



A pound every five years. That's what they said. Five years of inertia sitting on the sofa and I'd likely be a pound of muscle lighter. That's after the age of twenty-five; beyond fifty and allegedly it's an even sharper drop. I'm feeling scrawnier by the minute. I suppose it's all aimed at shaming us into taking exercise more seriously and most of us would do well to heed the warning. As Muslims I think we all need to consider how best to conserve and expend the assets we've been granted by Allah, the Exalted.

In fairness, perhaps it shouldn't be such a shock. For years we've been drilled in the 'use it or lose it' adage when it comes to personal health, but maybe it's in most people's nature to hope they'll be the exception to the rule. At any rate, time catches up to all of us and as Muslims you'd like to think we should be particularly conscious of the brevity of life and the precariousness of our health.

Be that as it may, I think we're often too caught up in our day-to-day lives to worry enough about our fleeting vigour. From the perspective of Islam, our health is a grace from Allah, the Exalted, that is best expended on the accumulation of good works that will be of lasting benefit in the Hereafter. As the assets of our youth fade away, let them be consumed in exchange for virtuous deeds which we hope will be the means to grand compensations in the Afterlife, with the Will of All
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