

SHE

WOMEN'S
MONTH

*From the
Vaal
to the world*

What we gain and what we
leave behind when building
a life elsewhere.

*Travel
Through*

Many Lenses

*Mastering
Life & Money*

Lessons from the ReinventingYOU Workshop

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“Traveling—it leaves you speechless, then turns you into a storyteller.”— Ibn Battuta, *The Travels of Ibn Battutah*

This edition of Roshgold News is intended to help you with your magic carpet ride on an inspirational journey.

Roshgold's four-decade journey and legacy was aptly celebrated at the recently held Golden Triangle Awards. Through collective investment, the multi-dimensional benefits of community development and socio-economic transformation were recognized.

We reflect on another meaningful initiative for the benefit of the broader community and the impact it has had on all our attendees. It's relevance to a new generation of businesses and younger leaders is re-enforced by the reflective submission of an attendee titled; “Reinvention in Real Life”. Couple this article with Mariam Mohamed's piece on the psychology of reaching Gen Z consumers, one has sufficient reason for looking in the mirror and asking;” Mirror, Mirror on the Wall who needs reinvention after all?” Let us not be dumped into the scrapyard of obsolescence.

Ibn Battuta's travels are well chronicled. Our contributors have also chronicled their travel experiences. It is food for the soul and a lovely journey to enjoy.

The successes of Reinventing You Workshop has resulted in calls for Roshgold to host similar types of workshops outside of Johannesburg. We ask our readers to guide us with their valuable input and planning can begin on similar workshops in other centres. The Roshgold team is looking forward to meeting and engaging with you.

Let us travel together! Reinvention is a much needed necessity!

Haroun Pochee

Editor

CROWNING A LEGACY:

Roshgold Honoured at the Golden Triangle Legacy Awards

The Emerald Arena was aglow with celebration as the Golden Triangle Chamber of Commerce hosted its prestigious **Annual Gala Awards**. It was a glamorous evening dedicated to recognising excellence across the Vaal Triangle. Among the many stand-out moments of the night, Roshgold Investment Holdings was both proud and humbled to be nominated for the **Legacy Award** and to walk away with the coveted **Empire Trophy**.

This recognition is a powerful testament to Roshgold's four-decade journey of impact, founded in Vereeniging and grown into a dynamic, Shariah-compliant investment movement rooted in inclusive economic participation. The Legacy Awards celebrate organisations and individuals who contribute meaningfully to regional progress, and Roshgold's role in **socio-economic upliftment, small and micro enterprise development** and **community empowerment** was recognised in full.

"This award belongs to every shareholder, every entrepreneur we've backed, and every community we've touched," **said Chairman, Ebrahim Sujee**. "It's not just about our past; it's fuel for the future."

By fostering sustainable opportunities, nurturing future leaders, and supporting grassroots entrepreneurship, Roshgold continues to play a vital role in the economic transformation of the communities it serves and champions its development.

The Empire Trophy stands as both an honour and a call to continue building a legacy that will serve generations to come.



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CONVERSATIONS
THAT BUILD
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MARKETING TO THE GEN Z CONSUMER

Mariam Mahomed

THERE'S A NEW KID ON THE BLOCK,

and it still catches some of us off guard when someone in the office calls out their ID number starting with “00...”. Gen Z have arrived and officially taken over—not only in the workplace but also as the primary focus for modern marketers.

According to Cropink’s 2025 stat roundup, Gen Z’s estimated global spending power is already \$450 billion and is projected to skyrocket to \$12 trillion by 2030. With that kind of economic clout, business owners and marketers can no longer afford to rely on old playbooks. To win a share of the Gen Z pie, you have to think—and market—differently.

What worked for Millennials doesn’t resonate with this new generation. Gone are the days of perfectly curated Instagram feeds, polished blog posts, and editorial-style influencer collaborations that dominated the last decade. Gen Z craves authenticity, personality, and entertainment above all else. As Business Insider puts it:

“Gen Z loathes ads. They prefer seamless brand mentions over overt campaigns, and creators monetise best through authentic brand partnerships.”

The most popular TikTok accounts are those where the brand shows up as a person, with humour, honesty, and relatability.





High-end luxury brands have embraced this shift. Take Loewe, as a case in point. Instead of cinematic, overly polished campaigns, Loewe posts iPhone-style edits that mimic the casual content creators post themselves. They lean into meme culture, viral trends, and even self-deprecating humour. Their leather tomato bag inspired by a meme, their “real vs fake” guessing games, and teasing TikToks like Sofia Richie’s husband joking about Loewe boots—which went mega-viral with over 15 million views—show that even luxury can be approachable and funny. It’s a far cry from the traditional luxury aesthetic, and it works.

Authenticity also shines through the people behind the brand. A great local example is Superspar Outeniqua, which has over 57,000 TikTok followers and videos that have reached more than six million views. Their secret? Staff members recreating viral TikTok trends. This simple, genuine approach turned the store into a destination for young South Africans who now visit the store to meet the hilarious team of creators behind the account—putting Outeniqua on the map. This is officially known as Employee-Generated Content (EGC), and it’s not just a local phenomenon. Vogue Business highlights how brands like Loewe, Fenty Beauty, Marc Jacobs, Ganni, Lush, and SheerLuxe are using EGC to highlight craftsmanship, culture, and the internal faces of their brands. According to the Times, posts from individual employees can achieve triple the engagement compared to branded channels. Deloitte, for example, averaged around 30 likes per corporate post versus 2,700 on employee-led content. The reach is staggering: when employees share a brand message, it’s 561% wider than the same message on an official brand channel.

Online, Gen Z demands authenticity. Offline, they want personalised shopping experiences and products that reflect their individuality.

Vogue Business calls this the rise of “chaotic customisation”—Gen Z embraces extreme personalisation, from layering charms on accessories to DIY detailing on fashion. Major brands like Adidas and Asics now host custom design events to meet this creative demand.

So how do you package all this?

Be authentic.

Show the people, the process, and even the imperfections behind your brand.

Be personal.

Offer customizable options or experiences that reflect individuality.

Be quick.

Gen Z's attention span is just eight seconds—and you only have about three seconds to stop them scrolling. Start your videos with a strong hook, whether it's a visual, audio, or text moment that grabs attention instantly.

Gen Z don't want to see a brand—they want to see a personality.

Marketing to Gen Z boils down to two key elements: authenticity and personalisation.

Be yourself, and give them the tools and experiences to express themselves. If your content is real, relatable, and entertaining—and packaged in a way they can quickly consume—you'll not only capture their attention but also earn their loyalty. Gen Z is rewriting the rules of marketing. The question is: **Are you ready to keep up?**



Connect by M is a creative marketing consultancy helping small businesses and growing brands navigate modern marketing strategies, from social media content to personalised brand campaigns that resonate with today's consumers.

For more marketing tips or to book a consultation, follow [@connect_by_m](#) on Instagram.

MUSINGS OF AN ATTENDEE



REINVENTING YOU - MASTERING MONEY & LIFE STRATEGIES

Somayya Hansrod

What got me out of bed on a cold Saturday morning during the school holidays?

What urged me to leave the comfort of my home, my cosy morning routine, and the embrace of my heater?

What made me get out of my PJs, get ready, and travel all the way from Roshnee to the suburb of Ormonde, early, in the dead of winter?

There was something powerful at play. A strong, undeniable driving force was compelling me, urging me to break away from familiarity, comfort, and habit, to take that first step.

The first step to escape the grind.
The first step to abandon the rut.
The first step to rewire the monotony of my thoughts.
The first step to be open, to receive.

To receive: different views, thoughts, and ideas.

Yes, I was ready take the first step and venture into the unknown. And so were the excited ants in my pants and the surge of adrenaline in my hopeful heart for what the day might bring.

Armed with a extra layers of winter clothing and very high expectations, I arrived at the Reinventing YOU - Mastering Money & Life Strategies event hosted by Roshgold and the Minara Chamber of Commerce.

As usual, I was early, a trait that reflects both my personality and my deep eagerness for what lay ahead.

It was the opening prayer, beautiful, soothing, and comforting verses from Surah Fatiha and Surah Hashr, recited by a very young Mohamed Ismail, that caused my body and soul to pause. The ants in my pants finally calmed. The overdrive in my mind slowed down. His tranquil recitation prepared my heart and mind to receive; calmly, openly, and with purpose.

A Stirring Start: Dr. Shahiem Patel

Dr. Shahiem Patel, Academic Dean at Regent Business School, was our first mentor.

He emphasized the profound impact his late English teacher, Mr. Mahomed had on him. His was a heartfelt tribute, one that struck a deeply personal chord within me. You see, I too had a Mr. Mahomed as my English teacher at Lenasia Muslim School back in the “good old days”.

I still remember his encouraging words after marking one of my essays. That kind feedback ignited my passion for writing, a passion that remains strong to this very day. But just like Dr. Shahiem, I was saddened to realize that my teacher never knew how much he impacted my life.

Yet, there was comfort in remembering that we have the gift of prayer for the deceased. A gift that transcends space and time, and means more than words ever could.



Lesson 1

Reinvent myself into a “Mr. Mahomed” for my own students, using words of praise and positivity and make a conscious effort to thank and appreciate those who offer me their wisdom, guidance, time, and support.

Dr. Shahiem continued sharing his life’s curveballs as lessons of hope, and springboards for change. His words, **“Learn to become comfortable with being uncomfortable as a means to an end,”** resonated deeply. For a moment, I forgot the biting cold.

Then he said, **“Small failures = low-cost education”**. This one hit home. I often find myself consumed by thoughts like: *What if it fails? What if it doesn’t work out?*



Lesson 2

Use my failures and errors as stepping stones toward reinventing my mindset and actions, toward bigger and better things.

Another gem from Dr. Shahiem: **“Resilience attracts people to you.”**

This warmed my heart. We are taught that patience through adversity is rewarded. Resilient people, those who trust in the plan of their Creator, wear smiles and carry positive energy.

He delivered another gem and it hit with force: **“One thing may seem useless, but it’s necessary for the big thing.”**

How often do I tell myself, “This one thing won’t make a difference.”

Yes, it all takes time.
Baby steps are okay.
Small wins are worth celebrating.
Mistakes should drive us forward, not hold us back.

These timely reminders closed off Dr. Shahiem’s powerful talk and set the tone for a morning full of reflection, inspiration, and valuable insights.

Pictured: Dr. Shahiem Patel & Bilal Kathrada

Bilal Kathrada,

author, techpreneur, and inspiring public speaker, opened with:

Never Lose

Your WHY:

That was my lightbulb moment.

Had my passion become a chore?

Had my drive turned into routine?

Had my excitement been replaced with dread and fatigue?

Lesson 3

When the going gets tough, pause and find your WHY.

Your first WHY: for the pleasure of The Almighty.

Your second WHY: for the betterment of mankind.

Keep your WHY at the forefront and success, will follow.

He reminded us: **“Don’t be afraid of fear.”**

Tie your camel tightly, take the necessary action, and then trust in The Almighty. Ask for more, for better, and for what seems impossible. Remember Sarah (peace be upon her), the wife of Prophet Abraham, who was blessed with a child at 99 years old, so surprised, she slapped her own face in disbelief!

By mid-morning, still on the edge of my seat, I forced myself to lean back and receive. To soak in the weight of every speaker’s words.

Bilal continued: **“Make your thinking limitless because your Provider is limitless”.**

*This was **Lesson 4.***



His words shook me to my core.
Were my *buts* and *ifs* limiting my prayers?
Was I too cautious when asking from the Creator of the heavens and the earth?

Yes, it was a rude awakening.
But a necessary one.
Before *reinventing* can begin, the soul must awaken.

These are the gems I took home, smiling and rejuvenated:

1. Continue getting better.
2. Keep it small—why do we think bigger is always better?
3. Keep doing what you love.
4. It's okay to let go of something to make space for something else.
5. Every failure is a lesson for future success.
6. Intentions are vital.
7. There are no endings without Alhamdulillah.
8. Believe in and work with the collective.
9. Everything takes time.
10. Love every single thing that you do.
11. Your success is my success—and vice versa.
12. Let your mindset be influenced by The Almighty.

The Power of Presence:

Then came Fehmida Jordaan, better known as Fehmz, with her smile, signature spectacles, and radiant presence.

Taking us on a nostalgic journey, she recounted memories that captivated the room with their sincerity and warmth.



While Fehmz didn't offer me a discount on her designer glasses, she gave something far more valuable, practical business advice:

Separate your business and personal finances. Simple words. Big impact.

Her heartfelt sharing, spanning over 20 years of experience, brought the morning to a close with inspiration and fire.

A New Beginning

Leaving the conference centre didn't mark the end of the event. Rather, it signalled a new beginning.

A beginning of bright, bold, and beautiful things to come, for every single attendee.



The Next Chapter

REINVENTING YOU

Durban,

Are You Ready to Reinvent You?

This September, we're bringing a powerful experience to inspire growth, purpose, and fresh perspectives. Designed for thinkers, doers, and dreamers ready to break boundaries and build the future they deserve.

Watch this space!



RECLAIMING FOCUS:

Parenting with Purpose in a Distracted World

MI Mohammad Seedat

*Roshnee Islamic School – Chief Executive Officer
Cij Youth Foundation – Ameer*

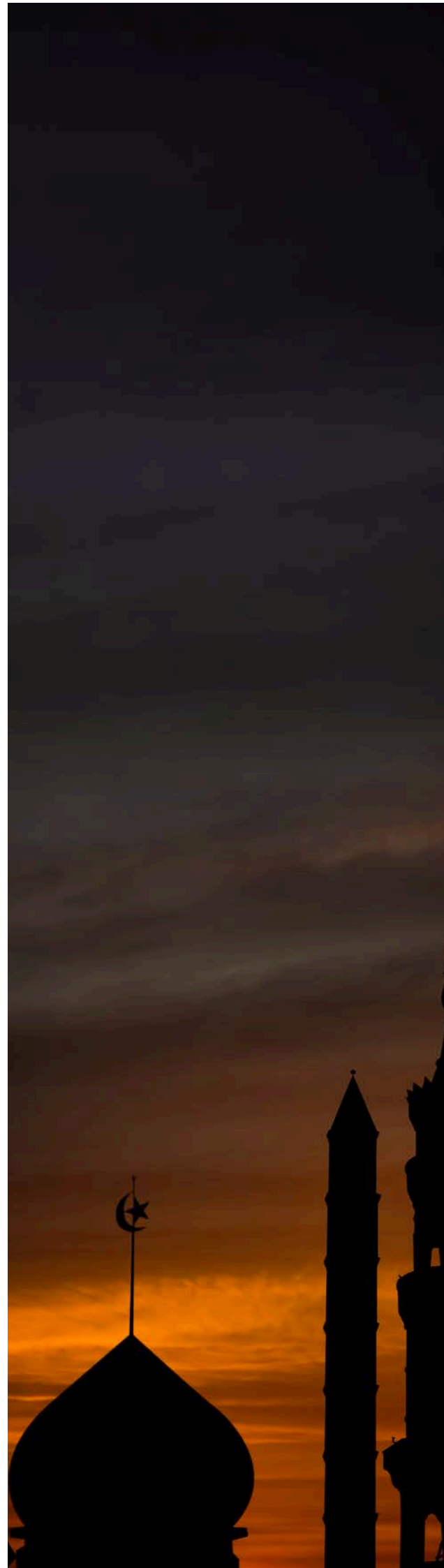
In today's fast-paced, distraction-filled world, parenting has become more challenging than ever. Technology, busy schedules, and shifting values often pull families away from what truly matters. As Muslim parents, our task is not only to raise successful children but also to nurture hearts grounded in faith, character, and purpose.

The journey to reclaiming focus begins at home. By prioritising what matters most, we can build a generation that is spiritually strong, emotionally balanced, and morally upright.

Below are nine simple and crucial steps that parents may implement to reclaim the focus of our children in guiding them to the straight path based on the Qur'an and the Sunnah (Prophetic way) of Rasullullah (SAW):

Lead by Example

Children learn more from what they see than from what they hear. When they observe you performing Salaah on time, speaking with respect, showing patience, and living by Islamic principles, they naturally follow suit. Your actions are the blueprint for their lives.



لَقَدْ كَانَ لَكُمْ فِي رَسُولِ اللَّهِ أُسْوَةٌ حَسَنَةٌ

"Indeed, in the Messenger of Allah you have an excellent example."
(Surah Al-Ahzab, 33:21)

2 Build a Strong Spiritual Foundation

Make the remembrance of Allah part of your daily routine. Encourage even small amounts of Qur'an recitation, make dhikr as a family, and speak often about Allah's mercy and love.

فَاذْكُرُونِي أَذْكَرْكُمْ وَأَشْكُرُوا لِي وَلَا تَكْفُرُونِ

"So remember Me; I will remember you. And be grateful to Me and do not deny Me." (Surah Al-Baqarah, 2:152)

3 Prioritise Islamic Knowledge

In the pursuit of academic success, don't let Islamic learning take a backseat. Attend halaqahs, workshops, and Islamic events as a family. Equip your children with the knowledge to understand and live their faith. Rasullullah (SAW) said:

مَنْ يُرِدِ اللَّهُ بِهِ خَيْرًا يُفَقِّهْهُ فِي الدِّينِ

"When Allah intends good for someone, He grants them understanding of the religion." (Bukhari & Muslim)

4 Spend Quality Time

Children don't measure love in gifts — they measure it in moments. Children spell "LOVE" as T-I-M-E. Share meals, perform Salaah together, volunteer in community projects, and have open conversations.

Rasullullah (SAW) would sit and listen attentively to his companions and family, showing the value of time spent together.

5

Set Healthy Boundaries

The digital world is full of distractions and dangers. Monitor devices and friendships with wisdom, not control. Teach moderation and responsible use so that children learn to self-regulate.

وَكَذَٰلِكَ جَعَلْنَاكُمْ أُمَّةً وَسَطًا

"And thus We have made you a balanced nation."

(Surah Al-Baqarah, 2:143)

6

Discipline with Wisdom

Correction should be done with love, not anger. Rasullullah (SAW) said:

إِنَّ اللَّهَ رَفِيقٌ يُحِبُّ الرِّفْقَ فِي الْأُمْرِ كُلِّهِ

"Indeed, Allah is gentle and loves gentleness in all matters."

(Bukhari & Muslim)

7

Celebrate Good Deeds

Acknowledge and praise sincerity, kindness, and good choices — not just achievements. The Rasullullah (SAW) would openly commend acts of goodness, encouraging them without arrogance.

8

Create an Open, Safe Environment

Home should be the first place your children turn to for advice, not the last. Listen to them without judgment so they feel safe to share their challenges and mistakes.

وَأَمْرُهُمْ شُورَى بَيْنَهُمْ

"And whose affairs are [conducted] through mutual consultation."

(Surah Ash-Shura, 42:38)

9 Make Du'ā Constantly

Never underestimate the power of a parent's dua (supplication).

رَبِّ اجْعَلْنِي مُقِيمَ الصَّلَاةِ وَمِنْ ذُرِّيَّتِي رَبَّنَا وَتَقَبَّلْ دُعَاءِ

"My Lord! Make me an establisher of prayer, and [many] from my descendants.
Our Lord, accept my supplication." (Surah Ibrahim, 14:40)

وَالَّذِينَ يَقُولُونَ رَبَّنَا هَبْ لَنَا مِنْ أَزْوَاجِنَا وَذُرِّيَّاتِنَا قُرَّةَ أَعْيُنٍ

"Our Lord! Grant us from among our spouses and offspring comfort to our eyes..."
(Al-Furqan 25:74)

Reclaiming focus,

as parents is about turning our homes into spaces of guidance, love, and faith. In a noisy world, the strongest shield we can give our children is a clear sense of **who they are, where they belong, and Who they serve.**



TRAVEL THROUGH MANY LENSES

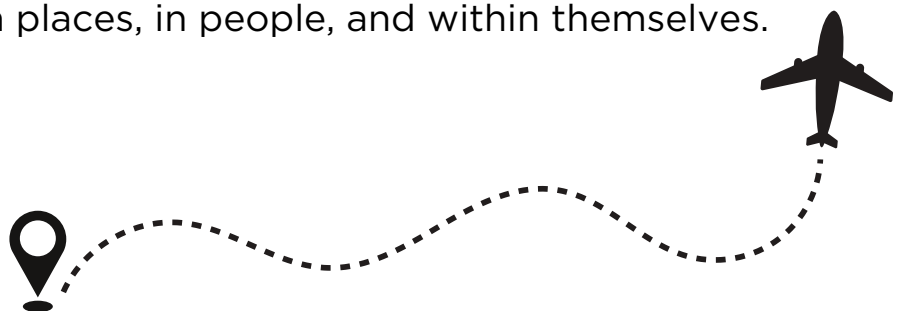


Across continents, through culture, memory, and movement, these are journeys that stay with you.

Whether it's a first-time trip with to Egypt, a month-long island escape in Thailand, or the quiet transformation found in living abroad, each journey reveals something deeper.

In this issue, travel is more than a destination. It's a mirror, a teacher, and sometimes, a gentle disruption.

Join us as our contributors walk foreign streets, reflect on what's left behind, and share what they found, in places, in people, and within themselves.



Hong Kong Reflections

A city that inspires and stirs the soul.

Hawa Patel - Travel Diaries With H

A group of South African learners proudly represented their country at the Hong Kong Primary Mathematics Contest, hosted by Po Leung Kuk and subsidized by the Department of Home Affairs. This annual contest, part of the Hong Kong Youth Cultural and Arts Competitions, has been held since 1995, marking 30 consecutive years of excellence. Its mission is to raise the standards of mathematics among primary school learners students in Hong Kong and ignite a passion for the subject.

Among the competitors were Yahya Kathrada, Abdur Rahman Mohammed, Caleb King, and Thanushan Moodley from Glenwood Preparatory School, representing Team Durban. Under the mentorship of Mrs. Taryn Locke, the team completed numerous assignments from South Africa's Junior International Mathematics Competition's Organising Body and ranked among the top performers. They competed against teams from Malaysia, Indonesia, China, Vietnam, Thailand, Taiwan, the Philippines, and Bulgaria. Events like these foster collaboration, global exposure, and set benchmarks for educational standards—a practice we should champion across all learning areas.

Their journey reminded me of my own visit to Hong Kong, a city that surprised, delighted, and challenged me in the best possible ways. While their trip was defined by formulas and competitions, mine unfolded through family adventures, cultural discovery, and moments that left lasting impressions.



My Personal Journey Through Hong Kong

Every step I took, whether on the bustling MTR or a quiet ferry crossing, revealed something new about this city where East and West effortlessly intertwine. My own highlights included:

- A thrilling day at Ocean Park.
- Romantic evenings watching the Symphony of Lights.
- Serene ferry rides between Kowloon and Hong Kong Island.

These moments were deeply personal, yet they echoed the same spirit of curiosity and cultural exchange that defined the learners' experience—two parallel journeys, both shaped by the magic of Hong Kong.

East Meets West: A City of Contrasts

Hong Kong comprises two main regions: **Kowloon and Hong Kong Island**. Both sides offer iconic landmarks, shopping hubs, and breathtaking harbour views. A walk down **Nathan Road** immerses you in vibrant commerce and energy. Most locals speak Cantonese, though English and Mandarin are also common.

Transportation is smooth—opt for the **Octopus Card** to navigate the **MTR** and **trams** efficiently. Taxis are pricier, but Hong Kong's public transit is safe, affordable, and reliable. Comfortable walking shoes are essential, especially if you plan to take the **Hop- On Hop-Off Bus**.

Unmissable Attractions

Ocean Park

Set aside a full day to enjoy exhilarating rollercoasters, an aquarium, and a zoo. Discover the Amazing Asians section and the Polar Adventure in the park. Prayer facilities and halal food options are available. Snacks can be brought in. Like Ferrari World in Abu- Dhabi, Ocean Park provides headgear for hijab-wearing guests for safety on rides. You must arrive early to enjoy all the rides and experience the adrenaline rush.

Symphony of Lights

Experience this dazzling spectacle at Victoria Harbour. The symphony of lights is the nightly light and sound show. Night ferry rides add romance and charm to the shimmering skyline. The multimedia show is the signature icon of Hong Kong. It is safe and scenic to walk at Victoria Harbour, where you can enjoy the laser show along the sight of beautiful boats and ships passing by.

Victoria Peak

The highest hill on Hong Kong Island offers dramatic cityscapes and sweeping views. Looking down at the city from this famous point, you'll see one of the finest harbours and a skyline so improbable. Beyond the mountains to the north of the city, the rest of China simmers. The best time to view is before sunset to watch the city light up.

Travel via: Ferry from Tsim Sha Tsui, Peak Tram—a legendary funicular Bus 15 from Central Pier 8.

Getting to the Peak via the Peak Tram is an unforgettable experience. The tram is one of the world's oldest and famous funicular. The railway is an experience going up or down at a gradient between 4 to 27 degrees.

Madame Tussauds Wax Museum

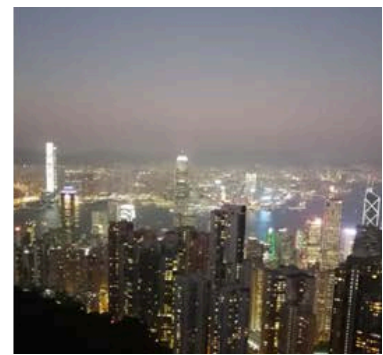
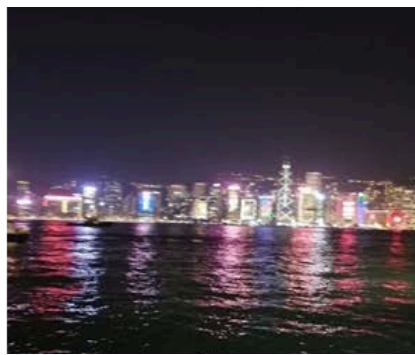
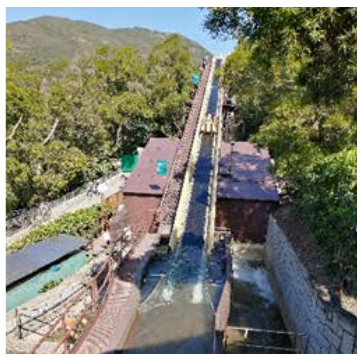
Located in Peak Tower, the museum features over 100 lifelike figures of international icons.

Ngong Ping 360

On Lantau Island, this 29-minute gondola lift showcases the South China Sea and stunning vistas.

Dragon's Back Hike

This 4,7 km trail is a favourite for its coastal views and refreshing air. If you are adventurous, then it's a must.



Shopping Hotspots

Hong Kong is a shopper's paradise, whether you're chasing bargains or luxury brands:

- **Nathan Road** - iconic for electronics, fashion, and local finds.
- **Sneakers Street (Mong Kok)** - where global sneaker brands collide.
- **Ladies Market & Stanley Market** - perfect for souvenirs and haggling.
- **Temple Street Night Market** - the city's largest street market.
- **iSquare, Elements, Harbour City** - sleek, modern malls for luxury retail.
- **Chungking Mansions** - an eclectic hub for tech gear and diverse eateries.

Halal Dining and Foodie Finds

Some travelers bring food due to uncertainty around halal options. **Chungking Mansions** offers various halal eateries, but be mindful: some establishments may serve alcohol despite halal signage.

There was a delightful halal pizza place near our hotel . Algerian restaurants offered mild yet flavourful dishes. For vegetarian Indian cuisine, Woodlands Restaurant was a revelation, especially their Thaali, a platter of North and South Indian vegetable dishes for 2, which was introduced to me by my beloved hubby. I loved the Aloo Ghobi (potatoes and cauliflower) from the Thaali, that had a beautiful flavour. My children, Sameera and Mohammed loved the Paneer Chapati and Aloo Dosa from the menu.

Final Thoughts

Whether you're visiting for education, leisure, or adventure, Hong Kong has a way of leaving its mark. For me, it was the pulse of the city, the thrill of the rides, and the joy on my children's faces at every new discovery. For our young South African mathletes, it was the pride of competing, representing, and learning in a global arena.

Two very different trips. One incredible destination.

If I ever return to Hong Kong, it would be for the thrill rides at Ocean Park and the shopping paradise of Sneakers Street. The city left me awe-inspired, its rhythm, its diversity, preparing me for my next destination, Malaysia.

Your Investment is Your Passport

From dream destinations to once-in-a-lifetime experiences, the journeys you imagine today can become the stories you tell tomorrow. With Roshgold's ethical, Shariah-compliant investment options, your money works harder, taking you further!



Invest Today. Journey Tomorrow.

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HOW TRAVEL BECAME A HEALING PRACTICE



What I learned in Thailand about presence, peace and carrying grief easier.

Shaakira Rahiman

On a recent trip to Thailand, despite watching dozens of Youtube videos and reading up on vlogs, I tried to leave South Africa with very few expectations and an open mind. I wasn't searching for anything, but something found me. Somewhere between the tide echoing through a cave and the scent of tamarind rising from a clay pot, I remembered how to feel alive.

It was a steady ease of emotions. It was quiet. The kind of remembering that creeps into the soles of your feet before it reaches your mind. There on Maya Bay in the early morning hush, the sea whispered its endless rhythm. For the first time in a long time, I wasn't running from anything or toward anything. I was simply there. And that was enough.

Stillness is a Sacred Practice

The quiet beaches of Kata in Phuket taught me that stillness is not a passive state. It's something you must seek, protect and learn to receive. On that beach that morning, while the world was still asleep I stepped into a cave and heard the ocean echo off its walls. Nothing demanded my attention. I wasn't anyone's sister, colleague or friend in that moment. I focused just on my breath and the ocean. There's something radical about that kind of presence, about letting silence be a teacher. Sometimes we forget that healing doesn't only happen through movement or action.

It also happens in stillness, in soft spaces where we can feel our own pulse again. Travel can teach you many things, on this particular trip it taught me how to stop rushing through life. When you slow down (really slow down) you begin to feel more. The quiet becomes restorative.

Walk More, Move Slowly

I walked everywhere in Thailand. Through the neon-lit chaos of Chatuchak Market in Bangkok, under the glass ceilings of Siam Paragon Mall, and across the BTS skywalks where the city buzzed beneath my feet. And when I wasn't in the city, I wandered through the jungle heat of Krabi, where the air smelled of frangipani and wet soil and in Ao Nang, I watched saffron-robed monks walk barefoot at sunrise. And the more I traversed this foreign and beautiful land, the more I saw. Not just with my eyes but with an attentiveness I didn't realise I'd lost. Walking slowed me down enough to actually meet the moment I was in.

With every step, I remembered that presence is a physical act. You can't live a fully felt life at high speed. The earth has so many valuable lessons for us, but we have to move slowly enough to witness them.

Honour Others Deeply & Genuinely

There was something beautiful about the way people in Thailand greeted one another. The Wai is the traditional Thai greeting I became familiar with: Palms pressed together in front of the heart with the head bowed slightly. This wasn't just politeness. It felt sacred. The words Sawadika (Hello) and Kapunkap (Thank) weren't said in passing, they were offered with intention and presence. It was truly respect in motion.

In a world that often confuses loudness for power, Thailand reminded me of the strength in humility and grace. I now choose reverence over rush intentionally and I have learnt that you don't have to dominate to be seen. Sometimes, to bow is to rise in a different way.

Roshgold News August 2025



Grief Doesn't Disappear-But Joy Can Still Exist Alongside It

The hardest part of traveling for most people is leaving behind the familiar. But the familiar for me holds an ache. It reminds me of who isn't there, my daughter whom I had lost two years ago. Her absence is stitched into every ordinary moment.

I keep moving. I know that I travel not to forget her, but to carry her differently. To breathe in places where sorrow doesn't feel so loud. In Krabi for instance, I took a cooking class. I crushed lemongrass, stirred in coconut milk, tasted chili with tears in my eyes and laughed in delight. That kind of joy felt like defiance. A reminder that even when grief lives in you there's still room for happiness.

Ultimately, a breakthrough realization for me is that travel doesn't cure loss. But it can reawaken parts of you that grief has dulled. It can remind you that you are still allowed to witness and create beauty.

Later aboard a long-tail boat gliding past the limestone cliffs of Phi Phi, we watched the sunrise paint the sea gold. Zuber, my husband was beside me. We didn't say much admiring the views, but through our silence we both knew all too well the pain and loss ever-present. For a fleeting moment, I realised that even though the ache was still there, it didn't own the whole story.

Since our trip to Thailand at this very juncture, I realised that there is no clean break between sorrow and happiness. They share space. And when joy shows up in a place you didn't expect it like a pot of flavourful Massaman curry or a gorgeous sunrise it reminds you that life is still worth tasting.



Some Moments Need to Be Felt, Not Posted

During the evenings, the skies put on an elaborate show. Emulsions of lavender and coral, the sea swallowing the colours in silence. I took a photo but I didn't post it. I didn't want to. Some moments feel too sacred to shrink down into pixels and captions. That sunset wasn't for the world. It was for me, a private ceremony with the sky. We live in a world obsessed with documenting everything I and I too dabbled in this for a bit.

But I realised that sacredness doesn't need an audience. Some beauty is meant to live only in your memory and that makes it even more yours.

For anyone who would like to explore Thailand and its gorgeous natural beauty, you need time. Although I spent a month island hopping, from Phuket to Phi Phi, Krabi to Koh Panyee, I felt there wasn't enough time. Not for every island. Not for every story hidden in a bowl of street noodles. Not for every kindness passed between strangers. Because for me, travel isn't about checking countries off a list. It's about returning. Not just to places, but to parts of myself I thought were lost.

But here's something I now know for certain:

You don't have to cross oceans to become a traveler.

Sometimes, the most transformative journeys begin when you put on the lens of curiosity right where you are. There's so much to be explored in your own country, if you approach it like a foreigner in your own land. Walk a street you've never noticed. Visit a mosque, mountain or museum with a beginner's mind. Wonder lives everywhere.

On this trip I didn't leave Thailand with souvenirs. I left with a quiet, certain feeling that ***I am still becoming: one breath, one place one step at a time.***





Moving, Not Lost:

Living in the UK.

Azraa Sujee

I come from a small town, tucked into the recesses of the Vaal. There's snaking roads flanked by farmland that eventually spills onto highways leading to Johannesburg, 45 minutes away. The town itself is tightly knit like a ball of wool, threads over threads, each person looking out for the next, or, oftentimes, in each other's business. That's what happens when an entire town shares the same roots, the same mosques, the same ethnic background. We look to our neighbours', and we see ourselves. Mirrors all around.

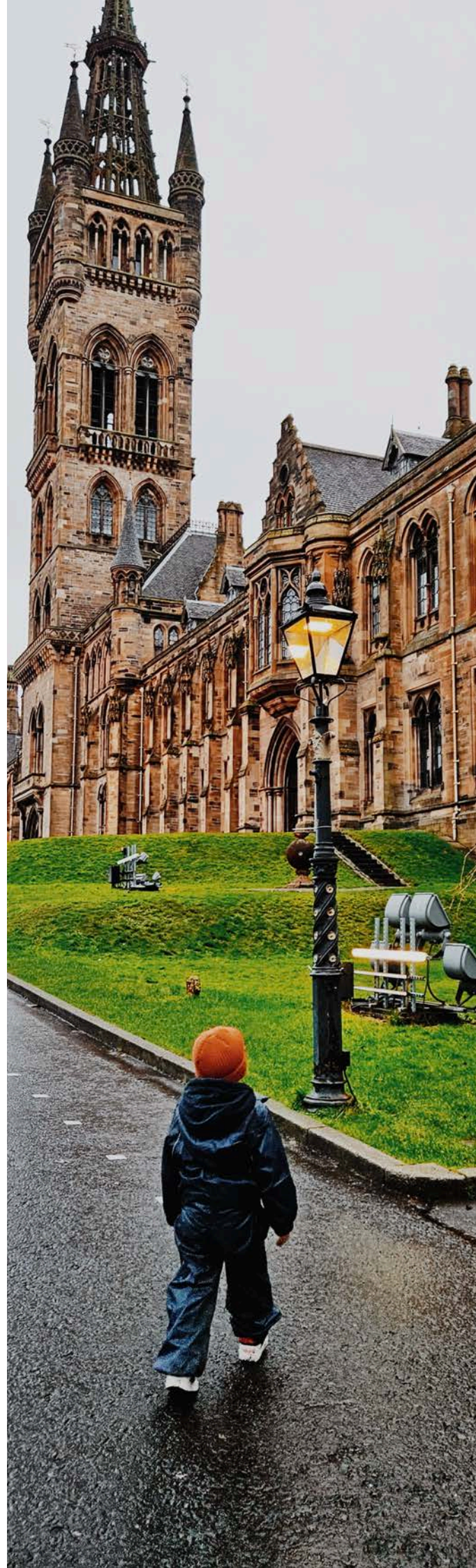
Did I have an inkling that I'd travel 13,075km to call a completely foreign land home? Definitely not in a post-covid era, with a 2-year-old in tow and not a single person I know waiting to receive me with samoosas at the airport! But it happened.

Our little family of 3 packed our entire lives into 3 x 23kg bags and began the 14hr journey to Newcastle Upon Tyne, England, United Kingdom. Apologies, I have to detail the full destination name, because I've had countless aunties think we were in Newcastle, KZN, or, until this day, London (which I think is what we refer to the whole of England as).

It's not easy, trying to pick and choose what's worth the weight of your luggage. Is there space for sentiments or only practicality? Should it be your antique jewelry box or 3 thermal tops and a box of Aromat? Try staring at a room full of items that are all a part of you, and deciding which ones are worth keeping for the journey, and which parts of you need to be left behind. A mammoth task? An understatement (ask my mum who helped repack the same bag 3 times).

Over the 3 years of living here and travelling in and out of the country, I was always hyper-aware of my foreign Muslim identity. Whether it was at passport control or my hijab getting the extra squeeze to see what I'm hiding in it as we pass the security screening (and if I did need to hide something, it would most likely be a roll of Khan's masala polony, shh).

But the unease stopped there. Because Newcastle (UK not KZN), was a city that was as laid back as its seaside waves. Home to two universities, it had its fair share of international students, and it wasn't uncommon to spot a thobe-clad Arab at the zebra crossing ever since the Newcastle United football team was recently bought by a Saudi-led consortium.



The locals are overly friendly and wouldn't think twice to stop you and comment on how cute your kid is, or give you way to get onto the bus ahead of them. And of the 26 896 Muslims which are a medley of Indian, Bangladeshi, Pakistani, Turkish, Somalian and Arab, my family of 3 were the only South African Muslims. **Viva South Africa, Viva!**

Wandering these roads as a foreigner in another man's homeland,

is a perspective changer. You have your essentials, not much more, not much less. You're trying to dig roots in a place you know will only bear fruits for a transient period. You look on with the eyes of a tourist, devouring the sights and the sounds. You'll catch your reflection on a storefront window, and the realization hits: I am walking a land thousands of kilometers away from home. The street names feel strange on your tongue and the bus driver doesn't quite understand your accent with its flat vowels. The coins are all different, and did you know it's good practice to take your own packets to the grocery store? I've never walked to the shops in my adulthood, but here I was casually walking to the city center on a Friday evening at 8PM because:



1. It was safe. 2. The sun was still out. 3. People walk here.

Like that, our world of experiences exploded. Prams and nappy bags didn't hold us back. We boarded trains to Scotland to meander through Edinburgh's cobbled streets. We navigated the London tubes and stopped to wave at the King's Guard and picked-up chocolate-soaked Strawberries from the Borough Market. We stood in the thundering Old Trafford stadium as Man United lost (again) and felt right at home on the Curry mile in Manchester. We drove through the English countryside and were swallowed by the sea of mountains and crystal blue lakes of the Lake District. From fish and chips in seaside villages to scones at 4PM in the quaint old town of Corbridge, from castles in Alnwick to glamping in Northumberland. We've made it our mission to become explorers, documenting the sights and wonders of the UK with our eyes, our bellies, and tons of photographs.

Life abroad holds a kind of curiosity,

and it's often the same questions dancing in everyone's minds when we visit home;
"How brutal are the winters?",
"How do you manage without a domestic helper?",
"Do you miss SA?".

It's questions I myself would ask because it's the things that we are so dependent on and familiar with in our own home country. To abate your curiosity, the winters break a Saffa (South African) to their core. As a born and bred South African, I am familiar with sweltering heat, but Newcastle, (being so far North it borders Scotland) gets biting cold.

Our days stretch a mere seven hours, with sunrise at 8am and sunset by 3pm. Yet even at dawn, the light is slow to arrive, school kids walk under grey skies, traffic hums through the misty dark. Still, the world stirs, moves, breathes. Despite the gloom, life continues. And perhaps that is the quiet, ***powerful lesson: that even without light, we rise; even beneath heavy skies, we carry on. There is beauty in resilience, and strength in the simple act of showing up.***

Life without help? Let's just say I now seriously reconsider whether my jersey is really dirty enough to join the Everest of laundry, or if I can just reuse the same spoon instead of upsetting the growing army of dishes glaring at me from the sink. Jokes aside, you quickly realise just how much you're capable of, and how much we tend to take for granted. Do we really need to transfer food from pot to platter to Pyrex? I started making choices that made my life easier, and it made me wonder, why don't we do the same for those who help us every day?





And of course, then comes the most heart-tugging question, do we miss home? I've grown into the habit of threading a question into the layers of conversation I have with strangers. Somewhere tucked into the creases of back and forth, I'll always ask, "So where are you from originally?" Because I'm looking for others like me, humans who hold onto the string that tethers them to their homeland. Others who have their families on video calls instead of at their tables. Because this country, with all of its perks and first world care, doesn't embrace me like Mzansi, doesn't hoot hello at me. It doesn't have our siblings to make chai with or our parents to smother our kids. Our South Africa is by no means perfect, we've got a ton of growing and pot-hole filling to do. But it's ours and it's home. And you don't give up on or abandon what's yours. And that's another lesson to keep in your back pocket.

But I can't mention home without thinking about the home we slowly carved here. We've got pot plants that we nurture and neighbours that care. We've found friendship in Park meet-ups and passion at Forest school. My friends might not be from my hometown, but their roots stem from Scotland, Somalia, Bangladesh and France.

Each one of them have taught me something, whether it's the way they proudly don their Niqab, or their kindness when I'm sick. Whether it's the wisdom with which they raise their kids in a Western world or their thirst for travel. I've collected pieces of them and it sits like a collage in my heart. A tapestry of the people I've met and the marks they've made, all praise belongs to Allah.

So what's the point?

Why choose discomfort, unfamiliar roads, and the unknown? Because, as they say: **“A mind stretched by new experiences can never return to its old dimensions” (Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr).**

Movement is the rhythm of life, from the orbit of the earth to the rise and fall of the waves, nature whispers that stillness is not where we grow. So, hush the fear, tighten your laces, and step forward. The world is vast, rich, and ready to reshape you, and Allah right beside you. So even if it begins with a humble hike through a nature reserve close by, embrace your need to move and go!



WANDERING EGYPT: A Journey Beyond the Postcard

Mohammed Dadoo



Finding quiet moments and unexpected truths in a land of ancient stories.

I've travelled before. Airports don't usually intimidate me, and I've navigated unfamiliar streets in foreign countries without flinching. But this time it was different. *This time, we were parents.*

Our five-month-old daughter had never left the country before, and neither had we, at least not as parents. Travelling with an infant was new terrain, uncharted and unpredictable. We had heeded the warnings: "Don't let your guard down." "Egypt is intense." "Tourists get scammed." "Flying with a baby? Good luck."

And yet,

somewhere between the anxiety and anticipation, there was **an undeniable sense of adventure.**

Nine days. Two cities. A suitcase packed with formula, baby bottles,

nappies, medicine, and layers for every temperature possible. A fold-up cabin stroller. A hip carrier for when the stroller just wouldn't do, and tons of conceivable essentials.

I had researched for weeks; hotels, routes, airport hacks, baby essentials, and everything in between. No travel agent. Just me and a curated itinerary that had changed ten times before I hit "confirm."

DIY travel:

planned with care, fueled by Google, and made real by courage.

We flew Ethiopian Airlines with a layover in Addis Ababa. Let's just say... once was enough. Even the lounge, our small saving grace, felt like a crowded bus terminal. But we were surprisingly off to a good start. The horror stories? Not our story. This was our first small win.

Landing in Cairo was a jolt back into reality. The airport didn't roll out any red carpets. The staff were curt, and the general energy less than welcoming. But we were here. Egypt. The land of ancient wonders, layered history, and ticking off our bucket list.

Sharm El-Sheikh – A Calm We Didn't Expect

Our first seven days were spent in Sharm El-Sheikh, in the **Om el Sid** area, a gem tucked away from the tourist buzz yet close enough to everything you'd want. The Red Sea on our doorstep, the water impossibly blue glinting under the sun, it turned the sand to powdered gold. For the first time in months, time felt peacefully slow. The kind of slowness that lets you remember what breathing deeply feels like.

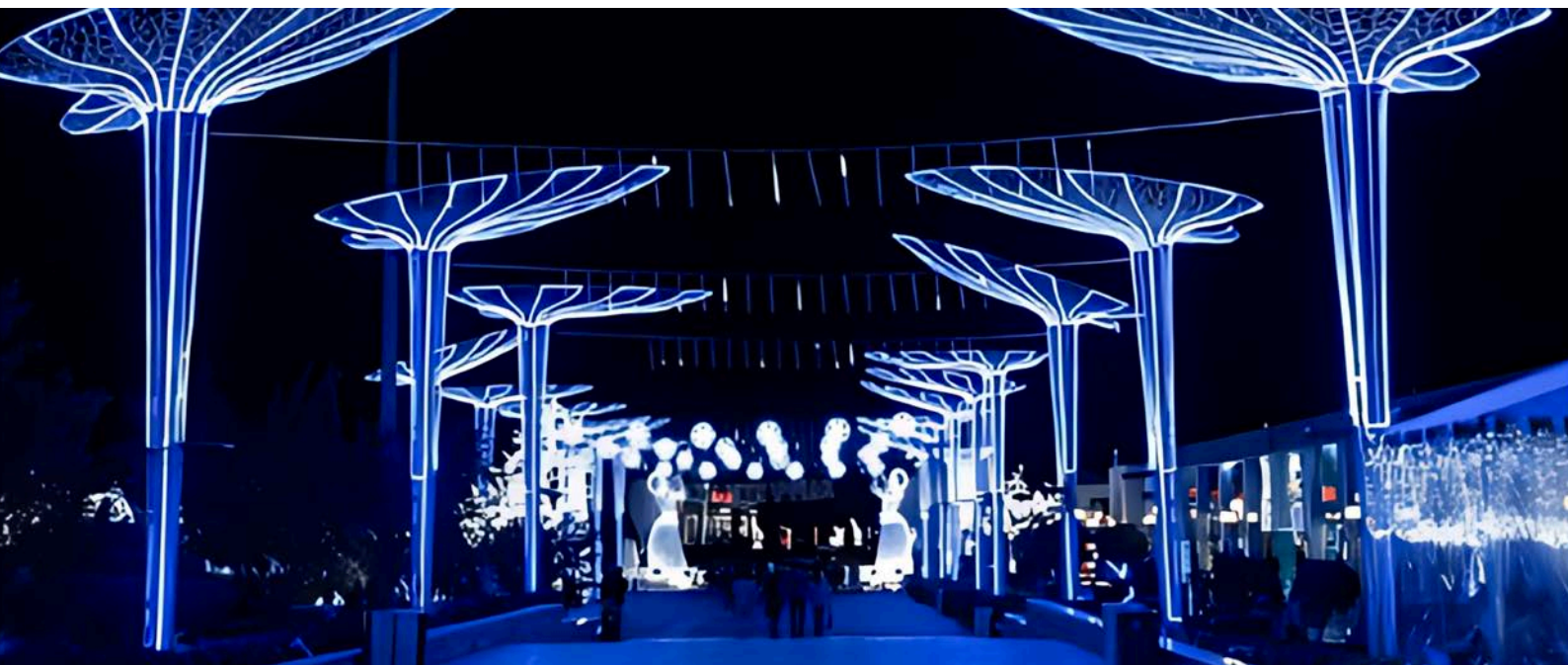
Our resort offered diverse cuisines around the clock, spread across six restaurants.

Breakfast was served in the main buffet hall; full spreads of freshly baked breads, eggs made to order, cheeses, and sweet pastries. Lunch followed suit, choosing either the main buffet or the laid-back beach restaurant, where you could dine with your feet practically in the sand. Come dinner, many options opened up (each at a dedicated restaurant): Egyptian cuisine rich with tagines and grilled meats, sizzling Mongolian cuisine, comforting Italian pastas and pizzas, and a familiar Indian restaurant for a little home feel. The open international buffet always delivered when we didn't fancy any other options.



There's a kind of laid-back energy in Sharm El-Sheikh that surprised us. The town doesn't hurry. It saunters. You'll find locals chatting in alleyways, the gentle call to prayer floating across low-rise rooftops, and markets that bloom to life after sunset. The **Old Market**, with its array of antique stores, fragrant perfumes, and tourist trinkets, felt like a scene from another time. If you're an antiques lover, this is your playground, Egypt is full of pieces that whisper history.

We strolled through **Na'ama Bay**, buzzing with restaurants, shops and sandal-clad tourists. We spent one evening at **Soho Square**, a bit of a tourist trap, sure, but one that pulsates with neon lights, Arabic pop music, and a kind of entertainment that's fun if you don't take it too seriously.



SOHO Square - Sharm El-Sheikh

Heading back to the resort, we took a taxi and struck up conversation with our driver, who moved from Cairo to Sharm El-Sheikh to support his family, driven by necessity rather than choice. Listening deeper, you sense real life unfolding. There's depth beneath the surface here, if you stop to listen.

And then there were the small moments that reminded us we weren't locals. Buying water at a corner store in the Old Market, I watched the shopkeeper charge the woman ahead of me 10 Egyptian pounds. I reached into my pocket, confident in the going rate, and handed him the same. "What's this?" he scoffed. "Fifty pounds." I stood there, confused but not surprised. Egypt dances between charm and hustle. **The game is knowing when you're the mark.**

Cairo – A City That Stays with You

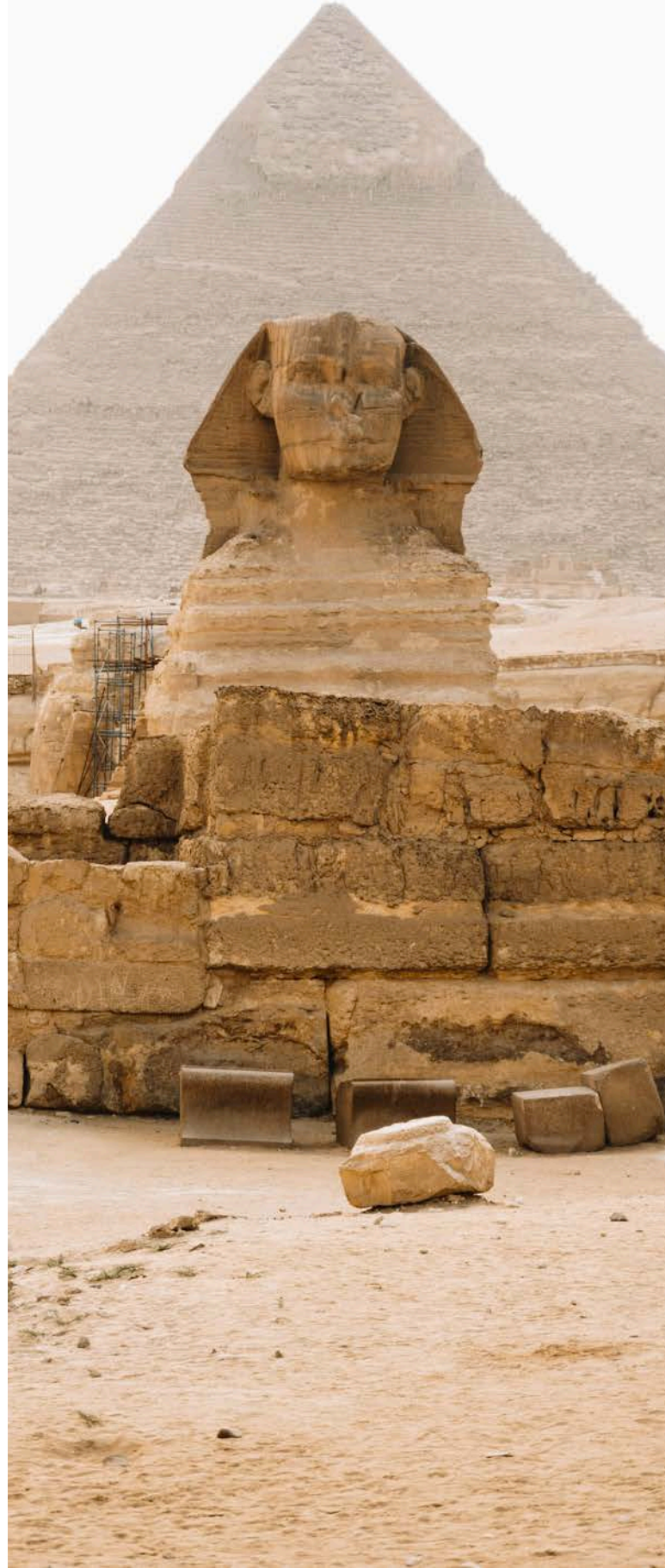
We'd only booked two nights for Cairo, partly based on what we'd heard: chaotic, crowded, and overwhelming. But hindsight is a clever teacher. We should've stayed longer.

Our hotel was in the **Nile Maadi area**, and it gave us something unexpectedly magical: our room opened directly onto the Nile. That same Nile that has cradled civilisations, that carried Prophet Musa (pbuh) in his basket as a baby. There was something indescribable about watching it flow in the quiet hours of morning. A strange intersection of history and our own little story.

Cairo is everything you expect and a thousand things you don't. Yes, the traffic is wild, and yes, you'll be approached by more people than you can count, but there's rhythm in the chaos and heart in the noise.

The highlight, of course, was the Giza Plateau,

home to the Pyramids and the Sphinx. We chose not to take a guide. Most tours were four to six hours and we were on borrowed time. Instead, we went solo. The compound now uses hop-on-hop-off shuttle buses, included in the ticket fare, which made navigating the vast site surprisingly doable, even with a stroller (and some serious upper-body strength).





That said, dragging the stroller through desert sand and hauling it up stairs to see the Sphinx in the searing May heat wasn't exactly a postcard moment. I had foolishly left my sun hat behind and ended up buying a kufiyya from a vendor. **Functional, yes. Iconic? Also, yes.**

Standing before the Great Pyramid, towering limestone giants carved by hands thousands of years ago, the sheer scale swallows you. Camels stood nearby, their long necks silhouetted against a blinding sky, adorned in patterned saddles and jangling beads. They knelt lazily, waiting for riders, their eyes half-lidded and ancient. The scent of dust, heat, and dung hung in the air, real and raw.

This was not just a monument.
This was history, felt, not just seen.



We stopped for lunch at Ladurée, within the Giza complex, framed by the looming Pyramids. French toast, macarons, and ice cream, served in the shadow of ancient grandeur.

I couldn't help but wonder:

Did the pharaohs ever imagine a South African family enjoying afternoon tea with their tombs in view? **Probably not.** Yet there we were.

Later, while buying water from a woman sitting cross-legged with a cooler box, I asked for the price first, lesson learned. "100 pounds," she said, firmly.

I knew the bottle wasn't worth nearly that, but I also knew she was just trying to earn her keep. **Sometimes, you let the moment be what it is.**

A Culture that Lingers

There are layers to Egypt that no amount of research prepares you for. The calls to prayer ripple through the city like invisible threads. The smell of spices mixed with fumes clings to the air. The way conversations happen with hands, hearts, and full attention. It's a country of extremes: dust and grandeur, hustle and grace.

Visiting the **Al-Sahaba Mosque** in Sharm El-Sheikh, felt like a relic from another world, intricate and awe-inspiring. It reminded us that faith, history, and artistry are deeply woven into Egyptian identity.

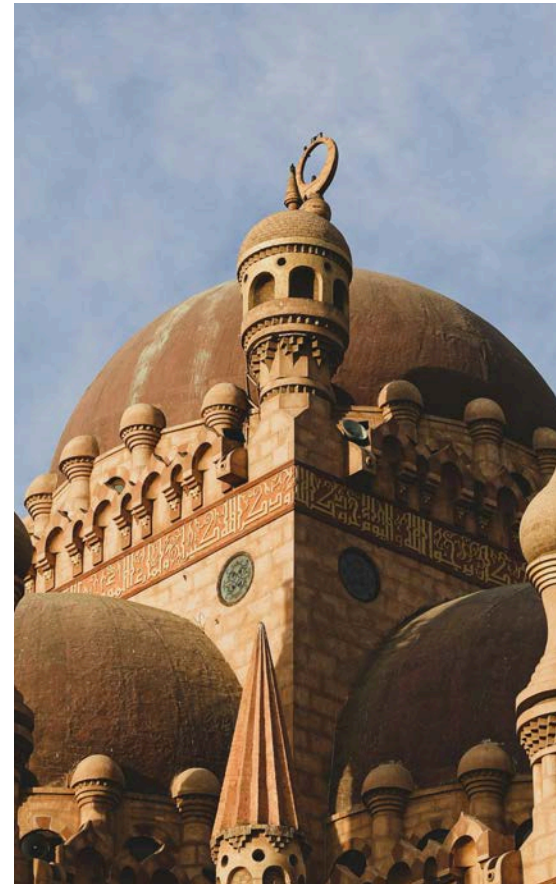
Food (with a Side of Hot Sauce)

Let's be honest, if you're South African, bring your own Soul Fire. Egyptian food was an acquired taste for us. Local staples like falafel, ful, and kebabs didn't quite hit the spot. That said, we tried Koshari; a carb-loaded, tangy delight of lentils, pasta, rice, and spicy tomato chutney, and we still talk about it months later. For familiar comfort, we occasionally opted for McDonald's or Hardees, especially when hunger struck and we were on the go.

Travelling as Parents

Travelling with an infant becomes micro-managed. It's planning naps around itineraries and wondering if you packed enough bibs. But we found small victories in smart packing.

One quiet advantage of travelling with a baby (rest assured, there are others): Kindness. When we arrived in Cairo the hotel staff took a look at us and smiled knowingly. 'You're new parents,' they said, then quietly upgraded our room without a word. And just like that, **Egypt wrapped us in its gentleness.**



Parting Thoughts & Tips

- ▶ **Plan it yourself** – Research pays off. Your experience will feel personal and flexible.
- ▶ **Use eSIMs** – Having data the moment you land saves stress.
- ▶ **Avoid local taxis** – Use InDrive or Uber to avoid fare arguments.
- ▶ **Always ask the price first** – Especially at markets or informal stalls.
- ▶ **Pack for function, not fantasy** – Especially with a baby.
- ▶ **Trust cautiously, but see the humanity** – Behind every vendor is someone trying to make a living.

Egypt gave us more than memories,

it gave us perspective, resilience, and a reaffirmation that life, even with its mess and motion, is meant to be lived and not just observed from the safety of routine.

Would we go back?

Absolutely. But this time, slower. With more days, fewer plans, and the same sense of wonder.

Because sometimes, the best journeys begin not with a flight, but with the decision to go; uncertain, a little afraid, but open. And **in Egypt, we found that openness returned to us tenfold.**



Book Review:

BROKEN COUNTRY

AUTHOR: CLARE LESLEY HALL

Zubeida Choonara

Broken Country is an emotional novel that weaves together everything I love in a good story; murder, a courtroom drama, tangled love, deep family ties, and a satisfying twist. The writing is compelling, with characters you truly care about, even when they're flawed. It's a story about guilt, and redemption, and our need for atonement, but also how the loss of a parent or a child will stay with you always.

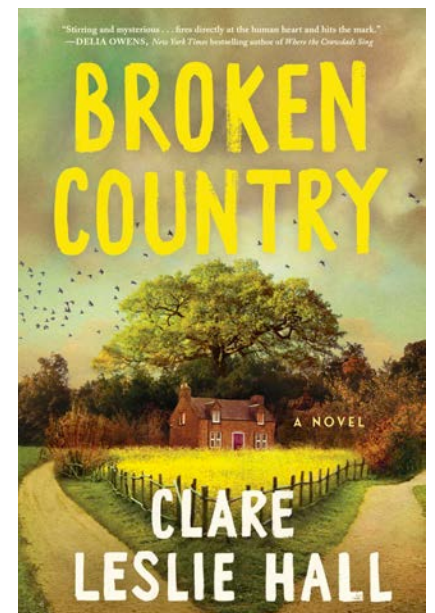
The story is set in a small English village, filled with love and support. The main character is Beth whose world is blown apart on the return of her first love to the village. The writer cleverly manages to build and maintain the suspense around the murder through the description of the court case until the final moment of truth.

The love triangle scenario was too predictable and felt a bit cliché. But even with that, the relationships in the book feel real. The love stories at the heart of the novel are beautifully done, filled with yearning, mistakes, and ultimately forgiveness. Where the book really shines is in showing how people carry the past, and how healing often comes in unexpected ways, that love is complicated, and people are too.

The ending left me content - the return to family. Always family. That final image felt like home.

My only other critique is that the feminist angle around women's rights felt forced at times, more like a checkbox than something fully woven into the narrative, as is the case in a lot of literature today.

Overall, Broken Country is a beautifully written novel with just the right mix of romance, mystery, and human struggle. It's about breaking and rebuilding, not just land, but hearts too.



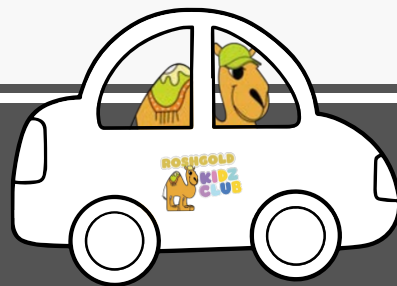
"An extraordinary and poignant, layered love story. The sweetness of pain felt and shown in the complexities of 'right and wrong'. A page turner that left me aching for more." - Zydya Vally

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