I want you to know what your note meant to me.*

*I am an old lady in my eighties, living alone in a small room, cooking my own meals, lonely, and seeming like that last leaf on the tree. You will be interested to know, Wajid, that I taught school for 50 years and in all that time, yours is the first letter of appreciation I have ever received. It came on a cold, blue morning and cheered my lonely old heart as nothing has cheered me in many years.”*

**Kind words are the music of the world.**

**In marriage, with children, at work, in any relationship — an ounce of praise, of sincere appreciation of some act or attribute, can very often do more than a ton of fault-finding.**

**Don't forget that appreciation is always appreciated.**

**The world's most unsatisfied hunger is the hunger for appreciation.**

# Beautiful

# Hands

The home of a family was discovered on fire. They thought everybody was out but the baby. Then mother saved her. For years as the child grew up the mother went about the house with her hands covered. No one had ever seen her bare hands.

One day, the daughter came into her room unexpectedly, and found the mother without her gloves on. Her hands were torn, scarred and disfigured.

Instantly the mother tried to cover them as the girl came forward, but then she said, "I had better tell you about it. It happened when the fire raged in the house and you were in your

cradle. I fought my way through the flames to get you. I wrapped you in a blanket and dropped you through the window, and somebody caught you. I could not go down the stairway, so I climbed out of the window. My hands were burnt, so I slipped and caught myself on the trellis work. When I fell, my hands were torn. The doctor did his best, but my dear, these hands were torn for you."

And the girl, who had grown to womanhood, sprang toward her mother, took one hand and then the other, and buried her face in those hands, as she kept saying, "They are beautiful hands, beautiful hands."



*Pass it on...*

# *Love*

*The heart has eyes that the mind knows nothing of.*

*Love is the threshold of everything beautiful.*

*Love is... believing, trusting, helping, encouraging,  
confiding, sharing, understanding, feeling,  
caring, praying, giving.*

*Where there is great love there are always  
great miracles.*



# Candles of Hope

Blessed are those who are candles of hope, faith, and perseverance. Blessed are those who hold up the light and allow it to keep shining. We may not feel victorious or that we have done much. We may feel discouraged with the continuity of wars and rumors of wars around us. We may be disheartened with the sad news that keeps flashing on the screens. But we will be blessed if we guard hope and keep it shining brightly, like the captain in the story of the ocean liner that was caught in a severe storm.

For two days the wind raged, and the passengers were frightened. At last an anxious traveler climbed by great effort to where he could see the pilot. Coming back down among the passengers, he spread the glad tidings of hope. He said, "We are alright. The ship will make port, because I saw the pilot, and he is smiling."

Life is sometimes like that stormy sea, but with God to guide us, we can make it through the tempest and safely to port with a smile on our faces and peace in our hearts. We can persevere in hope and remain determined not to give up, because we believe in tomorrow, because we are visionaries that look ahead to the light of a brighter day.

We can make a difference in the lives of others by being an example of steadfastness, our roots firmly embedded within the soil of hope and love, so that nothing can uproot or shake us. Yes, the winds of adversity may come and blow often, but we've learned to face it with determination and courage. Our children and those who watch us, as tender saplings, drink of the nutrients of hope and love. They drink and know all is well, because we are smiling, and continue on unwavering.

