

Volume 1, Issue 10

# MOTIVATED

THE MAGAZINE THAT MOVES YOU!

## AS IS

We can be loved for just being ourselves

## BARRIERS TO LOVE

And how to overcome them

## LOVE IS...

...this and more



**3 Love Buzz**  
Things are not forever, children are

**3 What Really Matters**  
“It’s *you* I love!”

**4 As Is**  
We can be loved for just being ourselves

**6 An Angel Named Beverly**  
Is love worth the pain?

**7 He Expected It of Me**

**7 Love Is...**  
...this and more

**8 Barriers to Love**  
And how to overcome them

**12 Notable Quotes**  
On love

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Love is one of life’s sweetest mysteries. It can be ethereal or down-to-earth, thunderous and ardent, or tender and hushed. At once priceless and free, it’s the universal experience that is wonderfully personal. Like a scintillating jewel that reflects beauty off its many facets— each unique, yet each part of the whole—is that mystical, magical, marvelous thing called love.

It’s in the faces of mother and child— mutual adoration that is beyond words. It is in the faces of parents as they embrace a returning son or daughter. It is in the faces of a couple in love, who are lost in each other’s eyes and dreams. It is in the faces of those who care for the afflicted, the homeless, and the destitute. It is in the faces of strangers and friends—anyone who takes time to be thoughtful and kind.

Every time we see love manifested, we experience a touch of God’s love.

These few pages don’t pretend to do the subject justice, but we hope the articles in this issue of *Motivated* will touch your heart and fill it with that special kind of love that loves freely, unselfishly, without partiality, and without end.

If we each truly tried to put that kind of love into action, it would change the world. It wouldn’t change the whole world overnight, but before long it would change our world—our own lives and the lives we touch.

Putting real love into action always makes a difference!

Christina Lane  
For *Motivated*

# Love BUZZ

—Retold by Keith Phillips



**A** city bus stopped to pick up two frail old ladies. The driver helped the first one on, then jumped down and, with a grin, supported the arm of the frailer of the two and helped her onto the bus.

When the conductor went to take their fares, he found that the women actually wanted to go in the opposite direction. Nothing daunted, the driver stopped the bus and helped them off. Then he held up the traffic, saw them across the road, and waited for a bus to come in the right direction. Everybody in the first bus had to wait. When a bus came along, the first bus driver flagged it down and again helped the two old ladies board.

When he returned to his own bus, he was greeted by a spontaneous burst of applause. As he pulled away from the bus stop, the other passengers all seemed happier. Instead of the previous silence and standoffishness, there was a cheery buzz of conversation as strangers smiled to each other and chatted. ♥

## “It’s *you* I love!” WHAT REALLY MATTERS

—Adapted, from Paul Harvey



**C**arl was driving to work one morning when he bumped fenders with another motorist. Both cars stopped, and the woman driving the other car got out to survey the damage.

She was distraught. It was her fault, she admitted, and hers was a new car— less than two days from the showroom.

She dreaded facing her husband.

Carl was sympathetic, but he had to pursue the exchange of license and registration data.

She reached into her glove compartment to retrieve the documents in an envelope.

On the first paper to tumble out, written in her husband’s distinctive hand, were these words: “In case of accident, remember, honey, it’s *you* I love, not the car.” ♥



We can be  
loved for  
just being  
ourselves



Abbie Blair was a social worker back in the 1960s. On one occasion, she set up an adoption that she will never, ever forget. Let Abbie tell the story.

I remember the first time I saw Freddie. His foster mother had brought him to the adoption agency where I work, so I could meet him and help find adoptive parents for him. He was standing in a playpen and gave me a toothy grin. What a beautiful baby, I thought.

His foster mother gathered him into her arms. “Will you be able to find a family for Freddie?”

Then I saw it. Freddie had been born without arms.

“He’s so smart. He’s only ten months old, and already he walks and talks.” She kissed him. “Say ‘book’ for Mrs. Blair.”

Freddie grinned at me and hid his head on his foster mother’s shoulder. “Now, Freddie, don’t act that way,” she said. “He’s really very friendly,” she added. “Such a good, good boy!”

Freddie reminded me of my own son when he was that age, the same dark hair, the same brown eyes.

“You won’t forget him, Mrs. Blair? You will try?”

“I won’t forget.”

I went upstairs and got out my latest copy of the Hard-to-Place list: Freddie is a ten-month-old boy. He has brown eyes and brown hair. His parents died in a car accident when he was one month old. Freddie was born without arms, but is otherwise in good health. His caregiver feels he is showing signs of superior mentality, and he is already walking and saying a few words. Freddie is a warm, affectionate child, and he is ready for a foster family.

*He’s ready, I thought. But who is ready for him?*

It was ten o’clock on a lovely late-summer morning, and the agency was full of couples—couples having interviews, couples meeting babies, families being born. These couples nearly always have the same dream: They want a child as much like themselves as possible, as young as possible, and—most importantly—a child with no medical problems.

“If he develops a problem after we get him,” they say, “that is a risk we’ll take, just like any other parents. But to pick a baby who already has a problem—that’s too much.”

And who can blame them?

I wasn't alone in looking for parents for Freddie. Any of the caseworkers meeting a new couple started with a hope: Maybe they were for Freddie. But summer slipped into fall, and Freddie was with us for his first birthday.

"Freddie is so-o-o big," said Freddie, laughing. "So-o-o big."

And then I found them.

It started out as it always does—an impersonal record in my box, a new case, a new "Home Study," two people who wanted a child. They were Frances and Edwin Pearson. She was 41. He was 45. She was a housewife. He was a truck driver.

I went to see them. They lived in a tiny white house with a big yard full of sun and old trees. They greeted me together at the door, eager and scared to death.

Mrs. Pearson produced steaming coffee and oven-warm cookies. They sat before me on the sofa, close together, holding hands. After a moment, Mrs. Pearson began: "Today is our wedding anniversary. Eighteen years."

"Good years." Mr. Pearson looked at his wife. "Except ..."

"Yes," she said. "Except. Always the 'except.'" She looked around the immaculate room. "It's too neat," she said. "You know?"

I thought of my own living room with my three children. Teenagers now. "Yes," I said. "I know."

"Perhaps we're too old?"

I smiled. "I don't think so," I said.

"We don't either."

"You always think it will be this month, and then next month," Mr. Pearson said. "Examinations. Tests. All kinds of things. Over and over. But nothing ever happened. You just go on hoping and hoping, and time keeps slipping by."

"We've tried to adopt before this," Mr. Pearson said. "One agency told us our apartment was too small, so we got this house. Then another agency said I didn't make enough money. We had decided that was it, but this friend told us about you, and we decided to make one last try."

"I'm glad," I said.

Mrs. Pearson glanced at her husband proudly. "Can we choose at all?" she asked. "A boy for my husband?"

"We'll try for a boy," I said. "What kind of boy?"

Mrs. Pearson laughed. "How many kinds are there? Just a boy! My husband is very athletic. He played football in high school—basketball, too, and track. He would be good for a boy."

Mr. Pearson looked at me. "I know you can't tell exactly," he said, "but can you give us any idea how soon? We've waited so long."

I hesitated. There is always this question.

"Next summer maybe," said Mrs. Pearson. "We could take him to the beach."

"That long?" Mr. Pearson said. "Don't you have anyone at all? There must be a little boy somewhere."

"Of course," he went on after a pause, "we can't give him as much as other people. We haven't a lot of money saved up."

"We've got a lot of love," his wife said. "We've saved up a lot of that."

"Well," I said cautiously, "there is a little boy. He is 13 months old."

"Oh," Mrs. Pearson said, "just a beautiful age."

"I have a picture of him," I said, reaching for my purse. I handed them Freddie's picture.

"He's a wonderful little boy," I said. "But he was born without arms."

They studied the picture in silence. He looked at her. "What do you think, Fran?" "Kickball," Mrs. Pearson said, "You could teach him kickball."

"Athletics are not so important," Mr. Pearson said. "He can learn to use his head. Arms he can do without. A head, never. He can go to college. We'll save for it."

"A boy is a boy," Mrs. Pearson insisted. "He needs to play. You can teach him."

"I'll teach him. Arms aren't everything. Maybe we can get him some."

They had forgotten me. But maybe Mr. Pearson was right, I thought. Maybe sometime Freddie could be fitted with artificial arms. He did have nubs where arms should be.

"Then you might like to see him?"

They looked up. "When could we have him?"

"You think you might want him?"

Mrs. Pearson looked at me. "Might?" she said. "Might?"

"We want him," her husband said.

Mrs. Pearson went back to the picture. "You've been waiting for us," she said. "Haven't you?"

"His name is Freddie," I said.

"That's a nice name," Mrs. Pearson answered.

And that was it.

There were formalities, of course, and by the time we set the day the end of the year holidays were upon us and lights were strung across city streets everywhere.

I met the Pearson's in the waiting room. There was a little snow on both of them.

"Your little boy's here already," I told them. "Let's go upstairs and I'll bring him to you."

"I've got butterflies," Mrs. Pearson announced. "Suppose he doesn't like us?"

I put my hand on her arm. "I'll get him," I said.

Freddie's foster mother had dressed him in a new suit. His hair shone, a mop of dark hair.

"Going home," Freddie said to me, smiling, as his foster mother put him in my arms.

"I told him that," she said. "I told him he was going to his new home."

She kissed him, and her eyes were wet. "Goodbye, dear. Be a good boy."

"Good boy," said Freddie cheerfully. "Going home."

I carried him to the little room where the Pearson's were waiting. When I got there, I put him on his feet and opened the door. "Happy New Year", I said.

Freddie stood uncertainly, rocking a little, gazing intently at the two people before him. They drank in the sight of him.

Mr. Pearson knelt on one knee. "Freddie," he said, "come here. Come and see me!"

Freddie looked back at me for a moment. Then, turning, he walked slowly toward them. They reached out their arms and gathered him in. ♥

We all want to be loved, to have our place, to find open arms greeting us.

One of the great difficulties, of course, is that so much depends on our desirability.

If we look good, if we do what we're supposed to do, if we meet someone's expectations...if, if, if, then maybe they'll love us.

But there is a unique kind of love. There is an "as is" kind of love that says we don't have to look good. We don't have to say the right things. We don't have to be in the right places.

We don't have to have the right money or position.

Rather, we can be loved for just being ourselves.

God is the sole source of this type of love. God loves us "as is." ♥

# LOVE

## IS...

believing,  
trusting,  
helping,  
encouraging,  
confiding,  
sharing,  
understanding,  
caring,  
praying,  
and giving.

## THIS

## AND

## MORE

—by David Fontaine



Love is communication.

Love is an emotion.

Love is adoring, alive, vibrant, and warm.

Love is something that gets better all the time!

Love is the greatest need of mankind, so...

Love is the greatest service to mankind.

Love is spiritual, but is manifested practically.

Love is seen as it is put into action.

Love is thoughtfulness.

Love is always. It knows no hours or days.

Love is always finding a way.

Love is giving all.

Love is rare—the unselfish kind.

Love is priceless.

Love is its own reward.

Love is not hurting anybody.

Love prefers the happiness of others to our own.

Love is choosing to suffer to help someone else.

Love is courage.

Love is total sacrifice.

Love is never lost.—It always has an effect sooner or later.

Love is forever. ♥



# BARRIERS TO LOVE

And how to overcome them

By Shannon Shayler, adapted



**FEAR**— A main obstacle to showing outgoing concern for others can be that sensitive little nerve somewhere deep inside that most of us will do almost anything to keep from getting hurt. All too often, it seems, we don't show we love and care because we're afraid it will backfire. We fear rejection, and that makes us overly concerned about what others may think. Perhaps someone will think we're being too forward. Perhaps they'll think we're being insincere. Perhaps they'll think we have selfish motives. Perhaps they'll feel put on the

spot—that they have to reciprocate, even if they'd rather not.

So how do we overcome those fears?—The same way we overcome our fear of diving boards: by taking the plunge!



**SELFISHNESS**— If we could learn to look at people and situations the way God would want us to look at them and then act accordingly, how differently we would do things! Just about everyone has heard the maxim, "It's more blessed to give than to receive." Most of us agree in principle, but it's often another case of easier said than done.

This is where faith comes in. If we really believe this maxim, we will act on it—even if it's contrary to our natural reasoning or the way the world around us operates. And when we do, we reap the innumerable and incomparable rewards that are reserved for those who care about others unselfishly. It may not pay off immediately in a material way, but we won't be sorry. Sooner or later we will see that even the seeming sacrifices aren't sacrifices. They are investments that will someday pay big dividends.



**RESENTMENT**— Resentment can build walls between people faster than almost anything, and it often starts with relatively small matters. Another person does something to hurt or wrong us, and we hold it against them. That's the first brick. They do it again, and we add a second brick. Now that we know what to look for, the offenses—and bricks—mount quickly. Soon just thinking about that person seems to justify another brick. Before long, we can't even see the other person. All we can

see is the wall.

One of the worst things about resentment is that it's self-justifying. "Okay, so I'm not perfect either and share some of the blame, but what he did to me was much worse!" But when we harbor resentment, we're the real losers. It not only cuts us off from the person we resent, but resentment's destructive nature is such that it can't be contained to one relationship. Those negative feelings spill over into other relationships. Walls go up on other sides, and we become isolated in our unhappiness.

The only solution is to bring in the wrecking ball and break down those walls: Forgive!

If we can do so much good by showing we love and care about those around us, both at home and in the workplace, and if we ourselves can gain so much in the process, why don't we show our love and care more? Why do we often fail to say and do the loving things we know we should? What stands in our way? There could be a number of reasons, of course, but some common obstacles we could face are...



**BUSINESS** — If we could observe people from all walks of life for one day and make note of every missed opportunity to show love or appreciation, and then ask them later where they think they went wrong, most would probably say that they were simply too busy. The world has speeded up tremendously in the last few generations, and nearly everyone is under terrific pressure to get ahead, stay ahead, or try to catch up—often at the cost of the things that really matter most in life. Survey after survey has found that people value the love, support, purpose, and the sense of fulfillment they derive from family and friends more than material success, but the same surveys find the same people complaining they never have enough time to spend with family and friends.

The solution is simple, but not always easy: If it's a priority, we should treat it like a priority. We should remind ourselves each morning and throughout the day that we're going to put people ahead of material gain or getting things done. We should try to make every encounter with everyone we come in contact with a positive one. That usually doesn't take more than a smile, a compliment, or a word of sympathy—and it usually doesn't interfere with what we're doing or cause us to get less done. In fact, our work will probably go smoother and seem far less stressful. Before long, we'll see people light up when we enter the room, and those smiles, compliments, and kind words will come back to us. What's more, we'll have the satisfaction of knowing we made someone's day or job or life better—and that's real accomplishment!



**FAMILIARITY** — When most couples vow “for better or worse,” in the starry-eyed magic of the moment they can only imagine their lives together getting better and better. New parents take one long, deep look into the eyes of their baby and vow to never hurt or disappoint the child. Children promise to stay best friends forever. Doctors, nurses, teachers, social workers, and others dedicate their lives to serving others. It's love—that superglue of families, friendships, and every other good thing—that inspires such commitment. Why, then, do married couples squabble? Why do parents nag, belittle, and get impatient? Why do friends drift apart? Why does the inspiration to selflessly serve wane?

Familiarity is often to blame. As time passes, we become familiar with the people we are closest to, and we stop valuing and treating them like we should. The wear and tear of daily living takes its toll, and the bright newness of once-treasured relationships begins to fade. Up close and personal, everyone's flaws and wrinkles begin to show. Routines become ruts. Our once-prized blessings begin to weigh on us.

Sound familiar? Then it's time to reverse the trend. That will take a conscious effort and may not be easy, especially if the problem has been going on for some time, but it can be done. We can count our blessings and remind ourselves of all the things about the other person that drew us to them in the first place. Then we can put ourselves in their position and ask the same question. The quickest and surest way to return the shine to any tarnished relationship is to polish our half. When we get busy being the person we set out to be at the start, the other party will almost certainly follow suit without direct prompting.



Whatever the barrier to love we may face, it's good to remember in the words of Emmett

Fox, the renowned author and lecturer, that, "There is no difficulty that enough love will not conquer, no disease that enough love will not heal. No door that enough love will not open, no gulf that enough love will not bridge. No wall that enough love will not throw down, no sin that enough love will not redeem. It makes no difference how deeply seated may be the trouble, how hopeless the outlook, how muddled the tangle, how great the mistake. Sufficient love will dissolve it all." ♥



—Retold by David Fontaine

## “He Expected It of Me!”

There is a story about two brothers who enlisted in the army during World War I, and asked to be assigned to the same unit. They were soon sent to the frontline, to the trenches. In the trench warfare of that period, each side dug a network of trenches along the frontline of their territory, then laid siege to the other side's trenches. From time to time, one side or the other would launch an offensive to try to break through the enemy's lines. During one such attack, the younger brother was seriously wounded in no-man's land—the exposed, deadly area between the opposing forces.

The older brother, still safe in the trench, saw it happen and knew instinctively what he must do. He worked his way through the trench, around other soldiers, until he came to his lieutenant. "I've got to go get him!" the older brother called out over the din of battle.

"That's impossible!" his lieutenant fired back. "You'll be killed the minute you stick your head out of this trench!"

But the older brother tore himself loose from the officer's grip, scrambled out of the trench and plunged into no-man's land to find his brother, amid heavy fire from the enemy.

When he did, the younger brother could only manage a whisper. "I knew you'd come!"

By this time, the older brother had also been seriously wounded. He barely managed to drag his brother back to their lines, where they both fell into the trench.

"Why did you do it?!" asked the lieutenant, himself at the point of tears.

"I told you you'd get yourself killed!"

"I had to do it!" the older brother replied with a faint smile. "He expected it of me!" ♥

# An Angel Named Beverly

By Nyx Martinez



## Is love worth the pain?

One of the kids at the cancer hospital I visit has just died. I know her passing on ended her suffering, and that she's in Heaven now, but still, seven-year-old Beverly was one of my favorites. She never seemed very sick, really. She had a full head of hair and wasn't as thin as the others. How I took it for granted that every Thursday at 10:00 am, Beverly would be there in the playroom, waiting for our art class to begin.

She wasn't there today, and she never will be again.

They kept on telling me, "Don't get attached to the kids." But I shrugged it off, thinking I could take it. I understood that their lives hung by a thread, and I could deal with it when the thread unraveled.

Other volunteers before me had dropped out because kids they'd grown to love had died. It was all too much for them. But I was strong. I wouldn't be so affected.

And yet, here I am, crying my eyes out.

Perhaps Beverly was an angel, too good for this world, so she was given her wings before the rest of us. She seemed untouched by the evils of this world and was too innocent to know of the pain that loved ones leave in their wake when they pass on.

It doesn't seem to make sense. Not for Beverly, and not for the others whose lives will be cut short—thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions. Am I wasting my time by investing in these little souls who will experience so little more of life?

If their existence is so short-term, then is it right for me to love them as though they will live forever?

Asking myself these questions led to a surprising answer: Because their futures are so unpredictable, every day counts. Every second counts. The question is not a matter of whether they will live or die, but rather if I will live to love them.

There is no glory in this job. I know it will bring more pain each time I witness another young life slipping away. It is inevitable that I will again become attached, only to lose someone very dear to my heart.

There is no glory, but there is comfort. It is the comfort of knowing that if I can be a touch of love in the hearts of others who will take a remembrance of love with them—be they here on earth or in the next world—then I have done what matters most.

Beverly had lived for seven years. I may live to be seventy or more. I don't know. Nobody knows. Death can take anyone by surprise. But whatever happens and whatever I see when I get to Heaven, there is one face that will not surprise me. There, in the place where there will be no more suffering or crying or death, will be the beautiful face of an angel—an angel named Beverly. ♥



# On Love

Love has no age. It is always being born. — Blaise Pascal

Wherever there is another human being, there is an opportunity to show love.

To love is to weep with them that weep, to suffer with them that suffer, and to feel the agony of heart with them whose hearts are broken.

Loving-kindness is twice blessed; it blesses him who gives, and him who receives.

When love gets in your being, it is bound to break out on your face.

Giving is the thermometer of our love.

Love feels no loads.

The person who sows seeds of love and kindness enjoys a perpetual harvest.

Love prefers the happiness of others to our own.

Love is a fruit in season at all times, and within the reach of every hand.  
—Mother Teresa

If you love something, you'll talk about it—a lot!

Love is a gift from above.

Love is a stream that finds an empty heart so it can fill it.