

HEALTHY MUSLIM FAMILIES

YOUTH MAGAZINE

RIHLA: A JOURNEY OF BELONGING

2025



AD Gulchok

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About Healthy Muslim Families

Our Vision

Strong families, a foundation for a strong community.

Our Mission

To strengthen and empower families through education, workshops, services, and support, in line with Islamic values.

Our Values

We believe in a society where we all have a high degree of social responsibility towards each other. Our services and programs are designed and developed to strengthen and fortify the family and provide support to those facing challenges. We operate from the belief in the saying of the Prophet ﷺ:

The best of people are those that bring the most benefit to the rest of mankind.

-- Prophet Muhammad ﷺ

Message from the Executive Director

Assalamu Alaikum dear readers,

It is an honor and a pleasure to greet you through the pages of this publication. With gratitude, I present this first edition, a collection of voices, experiences, and aspirations that together reflect the heartbeat of our community, crafted through the hard work of our youth, who have gathered stories of resilience and community building from those who have made Manitoba their home.

Here, you will find the remarkable diversity of our members' stories of perseverance, acts of service, creative works, and entrepreneurial achievements. Though our paths may differ, we are united by shared values: faith, integrity, compassion, and a commitment to building a stronger future.

Our aim is simple yet vital: to inform, to connect, and to inspire. We want each page to strengthen the bonds between us, to deepen our appreciation for one another, and to spark ideas that move us forward with purpose and unity.

As you read, I encourage you to reflect on our shared journey, where we have come from, where we are today, and the vision we hold for tomorrow. May this edition serve not only as a record of our community's growth, but also as a reminder of the strength we possess when we stand together.

With sincerity and respect.

Humaira Jaleel



Message from the Project Supervisor

Dear Readers,

Assalaamualikum!

It has been a true privilege for me to serve as the project supervisor for the first edition of the HMF Youth Magazine.

Over the summer, I witnessed a group of talented, thoughtful, and committed young people come together to create something remarkable: a magazine that reflects and expresses their voices and their journeys of settling in and growing up Muslim in Manitoba.

From the first brainstorming sessions to the late edits and design tweaks, the youth took ownership of this project with creativity and determination. They explored issues that matter to them, such as identity, belonging, faith, and navigating life in Manitoba, and turned those conversations into stories, reflections, and art that will resonate with many in our community who have gone through similar transitions in life.

This magazine is more than a publication; it is a record of the youth's hard work, collaboration, and courage to share their personal stories. It also stands as a reminder of what can happen when young people are given the space, mentorship, and trust to lead.

I am deeply proud of what this team of young people have accomplished. My hope is that this magazine not only speaks to today's readers but also inspires future cohorts of youth in our community who will continue building on this legacy of creativity and community voice.

Thank you for taking the time to read and engage with the voices of our youth.

Warm regards,

Khalid Jaleel



Message from the Editor

Assalamu Alaikum dear readers,

It is with great joy and gratitude that we share this special edition of the Healthy Muslim Families Magazine. It is a collection of stories, voices, and dreams from our community.

This edition shares the journeys that brought us here and the steps our parents took to reach Winnipeg. It also shows the entrepreneurial drive of our business owners, the strength of our youth, and the creativity in our poetry.

The magazine celebrates our identity as a community, joining together many backgrounds, experiences, and generations. Each piece—poetry, business stories, or migration reflections—tells part of our shared story of faith, family, and community.

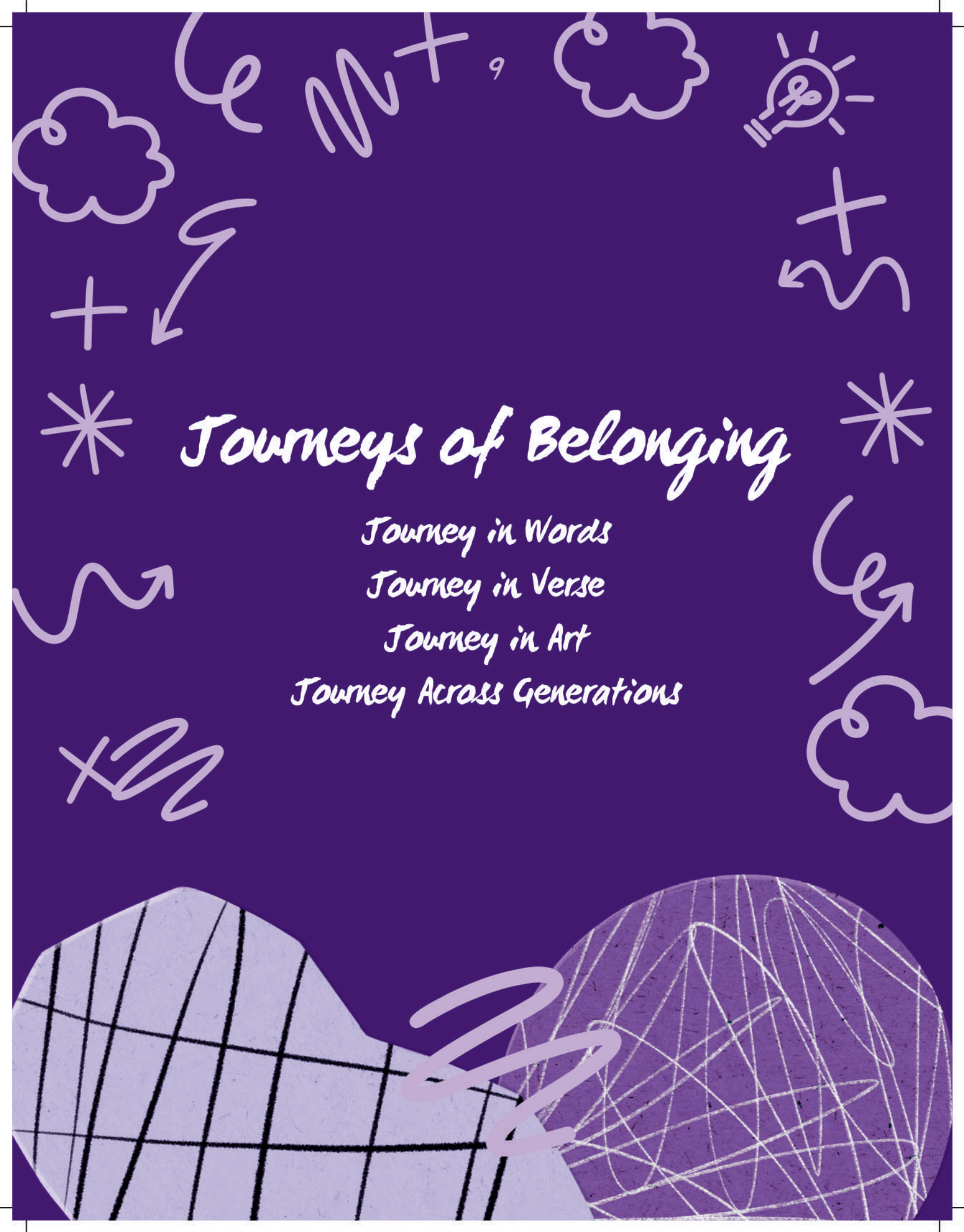
Our goal as an editorial team is to make something that informs and connects. We hope it reminds readers of our roots and inspires a bright, purposeful future.

From our hearts to yours, may this bring inspiration, warmth, and appreciation for the journeys that shape us.

With gratitude.

Zooni Atif





Journeys of Belonging

Journey in Words

Journey in Verse

Journey in Art

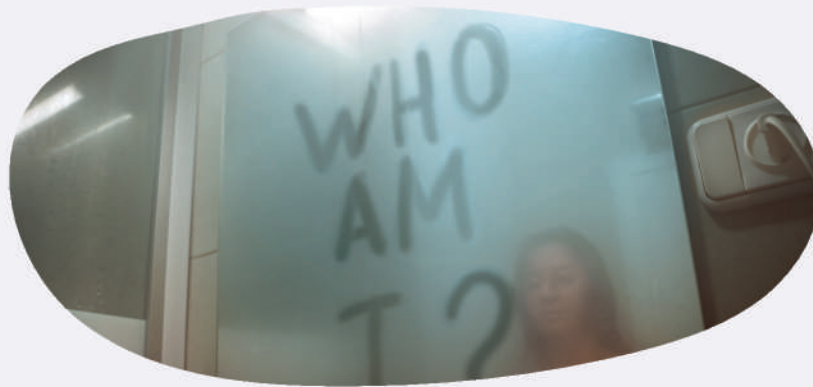
Journey Across Generations



Journey in Words

Struggling with Identity

MANAL RAHMAN



Being ethnically Indian, born and raised in Canada, and a practicing Muslim is how I would describe my identity. This mixture of cultures was never an issue for me until this year when I had to describe my identity for a school assignment. I had to write about certain traditions I practiced and how connected I felt to my culture, and while all of my Indian friends wrote down things like Diwali, Holi, and other Indian traditions they practiced, I, as a Muslim, don't celebrate any of them.

I've never even been to India and I've lived my whole life in Canada, which led me to say that I am not very connected to my ethnic heritage. At the start of the school year I even got asked questions like, "How are you Indian if you're Muslim?" and comments from my friends saying, "I thought you were Pakistani or Arab" simply because of my religious background. I then had to explain to them how India has one of the largest Muslim populations and that ethnicity and religion aren't mutually exclusive.

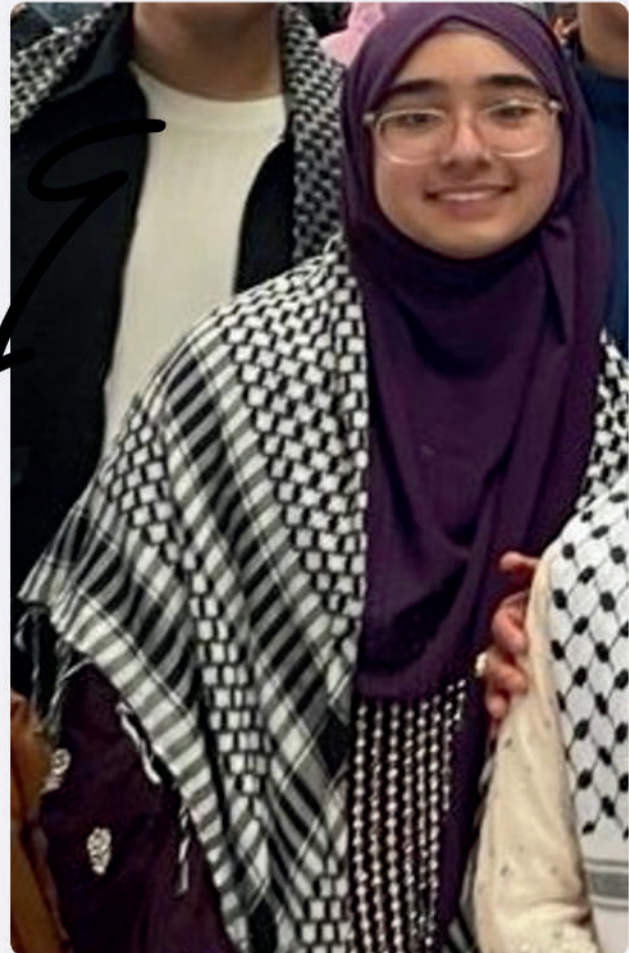
After these incidents, I started to notice the differences between all of my cultures. As a Muslim, I can only celebrate Eid, whereas there are so many different festivals and traditions celebrated in India. Canada is a majority non-Muslim country, so I always have to check to make sure outside food is halal. It's even harder to find modest clothing, especially during the summer, which makes being Muslim seem out of the ordinary. I feel very white-washed whenever I'm around extended family and everyone is speaking Urdu, as I can't speak it and can only understand it. In elementary-middle school I was the only Indian Muslim in my class, and now in high school I am the only desi Muslim in my grade.

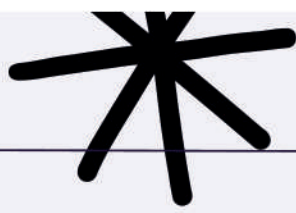
All of these things made me feel like being Indian, Canadian, and Muslim couldn't coincide nicely with each other, and that by being more involved with one culture made me less of the other. I now know that this isn't true, because the more I think about the conflictions, the more I realize the way I blend different aspects of all three cultures into my everyday life.

At home, my mother only cooks Indian food and speaks to me in Urdu. I go to Quran classes every week and regularly attend events organized by ICNA, HMF, and other Muslim organizations. I've grown to like the cold living in Canada, and I recently started learning French at school. My favourite dish, biryani, just so happens to be originally from India, but I also enjoy Canadian food like poutine. Whenever I go to cultural gatherings or during Eid, I wear my cultural clothing such as shalwar kameez which also fits Islamic rulings for modesty, and western clothing can be adjusted or layered to be modest. As more and more Muslims immigrate to Canada, it has become easier to find halal restaurants and meet other Indian Muslims.

I am visibly Muslim as I wear a hijab, and I don't try to hide the fact that my parents are from India or that I indulge in the diversity of Canadian culture. I am now trying to become more well-versed in all three of my identities by learning about India's history and language, learning about Canada's history and politics at school, and trying to become a better Muslim. I have so many other identities such as being a girl, being a youth/teenager, etc. This goes to show that you don't have to pick one identity or culture to best associate yourself with, as they can all live within the same person. In fact, having these multiple identities has given me more opportunities and skills than if I confined myself to just one. Example: being fluent in English, understanding Urdu, being able to read and write Arabic, and understanding basic French.

I feel that I am connected to my cultures but in different ways for all of them. I want to try learning how to speak Urdu and I would love to visit India in the future. I consider Canada my home since it is where I was born and raised, but that doesn't make me less Indian. Islam makes up 14.2% of the population in India, making it the second-largest religion in the country. It also makes up the third-largest number of Muslims worldwide. My ethnicity doesn't dictate my religion and my nationality doesn't negate my ethnic background, it just means I'm less exposed to that side of me. As I continue to grow, I become more secure in myself as an Indian-Canadian Muslim and more interested in learning about all the different sides of me.





Finding Strength in a New Beginning

M. SAFWAN HASSAN



I didn't realize how hard it would be to say goodbye until I saw my grandmother crying at the airport. It was October 26th, 2023 – the day I left my only home. I was leaving behind my family, my friends, and the only streets I had ever walked. Deep down, I was excited to come to Canada, but I didn't want to leave the people and places that meant everything to me.

Watching my strong grandfather and soft-hearted grandmother cry and plead for us to stay was one of the most painful moments I've ever faced. But change had already begun. We arrived in Canada early on a Friday morning, completely exhausted. Our new apartment was bare, and all we had were mattresses on the floor. But for us, those mattresses were enough. We rested – not just from the journey, but from all the emotions of leaving and starting over. Winter was just beginning, and for someone who had never lived in the cold, layering up felt strange. But I accepted it. This was part of the new life we had chosen, and I was ready to adapt.

I started school on October 31st. The day before, I had toured the building and felt overwhelmed by how different everything was. The diversity surprised me in the best way. Students from Bangladesh, Afghanistan, and so many other countries reminded me I wasn't alone. Still, I stayed quiet. I wasn't trying to stand out or disappear, I was simply trying to figure out who I was in this new world. At first, school was a struggle. I didn't give it my full effort and leaned too much on my natural smarts instead of pushing myself. I wasn't learning, just surviving. But then something shifted. One of my teachers saw potential in me. She believed in me before I believed in myself. She encouraged me not just to try harder, but to explore the things I loved: computer hardware, software, science, math, and even entrepreneurship. Her support gave me confidence and direction.

By the end of Grade 8, I was no longer just "getting by." I was growing. I began completing assignments on time, taking pride in my work, and contributing more in class. I started seeing school not just as a responsibility, but as an opportunity. Grade 9 became a turning point. I became more resourceful, more creative, and more efficient. I set goals and achieved them. I received awards, earned recognition, and gained something even more valuable, belief in myself.

Coming to Canada changed my life, not just where I live, but how I live. It taught me that courage doesn't always look like being loud; sometimes, it's just showing up every day and trying again. It taught me that with the right guidance, even a quiet, unsure kid can find their voice. I'm still learning, still growing, and still dreaming. But now, I know that no matter where I come from or what challenges I face, I can succeed, and I will, Inshallah.



Polite Prejudices

YOSSMA FAROOQ

Let me take you back to 2015. I was six years old, just a little girl trying to make sense of the world, when I wrapped the hijab around my head for the very first time. To me, it was not just a piece of fabric, but rather, a crown, a declaration of who I was and who I wanted to be. I loved it instantly. But not everyone shared that feeling.

That very day, something changed around me. People I thought were friends started drifting away. They stopped choosing me for group projects at school, as if I had suddenly become invisible. They stopped sitting with me at lunch; they simply stopped seeing me.

This is how Islamophobia often begins, not with violence or shouting, but with absence. With erasure. A slow fading out.

There was my teacher, someone who had always smiled warmly at me and greeted me with kindness every morning. But then, almost overnight, something shifted.

One day, I caught her eye and waved at her from across the classroom. She looked the other way. Not once, but several times after that, whenever I tried to reach out, she seemed to avoid me. When she did speak to me, her smile felt thin, barely hiding her discomfort; a smile that wasn't quite real, like she was performing a kindness she didn't feel.

For a grown-up, these might have been small, easily overlooked moments. But to a six-year-old, these tiny cracks in kindness felt enormous. It was subtle, invisible to many, but to me, it was loud enough to echo in my chest every single day.



And it was not just me who noticed. I saw other Muslim girls around me who seemed scared to wear the hijab, worried about what people might say or do. I remember one Arab girl in particular, I didn't even know she was Muslim at first because she never talked about it openly. I was so young, but something about her silence made me curious, so I asked. When I did, she seemed ashamed, scared even, to admit it. Like saying the word 'Muslim' out loud was something to hide.

Islamophobia in Winnipeg doesn't always yell. Sometimes, it tiptoes quietly through hallways and classrooms, concealed in polite smiles and careful silences. It is in the moments no one thinks to notice, the ones that pile up like snowflakes until you're buried beneath their weight.

It is the neighbour who smiles when you meet them, but never invites you over for tea. The teacher who praises diversity in speeches but assumes you do not celebrate the holidays or cannot speak English fluently.

It is the "innocent" questions like "Where are you really from?" or "Do you eat pork?" that are asked not out of curiosity, but suspicion.



These moments are not violent, but they are exhausting. They send a quiet message: You are different. You do not fully belong.

And when these moments add up, they create a barrier that can feel just as isolating as open hostility.

A 2021 survey by Angus Reid found that nearly half of Muslims in Canada reported experiencing discrimination in the past year, much of it subtle or institutional. Winnipeg, like many cities, carries these invisible scars, where polite exclusion is a daily reality.

Islamophobia wears many faces. Sometimes, it is loud and angry. But often, it is quiet and polite but just as painful.

Islamophobia does not always come dressed in violence or vitriol. It does not always spit slurs or march through the streets with signs. Often, it shows up in quiet, polished ways, in playgrounds, sidewalks, and staff rooms. It wears a straight face. It speaks in polite tones. But make no mistake, it hurts just the same.

We need to stop defining Islamophobia only by its loudest, ugliest moments. Yes, there are incidents that make headlines, vandalized mosques, verbal attacks, hate-fueled violence. But just as dangerous are the moments that go unnoticed. The awkward stares. The subtle rejections. The way people smile at you, but with eyes that don't quite meet yours.

We have to start acknowledging these quiet moments too, because they shape lives in ways we rarely talk about. They teach the younger Muslims to keep their heads down, to watch how much of themselves they show, to wonder if being seen is worth the cost.

But here is what I have learned over the years: the more visible I became in my faith, the more people revealed who they really were.

When I started wearing my abaya, the shift was immediate. Some people looked at me differently. Like I was less approachable. They chose their words more carefully, sometimes too carefully. Conversations felt clipped. Eyes glanced and then quickly turned away.

But I also noticed something else.
I had changed.

I no longer cared to shrink myself for comfort. I was not afraid of being "too Muslim." I was not pretending not to notice the silence. Islamophobia is not always shouted, it is often whispered but I have learned not to shrink for the comfort of others. My hijab is not a question; it is my answer.



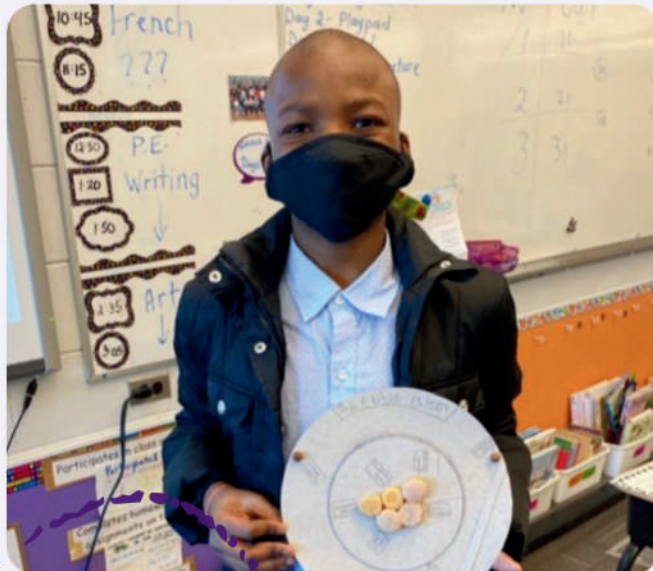
MY Experience as a Newcomer to Canada

ABDULLAHI EWESESAN

Arriving in Canada was a new and intriguing experience for me. I remember being surprised by the most basic things even after previously spending a year in the United States. I remember my first winter being extremely cold and fun at the same time. Just like the US, the environment was clean almost everywhere. When we first arrived, we stayed with a family friend for a couple months, and thanks to them, we were able to adjust till we got our own apartment.

I didn't go out much because I was still young then and my mother was a working student. It would have been overwhelming for her if she also had to find time to take us out regularly. Grocery stores also fascinated me back then.

"Over the years, lots have happened and I thank Allah for the blessings that have shaped me into who I am today."



I really enjoyed that the people here were diverse and that there were people from different parts of the world that I could interact with. I also remember feeling excited and a bit shy when I started school.

School was awkward but I eventually got used to it. I interacted with other kids my age, but I didn't make actual friends until I was in grade 8. I didn't struggle with an accent and it wasn't hard to communicate with people.

I grew up learning two languages, English and Yoruba (my native language), but English was my first and more dominant. I used to feel alone, but not too much. When we started attending community events with WTC (Winnipeg Taalim Community), things became better because I met new people. My family was also there for me and some of my teachers stood out because of their kindness. Over the years, lots have happened and I thank Allah for the blessings that have shaped me into who I am today. All I can say as a Muslim is to keep Allah first in all matters, to make educational goals, to make career plans that you work towards, and to help others by giving back to the community.



My Blue Hijab

HAFSA KHAN

The first time I wore the hijab, I was nine. It was the last few days of my first school year in Winnipeg. I had found the perfect one, a soft, blue scarf that matched my dress exactly. I felt beautiful, proud, and excited. I stood in front of the mirror that morning, turning side to side, smiling at how grown-up I looked. I didn't know all the reasons behind the hijab yet, but I knew it was special. I wanted to wear it. But the moment I walked into school, that feeling started to fade.

I could feel eyes on me, sharp, confused, curious. No one said anything at first, but their stares spoke louder than words. I walked stiffly to my cubby inside the classroom, took off my jacket, and rushed to the bathroom. My hijab had slipped halfway off my head.

The school bathroom was always too bright. The stalls were this strange shade of yellow, and the gaps between them felt way too wide. I stood in front of the mirror and noticed a few strands of my hair poking out. I slid them back under the silky fabric. Then I pulled out a small safety pin from my pocket to secure the scarf.

That's when the door swung open.

A girl walked in, saw me with the pin near my head, and screamed:



"Don't hurt yourself!", I froze. The pin wasn't even near my scalp. It was barely touching the fabric. "I'm okay," I said quickly. "It's just for my hijab. I'm not hurting myself."

She didn't listen. She just kept insisting that she was going to tell someone, that she'd save me. I had to bribe her to keep her quiet, just so I wouldn't get in trouble for something I wasn't even doing.

I returned to class, heart racing, still adjusting the fabric under my chin. But the day wasn't done testing me.

As soon as I sat down, a voice asked loudly: "Do you have cancer? Why are you wearing that thing on your head?"

I blinked.

I explained. I said it was part of my religion. I told them it was called a hijab and that I chose to wear it. But it didn't matter. Some kids laughed. Others whispered. A few stared like I was a puzzle they didn't want to solve. What hurt the most wasn't just the question, it was that even after I explained, they still made fun of me. I told them it was a religious thing. I told them it wasn't something to joke about. But they didn't care.

I never told anyone. Not until much later. Now, years later, I wear the hijab proudly. It's part of who I am. I know why I wear it, and I understand the strength it takes to carry something visible and sacred in a world that doesn't always understand it. But I still think about that day.

That one comment, "Do you have cancer?", still echoes. Not because it was just a question, but because it was a reminder: when you're visibly Muslim, people will misunderstand you. And sometimes, they'll mock what they don't try to understand. I was just a little girl trying to be brave.

And honestly, I still am.

AL-HIJRA ISLAMIC SCHOOL

MAYMUNA AHMED



Beside the calm waters of the Red River in Winnipeg's Elmwood neighborhood, Al-Hijra Islamic school stands as a symbol of growth and purpose. Since its establishment in 1996, Al-Hijra has made history as Winnipeg's first private Islamic school, shaping generations of students with academic excellence and strong Islamic values.

Al-Hijra Islamic school is home to around two hundred forty five students and offers grades kindergarten to grade 9 along with the teaching of Arabic, Quran, and Islamic lessons and values. With its existence, the school has made a significant impact on the Muslim community in Winnipeg.

Next year in 2026 Al-Hijra will be celebrating their 30 years of existence since establishment. Since then, they have been recognized by the Manitoba Federation of Independent Schools (MFIS).

Al-Hijra has been part of the UNESCO world organization since September 2006. Since then, they have incorporated ways to benefit their environment. This year, 9 students in Al-Hijra have started a campaign to advertise markers, batteries and plastic bags due to the harm of pollution and to their success in a month and a half they have raised a total of 8-lbs of batteries and markers and 6-lbs of plastic bags. They were able to achieve this with their work and determination.

Al-Hijra Islamic School has made a significant impact since 1996 – from becoming the first Muslim private school in Winnipeg to being part of one of the biggest global organizations, UNESCO. Every year, the school continues to grow, lead, and inspire both in the classroom and beyond.

A JOURNEY OF BELONGING

ABEER AKHTAR

"When we embrace our differences, we build something stronger." - Justin Trudeau

When I was nine, my parents made the decision of moving from Saudi Arabia to Canada. My family is originally from Pakistan (where I was also born), but they moved to Saudi as soon as I was born, which left me to spend my early years there. Leaving was an emotional experience for me - I cried a lot, especially because I was leaving my best friend at the time. We had grown up together and saw each other every day. Saying goodbye felt like I was leaving a part of me behind, which in a way, I was. On top of that, I have always been shy, and socializing has never come easily for me. In Saudi, I had a natural system; friends from school, neighbors, and family connections. I never really had to try to make friends.

They were just there. In Canada however, I had to start over, and for someone like me, it wasn't quite easy. The biggest change for me was the cultural and religious difference. Saudi Arabia is a Muslim country, so everything was already built around my lifestyle. I never had to think twice about what I ate, how I dressed, and whether people understood my beliefs. Yet in Canada, I suddenly had to check the ingredients on every food item, ask if it was halal, and explain why I didn't celebrate certain holidays or why I fasted during Ramadan.

It was the first time I felt truly out of place.



In spite of that, things slowly started to change. It was difficult at first, being socially awkward and not knowing how to communicate with people. But as time went by, I began to like school, and found people who were kind and welcoming. I got more confident in speaking English and started to adapt to Canada's lifestyle. I began to enjoy things like the winter, school trips, and Canadian foods like poutine. What really comforted me was the diversity around me. Back in Saudi, I was the only student at school that was not Arab, and I felt like I stood out there. But here, I saw people from all kinds of backgrounds, and that alone made me feel like I could finally blend in a bit more.

I realized that no matter how hard things got, especially at the start, I couldn't let go of my religion just to fit in. Even for other young girls out there, I know it can feel like you have to change yourself to belong. Sometimes you feel like wearing your hijab makes you stand out too much. I may not know everything, but I do know that you can hold onto your religion, even in a new country. Canada isn't a Muslim country, but I've held on to my beliefs. I continued with my prayers, I memorized the Qur'an and became a hafiz, and I didn't let the pressure of society take me away from my religion. As Ali (RA) once said, "Hold firmly to your faith, because it is your light in times of darkness."

Today, I still constantly think about Saudi Arabia and what life could've looked like if we had stayed, and I'll forever be proud of my Pakistani background. But I've come to cherish everything Canada has given me too. I've learned so much since moving here and I will continue to. I've been here for five years and have built a strong connection with everyone around me. I learned how to balance different parts of my identity and be proud of who I am. Moving helped me become a better and stronger version of myself. One that I always kept hidden.

In the end, Canada never replaced my past, instead it became a new part of me.



My Life's Transition from Saudi Arabia to Canada

IBRAHIM AKHTAR

Moving from a hot, connected community in Saudi Arabia to the diverse, sometimes chilly, but welcoming city of Winnipeg, Canada, was a life altering experience for me. My family relocated in July 2019 so that my father could pursue a PhD.

I had no idea how much it could impact my perspective on life, but it seemed like the right decision because we already had family in Canada.

My first impressions of Canada were a mix of curiosity and surprise. Adjusting to the diversity in Canada took time, but it was eye-opening. The first year passed by in a blur of summer heat, reminding me of the familiar temperatures of Saudi Arabia.

However, when winter arrived, I felt like I stepped into a completely different world. People often ask me about the weather here, and I can only give the robotic answer: "Half the year is summer, really hot; the other half is winter, really cold." Along with the weather, I've learned to appreciate the kindness of the people around me, which makes the cold months a little warmer.



As I continued to settle into Canadian life, I noticed many differences in the pace of life, especially when it came to how people spend their free time and the sense of community. In Saudi Arabia, it was common to spend weekends with extended family, attending community gatherings. In Canada, though, people seem more independent, with a greater focus on individual plans and personal space. The community here feels more spread out, and it's been a bit of a challenge to adjust to that.

The education system in Canada was a significant change for me as well. Back in Saudi Arabia, education is heavily structured, with a strong emphasis on memorization. In Canada, I found that the approach was much more interactive and encouraged critical thinking. While both systems have their merits, I find myself enjoying the more open-ended learning environment here.

I'm encouraged to question, explore, and learn from diverse perspectives, which has helped me grow intellectually. One thing I truly miss from Saudi Arabia is the closeness of the community.

Growing up in a gated community, I knew nearly everyone around me; neighbors, friends, and family. The connection was strong, and we often gathered for family events and celebrations. It wasn't just about knowing people, but about truly connecting with them. That sense of belonging is something I always carry with me and will forever miss.





When it comes to religion, my faith has always been an important part of my life. In Saudi Arabia, practicing Islam was effortless, with everything around me, from the call to prayer to the community support, helped me stay connected.

Moving to Canada, a non-Muslim majority country, brought new challenges. But as I learned, staying connected to Islam all comes down to willpower. It's about staying true to your faith, regardless of your surroundings. I have learned to rely on my own strength, my faith, and my maturity to keep my religious habits alive. The distractions in life are many, but they can't take away the commitment I have to my faith.

Living in Canada has taught me to see life from many perspectives. I initially viewed things as black and white, but now, with the multiple experiences Canada has offered me, I finally see the world in color. This shift in perspective has allowed me to grow not just as a person, but as a thinker.

While I've accepted the change, there will always be pieces of Saudi Arabia that I will miss, particularly the sense of community. But, moving to Canada has made me realize that in order to grow, I had to leave behind some things and get out of my comfort zone. And through this journey, I've become a better version of myself, more thoughtful, and open-minded.

Advice for those making the move: No matter where you go, it's crucial to stay connected to your faith. Don't let external distractions pull you away from your values. Practice self-discipline, know the reasons behind your actions, and understand the reasons for doing good. When you know why you're following your beliefs, it strengthens your resolve to stay on the right path.

I may miss the old days, but I've learned that growth happens when you move forward. The transition from Saudi Arabia to Canada has shaped me into the person I am today: stronger, wiser, and more connected to my faith.



Being treated different for my faith

MUSAB IQBAL

Growing up in Canada, I have always been treated a little different than others for my faith. One of the main reasons is that I was one of the few in my public school to leave class to go and perform prayer.

Prayer is known as one of the five pillars of Islam, so as part of my faith, I am religiously obliged to pray 5 times a day. Sometimes when the days are shorter, I have no time to pray when I get home therefore, I must leave class to do so. I was one of the few to do this, so I always caught attention or people who assumed I was just skipping class. Sometimes teachers would ask me if I could wait until get home and I would feel embarrassed with everyone looking at me as I explain to my teacher why I must pray now and not later.

Despite me just practicing my religion, I always seemed to catch unwanted attention. Fortunately, some teachers understood and respected me for it however, some felt confused or even felt I just didn't want to stay in class. They didn't always know what to say or how to react when I interrupted them midclass to ask to leave for 10 minutes. Although it wasn't a problem it made me feel awkward even though I was just trying to do something that was completely normal for me.

Over time I started to prefer to pray at home even if that meant I would be delaying my prayer, but I always knew that I shouldn't have to hide who I am.



Racism does not always come through insults and violence, sometimes it shows up in stares or maybe even by not being understood completely. I hope by sharing my story people learn how to be a little more open minded. Finally, I will say nobody should be scared to show themselves, and more importantly their faith.

Thanks to my parents and more importantly God, I was able to make my prayers in school without too much trouble. Continue to do what is right and never be scared to do what you think is best for you. Following the path of God and listening to your parents will always go a long way.

Journey in Verse

THE CABINET

FAREEDAH IBITOYE

There lives a **cabinet** in my home
sitting in the corner like a golden
treasure waiting to be claimed
its legs slowly giving way as time passes.
Within it lies years and years of **Ibitoye**
family history, like whispers from the past
Oh! The sweet and sour feeling of being
born into this **lineage**
so much to learn
dad has warned me never to open it
without a guide
never have I had the urge to even try.
Maybe one day, the desire will rise.

When I open the window to soak in the
fresh air,
All the freshness there is
Resides in my *mint breath*
Once again, interrupted by a pang of
crude
These twenty first century substances
have become so rude
Hindering my daily dose of imaginary
clean air



I finally figured it all out
I can help reduce the crude
By going back to my lineage
To my connection
To the **Ogundepo** clan
To great **great grandfather Ibitoye**

How did he live his life?
How did he manage the *pollution*
brought by crude?
The answer,
His legacy,
Lies in the **cabinet**

Journey in Art



Painting by Rida Rahman

With Help From Allah, Victory is Near

This painting is my expression of growing up as a Muslim girl in Canada. Made in colours I find aesthetically pleasing, it's meant to show a piece of my identity, being a young girl with Islamic values. The Arabic calligraphy reads, "With help from Allah, victory is near." This ayah from the Quran means a lot to me, as it reminds me that none of my success is possible without Allah's help. It also means that I shouldn't worry too much when problems arise because I know Allah will help me overcome them. The masjid painted at the bottom of the canvas signifies my connection with it even while living in the West. This painting is one of many others that express my identity as a Muslim living in Canada.



Drawing by Aaminah Qaiser

Grand Mosque

Growing up as a Muslim in Manitoba, some of my most meaningful memories are tied to the Grand Mosque in Winnipeg, located on Waverley Street. For over 13 years, it has been more than just a place of worship; it has been a central part of my life and upbringing as a Muslim in Manitoba.

From a young age, I was involved with the Muslim Children of North America (MCNA) weekend school, attending classes every Friday organized at the masjid. As I grew older, I transitioned from student to volunteer, continuing to spend my Friday evening there and helping the younger generation. Each week brought new experiences and connections.

The masjid was also where I accompanied my mom for her programs, joined my family for taraweeh during Ramadan, and spent quality time with friends.

I especially cherished the excitement of Eid carnivals following Eid al-Adha. The joy and gathering with friends to watch the fireworks are memories I will always treasure.

Journey Across Generations

A Better Life in Canada: Story of our Mother

RIDA, RAYYAN, & MANAL RAHMAN

Today, Humaira Jaleel is a well-known community leader in Winnipeg, Manitoba. She is the founder of Healthy Muslim Families, a nonprofit organization dedicated to supporting newcomers, families, and women. Her current pursuit is becoming a lawyer so she can better serve her community with legal support that reflects both cultural and religious understanding. But her journey to this point has been anything but easy.

Our mother was born in India but raised in Saudi Arabia, where she lived a sheltered life away from different cultures and religions. Because Saudi law does not offer citizenship to non-Saudi residents, our mother and her siblings faced an uncertain future once their father retired. They could no longer stay in Saudi, and having never really lived in India, the idea of returning there didn't appeal to them. To find better opportunities outside of Saudi Arabia and India, our mother and her siblings started to apply to the United States. She applied to a university in the USA for a Masters program in IT.

She first applied to the University of South Alabama in Mobile, Alabama as an international student and got her visa through the US embassy in Saudi Arabia. She said it's very difficult to get accepted for a US visa and not all her siblings got a visa approved. She felt something good was going to happen when she did get accepted to the US.



Her first night in the US was scary because she was alone in a foreign country, in an apartment with no furniture except for a mattress, but she later on found roommates who were also international students. She received her Master's degree in Information Technology because it was one of the highest paying jobs at the time. She worked as an IT analyst for 2 years in Alabama, then in 2005 she met our father who was living in Canada at the time.

They were married in Saudi Arabia, where her parents still resided, and she soon joined him in Toronto on a visitor visa before applying for spousal sponsorship. After welcoming her first child in Toronto, the family relocated to Winnipeg, Manitoba, for a new job opportunity, and that's where she had three other children. Some differences she observed between the people in Saudi Arabia, US, and Canada was the multiculturalism and diversity. In Saudi, everyone at her school was Indian and people of different backgrounds didn't interact much.

The US was more diverse than Saudi but there were very few muslims and people still didn't accept immigrants as much as Canada. Canada was a mosaic of different cultures and backgrounds. She was shocked to see Muslim news anchors and hijab-wearing women on the street, which she didn't see much of in the US.

Grateful for the opportunities Allah had given her, our mother felt the need to give back. She began volunteering with numerous Muslim organizations, including the Manitoba Islamic Association, Tanveer Peace Academy, ICNA Sisters, and MCNA. Through this involvement, she realized her true passion was helping people in need, which is why she didn't go back to her career in IT. With all the skills she picked up from volunteering, she decided to work in a Muslim charity and later decided to start her own non-profit organization in 2020 called Healthy Muslim Families. Through her community work, she was increasingly becoming aware of the need for Muslim lawyers in Winnipeg who could be available to the community. Once again, guided by purpose and faith, she made the bold decision to return to school and pursue a law degree.

She studied for the LSAT and was accepted into the Faculty of Law at the University of Manitoba on her first try, proving her determination and resilience. Thus, she began her journey to becoming a lawyer. That was her journey as an immigrant living in Canada. Our mom's decision to move to the US and then Canada gave us the opportunity to lead better lives. We're very grateful to our parents for allowing us to never experience the hardships they went through. We are also very grateful to Allah for giving them the patience to face those difficulties and come out on top as better Muslims whose actions are guided by faith and service to humanity.



MY Mother's Story of Coming to Canada

ABDULLAHI EWESESAN

My mother immigrated to Canada six-years ago as an international student in search of better opportunities for the family. I share her journey to Canada in her own words below. Enjoy the read!

Back home in Nigeria, life was vibrant and community-oriented, but opportunities felt limited. In search of professional growth, rewarding career prospects, and a robust educational future for my children, I arrived in Canada six years ago as an international student. I anticipated challenges with the move and was prepared to weather the storm. Family separation was never easy, especially when one parent stayed behind and the rest of the family moved ahead. The first year was tough, filled with anxiety, frustration, and moments of deep emotional exhaustion during the COVID-19 pandemic.

We drew strength and emotional support from my husband's consistent calls, and his reassurance kept us motivated. My first culture shock was learning to adjust to an independent lifestyle without the family support system I had always known (especially the absence of my husband). Navigating systems felt like a constant hurdle. Having the right information was crucial; without it, you could find yourself moving in circles.

Parenting here is more independent and less communal. Unlike back home, where "it takes a village," here you do much more alone. Relief came in our second year when we joined a Nigerian Muslim community. This community became our helpline throughout our immigration journey, making it feel like home again in a foreign land.



Alhamdulillah for the journey so far. One of my proudest achievements is completing a graduate degree and finding a decent job while raising my three children with perseverance, resilience, and intentionality of purpose. I pray for Allah's guidance and grace as I strive to achieve more milestones, break barriers, and give back to the system that has made me feel rooted.

As an immigrant, we will have different life trajectories and it's okay not to have everything figured out at once. My advice is to take it one step at a time. Information is key to survival in a foreign land.

Research and re-skill or earn new certifications to leverage opportunities. Connect with local community organizations early, as they are valuable avenues for networking and accessing resources that support smoother integration. Finding a mentor from your professional network is crucial and asking for help can make all the difference. I wish I had known earlier that asking for help is a strength, and not a weakness.

My Mother's Experience of Moving to Canada

MUSTAFA ADIL

Assalamualaikum. My name is Mustafa Adil and I share my mother's story of immigrating to Canada below. But first a little about my mother.

My mother was born in Karachi, Pakistan. She came to Canada in 1999 and has been living here ever since. Her early experience of Canada has been an interesting one. For the purpose of this magazine, I asked her to share her experience of coming to Canada with me and the readers of this magazine. The following is her story in her own words.

My name is Shajia Ahmed and I immigrated to Toronto, Canada from Pakistan on December 26, 1999 along with my family. My parents decided to move to Canada for a better life and a good education for their children. When I first came out of the airport building, I felt the cold, Canadian weather for the first time and it made me think, "people actually live in this cold?". I also felt very normal since I had visited South East Asia and the buildings and the ambiance didn't impress me much. But I gradually started liking this country when I interacted with Canadians. I like and appreciate their honesty and Canadians' appreciation for hard work and competency.

They welcome people from various cultures and accommodate them in the workforce and educational institutes. My first job was a Data entry clerk at IMS (Inquiry Management Systems). I was a quiet worker. During my work evaluation, my supervisor asked me to communicate more rather than working quietly. Workplace culture was a learning experience for me; I learned that communication is a big thing here. A few things surprised me such as their love for dogs.

Dogs are considered as part of their families. It is contrary to my religious and cultural beliefs. I even witnessed once during my volunteer work that a dog was taken to our washroom to get relieved, I was surprised. Another shock was that students address their teachers/instructors by their name. We cannot even think about doing it in my culture. We address them as Sir, Ma'am or Miss.

Incidents of racism that occur, though at a lower rate, upsets me. It makes me feel sad about what this country is becoming. The 2021 London, Ontario incident where a Pakistani family was killed except for their son, and Muslim women being harassed are disturbing. On July 17 a woman got stabbed in Toronto while putting groceries in her car. I still feel that people like these do not represent Canadians and sincerely hope that Canada will continue to be an example of diversity and multiculturalism. Alhamdulillah my parents made a wise decision to move here, and with Allah's mercy Canada suited us very well. Thank you.



The background is a solid purple color. It is decorated with various white hand-drawn doodles. At the top, there are two clouds, a squiggly line, a plus sign with a '30' superscript, and a lightbulb with a squiggle inside. Below these, there are more plus signs, squiggly lines, and arrows. In the center, the text 'INSIDE THE HMF YOUTH CLUB' is written in a white, hand-drawn, all-caps font. To the right of the text is a starburst shape and a squiggly line. Below the text, there are more squiggly lines, arrows, and a cloud. At the bottom, there are two large, overlapping shapes: one with a black grid pattern and another with a white scribbled pattern. A squiggly line is also drawn over the grid pattern.

INSIDE THE HMF YOUTH CLUB

Inside the HMF Youth Club

Empowering the Next Generation:

ZOONI ATIF



Assalamualaikum and welcome to the world of the Healthy Muslim Families (HMF) Youth Club where ideas turn into action, dreams turn into events, and youth step into their power. What started as a small group has now grown into a full-on fire of creativity, leadership, and change-making energy. This is the story of how a group of passionate young people came together to form a club that's not only fun and inspiring, but also transforming the community one project at a time.

HOW IT ALL STARTED

The HMF Youth Club was founded with one big dream: to give Muslim youth a space to lead, grow, and belong. In a world that often tells youth to wait their turn, this club said, "Nope. Our time is now."

With the support of Healthy Muslim Families, a community-driven organization committed to uplifting families through support and education, the idea for a youth-specific club came to life. The goal? To build something meaningful, a place where youth could gather monthly, talk about what really matters, support each other, and turn their ideas into action.

So we did just that. We started small, meeting once a month. There were awkward introductions, giggles, and lots of snacks, but also a shared fire in our hearts. We knew we wanted to do something special.

MONTHLY MEETINGS

Every month, we get together in our cozy little corner, sometimes in person, sometimes online, to dream big, plan projects, laugh a lot, and build friendships. These meetings are the heart of the club.

We talk about things like:

- What issues matter most to youth in our community?
- What can we do to make a positive impact?
- Who wants to take the lead on this month's project?
- And of course... what kind of snacks should we have next time?

Our meetings aren't just about planning. They're a space where we support each other through tough times, celebrate our wins (big or small), and just be ourselves, no judgment, no pressure. It's where leadership is born and confidence is built.



OUR FIRST HUSTLE: THE BAKE SALE FUNDRAISER

One of the earliest challenges we faced was, well... money! We needed funding to run our projects and events, and instead of waiting around, we decided to do what we do best: get creative.

So we launched our first Youth Bake Sale Fundraiser, a sweet success (literally). From homemade cookies and brownies to samosas and cupcakes, we sold it all. Everyone pitched in: baking, setting up tables, making posters, handling sales, and spreading the word on social media.

We didn't just raise funds, we raised confidence. It showed us that when youth come together with a mission, we make it happen. And we did it while having a blast.

STRESS RELIEF WORKSHOP: BECAUSE MENTAL HEALTH MATTERS

After hearing so many of our peers talk about stress from school, family, and life in general, we realized something huge: youth mental health is a priority. So we organized a Stress Relief Workshop designed by youth, for youth. It was calming, educational, and super interactive. We learned mindfulness techniques, did breathing exercises, shared our own struggles, and left with new tools to take care of ourselves.

The best part? No one felt alone. That workshop reminded us all that we're in this together and it planted the seeds for more wellness-based events in the future.

THE WINTER YOUTH RETREAT: WARM HEARTS IN COLD WEATHER:

Next up on our adventure was the Winter Youth Retreat, an unforgettable weekend filled with laughter, reflection, connection, and community. Think snowy games, healthy conversations, inspiring speakers, networking, movie night, and way too much hot chocolate.

For many of us, it was the first time we experienced a space that blended fun, faith, and friendship so beautifully.

We left the retreat feeling inspired and recharged, knowing that our bond as a youth group was stronger than ever.



THE ANTI-RACISM YOUTH SUMMIT

ZOONI ATIF

This wasn't just an event. It was a movement. A platform for youth to speak out, learn from one another, and take a stand against racism in our schools, communities, and beyond.

The planning process was intense but amazing. Youth took the lead on everything: outreach, designing the logo, marketing the summit, planning workshops, coordinating speakers, and even hosting the day itself.

Highlights included:

- Youth-led panels where we shared our lived experiences with racism
- Workshops on allyship, islamophobia, media representation, and more
- Art installations created by youth expressing what anti-racism means to them
- An open mic for poetry, spoken word, and heartfelt stories

The summit wasn't just informative, it was powerful. It brought people to tears, sparked real conversations, and made everyone walk away with a sense of purpose. It showed us that we have the power to be the change and that our voices matter.

LOOKING AHEAD

The HMF Youth Club continues to grow in strength, numbers, and vision. Every project is a reflection of its core values: leadership, community, empowerment, and social justice. But more than anything, it's a reflection of the incredible young people who power it, each one bringing their own voice, story, and passion to the table.

As the club looks to the future, one thing is certain: the HMF Youth Club isn't just shaping youth leaders. It's shaping the future of the community and beyond!

Join the club



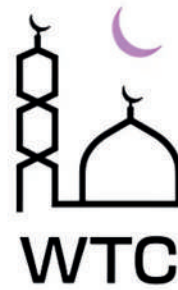
SCAN ME

Winnipeg Ta'alim Community

ABDULLAHI EWESESAN

The Winnipeg Ta'alim Community (WTC) is a close-knit Nigerian Muslim community that started in Winnipeg in 2019 with just two dedicated members. Their goal was simple but deeply meaningful, to remind each other about the deen of Islam and to keep their faith strong in a new environment far from home. At the time, they were searching for a community they could connect with, but the only other group available was a small prayer circle that didn't fully meet their needs for learning, growth, and mutual support.

Originally, their plan was to wait until more Nigerians arrived in Canada before starting anything major like regular Islamic lectures. However, the current Amir was fearful of people losing themselves. He didn't want their small group to slowly drift away from Islamic values due to the challenges of living in a new country. With that in mind, he took the initiative to conduct lectures and sessions immediately. What began as a small effort between two people gradually grew as word spread, families joined, and WTC began to blossom into a vibrant, supportive community.



**Winnipeg
Ta'alim
Community**

An Islamic Faith-Based
Family Friendly Group

Today, WTC focuses on passing Islamic values to the next generation while also strengthening the bonds between members. Two of their main activities are designed especially with children and youth in mind. The first is a weekly Halaqah that includes children so they can develop a strong Islamic foundation from an early age. The second is a dedicated Friday program just for the kids, giving them a space to learn, grow, and feel proud of their identity in a fun and engaging way.

Looking ahead, WTC has big dreams for the next two to three years. They hope to expand by introducing programs like an Islamic daycare, a permanent space for Qur'an classes, a youth learning center, and a venue for seminars and community events. Most importantly, they aspire to have their very own dedicated location, a place that will serve as a space for worship, education, and community life for generations to come.

Islamic Knowledge Bingo!

Daraab Adil

Level 1: طَالِبُ الْعِلْمِ (Talib al-Ilm – Student of Knowledge) beginner learner, average, not yet qualified to issue rulings but actively seeking knowledge.

If you know the answer, mark that box. Get 2 lines (horizontal or vertical) minimum to go to level 2.
Use the answer key at the end to check your responses. Have fun!

What month do we fast in?	What are the 2 Eid's?	Which Eid is after Ramadan	How many prayers a day?	What is the first prayer of the day?
What is the last prayer of the day?	First month in Islam Calendar?	Last month in Islam Calendar?	What prayer is at sunset?	How long do you fast per day?
What is the first pillar of Islam?	What is Sunnah?	What is Hadith?	What is Zakat?	Name of our Holy Book?
Number of Surahs in Quran?	Number of chapters in Quran?	What is the first surah in Quran?	What's the last surah in Quran?	Which surah is the shortest?
Which surah is the longest?	Term for rules for reciting Quran?	Who was the last prophet?	Who was the first prophet?	How many names does Allah have?

Level 2: مُحَدِّث (Muhaddith – Hadith Scholar) Specializes in the study of Hadith (Prophet's sayings) and its chains of transmission. Same rules as above.

What is the term for a chain of narrators in Hadith?	What are the 2 authentic Hadith collections	What does "Matn" refer to in Hadith studies?	Which Hadith says <i>black seed cures every disease except death</i> ?	What does "Sahih" mean in Hadith classification?
What's a "Da'if" Hadith?	What does "Mursal" mean?	Term for a fabricated Hadith	What does "Mutawatir" mean?	Who compiled Sahih al-Bukhari?
What is Sunan Abu Dawud mainly focused on?	What is "Jarh wa Ta'dil"?	What does "Ilal al-Hadith" refer to?	Difference between "Marfu'" and "Mawquf"?	Who wrote "Tahdhib al-Kamal"?
Which female scholar was a major Hadith narrator?	Which scholar wrote "Bulugh al-Maram"?	What is the shortest Hadith in Bukhari?	Which Hadith book is known for its 40 Hadith collection?	Which Hadith collection is called "The Soundest After the Two Sahihs"?
What is a "Shadh" Hadith?	Who compiled "Al-Mustadrak 'ala al-Sahihayn"?	Which animal did the Prophet ﷺ tell us not to kill	What did the Prophet ﷺ say about smiling at others?	What did the Prophet ﷺ say about <i>sleeping on your stomach</i> ?

Level 1 Answer Key

Ramadan	Eid al Fitr and Eid al Adha	Fitr	5	Fajr
Isha	Muharram	Dhul hijjah	Maghrib	From sunrise to sunset (Fajr to Maghrib)
Shahada	Things Prophet Muhammad did	Things Prophet Muhammad said	Where you give a certain amount of your wealth to a charitable cause	Quran
114	30	Surah Al-Fatiha	Surah Naas	Surah Asr or Al Kawthar
Surah Al Baqarah	Tajweed	Prophet Muhammad	Prophet Adam	99

Level 2 Answer Key

Isnad	Sahih al-Bukhari and Sahih Muslim	The actual text/content of the Hadith	Sahih Bukhari 5688: "This black cumin is a remedy for every disease..."	Authentic
Weak Hadith	A Hadith where a Tabi'i narrates directly from the Prophet ﷺ without mentioning the Companion	Mawdu'	A Hadith narrated by so many people that it's impossible they conspired to lie	Imam Muhammad al-Bukhari
Legal rulings – Ahkam	The science of criticizing and validating narrators	Hidden defects in Hadith chains/texts	Marfu': Attributed to the Prophet ﷺ Mawquf: Stopping at a Companion's saying/action	Al-Mizzi
Aisha رضي الله عنها – narrated over 2,000 Hadith	Ibn Hajar al-Asqalani	"The religion is sincerity." – Hadith 57	Al-Nawawi's 40 Hadith	Sunan Ibn Majah
A Hadith where a reliable narrator contradicts stronger narrators	Al-Hakim al-Naysaburi	The ant – Sahih Muslim	"Your smile for your brother is charity." – Tirmidhi	He called it "the sleep of the people of Hell" – Abu Dawud 5040

Winnipeg Muslim
Community Resource
Directory

Winnipeg Muslim Community Resource Directory

Compiled by Fareedah Ibitoye & Ibrahim Akhter

Halal Food Serving Restaurants in Winnipeg

(Note: Many restaurants listed below are not fully halal, but have halal food options available.)

Ali Baba Turkish Restaurant
204-505-7788
754 St. Mary's, Winnipeg
alibabaturkishgrillab.com

Amaan Supermarket
(204) 306-8170
475 William Ave., Winnipeg
amaansupermarket.ca

Arabesque Hookah Cafe &
Restaurant
(204) 615-5176
201-659 Corydon Ave.,
Winnipeg
arabesquerestaurant.ca

Baraka Pita Bakery
(204) 774-4887
1783 Main St, Winnipeg,
barakabakery.ca

BBQ Hut
(204) 221-4144
435 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg
barbecuehut.ca

Best Pizza And Donair
(204) 275-0444
1496 Pembina Hwy., Winnipeg
bestpizzaanddonair.com

Blady Middle Eastern
(204) 615-2994
1324 Portage Ave., Winnipeg
bladymiddleeastern.com

Bread And Biryani
(204) 777-1900
616 Ellice Ave., Winnipeg
breadnbiryani.com

Charisma of India
(204) 888-3333
83 Sherbrook St, Winnipeg,
charismaofindia.com

Chester Fried Chicken
(204) 219-8888
Multiple locations
chesterschicken.com

Chicken Delight
(204) 885-7570
Multiple locations
chickendelight.com

City Pizza & Grill
(204) 595-4444
Unit #1 1870 Portage Ave.,
Winnipeg,
winnipegcitypizza.com

Clay Oven
(204) 774-2529
Multiple locations
clayoven.ca

Coconut Island
(204) 306-8179
1607 Pembina Hwy, Winnipeg,
coconutisland.ca

D Spot Dessert Cafe
(204) 219-8046
555 Sterling Lyon Pkwy,
Winnipeg,
dspotdessert.com

Dough Boys Pizzeria
(204) 306-7522
1254 Pembina Hwy, Winnipeg,
doughboyswinnipeg.com

Eat On Samosa
(204) 338-2800
460 St. Mary's Rd, Winnipeg
eatonsamosa.com

Famena's Famous Roti & Curry
(204) 414-9040
295 Garry St, Winnipeg

Friends Donair & Shawarma
(204) 772-5600
884 Notre Dame Ave, Winnipeg,

Habibiz Café
(204) 306-4485
1373 Portage Ave, Winnipeg,

Jimmy The Greek
(204) 960-1033
Multiple locations
jimmythegreek.com

Shawarma Castle
(204) 233-7081
754 St Mary's Rd, Winnipeg,

Les Saj Restaurant
(204) 219-8939
1038 James St, Winnipeg
lessaj.com

Madina Shawarma
(204) 306-4663
305 McPhillips St, Unit 500,
Winnipeg
madinashawarma.ca

Mary Brown's Chicken
(204) 306-6977
Multiple locations
marybrowns.com

Mr. Calzone
(204) 306-5333
Multiple locations
mrcalzone.ca

Next Stop Cafe
(204) 477-5439
333 Pembina Hwy, Winnipeg
nextstopcafe.ca

Pizza Hotline
(204) 222-2222
Multiple locations
pizzahotline.ca

Pizza Pizza
(204) 727-1111
Multiple locations
pizzapizza.ca

Popeyes Louisiana Kitchen
(204) 334-9555
Multiple locations
popeyeschicken.ca

Prairie Donair
(306) 789-7555
63 Goulet St, Winnipeg,
prairiedonair.com

Punjab Food Corner
(204) 414-4000
1125 St. Mary's Rd., Winnipeg

Ramallah Café
(204) 615-5535
325 Pembina Hwy, Winnipeg,
ramallahcafe.ca

Red Swan Pizza
(204) 306-2727
Multiple locations
redswanpizza.ca

Shawarma Khan
(204) 504-0453
Multiple locations
shawarmakhan.com

Shawarma Time
(204) 306-3390
616 Ellice Ave, Winnipeg,
shawarmatimewinnipeg.com

Shawarma Xpress
(204) 505-7736
393 Portage Ave, Winnipeg

Sultan's Shawarma
(204) 504-8989
540 Ellice Ave, Winnipeg,
sultanshawarma.com

Tarboosh
(204) 306-8566
1566 Pembina Hwy, Winnipeg
tarbooshgrocery.ca

Taste of Mediterranean
(416) 821-5561
244 Kennedy St, Winnipeg,
tasteofmediterranean.ca

Tehran Cafe
(204) 783-4726
1875 Pembina Hwy, Winnipeg
tehrancafe.ca

The Biryani House
(204) 615-5544
2535 Waverley St, Winnipeg,
thebiryanihouse.ca

Winnibakes Levantine Bakery
(204) 488-1632
1765 Kenaston Boulevard,
Winnipeg
winnibakes.ca

Yafa Café
(204) 221-7168
1785 Portage Ave, Winnipeg,
yafacafe.com

Grocery Stores

All Natural Meats
(204) 219-7886
628 Notre Dame Ave, Winnipeg,
allnaturalmeats.ca

Alsham Food Market
(204) 416-2901
17-2077 Pembina Hwy, Winnipeg,

Bright Star Supermarket
(204) 237-9999
643 Portage Ave, Winnipeg,

Daily Food Oriental Supermarket
(204) 416-8288
1875 Pembina Hwy #8, Winnipeg,

Essentials Bazaar
(204) 615-0444
365 Centre St Unit 3, Winnipeg,

Everyday Grocery
(204) 415-5979
2995 Pembina Hwy, Winnipeg,

Grocery Bazaar
(204) 219-4711
1052 St Mary's Rd, Winnipeg,
grocerybazar.ca

M&R Meats & Groceries
(204) 615-1522
710 Ellice Ave, Winnipeg,

Makka Halal Meat & Groceries
(204) 783-2990
861 Portage Ave, Winnipeg,

Medina Grocery
(204) 615-9192
166 Meadowood Dr Unit 10,
Winnipeg,

Millad's Supermarket
(204) 219-7886
460 Notre Dame Ave, Winnipeg,
milladssupermarket.com

Salah Grocers & Halal Meat
(204) 415-2687
908 St, Matthews Ave,
Winnipeg,

Sunlight Markets
(204) 774-9980
6-1604 St Mary's Rd, Winnipeg,

Tehran Market
(204) 783-4726
1875 Pembina Hwy
tehrancafe.ca

Halal Meat Centre & Specialty
Foods
(204) 774-8095
206 Maryland ST, Winnipeg
facebook.com/halalmeatcentre

Masjids

Abu Bakr Masjid
794 Ellice Ave
(431) 338-6553
abubakrccm.ca

Beit Naballa Mosque
325 Wallasey Street, Winnipeg
bnmosque.org

Faizan-E-Madina
585 St Anne's Rd
204-998-1979
dawateislamcanada.net

ICNA Resource Center
282 St Anne's Rd
204-306-6370
icnawinnipeg.ca



Manitoba Dawah Center
368 Edmonton St
(204) 219-9100
manitobadc.com

Manitoba Islamic Center
247 Hazelwood Ave
(204) 256-1347
miaonline.org

Masjid Bilal
33 Warnock St
(204) 414-2157
bilalcentre.ca

MIA Grand Mosque
2445 Waverley Street
(204) 256-1347
miaonline.org

Pakistan Center Masjid
348 Ross Ave
(204) 943-6928

Pioneer Mosque
247 Hazelwood Ave
(204) 256-1347
miaonline.org

Muslim Schools

Iqra Islamic School
404 Webb Pl, Winnipeg, MB R3B 3J2
204-615-1119
iqrashool.ca

AIM Ecole Sofiya School IAM
178 Worthington Ave,
Winnipeg, MB R2M 1R7
204-918-3479 / 204-231-4441
sofiyaschool.ca

Alhijra Islamic School
410 Desalaberry Ave,
Winnipeg, MB R2L 0Y7
204-489-1300
alhijra.ca

Muslim Organizations

Canadian Muslim Women's
Institute (CMWI)
61 Juno St #201
204-943-8539
cmwi.ca

Healthy Muslim Families (HMF)
117A St Anne's Rd
204-202-6491
healthymuslimfamilies.ca

Islamic Circle of North America
(ICNA)
282 St Anne's Rd
204-306-6370
icnawinnipeg.ca

Islamic Relief
islamicreliefcanada.org

Islamic Social Services
Association Inc (ISSA)
191 Lombard Ave
204-944-1560
issacanada.com

Manitoba Islamic Association
(MIA)
2445 Waverley St
204-256-1347
miaonline.org

Manitoba Islamic Center (MIC)
247 Hazelwood Ave
204-256-1347
miaonline.org

Muslim Food Bank and
Community Service
794 Ellice Ave
866-248-3868
muslimfoodbank.com

Muslim Student Association
(MSA - U of M)
103 Dafoe Rd W #160
204-951-7556
ummsa.org

Muslim Student Association
(MSA - U of W)
515 Portage Ave
uwmsa.com

Sakeenah Homes
+1 888-671-3446

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We would like to acknowledge and express our gratitude to the HMF staff, our parents, and our community for their support, and to all who assisted with editing, design, and printing of the magazine. Special thanks to Healthy Muslim Families for providing a platform that allowed our voices to shine and made this publication a possibility.



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