

HMF YOUTH MAGAZINE



VOICES

for a
SHARED FUTURE



2026

MANY VOICES. ONE FUTURE.

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About Healthy Muslim Families

Our Vision

Strong families form the foundation of a thriving community.

Our Missions

To empower and support families by offering education, workshops, services, and guidance rooted in 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

Assalamualykum dear readers,

It is a pleasure to present to you this year's edition of the HMF Youth Magazine, a collection shaped by the voices, experiences, creativity, and reflections of our young people.

At Healthy Muslim Families, we believe that young people are not only the leaders of tomorrow; they are important voices in our communities today.

Through their stories, poems, reflections, and creative work, this magazine gives our youth an opportunity to explore who they are, where they come from, the challenges they face, and the kind of future they hope to help build.

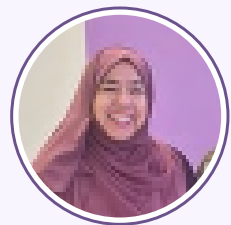
This year, much of our youth work has centred on questions of identity, belonging, inclusion, resilience, and community. These are deeply personal themes, but they are also shared ones. They remind us that although our experiences may be different, we can learn from one another, strengthen our understanding, and build relationships across those differences.

I am especially proud of the young people who contributed to this publication and of the youth team who worked together to bring it to life. Their willingness to share their perspectives reflects the confidence, creativity, and leadership we hope to continue nurturing at HMF.

May this magazine continue to provide a space for our youth to express themselves, share their experiences, and imagine a stronger and more inclusive future together.

With sincerity and warm regards,

Humaira Jaleel



Message from the Project Supervisor

Dear Reader,

Assalaamualikum/Peace be upon you

It is with great excitement we present to you this year's edition of the HMF Youth Magazine.

This year's magazine is one of the outcomes of the HMF Summer Youth Program, which is held for most of July and August every year, where young people spent the summer learning, collaborating, and contributing to a number of different projects.

For the magazine, they held planning meetings, shared ideas, and divided themselves into Editorial and Design Teams, each taking responsibility for different parts of the publication while working toward a common goal.

As their supervisor for this project, it was rewarding to watch the magazine take shape alongside with the several other projects the youth worked on this summer.

I would like to thank the Editorial Team for bringing the content together with care and especially the Design Team for giving the magazine its visual identity and bringing these pages to life.

My sincere thanks also goes to every youth contributor who shared their stories, reflections, ideas, and creativity with us

I hope this magazine reflects not only the voices of our youth, but also what they were able to accomplish through teamwork, shared responsibility, and collaboration.

Most importantly, I hope everyone who worked on this magazine feels proud of what they created together.

With warm regards,

Khafid Jaleel





Message from the Editor

Assalamu Alaikum Dear Readers,

On behalf of the editorial team and everyone who contributed to this publication, it is my great pleasure to welcome you to the latest edition of the Healthy Muslim Families Youth Magazine.

This edition is a collection of stories and voices of our youth members from this year's HMF Summer Youth Program. Our youth members got together and shared their personal stories of moving, spiritual journeys, and connecting together. Each story explores our youth's experiences with migration, identity, faith, belonging in a new community, and finding connections in Canada. This collection shows the creativity, strength, resilience, and perseverance of our youth.

This magazine presents and celebrates our identity as a community. It helps us understand others and helps give the youth a voice so we can learn to give, help, and connect with each other.

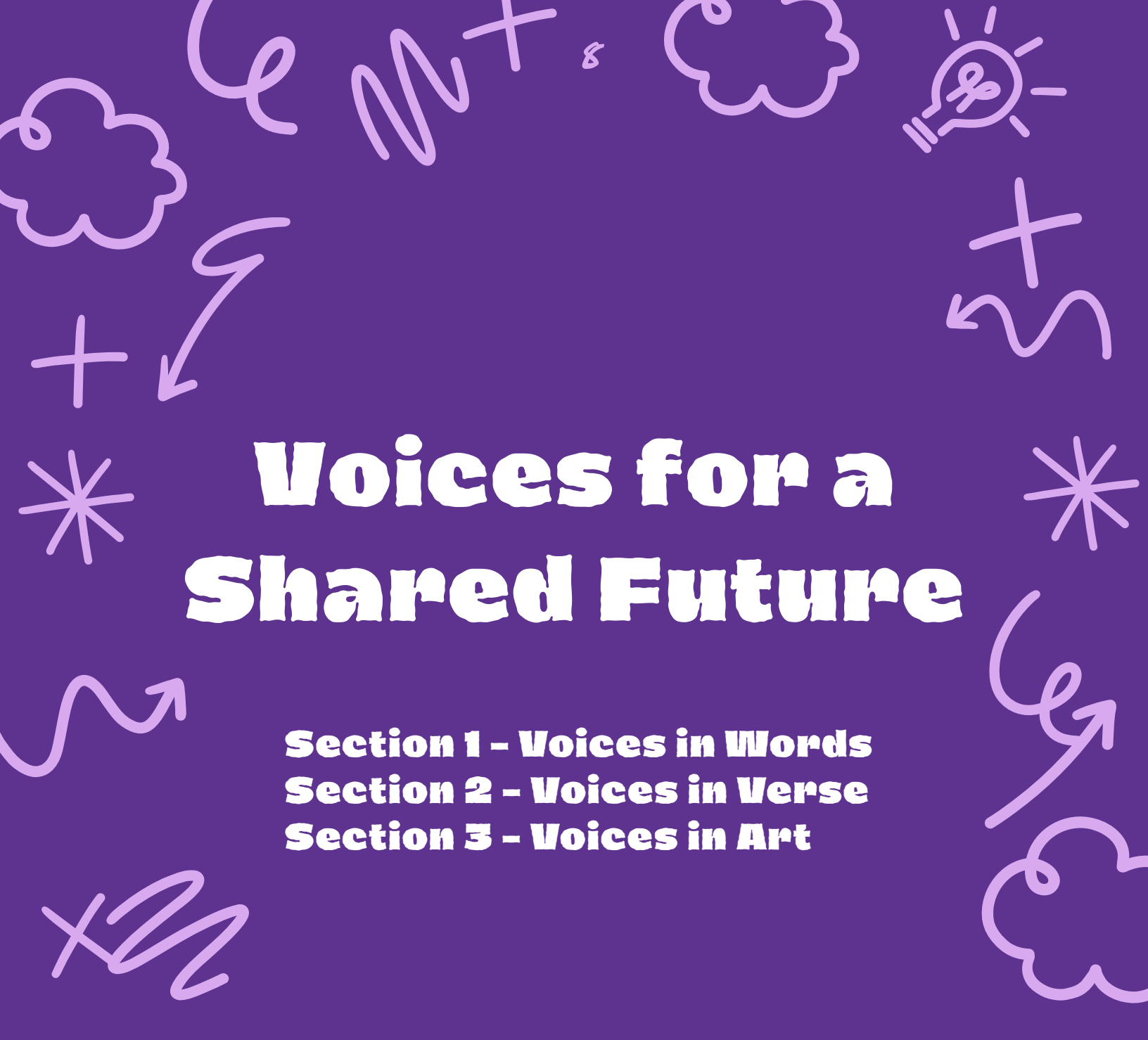
Our goal for this magazine was to make sure our authors' experiences connect with the reader. We wanted this magazine to be a space where young people can openly share and express their voices through their stories.

We hope that somewhere in this magazine, you find a story or an experience that resonates with you.

On Behalf Of The Editorial Team,

Abeeha Zia





Voices for a Shared Future

Section 1 - Voices in Words
Section 2 - Voices in Verse
Section 3 - Voices in Art



The background is a solid purple color. It is decorated with various white hand-drawn doodles. At the top, there are clouds, a lightbulb, a plus sign, and a squiggle. On the left side, there is a plus sign, a squiggle, and a star. On the right side, there is a plus sign, a squiggle, a star, and a squiggle. At the bottom, there are two large, irregular shapes: one with a grid pattern and one with a scribbled pattern. A large, thick, white squiggle is drawn across the bottom center.

Section 1

**Voices in
Words**

Finding Home: My Immigration Story

BY ABDALRAHMAN SABEK

Hello everyone. My name is Abdalrahman Sabek and I am sixteen years old. My life has been shaped by three countries: Egypt, Saudi Arabia, and Canada, and each has changed my understanding of what "home" truly means.

I was born in Egypt, but before I had the chance to really get to know it, my family moved to Saudi Arabia. I spent the next twelve years there, and it became the place where I grew up. It was where I went to school, made my first friends, and built the memories that shaped my childhood. Although I wasn't born there, it felt like home because it was the place that raised me. Looking back, I realize that home is not always where you come from. Sometimes, it is the place that helps you become who you are.

In 2023, my family moved to Canada. We spent our first few weeks in Toronto before settling in Oakville. Everything felt unfamiliar, and I often wondered where I fit in.

One of the biggest differences I noticed was Canada's diversity. Everywhere I looked, I met people from different cultures, languages, and backgrounds. Unlike the countries I had lived in before, there wasn't one culture that defined everyone. At first, this was overwhelming. However, I soon realized that Canada's diversity is what makes it unique. Instead of expecting everyone to be the same, people are encouraged to celebrate their differences while respecting one another.

Another adjustment was learning independence. Growing up, my family was closely involved in many of my decisions. In Canada, I was expected to take on more responsibility for myself and become more independent.



My first week in Toronto with my mom

At first, that change was uncomfortable, but it helped me grow. I learned that independence is not about facing life alone. It is about developing confidence while appreciating the support of those around you.

The biggest reason Canada began to feel like home, however, was the people. I made friends who welcomed me and helped me through the challenges of starting over. I also found a strong Arab and Muslim community where familiar languages, traditions, and the mosque reminded me that I did not have to leave my identity behind to belong. Instead, I could embrace a new culture while staying connected to my own.

Looking back, I realize that immigration is more than moving from one country to another. It is a journey of rebuilding your identity while carrying your experiences with you. Today, I am proud to be Egyptian, grateful for the years I spent in Saudi Arabia, and excited to build my future in Canada. Home is no longer one place on a map, it is every place that has helped shape the person I am today.

My Love For Soccer

BY ABDULLAHI ISSE

I've liked soccer for a long time. Pretty much since I was a kid.

I don't really remember when it started. I was just always playing it somehow. If there was a ball around, I was probably kicking it. I used to play outside with friends, watch games, and do the usual stuff. Nothing too serious.

When I was younger, soccer was just something to do. We would go outside and play for a while, probably argue about something, and then keep playing anyway. Sometimes we would make up random rules that didn't really make sense, but nobody cared that much.

As I got older, I started watching more matches and paying attention to different players and teams. I still watch games now, even when they're not that exciting. Sometimes I'll sit there for almost two hours just to watch one goal. Kind of a waste of time, but it is what it is.

I also play football whenever I get the chance. Me and my friends are always playing at the central park near my house in downtown Winnipeg, or on the football field at our General Wolfe school. We don't really care if the teams are fair or if the goals are just backpacks on the ground, as we just want to play. It's a good way to have fun, stay active, and forget about everything else for a while. Playing football with my friends has given me some of my best memories, and it's one of the reasons why I love the sport. Even today, after school me and my friends, Ahmed, Mohammad, and others go play a game of football before we head back home.



Playing soccer with my friends at Central Park

Soccer has been around for most of my childhood, so I guess that's probably why I still like it. It reminds me of playing outside, being with friends, and just doing random things without really thinking about anything. Back then, we weren't trying to become professional players or anything. We were just playing.

I also like watching professional soccer. I'll support certain teams and players, even though they obviously have no idea who I am. I'll still get annoyed when they lose, though. Then I'll probably watch the next game anyway.

I love and support Liverpool because they've always been the team I enjoy watching the most. I like the way they play, at their home stadium, Anfield, and how the fans always back the team no matter what. Watching Liverpool games is something I look forward to, especially the big matches. Whether they win or lose, I'm still supporting them. My favorite part is seeing the team work together and score goals because that's what makes soccer exciting to me.

So yeah, soccer has been a part of my life for a long time. It started when I was younger and just stayed there. I didn't really plan for it to become something I cared about. It just did.

I guess I love soccer. Or at least I like it enough to keep watching it, playing it, and talk about it all the time. Soccer is cool.

My Life As A Muslim Girl In Winnipeg

BY ABEEHA ZIA

Everyone talks about how challenging it is to move from a Muslim-majority country to a predominantly non-Muslim one. But not many people talk about how challenging it is to have lived in the same predominantly non-Muslim city all your life, especially while trying to stay connected to your faith. The latter experience best describes my life. Although my family is from Pakistan, I have visited there only a few times, but Winnipeg is the place I will always call home.

I grew up in a household where both my religion and culture were taught to me from a young age. I learned to speak both English and Urdu simultaneously and am now fluent in both languages. I have taken online Tajweed Quran classes ever since I was five years old. I also prayed Salah with my family every day. Because I was taught about my culture from a young age, I found it easy to communicate with my relatives in both English and Urdu. Building the habit of praying and reading the Quran every day from a young age also helped me become closer to my faith.

Despite growing up in Winnipeg, people still have many questions for me.

Some people have asked me questions such as, “How are you Muslim or Pakistani if you were born in Canada?” and “I thought all Muslims were Arab?”

Even during Ramadan every year, people still ask a lot of questions, but the most tiring ones to answer are, “You can’t even drink water?!” and “Come on, you can have a few crumbs at least, right?” I constantly found myself answering these questions more often than I would have liked.



Me at Assiniboine Park's Nature Garden during Eid.

As I grew older, I started noticing more differences between my cultures. I always have to check at the grocery store or restaurant to see if the food is halal, and sometimes I am unable to eat treats my friends bring to school because they aren't always halal. Finding modest clothes when I go out is always a challenge. I often spend much longer than I should in a store, trying to find a good pair of pants or a shirt.

It was annoying to be asked these types of questions growing up, especially during Ramadan when I would be fasting. But over time, I realized that people asked these questions out of curiosity and respect, so I always answered them with patience.

When it comes to food, I pack my own lunch and bring it to school. I stick to the food brands I know at the grocery store when choosing food items. Whenever treats were brought to school, I would ask if they were halal. Usually, they were, but sometimes they weren't. When that happened, I would explain that I can only eat halal food and skip the treat. When trying to find modest clothing, I found a few stores that sell the type of clothes I want and tried layering clothes on top of one another.

Even though I have visited Pakistan only a few times, it is still a strong part of my identity and who I am. I visit the country every three to four years to see my extended family. Each visit has helped me become closer to my family, culture, and faith, and has helped me build a stronger sense of identity. I sometimes wish that I had been born in Pakistan and wonder how my life would be different if I had been born there.

Seeing the differences in lifestyle between Canada and Pakistan has made me realize that they can feel like two different worlds. In Pakistan, it is common for families to live together in a joint family system and spend a lot of time with their extended family while growing up. In Canada, it is more common for kids to move out of their parents' house for university, and many families do not want to live in a joint family system. Canadians also tend to value their privacy a lot.

But, Winnipeg also has a lot to offer as well. There are a lot of community events held throughout the year, like Ramadan iftars & Eid carnivals. There are a lot of shopping centers, parks, and restaurants. Even school isn't as stressful here. Most countries abroad give homework and exams to kids in Kindergarten. Schools in Canada, or Winnipeg at the least, not until middle or high school.

I still sometimes wonder what my life would be like if I had been born in Pakistan or if I had ever lived there. Despite that thought, I still love and cherish the fact that I was born in Winnipeg. Whenever other people tell me how sad it was to leave behind their friends and life in another country, I think about how my life in Winnipeg has shaped me. Sure, I have had different friends over the years, but many of my friends have been with me since I was a kid. I love how being in the same city all my life has given me a strong and lasting sense of community forever.



Identity Through Faith

BY ABEER AKHTAR



*My
Favorite
Hijabs that
I own!*

Sometimes, the hardest part of wearing a hijab is not wearing it. It is being seen only through it. It is the heavy, exhausting realization that before I even open my mouth, who I am has already been decided. My hijab is one of the most important parts of my identity. It is connected to my faith, my relationship with God, and the way I choose to live. I do not see my hijab as something that takes away from me. I see it as something that is a meaningful part of who I am. Still, a choice so deeply personal should not block the world from seeing everything else I have to offer.

My hijab is visible to society, but the rest of my story is ignored.

When a woman wears a hijab, people may begin to see her through the lens of her hijab before they see her as an individual.

She can be a student, an athlete, a volunteer, a leader, an artist, or someone with countless interests and ambitions. Yet sometimes, before any of those things are recognized, she is simply seen as "the girl who wears a hijab". That can be difficult to explain. It is not that I do not want my hijab to be seen. I am extremely proud of my hijab, but I do not want it to be the only thing people see. I am more than one part of myself. I am a student, a daughter, a sister, a member of my community, and someone with my own goals and dreams.

I am also a Hafiza. Memorizing the Quran is an important part of my relationship with God and something that holds immense weight in my life. Both my hijab and my memorization of the Quran are meaningful parts of my faith, but neither one erases the other parts of who I am. Occasionally, the way people use labels can make this feeling even stronger.

The word “hijabi” is not flawed; it can be a deeply meaningful reflection of who someone is. The problem begins when this label becomes a cage that reduces Muslim women to a single word. A woman may wear a hijab, but it does not define everything she is. She is her own person with a life beyond labels. There can also be many expectations placed on women who wear a hijab. Because our faith is visible, people may expect us to act perfectly. When we make mistakes, our actions can sometimes feel as though they are judged not only as our own, but also as a reflection of Muslim women or Islam itself. This creates a pressure that no person should be obliged to carry. A woman who wears a hijab is still human. She is still learning, growing, and making mistakes.

There are also assumptions about what women who wear a hijab can and cannot do. Some people may assume that the hijab prevents a woman from playing sports, taking part in activities, pursuing certain interests, or from living life to their fullest. However, wearing a hijab does not remove a person's abilities or potential. The hijab does not make someone less adventurous, less talented, or less capable. It does not take away the possibility of being successful and passionate. Faith and individuality are not opposites.



A person can be deeply connected to their faith while still having their own aspirations.

As someone who wears a hijab, I am visibly Muslim. This can sometimes mean that people make assumptions about me before they ever speak to me. They may believe they know something about my interests, my beliefs, or my life based only on what I wear. However, being visibly Muslim does not mean that my appearance gives people permission to define me. My hijab is a part of my relationship with God. It is not a box that society should use to decide who I am allowed to be. The problem is not that my hijab is a part of my identity. The problem is when people refuse to see anything beyond it.

I should not have to remove a part of myself in order for people to recognize the rest of me.

My faith has played a huge role in who I am, and I am incredibly grateful for that.

My hijab is important to me.

Preserving my memorization of the Quran is important to me.

These parts of my faith have helped form my identity and the person I am becoming.

Nevertheless, faith does not mean that I stop being an individual. I can be deeply rooted in my faith while still being my own person.

My faith is a part of who I am, and my hijab is a part of my faith; yet neither of those things overshadows my humanity.

Finding My Voice in a New Community

BY AZAAN ASIF

When I graduated from Grade 8 at Iqra Islamic School in Winnipeg in 2023, I thought I was leaving behind more than just a school. I thought I was leaving behind the place where I belonged.

For as long as I could remember, I attended Iqra Islamic School. It was more than just a building where I learned math, science, and English. It was home. Every morning I walked through the same doors, sat in the same seat, and laughed with the same group of friends. Everything felt familiar. Being surrounded by other Muslim students meant I never had to explain who I was. I never had to wonder if the food was halal because the school had already taken care of that. Praying, fasting, and talking about Islam were simply part of everyday life. It was a place where I fit in without even trying.

When it came time for high school, my family had a decision to make. Iqra had just opened its high school program, but it was the very first year. Since it was so new, my father thought it would be better for me to attend the University of Winnipeg Collegiate instead. I remember how nervous I was. I had never really switched schools before. During COVID, when École Sofiya Islamic School closed, many of my friends came to Iqra, so my world never truly changed. I attended École Sofiya Islamic School from kindergarten to grade 5, and it was a very close knit community. However, when covid hit, they were forced to close the school for a year. But this time was different. I wasn't just changing classrooms. I was leaving behind almost everyone I had grown up with.

Walking into the Collegiate for the first time felt completely unfamiliar. My stomach was full of butterflies. For the first time in my life, I wasn't surrounded by mostly Muslim students. I had spent my entire childhood in an Islamic school, so being in such a diverse environment was a huge adjustment.

The first few weeks were some of the hardest I had ever experienced. Every time I thought about my friends back at Iqra, it felt like I had left a part of myself behind. I wondered if I had made the right decision. But sometimes the biggest changes lead us to places we never expected.



Celebrating my Grade 8 graduation from Iqra Islamic School in 2023 with my friends. I'm on the far right.

One day, I found the mosque on campus. That small space quickly became a second home. I met Muslim students from different grades and even university students who welcomed me into their community. Before long, I became part of the executive team for the University of Winnipeg Muslim Students Association. Today, I help run their Instagram account, organize events, and take part in our iftars and other activities. Those experiences have allowed me to build friendships with people I never would have met otherwise.

Outside of the Muslim community, I also discovered something I hadn't expected. I learned to appreciate being surrounded by people from different backgrounds, cultures, and religions. Instead of feeling different in a negative way, I began to see my faith as something that made me unique. My classmates were genuinely curious about Islam. They asked respectful questions, celebrated our traditions with us, and supported us during Ramadan. I realized that diversity wasn't something to fear. It was something to embrace.

The Collegiate also encouraged me to try things I never imagined myself doing. I joined clubs that introduced me to people with different interests and experiences. Through Youth in Philanthropy, I learned the value of giving back to the community. I became part of our school's very first Ultimate Frisbee team, where I made friendships through teamwork and shared goals.

Looking back now, I can honestly say I wouldn't change the path I took. Leaving Iqra was one of the hardest things I have ever done, but it also opened doors I never knew existed. I didn't lose my identity by stepping into a different environment. Instead, I discovered that my identity could grow stronger. I learned that you don't have to stay where you're comfortable to stay true to yourself.

Today, I still carry a piece of Iqra with me wherever I go. It gave me the values and foundation that prepared me for everything that came next. The University of Winnipeg Collegiate gave me something different. It taught me how to build bridges, appreciate different perspectives, and find community in unexpected places.

When I look back on my journey, I realize that the people around us shape who we become. A strong community is not built because everyone is the same. It is built when people from different backgrounds choose to learn from one another, respect one another, and support each other. I began my journey in a place where everyone shared my faith. I found new opportunities in a place where people shared something just as important: a willingness to understand one another. Sometimes, leaving home is exactly what helps you discover where you truly belong.



My high school building, University of Winnipeg Collegiate

A DREAM FULFILLED

BY CHOUAIB HAROUS



Me (right) on the day of my citizenship ceremony with my dad (centre) and the officiating judge of the ceremony.

For many years, my family and I dreamed of migrating from Algeria to Canada, so that we could have a better life. Our family worked very hard to be able to afford the trip to Canada. It was a long and difficult road; however, our efforts did not go in vain because in the end it paid off. We left our country behind and started our journey to our new home. We learned the English language, got jobs, and were patient enough to wait for the day when we would officially become Canadian citizens.

After trying several times and hard work, we were able to see our dreams come true on the day when we received the invitation to our citizenship ceremony. That day was one of the happiest days of our lives. We came dressed in our finest clothes and met many other people from different nationalities who achieved their dreams of becoming Canadian citizens.

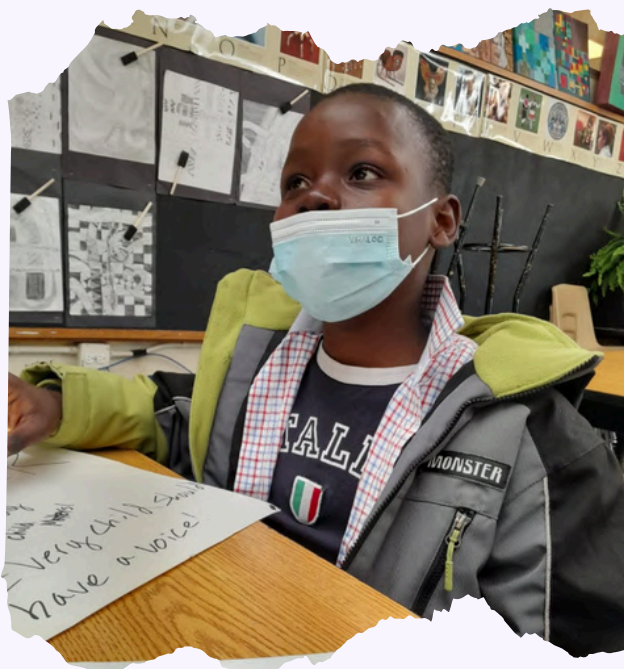
Our hearts pounded with excitement when we raised our right hands and took the oath as new Canadian citizens. When we received the citizenship certificates, I was overwhelmed with joy and disbelief that my family and I were able to achieve our dreams. We celebrated and were overjoyed that all the struggles and hardships were worth it in the end. As I held on to the Canadian flag, I realized that my wishes have come true, because in my hands I held the Canadian citizenship certificate. That day will remain the most memorable event of my life. It was an incredible feeling that I will forever cherish in my heart. The day marked the end of my dreams as I became a Canadian citizen and opened the door to new dreams and ambitions.

From Nigeria To Canada: A New Beginning

BY FAROUQ IBITOYE

Moving from Nigeria to Canada was one of the biggest changes in my life. When I was 12, My family and I moved to Canada. When I first found out we were leaving Nigeria, I felt both happy and sad. I was excited, because Canada would give my family better opportunities, but I was also sad because I knew I would be leaving behind my friends that I had known for years.

Growing up in Nigeria was something I really enjoyed. I loved the culture, the food, and being surrounded by family. One of the hardest parts about moving wasn't just leaving my home- it was knowing that my family would be so far away. Even now, I still miss spending time with them, celebrating our traditions, and eating Nigerian food.



This is a picture of me in 7th grade during my first year in Canada, 2022

When I arrived in Canada, the first thing I noticed was how kind and welcoming people were. It made me feel more comfortable in a new place. Even though adjusting wasn't always easy, I slowly started to build a new life here.

Today, there are many things I enjoy about living in Canada. I love the environment and all the opportunities to stay active. I spend my free time playing basketball and volleyball, and there are so many activities to enjoy. Living in Canada has taught me how to adapt to change while still appreciating where I came from.

If I could give one piece of advice to another young person moving from Nigeria to Canada, it would be to stay in touch with your friends before you leave. Make sure you exchange phone numbers or social media because losing contact with my friends was one mistake I wish I could change.

Moving to Canada wasn't always easy, but it has helped me grow as a person. Even though I miss my family, the culture, and the amazing food in Nigeria, I am grateful for the opportunities I have here. My journey has shown me that it's possible to embrace a new home while never forgetting where you came from.

On The Early Life Of My Father, Ghezae Hagos Berhe

BY LEWHAT HAGOS

My father, Ghezae Hagos Berhe, was born in the city of Asmara in Eritrea. From an incredibly young age, education had been important to him, and he had decided that knowledge was essential to individuals and society. As a result, he chose to pursue higher education and graduated from the University of Asmara with a master's degree in law.

While attending university, apart from working as a teaching assistant, my father got an opportunity to work as a journalist. In addition to giving him a chance to share his knowledge, the profession helped him stand for what he believed in and brought to light the truth about injustice and abuse of power.

After his studies, my father was given a scholarship to study at McGill University in Montreal, Quebec. For him, it was an amazing opportunity to continue his studies at one of Canada's most reputable institutions of higher education.

Unfortunately, while he was in Montreal, the Eritrean government took steps to silence all independent newspapers. Consequently, all journalists who had been working independently were imprisoned. This affected my father deeply, as many of his colleagues and close friends were arrested.

I remember my dad once told me that Eritrea is among the countries with the largest number of imprisoned journalists in the world.



My dad in Montreal, when he first set foot on campus at McGill University.

When he saw that, he decided to claim political asylums in Canada because he knew that if he went back to Eritrea, there would be a death sentence, considering his friends had suffered a fate that he had avoided.



Human Rights Museum, Winnipeg

The final straw that led to his decision to apply for refugee status in Canada was the realization that he would be unable to return to his home country. This was a difficult decision for him to make, as he had spent his formative years, as well as his professional development years, in Eritrea. It marked the end of a chapter of his life, as he would have to restart his life in a foreign country.

When he first arrived in Canada, many things were unfamiliar to him, including the weather and the general way of life. Everything was new to him. As a result, my father had to adapt to his unfamiliar environment while at the same time trying to establish his career.

While pursuing his studies at McGill University, he worked as a dishwasher in several local restaurants. This enabled him to earn some income on the side, which would otherwise have been difficult, considering the costs of his studies. Despite the hard work, my father remained resolute in his studies and embarked on the journey to realize his dreams.

While in Montreal, my father met my mother, his future wife, and the two decided to build a family together. They also decided to give their son an opportunity to grow up in Canada. As a result, the couple became Canadian citizens. They faced numerous challenges throughout their journey, but the resilience and determination they had developed in Eritrea saw them overcome all odds. Subsequently, my parents moved to Manitoba with me and later they had my sister here in Winnipeg. This was another chance for them to rebuild their lives and start anew.

My father was very keen to give back to the Eritrean community in Manitoba, as he knew how it felt to start from scratch in a foreign country.

My father played a major role in rallying the Eritrean community in Manitoba to help other Eritreans who had chosen to settle in Canada. As such, he was always willing to lend a hand whenever he was needed, as he fully understood the needs of the new immigrants.

My father's contributions to the Eritrean community in Manitoba created an amazing impact on the lives of many people. He has been a source of inspiration to many, including those he helped. The determination and tenacity he demonstrated by immigrating to Canada, becoming a Canadian citizen, and being united with his wife, son and daughter, has been inspiring to many.

While my dad may have lost the chance to go back to Eritrea, he has made the most out of the situation by helping others. Despite the odds, my father, Ghezae Hagos, has had an incredible journey full of excitement and resilience.

From his childhood days in Asmara, to his studies at McGill University, from Eritrea to Canada, my father has been on a path of discovery and growth. His journey has been inspiring not just to his community, but also to his friends, family, and especially to me. One can only admire the determination he had in his early years, as well as the strength and resilience to live life to the fullest.

Crowing Up in Morden: The Beauty Of Small Town Life

BY LUJAIN ADIL

When most people think about Manitoba, Winnipeg is usually what comes to mind first. As the capital and largest city in the province, it has a bigger population, more businesses, and life tends to move at a quicker pace. For me, though, home has always been Morden in Manitoba. I grew up there and now work in Winkler, which is a town just a short drive away, so I've had the opportunity to get to know both places. Even though they're only about 15 minutes apart, each one has its own character, but they also share many of the same values.

One thing I really liked about growing up in Morden was how familiar everything seemed. Whether I was at the grocery store, at school, in the park, or attending a local event, I almost always bumped into someone I recognized. Sometimes it was just a quick hello, and other times it turned into a conversation that lasted longer than I had planned. Those simple interactions made the town feel inviting, and I didn't realize how unique that was until I got older.

Living in a small town also makes daily life a bit simpler. Most places are only a few minutes away, so I didn't spend much time stuck in traffic or driving long distances across town. That meant I had more time to be with family and friends, volunteer, or just enjoy being outdoors. While Morden doesn't have as many shops or attractions as Winnipeg, I've come to see that what makes a place enjoyable isn't always about what it offers, it's really about the people who live there.



Working in Winkler has helped me see just how connected these two towns actually are. Every day, people travel between them for work, school, sports, and other activities. Even though Morden and Winkler have their differences, both are filled with people who care about each other and are ready to help when someone needs it.

Being Muslim in a smaller community has brought both challenges and good experiences. There aren't as many Islamic resources nearby as there are in bigger cities, so families often go to Winnipeg for halal groceries, larger events, or special programs. Still, I've always valued how close-knit the Muslim community is here. Since it's smaller, people really get to know each other, and gatherings tend to feel more personal. Seeing familiar faces at community events reminds me that you can build a strong sense of belonging, no matter where you are.

My work with Healthy Muslim Families has made me appreciate this even more. I've seen how programs and events bring people together, give families a way to connect, and create a space where everyone feels included. It proves that even in smaller places, it's possible to form meaningful relationships and support each other.

Growing up in Morden has shown me that a community isn't just about its size. What matters most to me is feeling connected to those around me and knowing there are always familiar faces nearby. Working in Winkler has only deepened that appreciation. Both communities have played a part in shaping who I am, and I'm thankful to call Morden my home.



The History of Winnipeg's First Masjid

BY MANAL RAHMAN

Masjids are a place of religious congregation, prayer, and reflection, but for a growing community in Winnipeg, they also serve as a place of belonging and connection. This longing for a safe space to practice Islam, as well as to connect with people of the same faith, was fulfilled in 1976 when Winnipeg's first masjid opened its doors to the public.

In 1970, Dr. Farouk Chebib and his wife Laila Chebib—both Muslim immigrants originally from Syria—let the contract to build Manitoba's first masjid. The job was finally finished six years later, on September 25, 1976, making way for a new age of inclusion and acceptance of Muslims in Manitoban society.

The masjid was originally named The St. Vital Mosque but was later renamed to Pioneer Mosque in 2016 in honour of its historic roots.

According to Statistics Canada's 2021 census, Muslims make up 3.3% of the Canadian population. The thousands of families and individuals who follow Islam deserve to have a dedicated space where they can freely observe their faith while also socializing with people of different cultural backgrounds, because masjids are not just a place of worship—they are also gateways to fostering social connection, encouraging community involvement, and promoting a sense of belonging within a multicultural society.



Pioneer Masjid, Winnipeg

A Page Of New Pathways

BY MARWA RAHMAN

For me, a book is either creating your own imaginative world or immersing yourself in one, and my 10-year-old self was doing both. My enthusiasm for books was a journey I will always cherish, as this hobby has become a core part of my life. It all started when I was 10 years old, and I was under the impression that all books are just educational and lacked imagination. That was until I happened to stumble upon a book that altered my view. This was the beginning of a new chapter in my life.

That book kept me engaged, and I'd always want to come home and find out what happens next. The book was titled *Geronimo Stilton: The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* by Elisabetta Dami. I continued to read more books, and while chatting with a few classmates, I discovered that I was the only one who enjoyed reading. Anytime I tried to ask them what their favorite book was, they couldn't give me an answer.

As the days went by, some of them started questioning why I love to read, and I was a little baffled by the fact that they would interrogate me about it. I said that I think it's a way to spend your free time and increase your vocabulary, and they simply replied, "Okay."

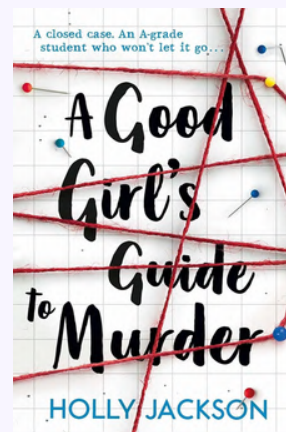
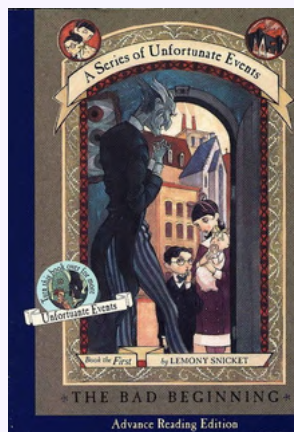
In my classroom library, I came across graphic novels, and right then and there, I knew I didn't enjoy them. It was too fast paced, the words didn't feel right, and it didn't give me the option to visualize what the characters looked like. But it was a hit amongst the students in my class. I didn't understand the appeal, and that led me to the realization that I preferred chapter books.

One day, a friend asked me which one I preferred: chapter books or graphic novels. I chose chapter books and my friend gave me a look of uncertainty. She said that graphic novels included pictures which means you don't have to imagine what the setting or characters look like. I argued that envisioning is what makes reading actually entertaining. She understood my reasoning and reassured me that everyone has a preference.

Right now, I am reading different genres like mystery, romance, and fantasy. My favorite book is *A Good Girl's Guide to Murder*, which is by Holly Jackson, and I love the storyline deeply, and also the plot twists, which make this book interesting. I also highly recommend *Refugee* and *A Series of Unfortunate Events*, as these books were the turning points in my journey of reading.

As I grew older, I stopped caring about what my classmates thought of my hobby. My love for reading eventually spread to other classmates and I felt like I had fulfilled my dream for my younger self. I truly felt completed, leaving that school, knowing I created change, even though I didn't get any acknowledgement.

Because as far as I know, a silent transformation can create a greater picture.



My favourite books

Safety In Winnipeg

BY MAYMUUNA AHMED

Lately, walking around Winnipeg feels different. If you regularly use our sidewalks, wait at transit loops, or visit local parks, you have likely noticed a heavy shift in the atmosphere. The casual comfort of a simple daytime walk is slipping away, replaced by an unpredictable energy that keeps everyone just a little bit on edge.

When a city's streets start to feel unsafe, we all adjust. We look over our shoulders a bit more, change our walking routes, or completely avoid certain areas after dark. But there is a deeper reality that many Winnipeggers might not think about: when public spaces start to feel less safe for everyone, they become twice as stressful for those who stand out in a crowd.

As a Muslim woman, navigating this changing landscape comes with an invisible mental load.

When things get chaotic or unpredictable on the street, an average pedestrian often has a quiet privilege. They can put their head down, blend into the background, and walk past a tense situation completely unnoticed. A Muslim woman does not have that luxury. Her religious identity is right there for everyone to see. She cannot blend in, and when a city's general atmosphere becomes unstable, standing out makes you feel incredibly exposed.

We often talk about safety in terms of police numbers or official crime statistics. But real safety isn't statistic; it is a feeling. It is the peace of mind that comes from knowing you belong in your own neighborhood without having to constantly calculate risks or read the room just to get home safely.

Winnipeggers are deeply kind, community-minded people. But to keep that community strong, we must look for the people who bear the heaviest burden when things get tough. True safety means building a city where every single one of us- no matter what we wear or how we stand out- should be able to walk down the street with a total peace of mind.



Taking a stroll through the streets of Winnipeg

The Lesson Basketball Taught Me

BY MUSCAB AHMED

When I first started playing basketball, I thought the game was mostly about scoring points and winning. My favourite player was Stephen Curry. I would watch his highlights and see him make shots that seemed impossible. What stood out to me wasn't just his ability to shoot; it was his confidence and the amount of work he put into becoming better. Watching Curry made me want to play basketball myself and see how good I could become.

I eventually joined the Winnipeg Minor Basketball Association (WMBA). I was excited to play organized basketball because I had mostly experienced the game by watching it and practicing on my own. Once I started playing actual games, though, I realized that basketball was much harder than it looked on TV. I had to make quick decisions, play defense, communicate with teammates, and stay focused while the game was moving quickly.



*The Valour Community Centre, Winnipeg,
The first basketball court I practiced on.*

I remember one WMBA game where I struggled more than I expected. I missed shots, made some bad passes, and had trouble making the right decisions with the ball. I became frustrated because I wanted to contribute more to my team. After the game, I kept thinking about the mistakes I had made. For a moment, I wondered whether I was actually good enough to keep playing.

Instead of quitting, I decided to practice more. One of the places I practiced was the Valour Community Centre. The outdoor court there became a place where I could work on my game without worrying about making mistakes in front of other people. I would bring my basketball, work on my dribbling, and take shots from different spots on the court. I didn't make every shot, but I kept going.

Eventually, I started noticing small improvements. Shots that used to feel difficult became more comfortable, and I became more confident handling the ball. I learned that getting better wasn't about suddenly becoming amazing. It was about doing the same things over and over again until they started becoming natural.

That was when I began to understand why Stephen Curry inspired me so much. I used to focus mostly on his three-point shots, but I started realizing that his success came from years of practice, patience, and confidence. I couldn't expect to play like him immediately. Instead, I could learn from his mindset and apply it to my own game.

WMBA also taught me that basketball isn't only about scoring. There were times when I didn't score many points, but I could still help my team by playing defense, getting rebounds, making passes, and encouraging my teammates. I learned that every player has a role, and a team works best when everyone contributes.

The biggest lesson basketball taught me was how to deal with failure. A missed shot or a bad game used to make me feel like I wasn't good enough. Now, I see mistakes differently. If I make a mistake, I can learn from it and try to do better the next time.

Basketball has taught me patience, discipline, teamwork, and resilience. Stephen Curry inspired me to start taking basketball seriously, the WMBA gave me the experience of playing competitively, and Valour Community Centre became one of the places where I worked on improving myself.

Looking back, I realize that basketball changed more than the way I play. It changed the way I think about challenges. I learned that I don't have to be the best when I start something. I just have to keep working and improving.

The scoreboard tells you who won the game, but it doesn't tell you how much you grew. Basketball taught me that real success isn't about being perfect. It's about showing up, learning from your mistakes, trusting your teammates, and becoming better than you were before.



My friends playing basketball, Winnipeg

Belonging Beyond Campus

BY NADA SHALABY

Are you a university student? Or currently applying to universities? Yes? Then, like me, you have been probably asked about your studies, and most importantly where do you go? For me, however, this is how that conversation goes:

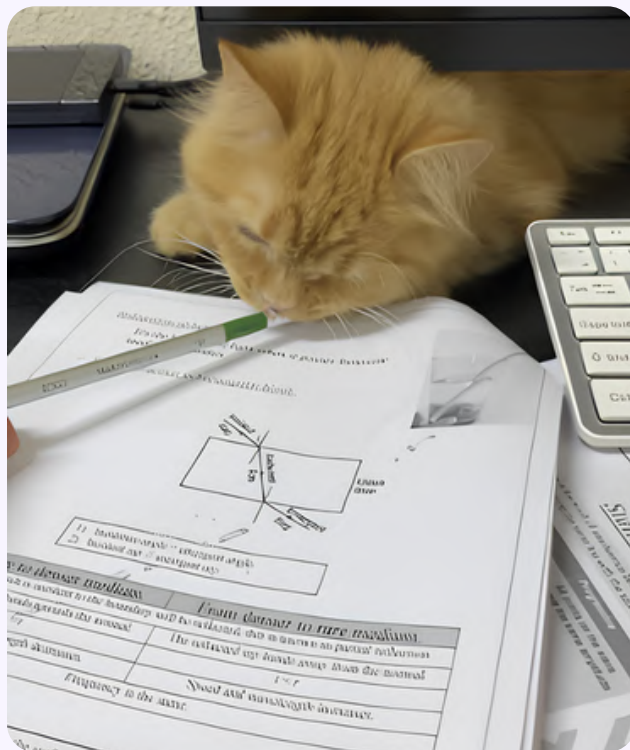
Them: Which university do you go to? University Of Manitoba, or University Of Winnipeg?

Me: Neither! I'm in a university situated in Malaysia, so I'm taking my bachelor's degree online.

Them (confused): What? Malaysia? Online?

And so, I end up going through the story of the past two years to explain why I am pursuing my degree online. I am guessing that you, my reader, are wondering about it too. If we run the tape back a few years, to 2024, I had just completed my secondary education. At the same time, our Permanent Residency cards were issued, meaning we could finally immigrate to Canada after years of an extensive immigration process. Undoubtedly, the transition was not simple, and many things had to be sorted out before we could move to the west side of the world.

So, there I was, torn in the middle. My university options were limited: my family was not yet ready to move to Canada immediately, and I did not want to take a gap year and wait until we moved to apply to Canadian universities. After doing some research, I found a trusted academic advisor who studied my situation and advised me to consider a prestigious university in Malaysia, INTI International University, which offers bachelor's degrees online and had made them available since the pandemic.



My cat keeping me company while I study at home

The idea piqued my interest, to say the least. I was homeschooled during my secondary education, so continuing my education online felt plausible. I am also an introvert who does not have many friends, and online education has given me the freedom to explore my interests outside academia, learn to organize my daily schedule, and spend more time with my loved ones. It was a revolutionary experience. Thus, I filled out my application, sent it, and was successfully enrolled in my undergraduate studies in Computer Science!

Now that the background is out of the way, my experience with online education tends to raise many eyebrows, as well as questions. They ask: Did you make friends from university? Do you have friends at all? Don't you feel like you are missing out on the on-campus university experience?

Well, in university, I got to make my own circle of acquaintances, usually through the many group projects we are assigned in every course.

Nonetheless, they do not count as friends. Therefore, I was on the hunt for a community here in Winnipeg. The first place I went to was Waverley Mosque, the biggest mosque in Winnipeg. It was time for Maghrib prayer on a random day, approximately one month after our immigration here, when I stumbled upon a lady from Egypt, named Hind, someone who would become my gateway into the Muslim community of Winnipeg. Her inviting smile and the fact that we both share the same nationality encouraged me to start a conversation with her and explain that I was a newcomer who needed help around the community. We exchanged numbers, and soon a flurry of invitations to various events, halaqas, and gatherings held at the mosque and elsewhere followed.

Later on, I found out that she and her husband are very active in the community, and although she had been in Winnipeg for only 3 years, her connections are very diverse and widespread within the Muslim community.

Gradually, I became more outgoing, introduced myself to people, and took any volunteering opportunities that were available to me. In other words, I was expanding my network within the community.

Sometimes, I dwell and daydream about a different lifetime, one where I attend a university on campus and live the life that was always presented to me as the “best” years of my life. Yet, when reality hits me, I am able to see the perks of my situation and how it helped me evolve into the person I am today.

Additionally, a realization dawned on me during this journey: my education status does not define me. There are many other common grounds from which you can build deeper connections with people, and sometimes there does not need to be a middle ground at all. Your individual and unique stories can interest people in you more than you think.



I volunteered at an Eid Al-Fitr celebration event this year, 2026

How Sports Helped Me Belong

BY RAYAN ALAM

It was the year 2022. I had just finished grade 6, and I had to leave the place I had called home my entire life. I had to leave everyone I knew and grew up with to move to a country where I knew nobody. I still remember all the emotions I felt on my first day of school in Canada. The hallways were filled with lockers, and seeing people from so many different cultures for the first time felt overwhelming because I wasn't used to seeing so many different kinds of people in the same place. Then, one day during gym class, I saw a basketball sign-up sheet, and it changed my life forever.

Growing up in Bangladesh, I had the same friends since kindergarten, so I always had someone to talk to or spend time with. Everything in Canada was different, from the schools, to the people, and the places. It wasn't easy to talk to my classmates because they already knew each other from previous years, and I wasn't fully comfortable speaking in English yet. I was afraid of what people would think of me because I was new to Canada. As a result, I kept to myself and limited my interactions with others, which only made me feel more isolated.



Me on the left playing basketball at school

Everything started to change after I joined the basketball team in Grade 7. Before joining the team, I had talked to people at school, but I didn't have any close friends or anyone to spend time with outside of class. On the first day of practice, I was nervous because I had never played basketball before, and I was worried that others would judge me. However, those fears quickly disappeared when one of my teammates, whom I had never spoken to before, offered to help me improve my shooting form. That small act of kindness made me feel accepted and showed me that it was okay to make mistakes and grow as a player.

One day after practice, one of my teammates asked me to walk home with him and his friends. It was the first time I truly felt like I had real friends and people I could talk to, since I had been used to walking home alone every day. I realized that the people around me were a big part of why I loved the sport so much. When I was on the court, I never felt judged for who I was or where I came from. I was simply another basketball player, just like everyone else.

It has been four years since I started playing basketball, and my love for the sport continues to grow. I wouldn't have met half of the people I know today without it. To me, basketball is more than just a sport, it is a place where I can be myself without worrying about the differences between me and others. It has helped me improve my communication skills, teamwork, and confidence. After playing for so long, I have realized that basketball is not just about winning games; it is about building genuine connections with the people around you and creating a space where everyone feels like they belong.

A Dream Across Continents

BY TAHA EL-BEBANY

“We will go again.” Those are the words which gave us hope, but where will we go, why, and how? To figure this out, let's go back to 2006. In 2006, it was my dad's first flight out of Egypt. He travelled all the way from Egypt to here, Winnipeg, Canada. It was a long journey, about a 24-hour long flight, to go and do his PhD in agriculture. After he arrived, within six months, my mother and sister also took their first flight to him.

Not only that, but it was hard at first, especially for my mother because she is a Muslim woman and must wear her hijab. Back then it was not so common to see women in hijabs. People would be racist to her, or call it whatever you want, but it was not nice.

About 3 three years after they arrived, in 2009, I was born, and I lived here in Winnipeg for 2 years before we decided to move back to Egypt. And in those 2 years I also got my first prescription glasses ever.

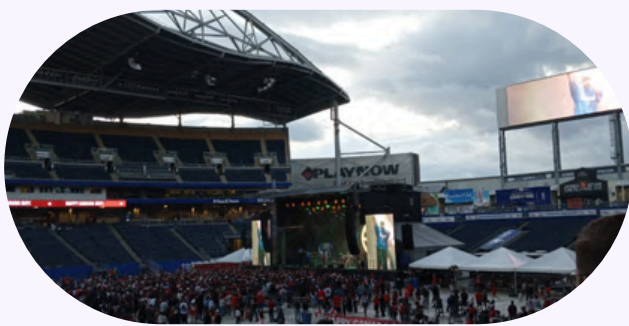
We lived in Egypt for about 4–5 years until I was in my second year of Kindergarten. We then moved to Saudi Arabia, and we lived there for 2 years. Those weren't the best years, but they passed, and we came back to Alexandria in Egypt.



The Montazah Park, one of my favourite parks in Alexandria, Egypt

We stayed in Egypt for about 10 years after that. I grew up there, it was nice, and I made a lot of friends. I was in a private school until grade 9. In Egypt, secondary school starts from grade 10, and my school was only up to grade 9. So, I had to go to a new school. My dad suggested I go to the same school he went to when he was the same age as me, which was a military school. From what he said, it was a strict school, a hard school, only for people with high marks. But that was not the reality, and the year I spent there wasn't that bad. I made new friends and during that year, my parents were trying to get us back to Canada. They tried, but they got rejected the first time. So, they tried again and got accepted.

Moving back to Canada wasn't just about changing countries again. It was about chasing the dream my parents started nearly twenty years ago. Every challenge we face today reminds me why they never gave up. Their determination taught me that dreams are not achieved in one try. It takes patience, hard work, and courage. Today, we are proud to call Canada our home, and we continue to build a better future here together.



At the Canada Day celebration held at University of Manitoba, 2026

How Canada Helped Me Grow Closer to Allah (SWT)

BY MUHAMMAD TAHEEM RAZ

My name is Taheem, and I was born and raised in Bangladesh. Some of my best memories are from there, including the busy bazaars, the delicious food, and the exciting cricket matches with my friends under the hot sun. There is one thing from my childhood in Bangladesh I will not miss, however, and that is the stressful academic life. Ever since I was little, we were told that the future depends upon our studies, and that everybody must get straight A's. We always competed, and I couldn't seem to balance my schoolwork and my deen.

As the years passed, I began to realize that my interest in deen was fading away day by day, while the stress of school was growing tremendously. I used to feel so jealous of my classmates and friends. They used to read long surahs from the Quran correctly during salah, while I only knew the common, easy ones. Whenever I heard them read the Quran beautifully in school, I used to feel so frustrated. Part of me wanted to become close to Allah (SWT), yet the other part of me was so busy trying to get straight As. By the end of the day, all I wanted to do was sleep because of the exhausting amount of studying that I did.

Since I am the eldest son in my house, the pressure of making my parents happy was even more stressful. My parents tried their best to enroll me in the finest schools in Bangladesh so I could have a bright future. However, all they asked me was to get good marks, so I could make them proud. As much as I wanted to focus on my studies, I struggled to find time for my deen, which was becoming further away from me.

That is when Allah (SWT) blessed me with the opportunity to move to Canada, which was a new start for me. I remember leaving Bangladesh being so sad and depressed because I had to leave my friends and family back home, along with my old neighborhood. Yet, I never knew this opportunity would be one of the best decisions of my life.

The moment we arrived in Canada, we found a Muslim community on the south side of Winnipeg. It was such a joy to hear familiar voices because most of the people there spoke my mother tongue. From then on, a different world of Islam opened for me. For instance, our family would stay up late at night during Ramadan to offer Tarawih prayers in congregation downstairs of our apartment, but it was the most amazing feeling ever. Everyone came together and supported each other to make the most of Ramadan, and when the long-awaited Eid finally came, we celebrated it as a big family. It was truly an awesome sight seeing happy and healthy Muslim families in a mostly non-Muslim country coming together to express their gratitude towards Allah (SWT).



My community Islamic centre in my apartment building

Finding My Place Through Young Muslims

BY WALEED ARSHAD



For many young Muslims, finding a community where you truly belong can make all the difference. While faith has always been an important part of my life, it wasn't until I joined Young Muslims (YM) that I found a space where I could grow, build meaningful friendships, and discover the confidence to become a leader.

Around four years ago, I attended my first Young Muslims program as a participant. I joined hoping to strengthen my understanding of Islam and connect with other Muslim youth, but I quickly realized that YM offered much more than I had expected. Every two weeks, we gathered for seminars covering a wide range of Islamic topics, from strengthening our relationship with Allah to discussing the challenges young Muslims face in today's world. The sessions encouraged thoughtful discussion, curiosity, and a genuine desire to keep learning.

As I became more involved, I was given the opportunity to lead several seminars of my own.

Preparing and presenting these discussions challenged me to deepen my own knowledge, while learning how to communicate ideas in a meaningful way. Although speaking in front of my peers was intimidating at first, those experiences helped me develop confidence that extended far beyond the seminar room. They taught me that leadership isn't about being the most knowledgeable person in the room; it's about serving others, continuing to learn, and being willing to step forward when your community needs you.

One of the defining moments of my journey was attending the first annual YM Retreat. With Young Muslims branches spread across Canada, the retreat brought together youth leaders and participants from coast to coast, united by a shared commitment to faith and community. For the first time, I was able to meet young Muslims from different cities who were passionate about making a difference in their local chapters. Listening to their experiences and exchanging ideas reminded me that we were all working toward the same goal, even if we came from different backgrounds.



Me in the centre with a red shirt on, presenting our Winnipeg Chapter at the YM retreat in Toronto, 2026

The retreat also gave me a behind-the-scenes look at what it takes to run a successful YM branch. Through workshops, discussions, and conversations with experienced leaders, I learned about organizing programs, supporting members, and creating an environment where young Muslims could thrive. Those lessons, combined with the friendships I formed with youth leaders from across Canada, inspired me to become more involved in shaping the future of my own branch. Looking back, I realize that the retreat prepared me for responsibilities I didn't yet know I would take on.

Last year in 2025, I joined the executive team as Vice President during one of the most exciting periods in YM's history. Our branch was transitioning from being led primarily by our fathers to becoming an almost entirely youth-led organization. It was both an exciting opportunity and a significant responsibility. We weren't simply taking over existing roles; we were entrusted with carrying forward the vision that previous generations had built while adapting it to inspire and serve today's Muslim youth.

Serving on the executive team over the past year has been one of the most rewarding experiences of my life. Working alongside a passionate group of young leaders has shown me what can happen when youth are trusted with meaningful responsibility.

Together, we've organized programs, strengthened our community, and continued creating opportunities for young Muslims to learn, connect, and grow in their faith.

When I look back on the past four years, I'm amazed by how much one decision, to attend a YM program, has changed my life. Young Muslims gave me far more than Islamic knowledge. It gave me lifelong friendships, mentors who believed in me, and the confidence to lead. Most importantly, it gave me a place where I truly felt I belonged.

As I look toward the future, I am excited to continue serving Young Muslims and to see how the next generation of leaders will build upon the strong foundation that has been laid. I hope YM continues to be a place where young Muslims can discover their potential, strengthen their faith, and realize that they have the ability to make a meaningful impact in their communities.

If there's one lesson my journey has taught me, it's that growth begins with showing up. You never know where one decision to attend a youth program might lead. For me, it led to knowledge, friendship, leadership, and a community that I am proud to call home.



City of Toronto

The background is a solid purple color. It is decorated with various white hand-drawn doodles. At the top, there are two clouds, a lightbulb with radiating lines, a plus sign with a squiggle underneath it, and a squiggle with a plus sign. On the left side, there is a plus sign, a squiggle with an arrow pointing down and to the right, and a starburst. On the right side, there is a squiggle with an arrow pointing up and to the right, a starburst, and a squiggle with an arrow pointing up and to the right. At the bottom, there are two large, irregular shapes. The one on the left is filled with a black grid pattern. The one on the right is filled with a black scribbled pattern. In the center, the text 'Section 2' is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font. Below it, the title 'Voices in Verse' is written in a larger, bold, white, sans-serif font.

Section 2

**Voices in
Verse**

The Journey Of Tawakkul

BY AAYAN AMIR HASHMI

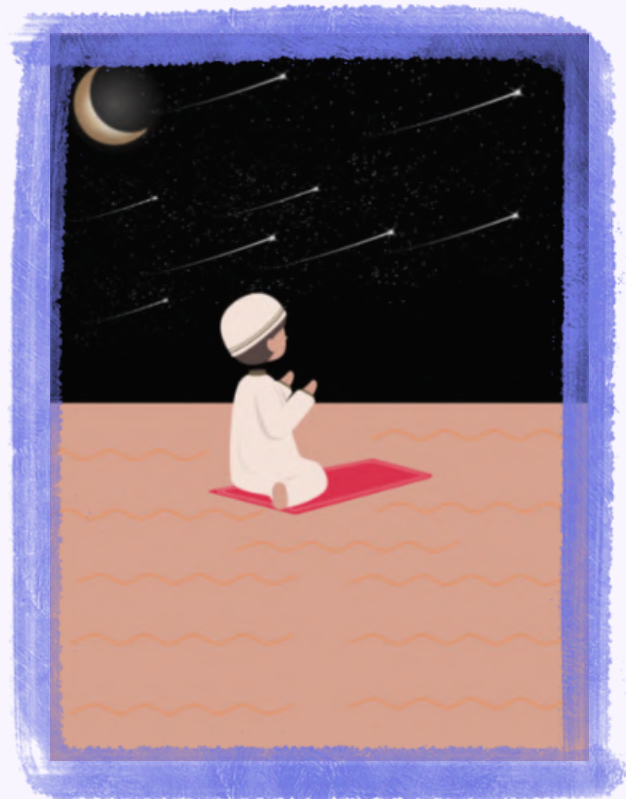
Some days tawakkul feels like falling and letting go,
Other days it's hope and trust in His plan alone,
Some days filled with glee,
Others drowned in misery
This journey was never easy,
But it's the only path to succeed.

Time and again I have been let down,
Yet miracles and blessings always found their way
around.
With hardship comes ease,
Though life never feels complete,
In Allah (SWT) I trust, He's always made me feel seen.

Every time I long to surrender, I remember His words,
Words so comforting and pure:
No soul is given more than it can endure.
This life's a prison for those who believe,
Just a short while before they're free,
free of doubt, of frustration, of misery,
If they trust His decree and hold fast to their deen,
They will no doubt be the ones who succeed.
Whoever puts their trust in Allah (SWT) He is
sufficient.

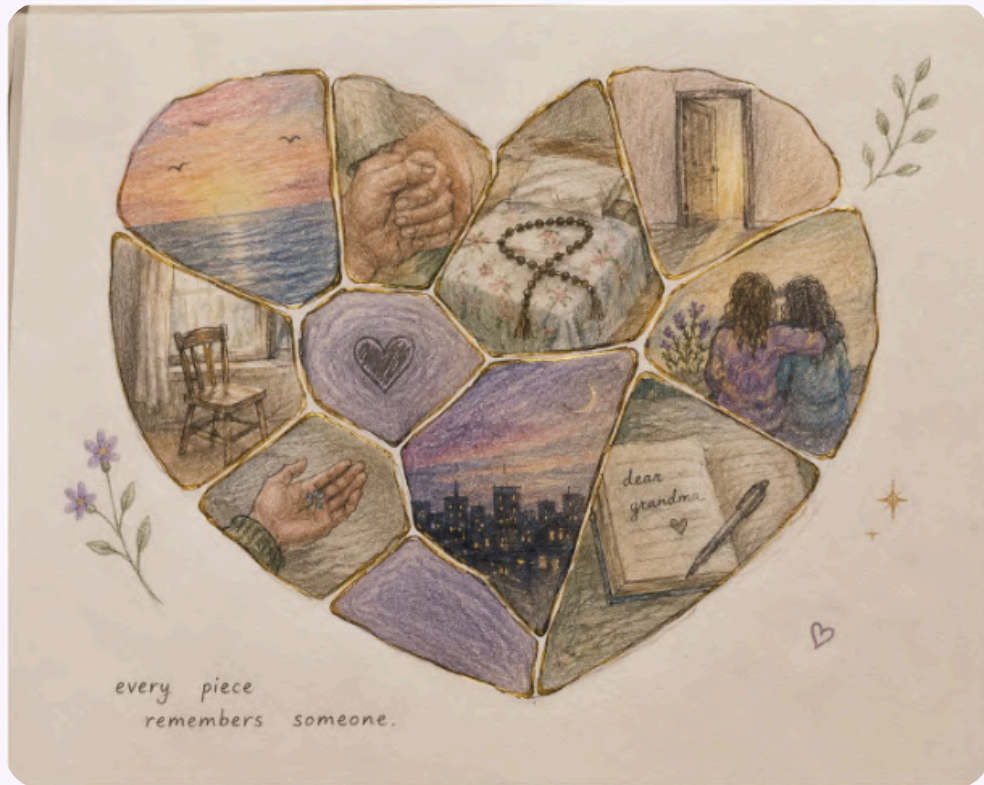
Each time I tried controlling the outcome of my goal,
I lost my tranquility, I lost control.
The more I grasped, the more it slipped,
The more I trusted, the less I tripped.
So I do my part, and let go of the rest
Allah (SWT) is the one who controls it best.

So here I stand, still walking, still uneasy,
But assured that His plan is pure
Not because I've seen the result,
But because I know Whom I depend on
Is there for me until the end.



When the Heart Forgets How to Hold

BY ADEENA AMIR HASHMI



This hand-drawn illustration I made represents the line, "my heart feels like it's shattering into a million little pieces, and every piece remembers someone," showing how each piece of the broken heart carries a different loss and memory.

There is a kind of breaking that has no clean edges,
not one grief, but many, all pressed into the same
chest,
until I don't know which loss I'm crying for anymore.
I only know my heart feels like it's shattering into a
million little pieces,
and every piece remembers someone.

I remember her bedroom, the one I couldn't walk into
for days,
the bed where she used to lay, still holding the shape
of her,
the air still soft with whatever she smelled like,
like she'd just stepped out and would be back any
minute.
I'd stand at that door and forget how to breathe,
like grief had climbed inside my throat and settled
there,
a hand around my windpipe, squeezing every time I
remembered
she was never walking back through that door again.

And it isn't only her.

It's my father, folding in on himself like a boy who lost his mother,
because he did, and I had never seen him break like that before,
and some things you can't unsee once you've seen them.

It's the man I never got to meet, who lives only in my mother's voice
when she says his name and her eyes go somewhere I can't follow.

It's my aunt and her family, not gone, only far,
further than I ever thought love could stretch,
an ocean between us instead of a grave,
because grief doesn't always wait for death to show up at your door.

So many people loved her, so her loss was never only ours to carry.

It swept through everyone who knew her,
the same way a storm doesn't just hit one house, it hits the whole street.

Even torn apart, we still turned toward each other.
Maybe that is what it means to belong to someone:
not that you never lose them,
but that when you do, you are not left to drown in it alone.

Some days it still comes for me without warning,
a smell, a voice, an empty room,
and it takes my breath and doesn't hand it back right away,
and I have to remind myself how to come back to my own body.

I still think of her room in Pakistan, the prayer beads left behind on her bed,
and I hold the memory like I'm holding her hand instead.

And there are moments my aunt's absence finds me without warning too,
something small reminds me of her, and I wish she were standing right beside me,
and for a second it hurts that she isn't.

But it doesn't break me the way it used to.
I've learned how to hold all of it without it holding me.
It took time to get here.
I am still getting here.

I used to think healing meant the pain would leave completely.

Now I think it just means I can carry it without it carrying me.

I lost my grandma. I lost my grandpa without ever having him.

I lost my aunt to distance instead of death.

I lost so many, all at once, all around me,
and still, somehow, here I am,
breathing,
belonging,
whole enough to write this down.



Return To Dirt

BY ESHAAL ZAHRI



Stone and earth and ash
I'll cradle your head gently
Tenderly as I take the soil

Of this horrible beautiful
Earth and gently pry, yes,

Pry your lovely lids open
Revealing those seeing eyes and lay soil
upon thee

You'll squirm cry and curse my name and
I shall smile
Watching your agony with
Pure delight



BREAK

I call this piece "Break". It depicts an overturned flowerpot spilling its contents (in this case marigolds). The pot is decorated with a psychedelic inspired pattern. The overall colour scheme grows a sense of oddity and nausea in the viewer.

Hidden Sandy Beaches

BY HAFSA A. KHAN

I am from hidden sandy beaches
That stretch beyond the eye
Homes so close together, they become one
From the blaring horns and the awakening of dawn
The crows that squawk and the myna's chirps
I am from stray dogs and cats that search for scraps
And donkeys that are overworked

I am from pearl white snow
That yellows within hours
From the geese that take over every spring and
autumn
From green grass inviting rabbits from bushes
And deer from forests
From a season so cold it makes your breath leave
your mouth in a burst of frost

I am from shared family nights and sleepovers
From performances and shows at weddings
I am from glitter and mirrors
From weddings that last seven days and leave my
feet sore
And the 1000 relatives that "changed my diapers
when I was a baby"

I am from sledding and hot chocolate
Skating with friends until the sun disappears
I am from the long days and short nights
To the short days and long nights
From the 15-year-old blanket that is falling apart at
the seams

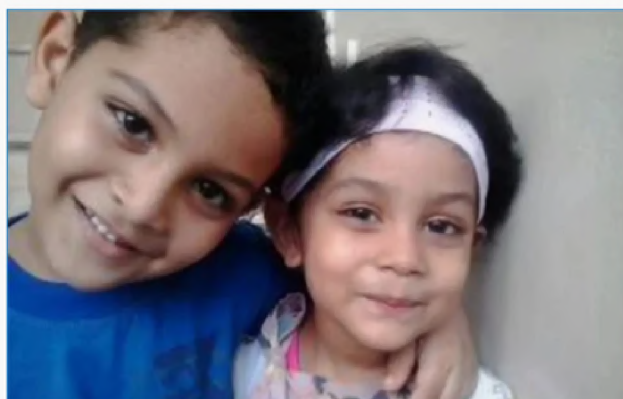
I am from Biryani, Haleem, and Daal Chaawal
From cardamom wafting through the street
Calling children home for dinner
Where I am from the streets are a haven for those
who love food
They are lined with carts of food that make your
mouth water from the smells of lemon, spices, and
sugar

I am from late night stories
Of princesses and najjars
I am from the 'Makhan toast monster'
That chased me at night

I am from hardworkers and high soarers
From "do what you want but do it well"

I am from all these places
The silence, the chatter, the heat and the cold
I am from all the stories that were told and those that
were not
Each memory a part of who I am

Lentils and Rice, Carpenter, Buttered Toast



*My brother and me in our childhood
home in Pakistan*

What My Hijab Means to Me

BY KHADIJA AHMED

Every morning before she steps outside,
She picks out a scarf she wears with pride.
Whether it's soft cotton, chiffon, or silk,
Shades of deep navy or gentle cream milk,
She folds it and drapes it around her head,
Following the quiet path, she chooses to tread.
It isn't a burden, and it isn't a mask,
Though people sometimes wonder or ask.
It's a choice that she makes every single day,
To show who she is in her own special way.
It keeps her connected to faith and to peace,
A steady calm center where worries can cease.
She adjusts a small pin, so it stays right in place,
Framing her dark eyes and a warm, bright face.
Then off to the world she goes on her feet,
Walking down hallways or out on the street.
She's a student, a sister, a friend with big dreams,
Stronger and brighter than anyone seems.
In crowded classrooms or busy halls,
She stands up with confidence, standing up tall.
Through math tests and projects, through laughter
and chatter,
She focuses daily on things that truly matter.

Her voice is a strength, and her kindness is a guide,
showing the values she carries inside.
When rain starts to fall or the cool breeze blows
through,
Her headscarf stays steady, reliable, and true.
A reminder of family, of culture, of prayer,
A symbol of devotion she's happy to wear.
It grounds her in purpose when life gets too fast,
A bridge to her future, connected to the past.
The wind might catch it as she passes by,
Under the blue of the afternoon sky.
Some people see fabric, but she sees much more
An anchor of strength, an identity never torn
It's a symbol of courage, of grace, and of pride,
Matching the kindness, she carries inside.



Out in the world

About My Poem

I wrote this poem because my life as a young Muslim girl is shaped by my own decision to wear the hijab every day. I wanted to show that wearing a hijab is my own personal choice. It's a way for me to feel a source of peace, pride, and connection to my religion, beyond it being a hijab. It's an everyday symbol of who I am: a student, friend, and sister growing into the person I want to be.

Expansion Of Islam

BY KHIZAR QAMAR



From the Bedouins of Arabia
To the tulips of Anatolia
To the bazaars of Persia
To the steppes of Central Asia
From the Nile to the Euphrates of
Mesopotamia
To the thousand islands of the Malay
and Indonesia
The Extravagant wealth of the Mughals
And bountiful gold from Timbuktu
By the desert camels of the Sahara
To the horn of Africa
To the mountains of Khurasan
And the olives of Amazigh
And the history of Shaam
Came the spread of Islam



From Madinah to the World

First Northern Crescent

BY MUHAMMAD TAHEEM RAZ

My first Ramadan blooms in northern skies,
Where winter's breath still lingers in the air.
A foreign moon before my wondering eyes,
Yet Allah's mercy finds me waiting there.

The snow may fall where palms have never
grown,
The Adhan whispers softly through my
heart.
Though far from lands that I have always
known,
My faith reminds me we're not far apart.

At iftar's light, the city's lamps will gleam,
As countless souls give thanks for what
they share.
The prairie winds may chill, yet warmly
seem
When answered by a faithful, humble
prayer.

Though Winnipeg is now my distant home,
With Ramadan, I never walk alone.



*Getting ready for Iftar at the mosque in my
apartment building*

From Bitter Roots to Beautiful Blooms

BY ZAYNAH SIDDIQUI

Five years old, and the world was torn apart, leaving behind the home of my heart. I was packed in a suitcase and carried away, leaving behind my friends and the streets where I used to play. But the heaviest weight that a child could bear was leaving my grandmother, fighting and frail, over there.

With cancer treatments, her battle was steep, and I was so bitter, my sorrow so deep. For three long years, I looked at the snow and whispered to heaven, I just wanted to go. I didn't know English; I didn't fit in, feeling the judgment underneath my skin.

Even with family, the loneliness stayed, as I watched the childhood memories fade. I felt so different, so out of place; an outsider looking for one friendly face.

Slowly, the seasons began to shift, and I found in the differences, a beautiful gift. I opened my heart and made friends from afar, learning that difference is just who we are.

Now here I stand, at fourteen years wise, looking at Canada with brand-new eyes. The bitterness faded; the gratitude grew for all the lessons and doors I walked through.

Therefore, to every newcomer who feels out of place, wiping the tears from a homesick face: Hold onto patience; let your heart heal. It's okay to grieve for the pain that you feel. Trust in the journey; don't lose your light. Your tomorrow is waiting, and it's going to be bright.



Before the roots came, the blooms. My forever home, where my heart lives... my grandmother.

The background is a solid purple color. It is decorated with various white hand-drawn doodles. At the top, there are clouds, a lightbulb, a plus sign, a squiggle, and a plus sign with a small '8' next to it. On the left side, there is a cloud, a plus sign, a squiggle, and a starburst. On the right side, there is a plus sign, a squiggle, a starburst, and a squiggle with an arrow. At the bottom, there are two large, irregular shapes. The one on the left is filled with a black grid pattern. The one on the right is filled with a dense, chaotic pattern of white lines. In the center, the text 'Section 3' is written in a small, bold, white font. Below it, the words 'Voices in' and 'Art' are written in a large, bold, white font, stacked vertically.

Section 3

**Voices in
Art**

Unnamed

BY MUSTAFA ADIL



My name is Mustafa. The drawing you see above is made completely with Sharpie markers. More specifically, I used fine point, ultra fine point, and chisel tip Sharpies. I used absolutely no AI, and made it completely by hand, making the tip of my marker follow whatever path my brain had carved for it.

Whatever this style of art is called, is exactly how I draw in my school notes, except this is on a much larger scale, and the drawings in my notes would usually be in pencil. If you were to flip through every assignment, note booklet, test, etc. that was given to me in grade 12, you would likely find a doodle of this style somewhere on the paper. But I didn't start this habit in grade 12. I've been doing it for pretty much all of my school life.

I distinctly remember my mother getting mad at me once in grade 2 for drawing too much on my math homework. I guess you could say I have a decent amount of practice. But I also don't think this kind of art is that difficult to make, since you just go with the flow, starting big and beautifying every little line as you go.

Thinking of a name for this art piece was a bit of a challenge. I never named it when I initially finished it (you can find the date if you look really closely) because I never saw the need for it. It was simply a drawing I made that was similar to the scribbles that I've been creating for so many years. What am I supposed to call it, "Notebook doodles?" Nah, I'm good. I'll just leave it "Unnamed". Enjoy.

The background is a solid purple color. It is decorated with various white hand-drawn doodles. At the top, there are two clouds, a lightbulb with radiating lines, a plus sign, a squiggle, and a plus sign with a squiggle. On the left side, there is a cloud, a plus sign, a squiggle, and a star. On the right side, there is a plus sign with a squiggle, a star, and a squiggle. At the bottom, there are two large, irregular shapes. The one on the left is filled with a black grid pattern. The one on the right is filled with a black scribble pattern. In the center, the text 'Fun Activities' is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font.

Fun Activities

PATHS HIDDEN IN WORDS

BY FATIMA SYEDA

W G C R C O L L A B O R A T I O N R C B
E I R Y N T M O U R A G R U E I E L W A
L D D Y G O E T I W M O J W I H E M L O
C T B E Y D W L I I N O I W N A N E M N
O G O M O L G A E E P M A E E R O O N U
M I E P R U U B R I D G E U F M R R Y N
E R L O G I I F Y T I N U M M O C C L D
I E I W B C O O H I V R T O I N O O H L
E M C E N U I C I E C A E O U Y N U T N
I O E R A N I T I O C E P O H R U O A Y
A T Y G N I G N O L E B W M G F I N V H
N I H O N T Y E C T A T E N U C H N O E
C O A U I Y O W M H L N B D D U A J I J
E N H E Y T I T N E D I Y R T I I O C I
D A I C I Y R T T R R I A I U O I U E U
M L T O E O E I T I E P N L A U I R S R
U O C I T R E R U T U F H A R O P N E B
O Y T N N T P A G A I O Y N N T O E U E
E M I B A H N I H G R T O Y R N R Y U H
R C U L T U R E U E P L N T G U T N A E

BELONGING
CULTURE
HARMONY
JOURNEY

BRIDGE
EMOTIONAL
HERITAGE
UNITY

COLLABORATION
EMPOWER
HOPE
VOICES

COMMUNITY
FUTURE
IDENTITY
WELCOME

The Sudoku of Unity

BY AMMAR SHALABY



Pakistan
— BOX OF CRICKET —

	5	
9		8



Somalia
— BOX OF POETRY —

3		
		4
	5	



India
— BOX OF SPICES —

	8	
6		



Iran
— BOX OF PERS' —

		7
3		4



Bangladesh
— BOX OF MONSOONS —

2		



Morocco
— BOX OF BAAZARS —

	4	1
7		



Algeria
— BOX OF COUSCOUS —

1		
7		
	3	8



Syria
— BOX OF JASMINE —

3	9	5
4		2

ANSWER KEY



The answer key shows the completed 3x3 grids for each country's 'box'. The central circular grid is also completed with numbers 1-9. The grids are color-coded to match the original puzzle: Pakistan (green), Somalia (blue), India (orange), Iran (teal), Bangladesh (yellow), Morocco (red), Algeria (dark green), and Syria (pink).

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, another cloud, and a lightbulb with radiating lines. Below these, there are more plus signs, squiggly lines, and arrows. In the center, the text 'INSIDE HMF YOUTH CLUB' is written in a bold, white, sans-serif 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 HMF YOUTH CLUB

Inside HMF Youth Club

BY HMF YOUTH CLUB EXECUTIVE TEAM

In this edition of the HMF Youth Magazine, we are excited to share a little about our club, what we've been working on, and some of the moments we've shared over the past year.

The HMF Youth Club is a space for young people to come together, build friendships, learn new skills, take part in activities, and grow as leaders while staying connected to their community.

Our Executive Team this year is made of: Muhammed Khan, President; Sarah Tariq Jaleel, Vice President of Internal Affairs; Rayyan Rahman, Vice President of External Affairs; Abdullahi Eweseson, Secretary; Mustafa Adil, Social Media Manager; and Ibrahim Akhtar, Treasurer.

Together, we help plan activities and events, connect with youth in our community, and create opportunities for young people to learn, build confidence, develop leadership skills, and have fun along the way. We want the HMF Youth Club to be a welcoming space where youth from different backgrounds feel connected, supported, and encouraged to share their ideas and take part.

One of the best things about being part of the HMF Youth Club is that there's something for everyone. Whether you want to meet new people, try something new, volunteer in the community, build your confidence, or take on a leadership role, the club gives you opportunities to get involved in ways that feel meaningful to you.

Highlights from the Year

This past year gave us plenty of opportunities to do just that. From team-building and social gatherings to youth-led community initiatives, we shared many memorable moments together. Here are a few highlights from what the HMF Youth Club has been up to this year!

Escape Room Adventure



In November last year, the HMF Youth Club put their teamwork and problem-solving skills to the test at Killer Noob Escapes. Working together, the group tackled the escape room challenges, shared plenty of laughs, and enjoyed some friendly competition along the way. Afterwards, we headed back to the St. Anne's office to celebrate our triumphs with pizza and spend some more time together.

Sisters' Hangout



This August, the girls of the HMF Youth Club came together for a cozy Sisters' Hangout at the HMF office space that was filled with food, laughter, and good company. With fairy lights, pajamas, pizza, pasta, snacks, cookies, and a movie, it was a simple but special evening to relax, connect, and enjoy time together.

Celebrating Our Achievements



This summer, the HMF Youth Club came together to celebrate an important milestone for some of our members, their high school graduation! It was a chance to recognize their hard work, celebrate how far they've come, and wish them the very best as they take their next steps. And of course, no celebration would be complete without cake!

Bake Sale: Baking for a Cause



Also this August, we came together to host a fundraising bake sale at the Winnipeg Central Mosque, aka Ellice Mosque, in support of Palestine and Sudan. With brownies, cookies, lemonade, Tres Leches cake, and plenty of teamwork, we set a goal of raising \$500. By the end of the day, we had gone well beyond it, raising an incredible \$820 together!

Join the Club

Interested in becoming part of the HMF Youth Club? We'd love to have you!

You can reach us at:
youthclub@healthymuslimfamilies.ca

Also follow us on Instagram at [@hmfyouthclub](https://www.instagram.com/hmfyouthclub) to stay up to date on upcoming activities and events.

We hope to see you at one of our future events!

**Winnipeg
Muslim
Community
Resource
Directory**

Winnipeg Muslim Community Resource Directory

CURATED BY TAHA EL-BEBANY

Halal Food Serving Restaurants in Winnipeg

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

Al Basha Restaurant & Cafe
(204) 306-8544
1566 Pembina Hwy, Winnipeg,
(Temp closed)

Aladin's Pizzeria & Shawarma
Place
(204) 416-4560
912 Portage Ave #103, Winnipeg
aladinspizzeria.ca

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

A-ONE Restaurant
(204) 221-7860
166 Meadowood Dr Unit 130,
Winnipeg, MB R2M 2S6
aonerestaurant.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,
grocerybazaar.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

Heritage Bangla Grocery & Meat
1605 Pembina Hwy Unit b,
Winnipeg, MB R3T 3Y6

Masjids

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

AL-Haqq Masjid
(204) 799-0389
500 Dovercourt Dr.
alhaqqcanada.ca

Beit Naballa Mosque
325 Wallasey Street, Winnipeg
bnmosque.org

Faizan E Makkah
(431) 990-2786
509 St Mary's Rd
dawateislamiccanada.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

Rahma Masjid
(431) 792-3791
574 Watt St
rahmacentre.org

Salam Masjid
(204) 342-5642
294 Burrows Ave

Winnipeg Central Mosque
(204) 783-6797
715 Ellice Ave
winnipegmosque.org

Yaseen Centre Of Manitoba
(204) 688-3736
746 Ellice Ave
yaseencentre.ca

Muslim Schools

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

Avicenna Academy
204-510-0554
22 South Landing Drive,
Winnipeg, Manitoba
avicenna-academy.ca

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

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

MIA Institute of Knowledge
204-807-0879
2445 Waverley Street Winnipeg,
R3Y 1S3
mbislamicschool.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 Students Association,
University of Manitoba
103 Dafeo Rd W #160
204-951-7556
ummsa.org

Muslim Students Association,
University of Winnipeg
515 Portage Ave
uwmsa.com

Credits

Editorial Team

Abeeha Zia
Lewhat Hagos
Abeer Akhtar
Maymuuna Ahmed
Hafsa Khan

Design Team

Azaan Asif
Muhammad Taheem Raz
Waleed Arshad
Rayan Alam
Fatima Syeda
Mustafa Adil

Team Leads

Abeeha Zia - Editorial Team
Azaan Asif - Design Team
Khalid Jaleel - Project Supervisor

Content Contributors

Aayan Amir Hashmi
Abdalrahman Sabek
Abdullahi Isse
Abeeha Zia
Abeer Akhtar
Adeena Amir Hashmi
Ammar Shalaby
Azaan Asif
Chouaib Harous
Eshaal Zahri

Farouq Ibitoye
Fatime Syeda
Hafsa Khan
Khadija Ahmed
Muhammad Khizar Qamar
Lewhat Hagos
Lujain Adil
Manal Rahman
Marwa Rahman

Maymuuna Ahmed
Muscab Ahmed
Mustafa Adil
Nada Shalaby
Rayan Alam
Taha El-Babany
Muhammad Taheem Raz
Waleed Arshad
Zaynah Siddiqui



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Community
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Rights
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Solidarity
Dreams
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Human
Futures
Visibility
Rise
Belonging
Connection
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Transformation
Safety
Awareness
Care
Empowerment
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www.healthymuslimfamilies.ca



HMF Winnipeg, South
117A St. Anne's Rd,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, R2M 221
(204) 202-6491
info@healthymuslimfamilies.ca

HMF Winkler
2-385 Mountain Ave,
Winkler, Manitoba R6W 0M5
(204) 202-3782
winkler@healthymuslimfamilies.ca

HMF Winnipeg Downtown
406 Edmonton St, 2nd Floor,
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3B 2M2
(204) 202-5126
downtown@healthymuslimfamilies.ca