

Motivated

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Hi, and welcome to our first ever edition of **Motivated Youth**. In this issue we're going to cover a subject we are all familiar with, and that's **friendship**. Do you have a really good friend or buddy, someone you like to hang out with, someone you can relate to? If not, you probably wish you did. Almost everyone wants to have a close friend, yet for some this goal seems unattainable. Many simply don't know how to make and keep good friends.—Or for that matter, how to be a good friend to someone.



What is a real friend anyway? Is it possible to pick your friends? What should you look for in a true friend? How do you know if your friends are loyal? What is loyalty in friendship?

We hope that the articles on the topic of friendship in this first issue of **Motivated Youth** will help to answer these questions, and more importantly, help you choose your friends wisely, become better friends with the friends you have, learn the meaning of true friendship, and repair any friendships gone wrong.

Christina Lane,
For Motivated Youth

Editor:
Christina Lane
Souad Abuhalmim

Design:
Marc Zenkner
Jon Archer

Visit us at:
www.motivatedmagazine.com

Email:
motivated@motivatedmagazine.com

Issue 1
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the bear and the two travelers

Two men were traveling together, when a bear suddenly met them on their path.

One of them climbed up quickly into a tree and concealed himself in the branches.

The other, seeing that he would be attacked, fell flat on the ground, and when the bear came up, felt him with his snout, and smelled him all over, he held his breath, and feigned the appearance of death as much as he could.

The bear soon left him, for it is said he will not touch a dead body.

When the bear was gone, the other traveler descended from the tree, and jocularly inquired of his friend what it was the bear had whispered in his ear.

"He gave me this advice," his companion replied. **"Never travel with a friend who deserts you at the approach of danger."**

THE STORY OF HENG

Whatever their planned target, the mortar rounds landed in an orphanage run by a small volunteer group in the small Vietnamese village. The volunteers and one or two children were killed outright, and several more children were wounded, including one girl about eight years old.

People from the village requested medical help from a neighboring town that they had radio contact with. Finally, a doctor and nurse arrived in a jeep with only their medical kits. They established that the girl was the most critically injured. Without quick action, she would soon die of shock and loss of blood.

A transfusion was imperative, and a donor with a matching blood type was required. A quick test showed that neither the doctor nor the nurse had the correct blood type, but several of the uninjured orphans did.



The doctor spoke some pidgin Vietnamese, and the nurse a smattering of high school French. Using that combination together with much impromptu sign language, they tried to explain to the young, frightened audience that unless they could replace some of the girl's lost blood, she would certainly die. Then they asked, if anyone would be willing to give blood to help.

Their request was met with wide-eyed silence. After several long moments a small hand slowly and waveringly went up, dropped back down again and then went up again.

"Oh, thank you," said the nurse in French. "What is your name?" "Heng," came the reply.

Heng was quickly laid on a pallet, his arm swabbed with alcohol, and a needle inserted in his vein. Through this ordeal Heng lay stiff and silent.

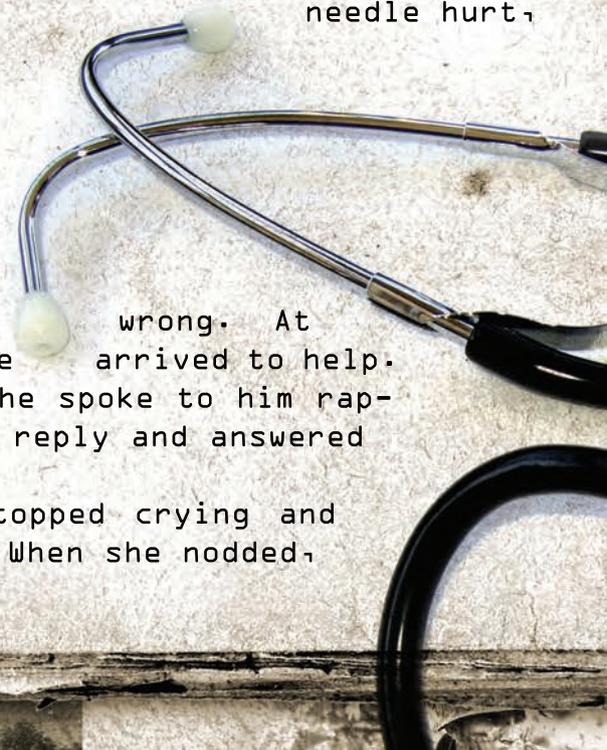
After a moment, he let out a shuddering sob, quickly covering his face with his free hand.

"Is it hurting Heng?" the doctor asked. Heng shook his head, but after a few moments another sob escaped, and once more he tried to cover up his crying. Again the doctor asked him if the needle hurt, and again Heng shook his head.

But now his occasional sobs gave way to a steady, silent crying, his eyes screwed tightly shut, his fist in his mouth to stifle his sobs.

The medical team was concerned. Something was obviously wrong. At this point, a Vietnamese nurse arrived to help. Seeing the little one's distress, she spoke to him rapidly in Vietnamese, listened to his reply and answered him in a soothing voice.

After a moment the patient stopped crying and looked questioningly at the nurse. When she nodded,



a look of great relief spread over his face.

Glancing up, the nurse said quietly to the doctor and nurse, "He thought he was dying."

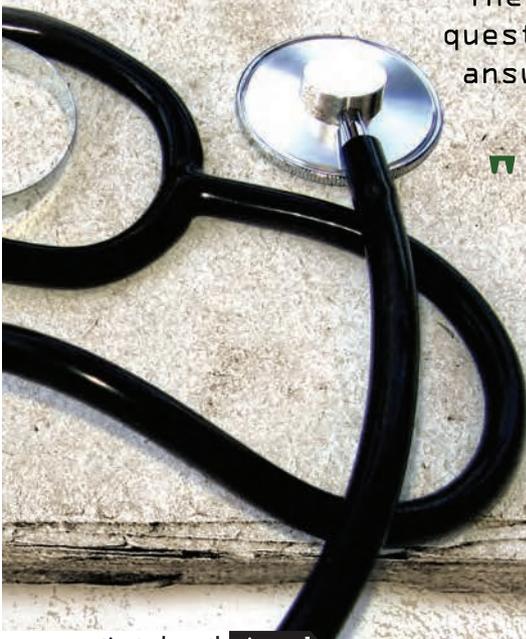
He misunderstood you. He thought you had asked him to give all his blood so the little girl could live."

"But why would he be willing to do that?" asked the nurse.

The Vietnamese nurse repeated the question to the little boy who answered simply,

"She's my friend."

Greater love has no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friend.



Director Morgan Spurlock had a bright idea for a film project. One day in 2002, slumped on his mother's couch after eating far too much, he saw a news item about two teenage girls in New York suing McDonald's for making them obese. The company responded by saying their food was nutritious and good for people. *Is that so*, he wondered? To find out, he committed himself to 30 days of Big Mac bingeing.

The result is his documentary *Super Size Me: A Film of Epic Portions*, a sometimes comic but serious look at America's addiction to fast food.

Spurlock, 33, a tall New Yorker of usually cast-iron constitution, made himself the guinea pig. He ate only at McDonald's for a month—three meals, every day—and took a camera crew along to record it. If a server offered to super-size his order, he was obliged to accept—and to ingest everything.

Neither Spurlock nor the three doctors who agreed to monitor his health during the experiment were prepared for the degree of ruin it would wreak on his body.



SUPER



Within days, he was vomiting up his burgers and battling with headaches and depression.

When Spurlock had finished, his liver, overwhelmed by saturated fats, had virtually turned to pâté. "The liver test was the most shocking thing," said Dr. Daryl Isaacs, who joined the team to watch over him. "It became very, very abnormal."

Spurlock put on nearly 12kg (26 lbs) over the period and his cholesterol level leapt from a respectable 165 to 230. He told the New York Post: "I got desperately ill. My face was splotchy and I had this huge gut, which I've never had in my life... It was amazing—and really frightening."

Spurlock claims that the goal was not to attack McDonald's. "If there's one thing we could accomplish with the film, it is that we make people think about what they put in their mouth," he said. "So the next time you do go into a fast-food restaurant and they say, 'Would you like to upsize that?' you think about it and say, 'Maybe I won't.'"

Editor: Fast food can be a convenient meal once in a while. The problem is, if you don't minimize it, it'll maximize you! If you need to grab a quick bite, fruit is a wonderful fast food. It's good, and good for you, in contrast to the sort of empty, greasy calories. It's better to stay healthy than to have to be healed.

SIZE ME

Being a True Friend...

Dear Adel, I have a friend. I shall call him Eddie. Eddie and I have been the best of friends since 3rd grade. We have been to each other's birthday parties, helped each other with our homework, and gone on vacation together; we even broke our legs together on the same day we got new roller blades. Last summer was the first time that we did not go on vacation together in six years. Eddie's dad had to go to Europe for work and he brought Eddie along with him.

This is when the troubles started. Ever since Eddie came back from Europe he has been acting strange. He hardly ever comes around any more, and when he does he only stays for a few minutes. Eddie began to skip classes, and that is what frightened me. We have been honor students for the longest time and were just about to graduate.

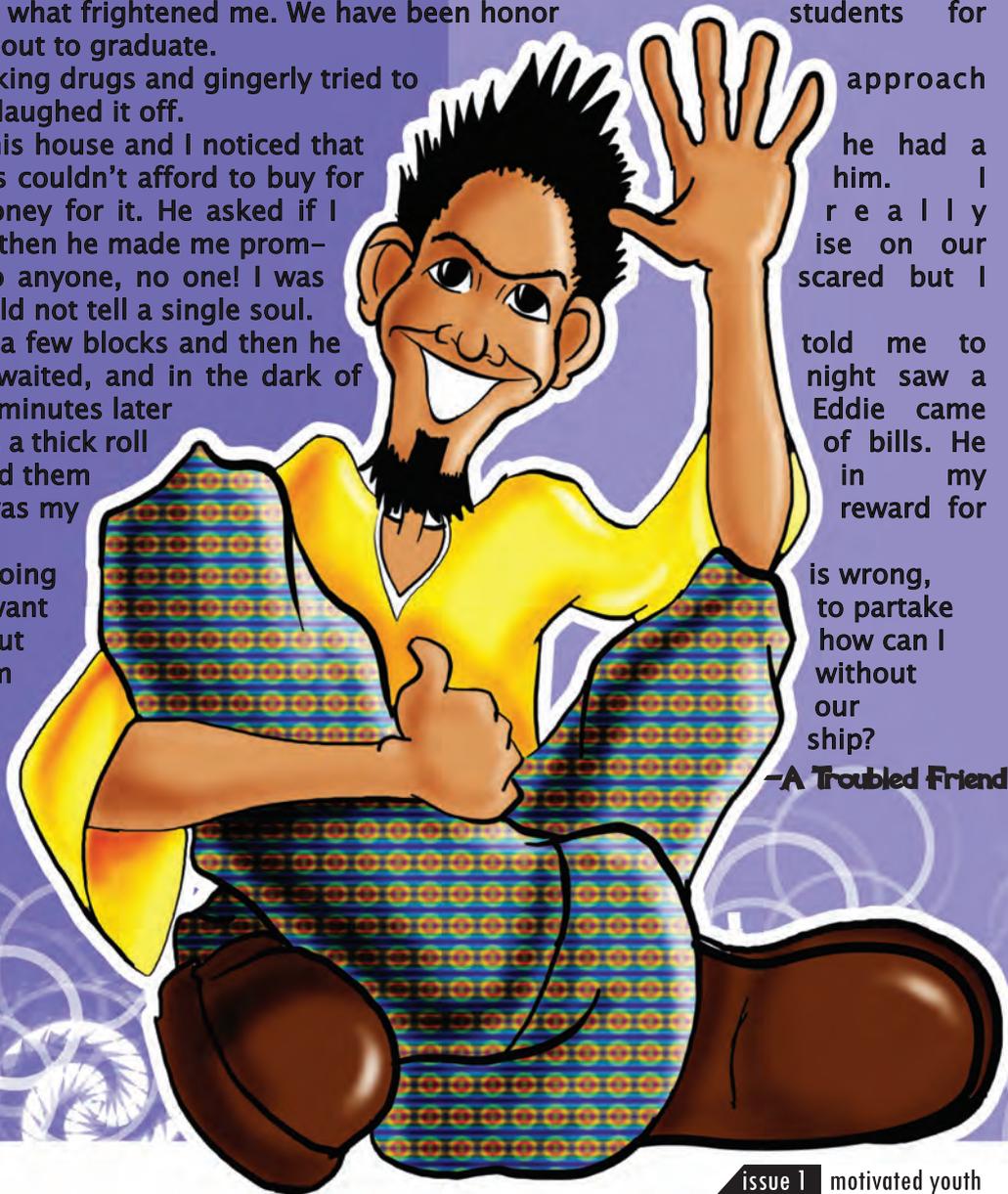
I suspected that he was taking drugs and gingerly tried to approach the subject with him, but he just laughed it off.

One night I went over to his house and I noticed that he had a lot of new things that his parents couldn't afford to buy for him. I asked him where he got the money for it. He asked if I really wanted to know. I said I did, and then he made me promise on our friendship not to breathe this to anyone, no one! I was scared but I did, and promised him that I would not tell a single soul.

We snuck out and walked a few blocks and then he told me to wait while he went on ahead. I waited, and in the dark of night saw a few shadows approach him. Five minutes later Eddie came back smiling. In his hand was a thick roll of bills. He counted a few out and placed them in my hand, telling me that that was my reward for helping him.

I know what he is doing and I don't want to partake of it, but how can I help him without ruining our friendship?

-A Troubled Friend



ASK
ADEL

Dear Troubled Friend,

Real loyalty and friendship is being loyal to what's right, not who's right. If you're not able to stand up for what's right amongst your friends, then you're really doing them a disfavor. You're not being loyal at all because you're allowing them to be hurt and to go astray; you're allowing their future to be hurt; you're allowing their relationship with others to suffer—all because you don't have enough sense of true loyalty to your friends to speak up for the truth.

You might think, "Well, if I say something to my friends to help them, or I won't go along with something they want to do because I know it's not right, then they'll get mad at me and they won't want to be my friend." They might get mad at you temporarily, but when the crunch comes and when they really need a friend who they know will be honest with them and tell them the truth, when they're faced with a big decision or are going through a big battle, you're the one they'll want to come to for help because they know you're going to be honest with them and tell them the truth.

Sometimes the truth hurts, but a real friend is someone who loves you and cares enough about you to be honest. Real friends don't want to see each other doing the wrong things and ending up getting hurt, hurting others, or going off course. It's wrong to expect your friends to never speak up about wrongdoing, and if they do, to feel that they're not being loyal to you. The reason your friends speak up to you is because they love you and they don't want you to get into something that's going to cause a problem. You should be very thankful to have such loyal friends who are willing to risk a little of your anger and the possibility that you would be upset with them for a little while, because they know it's worth it in the long run.

Loyal friends are those who want to see you make it in life; who want to see you progressing and happy in your life. Be thankful for friends who are willing to uphold virtues and are honest with you. Value them! Those are the kinds of friends you'll be able to count on. They'll walk alongside you, and even lay down their life for you if need be.

-Adel

Being a True Friend...

...means speaking the truth in love, even if you know it will hurt.

...will make you do whatever is necessary to make sure that no physical, emotional, or spiritual harm comes to that person.

...means being there for one another.

...means wanting the best for one another.

...means that you are clued in to the fact that there are dangers in this world that could come to your friend, to their mental health, to their emotional well-being, and even to their bodies and lives. And because of this, it means doing all that you can to guard one another from those dangers. You can't be a true friend if your head is buried in the sand and you pretend that nothing ever goes wrong and that there are never consequences for your actions.

...means caring more about someone's long-term future than their short-term happiness.

...means never giving up on someone.

...means a willingness to consider any sacrifice, if it will help someone else.

...is to love another more than yourself.



challenging thought

One of the virtues and strengths of a true friend is that they shoot straight with you. You especially like the honesty, warmth, and depth of a true friend, someone who's always there for you, who will always listen to you. You can always bare your heart to them without fear of rejection. You feel as if you can always just dive off the deep end with them and immediately you're swimming around together in deep waters, not shallow ones.

But let's shoot straight with you here: In many cases your perception and attitudes regarding what truly qualifies a person as a friend may have been clouded. Even your definition of a friend may be more from a selfish point of view than an unselfish point of view. You've allowed friendship to be robbed of its true beauty and strength, and to instead place about your shoulders the cloak of exclusivity, of

secrecy, of secret pacts and vows, of mixed and divided loyalties, of feeling that only one or a select few can be your friends. Others are not permitted to enter this "sacred" circle, and so selfish cliques are formed.

This cloak of exclusivity and misplaced loyalties can nourish your own needs to a certain extent and thus provide a sense of security and warmth, but unfortunately it will keep you from opening your hearts and lives to others who need you and your arms of friendship to be open and extended to them as well. It will also prevent you from standing up for the truth and what you know to be right for fear of losing your "friends."

The definition of a true friend is one who is faithful to deliver the truth to you—even if it hurts you or your feelings—because they love you and they care for you.

