

Volume 7, Issue 9

MOTIVATED

THE MAGAZINE THAT MOVES YOU!



LOVE STAYS

Help Someone

Don't let this chain of love end with you

A Small Act, a Big Difference

3 **Love Stays**

4 **Help Someone** Don't let this chain of love end with you

6 **No Act of Kindness Is Ever Wasted**

8 **Parenting from the Heart** 3 simple ways to teach your children to love others

10 **A Small Act, a Big Difference**

12 **Notable Quotes** Love is...

When I started working on this issue of *Motivated*, I ran across the first lines of this song, made popular by Dionne Warwick in the 60s:

*What the world needs now is love sweet love,
It's the only thing that there's just too little of.
What the world needs now is love sweet love,
No, not just for some, but for everyone.*

The tune immediately got stuck in my head, and I thought how fitting this topic is for this time in our history. We constantly hear reports of war and conflict. Hateful rhetoric fills not only the airwaves, but the conversations and social media posts of many ordinary people. How different our world would be if politicians and world leaders would promote love and tolerance, and if news agencies found more kind deeds to report on than crime, violence, and fatalities.

I hope that the articles and stories in this issue will help make a difference in reversing the trend, and start a chain of kind and loving deeds that will eventually span the globe. Let's all contribute to spreading the news of love by passing on this edition of *Motivated* to others.

Christina Lane
For *Motivated*

**Issue
Editor**

Motivated Vol 7, Issue 9
Christina Lane

Design

awexdesign

**Contact Us:
Email
Website**

motivated@motivatedmagazine.com
www.motivatedmagazine.com

Copyright © 2016 by Motivated,
all rights reserved



Love Stays

Author Unknown, adapted

A nurse took an anxious, young man to the bedside. “Your son is here,” she said to the old man. She had to repeat the words several times before the patient’s eyes opened. Heavily sedated because of the pain of his heart attack, he dimly saw the young man standing outside the oxygen tent. He reached out his hand. The young man wrapped his toughened fingers around the old man’s limp ones, squeezing a message of love and encouragement.

The nurse brought a chair so that he could sit beside the bed. All through the night, the young man sat there in the poorly lighted ward, holding the old man’s hand and offering him words of love and strength. Occasionally, the nurse suggested that he move away and rest awhile. He refused. Whenever the nurse came into the ward, the young man was oblivious of her and of the night noises of the hospital—the clanking of the oxygen tank, the laughter of the night staff members exchanging greetings, the cries and moans of the other patients.

Now and then she heard him say a few gentle words. The dying man said nothing, only held tightly to his son all through the night. Along towards dawn, the old man died. The young man released the now lifeless hand he had been holding and went to tell the nurse. While she did what she had to do, he waited. Finally, she returned. She started to offer words of sympathy, but the young man interrupted her.

“Who was that man?” he asked. The nurse was startled, “He was your father,” she answered.

“No, he wasn’t,” the young man replied. “I never saw him before in my life.”

“Then why didn’t you say something when I took you to him?”

“I knew right away there had been a mistake, but I also knew he needed his son, and his son just wasn’t here. When I realized that he was too sick to tell whether or not I was his son, knowing how much he needed me, I stayed.”

The next time someone needs you ... just be there, and spend time with them. Stay. ■

Help Someone

Don't let this chain of love end with you

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Author Unknown, reprinted from *Motivated* Volume 1, Issue 1

He almost didn't see the old lady, stranded on the side of the road. But even in the dim evening light, he could see she needed help. So he pulled up in front of her Mercedes and got out.

His car was still sputtering when he approached her. Even with the smile on his face, she was worried. No one had stopped to help for the last hour or so. Was he going to hurt her? He didn't look safe. He looked poor and hungry.

He could see that she was frightened, standing out there in the cold. He knew how she felt. It was that chill which only fear can put in you. "I'm here to help you ma'am," he said. "Why don't you wait in the car where it's warm? By the way, my name is Bryan."

Well, all she had was a flat tire, but for an elderly lady, that was bad enough. Bryan crawled under the car looking for a place to put the jack, skinning his

knuckles a time or two. Soon he was able to change the tire, but he had to get dirty and his hands hurt.

As he was tightening the lug nuts, she rolled down the window and began to talk to him. She told him that she was from St. Louis and was just passing through. She couldn't thank him enough for coming to her aid. Bryan just smiled as he closed her trunk.

She asked him how much she owed him. Any amount would have been all right with her. She had already imagined all the awful things that could have happened had he not stopped. Bryan never thought twice about the money, just about helping someone in need, and God knows there were plenty who had given him a helping hand in the past. He had lived his whole life that way, and it never occurred to him to act any other way.

He told her that if she really wanted to pay him back, the next time she saw someone who needed help, she could give that person the assistance that they needed. "And," Bryan added, "think of me." He waited until she started her car and drove off. It had been a cold and depressing day, but he felt good as he headed for home, disappearing into the twilight.

A few miles down the road the lady saw a small cafe. She went in to grab a bite to eat, and to take the chill off before she continued her trip home. It was a dingy looking restaurant. Outside were two old gas pumps. The whole scene was unfamiliar to her. The cash register was like the telephone of an out of work actor—it didn't ring much.

The waitress came over and brought a clean towel to dry her wet hair. She

had a sweet smile, one that even being on her feet the whole day couldn't erase. The lady noticed that the waitress was in the last month or two of pregnancy, but even the strain of that didn't stop the waitress from being cheerful. The old lady wondered how someone who had so little could be so kind to a stranger. Then she remembered Bryan.

After the lady finished her meal, she paid with a hundred dollar bill. The waitress went to get change, and the lady slipped out the door. She was gone from the parking lot by the time the waitress came back to the table.

The waitress wondered where the lady could have gone. Then she noticed something written on a napkin, under which were four more hundred dollar bills. Tears came to her eyes as she read what the lady had written.

"You don't owe me anything. I have been there too. Somebody once helped me out, the way I'm helping you. If you really want to pay me back, here is what you can do: Don't let this chain of love end with you."

There were still tables to clear, sugar bowls to fill, and people to serve, but the waitress made it through another day.

That night when she got home from work and climbed into bed, she was thinking about the day and what the lady had written. How could the lady have known how much she and her husband needed it? With the baby due next month, it was going to be hard. She knew how worried her husband was, and as he lay sleeping next to her, she gave him a soft kiss and whispered softly, "It's gonna be all right. I love you, Bryan." ■

No Act of Kindness Is Ever Wasted



Web Reprint, adapted

Anatural reaction, particularly after we have been as sweet and as good as possible in a difficult situation, and were surprised by the ingratitude of those involved is, “No good deed goes unpunished.” I can think of several times in my life as an educator when I have made hard decisions in the best interest of a child, and then interfering parents punished me, because they could not see beyond the present.

To live cynically is easy, but to live generously, and to believe that we have a responsibility to live out the ethics of reciprocity—to do unto others, as we would have them do to us—is hard. When we feel that good deeds are punished, the next obvious questions can be, “Why put ourselves out there?”

My answer, I suppose, lies in the belief that no act of kindness, no matter how small or seemingly insignificant,

is wasted. This belief is best illustrated, perhaps, by this well-known Aesop Fable:

“A lion was awakened from sleep by a mouse running over his face. Rising up angrily, he caught him and was about to kill him, when the Mouse pitifully entreated, saying: ‘If you would only spare my life, I would be sure to repay your kindness.’ The lion laughed and let him go. It happened shortly after this that the lion was caught by some hunters, who bound him with strong ropes to the ground. The mouse, recognizing his roar, came and gnawed the rope with his teeth and set him free, exclaiming, ‘You ridiculed the idea of my ever being able to help you, not expecting to receive from me any repayment of your favor; now you know that it is possible for even a mouse to bestow benefits on a lion.’”

A dear friend posted on his Facebook page that he refused to live a life in which “no good deed goes unpunished.” In a deeply cynical moment, I responded that my experiences suggest his naivety. Shame on me, for this afternoon, I had occasion to experience the truth, that no act of kindness is ever wasted, when I met with a potential employer.

I didn't remember her, but she enthusiastically greeted me and reminded me that more than a decade ago, when she was looking for assistance with a project, she was directed to speak with me, and I welcomed her to my school with open arms. She never forgot that, so when a mutual friend called her and asked her if she would meet with me, she eagerly assented, because she fondly remembered my kindness.

A small, seemingly insignificant act of kindness, done as a matter of course, done because of a core belief of mine, yielded results later.

We never know when a single act of kindness will blossom into a forest of love and compassion. Or, as Amelia Earhart more eloquently opined, “No kind action ever stops with itself. One kind action leads to another. Good example is followed. A single act of kindness throws out roots in all directions, and the roots spring up and make new trees.”

Our attitude about the world we inhabit speaks volumes about the world that we will inherit. If we see only cruelty, anger, and selfishness in our fellowman's actions, then we won't be disappointed. If we choose to see, however, kindness, joy, and altruism, in others' actions, then we won't be disappointed either.

We have tremendous power to shape the world around us, and if we choose to believe that no good deed goes unpunished, we are correct. But if we choose to believe that no act of kindness, no matter how small or seemingly insignificant, is wasted, we are also correct.

We have the power to choose. Choose wisely. ■

“A traveler came upon an old farmer hoeing in his field beside the road. Eager to rest his feet, the wanderer hailed the countryman, who seemed happy enough to straighten his back and talk for a moment.

‘What sort of people live in the next town?’ asked the stranger.

‘What were the people like where you've come from?’ replied the farmer, answering the question with another question.

‘They were a bad lot. Troublemakers all, and lazy too. The most selfish people in the world, and not a one of them to be trusted. I'm happy to be leaving the scoundrels.’

‘Is that so?’ replied the old farmer. ‘Well, I'm afraid that you'll find the same sort in the next town.’

Disappointed, the traveler trudged on his way, and the farmer returned to his work.

Sometime later another stranger, coming from the same direction, hailed the farmer, and they stopped to talk. ‘What sort of people live in the next town?’ he asked.

‘What were the people like where you've come from?’ replied the farmer once again.

‘They were the best people in the world. Hard-working, honest, and friendly. I'm sorry to be leaving them.’

‘Fear not,’ said the farmer. ‘You'll find the same sort in the next town.’”

3 SIMPLE WAYS TO TEACH YOUR CHILDREN TO LOVE OTHERS

PARENTING
FROM THE HEART



By Adina Soclof, adapted

Love without judgment starts at home

Loving others freely without judgment is not easy, but we can do it, and it starts at home.

Here are three simple ways to teach your children to love freely without judgment:

1. “He probably didn’t mean it.”

Teach your kids the concept of giving others the benefit of the doubt. The best way to do that is by role modeling. We can train ourselves to think well of our

family members and avoid attributing ulterior motives to their behavior.

“My husband left his bowl in the sink, because he is inconsiderate!”

“My daughter is not cleaning her room because she is lazy!”

“My son took apart his toy because he doesn’t appreciate or take care of his things.”

When we attribute negative motives to our family’s behavior, it generally makes us angry. And when we’re angry, we tend to say what we think out loud, accusing them for their lack of consideration, appreciation, and their laziness.

If we assume that their intentions were positive then we are less likely to get angry, and it is easy to judge our family in a favorable way:

“My husband is generally thoughtful, he must have been in a big rush this morning to leave his bowl in the sink like that.”

“My daughter is acting like a regular teen. Cleaning is not high on their list of priorities.”

“My son loves to take things apart and see how things work. He is just being curious.”

We can tell our family members about our thought process, giving them a living example of how giving the benefit of the doubt works: “I was pretty upset about your broken toy, but then I figured I would give you the benefit of the doubt. You really wanted to see how it worked, huh?”

2. Teach them to think of others.

It’s summer time, and your child is a veteran camper at his summer camp. Kids are generally egocentric, and they don’t know how to put themselves in

another person’s shoes. They might not even think that they can help those new campers navigate the choppy waters of making new friends. It’s best if we point out ways that they can help.

If we send our kids to camp, before they get on the bus we can give them a quick reminder to help the new kids in their cabin.

When our children come home from their first day we can ask:

“Any new kids in your cabin? Was there anything you could do to help them feel comfortable and make friends with others?”

3. Speak positively about others.

We all know that speaking gossip is damaging, yet children overhear it all the time.

“I can’t believe that Stan bought that house. What a dumb move; it is falling apart!”

“That Sara is so clumsy; this is the second accident she got in!”

“Did you see what Shana was wearing yesterday? She has no clue how to dress.”

Listening to a constant stream of negativity teaches our kids to judge others and poisons relationships. Our kids can grow fearful and worried that they will also be judged just as harshly. So be aware of your speech and strive to make your home a gossip-free zone.

Teaching kids to love others without judgment is one of the most important lessons we need to impart. Teaching them to give others the benefit of the doubt, reminding them to think of others, and avoiding gossip are three effective ways to impart this value. ■

A SMALL ACT, A BIG DIFFERENCE

By Ken Wert, adapted

I had an old trench coat that was balled up on the floor of my garage, gathering dust near the washing machine. It was raining. It was unusually cold.

I was driving home when I saw a man in a short sleeved shirt wandering through our neighborhood, pushing a shopping cart. He was walking painfully slow. He was dripping wet.

I paused at the intersection to my street and watched him for several minutes, thinking. My heart was heavy seeing him move so slowly, so wet, so cold. I suddenly remembered the crumpled-up coat. But what if I needed it sometime in the future? A story I recently heard at a conference came to mind:

Two boys walked down a road that led through a field. The younger of the two noticed a man toiling in the fields of his farm, his good clothes and shoes stacked neatly off to the side.

The boy looked at his older friend and said, “Let’s hide his shoes so when he comes from the field, he won’t be able to find them. His expression will be priceless!” The boy laughed.

The older of the two boys thought for a moment and said, “The man looks poor. See his clothes? Let’s do this instead: Let’s hide some coins in each shoe and then we’ll hide in these bushes and see how he reacts to that, instead.”

The younger companion agreed to the plan and they placed some money in each shoe and hid behind the bushes. It wasn’t long before the farmer came in from the field, tired and worn. He reached down and pulled on a shoe, immediately feeling the money under his foot.

With the coin now between his fingers, he looked around to see who could have put it in his shoe. But no one was there. He held the money

in his hand and stared at it in disbelief. Confused, he slid his other foot into his other shoe and felt the second coin. This time, the man was overwhelmed when he removed the money from his shoe.

Thinking he was alone, he dropped to his knees and offered a verbal prayer that the boys could easily hear from their hiding place. They saw the poor farmer cry tears of relief, as he spoke of his sick wife and his boys in need of food. He expressed gratitude for this unexpected bounty from unknown hands.

After a time, the boys came out from their hiding place and slowly started their long walk home. They felt good inside, warm, changed somehow knowing the good they had done to a poor farmer in dire straits. A smile crept across their souls.

Inspired by the story, I drove home, took my coat from the garage, and went looking for the old man in the rain. I spotted him. He hadn't gone far. The rain had let up some. I pulled up alongside him and asked him to come over.

He hesitated, then walked closer. I asked if he had a place to stay. He said he did and was close. I offered him my jacket. He looked stunned, like I was violating some accepted code of conduct. I urged him to take it. He slowly reached out and took my old coat. He smiled—and so did I.

We all have poor farmers toiling in the fields of trials and difficulties along the roads of our lives. Their challenges might not be known to us, but their faces often tell a story of pain. We have opportunities to hide shoes, or hide coins in them.

This day, this time, I removed a “coin” from the floor of my garage, and slipped it into an old man's shoe. My life was blessed for having done it, and I think the old man's life may have been blessed by it as well. ■

Change the World

Author Unknown

When I was a young man, I wanted to change the world. I found it was difficult to change the world, so I tried to change my nation. When I found I couldn't change the nation, I began to focus on my town. I couldn't change the town, and as I grew older, I tried to change my family.

Now, as an old man, I realize the only thing I can change is myself. I realize that if long ago I had changed myself, I could have made an impact on my family. My family and I could have made an impact on our town. Their impact could have changed the nation, and I could indeed have changed the world.

Love is..

NOTABLE
QUOTES



Love is when the other person's happiness is more important than your own.

—**H. Jackson Brown, Jr.**

Love is friendship that has caught fire. It is quiet understanding, mutual confidence, sharing and forgiving. It is loyalty through good and bad times. It settles for less than perfection and makes allowances for human weaknesses.

—**Ann Landers**

Love is the only force capable of transforming an enemy into friend.

—**Martin Luther King, Jr.**

Love is life. And if you miss love, you miss life.—**Leo Buscaglia**

Love is never lost. If not reciprocated, it will flow back and soften and purify the heart.—**Washington Irving**

Love doesn't make the world go 'round. Love is what makes the ride worthwhile.—**Franklin P. Jones**

Life is the flower for which love is the honey.—**Victor Hugo**

We are born of love; Love is our mother.—**Rumi**

True love is not a strong, fiery, impetuous passion. It is, on the contrary, an element calm and deep. It looks beyond mere externals, and is attracted by qualities alone. It is wise and discriminating, and its devotion is real and abiding.

—**Ellen G. White**

Love one another and help others to rise to the higher levels, simply by pouring out love. Love is infectious and the greatest healing energy.—**Sai Baba**

Love is the light of life.—**Muhammad Iqbal**

