

I Live in a Poor Neighborhood in KL

I live in a neighborhood in KL, where people live in huts made of rusted tins under the tree next to high rise buildings. Those people have the guts to smile every morning. One family of those has a fresh fruit stand and I go to buy some fruits a couple of times a week. Although the boy cannot speak English, he smiles and his eyes sparkle when I pay him 2 dollars for the fruit that I get as he feels that that was a bargain. Can you believe it. 2 dollars brighten his day. Think about the people in Palestine and those in Afghanistan and you will realize how blessed you are.

If I wake up in the morning with no aches and pains I thank Allah because after being through several health problems, I came to realize that nothing is worth health in the world. Nothing can buy you good health: money, a fancy job, a luxurious house or even a family. I came to realize that when you are sick and suffer, nobody can suffer for you.

Cry as much as you can. You can even take it all out on paper and then let go. Let go. Tell yourself that you want to let go. Keep telling that to yourself. Self talk is very important. Say it out loud when you are alone. Think about yourself first and then about your children. May Allah bless you and guide you to the right things.