

A moment in time , with the people you love that you can return to again and again. They are always there.

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Until you asked me for some words, I hadn't really thought much about what "home" means to me - at least not lately.

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When I started to consider, my first thoughts went to **bricks and mortar** - my physical space. Which I really love. It's a sanctuary for me and it's mine. Having something "mine" is really important to me. **I guess it's a security thing** - despite clearly understanding that we come into, and leave, the world with nothing but ourselves, I have a strong sense of connection with physical objects and particularly with my house. I've always loved houses - all kinds of houses. As a child I would look at houses and even factories and other buildings and imagine what it would be like to live in them.

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As I thought more about this though, I realised that my "sense" of home is much more complex than the building that houses me.

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The building is precious because it contains the things I love; myself, my animals, my gardens, my friends, my objects. As I write **I hear the strong theme of possession** (my my my!).

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I feel slightly uncomfortable with the idea that I am so connected to ownership of home and all the things that go with it. Somehow I feel perhaps I love without possession or occupation should be enough to create a sense of home - "home is where the heart is" and all. But for me I guess a significant part of home is a conventional sense of the physical housing of the things that I consider make up me.

Hope this is useful to you Kat! It's useful to me because I love to think and reflect.

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Home as a concept has often confused and bewildered me, possibly because i've never been able to prescribe to home being a house or how i grew up with people around me describing home as a material physical thing. I have moved around a lot in my life and have found mainly that you can love a place but that love is absolutely informed by the people you meet there and your experiences and vice versa. The meaning and concept of home is in constant flux but there are a few core things that always resonate true for me.

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I feel like home is where you feel safe, accepted, understood, enriched and nourished, where you have the basic necessities such as food, water and shelter. Without a doubt these are really important things in life to survive and feel well. whole and connected. Without these, life feels hollow and hopeless.

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On an emotional level, I've found home in different people over my life, some stay, some go, the relationships are always changing. I think feeling at home with someone is one of the richest forms of this feeling. Because as well as feeling safe and enriched, you also feel less alone. I have also always felt most at home in nature. Nature provides everything we need. I think the feeling

of home can also be conjured by sharing with others, **sharing food, space, time, shelter etc.**

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As i get older i think there is something to be said for having a space/shelter of ones own. Building a nest is one of the most satisfying experiences. The material things in our houses are a collection and expression of our personalities, our interests, our taste and style - the objects are alive because we make them alive because of their own history and because of our interest and curiosity. i love my objects, the stories of where i found them and how they came to be in my possession, they bring me joy.

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I feel at home when i hear particular types of music or see art i connect with or **when I hear a story that resonates**, i think **feeling less alone in the world** is tied up with the feeling of home, and its definitely a feeling for me rather than a place, although certain places can conjure the feeling.

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Though for me the most important feeling of home is in **ones own skin**, ones own being. I tend to move in and out of feeling at home with myself. But its something I'm really conscious of. I think with awareness and as we get older, it gets easier, well it certainly has for me. I feel the most content and at home in myself that i have for a long time. Part of that is definitely my privilege and relative dance of having the basic necessities of life, including a hHome is safety. Home is love. Home is non-judgemental.

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that space between success and failure where you return no matter what to gather yourself. Celebrating wins and nursing wounds. As

someone who has moved internationally so much, a physical concept of home was abandoned a while ago. Although I do think 1 or 2 physical grounding elements are important as well (i.e. photographs, a small trinket, or something of the like) Mine are my cooking utensils.ouse to call home. I'm sort of moving into a space within myself of wanting to stay and settle somewhere for the first time in my adult life and its a kind of warm contented feeling that has been foreign to me for so long, my heart feels strong with this feeling and its a beautiful thing.

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Home is a space where you can be yourself. **Where loved ones come to share hopes n dreams and offer hands or shoulders when we're down.** Its warm fuzzy feelings and lights with green grass and decorations that Inspire us to see beauty around us in mass produced landscape and hum drum activities. Its where heart and soul live.

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Its said Life presents us with the things that challenge us the most. I'm a triple Pisces (Sun, Venus, Mars) with a Cancer Moon, and I've never, even in Childhood, had a permanent, secure home. I've moved homes 79 times, at least half involuntarily, and spent extended periods displaced between some. I recently realised that I've spent at least a decade in total of seeking, making, and without a home. As I get older I live in increasing terror of homelessness.

Here's an off-the-cuff poem I wrote on FB on Home: Home

Home, that place we bless
Without which we are less
Warmth, security, kindness

An ideal, often short, but yes

Held in the heart, we confess
To visceral loss and distress
At its absence, an emptiness
*

Home is a hot cuppa on a comfy couch placed just undercover while rain pours from the sky, with the soft mist of moisture drifting in.

It's waking up early and knowing that you don't have to get up, so you snuggle in deeper and find even more comfortable positions.

It's the welcoming of visiting friends. It's **the sound of laughter and stories over wine** and the smell and taste of carefully considered home-cooking.

It's **singing in the shower**, it's the **watering of plants**, it's **a fully stocked fridge**.

It's an escape from the outside world.
It is sanctuary.
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Home is everything.... its a place to retreat a **soft safe space** to just be to hide nothing reveal all and just be your truest self.... its a comfortable couch, its your loving family its the quiet times... **its a cuppa after cuppa after cuppa**... its heaven... it within... its shelter from all the storms.... its a warm bed.... its netflix binge watching... its **being naked**.... its being vulnerable... its a haven from the weather... its your animals home.... its all things comfortable... filled with colour and all the things you love.. no clutter for my mind... a zen space.... its mine all mine!! its record days.. its staring at the walls days... its **a long bath**..... its a disco party.... its just home.
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They say that home is where the heart is. Where is the heart? At home, where it should be. Some don't have a home and they make do with what ever they can arrange. Some have a home and they grumble about trivialities. Home, in a way, is an atmosphere that surrounds yourself and to respect this atmosphere is paramount. Respect of your environment, whether it is home or not.... and maybe the environment will reflect many benefits, benefits we may otherwise miss.
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Home is my own little sanctuary . It is my legacy. My home is built on peace, love, hard work, personality, perserverance and hope.
It is my safe space. My happy place. It allows me to escape the overpriced, time hungry world we live in, In my home, my time is mine. I am able to slow down it simply being in the moment.
Home gives me clarity, it gives me **the foundation to dream, the courage to make memories** and a place to always come back to.
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Home is a safe place where one can relax and enjoy some privacy or pleasant company. A place that is familiar I so many ways. A place where one can arrange

various items to serve ones requirements as needs be. A hot shower and a place to cook and enjoy breakfast, lunch or dinner. Not everyone can have these things and moving around between cities or towns can feel a bit weird but to have a secure place to relax is essential. **Home is where you can loose things and find things that were never lost.**

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HOME - An environment of security, familiarity and personal space. Where Home is located has for many years been an unanswered question, I personally have been pondering. London.... nope Sydney..... nope London. Being a Brit but residing in Australia it is hard to distinguish exactly what HOME is. **It has become a multitude of places which became segments of personal and tranquil space** - where I can let off steam, feel comfortable and at ease. No stresses to creep in and haunt me, no work related fears or dramas, no distractions. HOME had been any couch I could place my bum on and tilt my head to sleep. This was mainly through my lack of mobility and fear of further setback. However through mental strength and creature comforts - HOME has expanded to many places. Friends, Family and my continued journey to various countries far and wind.

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Hello love....sounds interesting...

Home is.....contentment, freedom, non-dualistic, welcoming, nurturing, safe, cosy, nourishing. **Home can be something you find along the way.** It can be something you build with your own hands or something someone made with you in mind. **Home is a place you return too.** Home can exist in your heart. Home can be found through meditation. Home may NOT be where you grew up or with the people you grew up with or in the house or town you grew up in. Home can be an element...like water...like the ocean.

Home is the feeling of someone who recognises your true self. Home could be smells and textures of the places your ancestors walked. Home could be a small moment appreciating the sun on a dewy spiderweb.

But mostly...I feel home is contentment.

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Would love to;
Comfy, clean,
Planty, chill.

Eclectic art and colour everywhere.

I'm sure it's not to everyone's taste.

But it is mine.

I like being indoors when it rains. There is an
Australian flag out the window.

The best time to be in the house is three in the afternoon, when the sun comes in.
I am always happy at home.

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I ponder on home, the sentiment it holds and all it encompasses, for we all know that home is much more than a house. Its more than four walls infused with love and finery, although fresh white sheets, **feather pillows and pure cotton slips inevitably echo the whisperings of home.**

It's more than the lay of the land, although there are places our soul resonates with, where the spirit exhales and our heart proclaims,
"home".

For me it's the ocean. My spirit finds it's home there.

People evoke this sense of belonging, too - a heart connection, comfort inexplicable **where the body relaxes and the spirit soars.** To have these things - a view, a hearth, comfort food, simple treasures and the wealth of family - in the home in which you dwell is surely one of life's warmest blessings.

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Home is
Safety for family
Home is
Where the Art is
Home is
with the people you love & trust & hold dear

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In her arms is where my heart is home.

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First glimpse of Sydney and the harbour from the air is what makes my heart sing.

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Home is a place i can let down my guard and unwind after a hard day of work, where I can come back to know I will find love & acceptance.
It is a place of familiarity, where the mundane is comfort, even the noise of vacuum cleaners, the dishes being washed & siblings bickering.
It's a place with a distinct smell thats probably taken for granted until you re far away from it and when you come back you realised how much you missed it.

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My 'home' theses days is my sense of being connected to myself - my body - my thoughts, my feelings.

The connection to my breath, my life force energy, helps me connect with my physical & spiritual experience of my safe place, my "home" within.
Yet the importance of this does not detract from how my connection with others connects me to 'home' through people, place and time!

Home feels like the rest of the world drops away as soon as you close the door.
Like a warm hug, peaceful, tranquil, calm.

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We have no permanent home of our own, living in other peoples homes for 9 years.

Free from much material possessions, just what we travel with. Helping new people along the way, spreading the joy of freedom. Treading lightly on this amazing and beautiful planet.

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I dont know.

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Home is where you can go and be free of judgement and anger, where you feel that you belong. Surrounded by what you love most.

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Home is where I feel grounded.

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Home is where I keep my things.

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Home is an encased vessel, made, drawn, breathed into being

Home

Cocoon

Home

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Home is the place where,
if you turn up there,
They have to take you in.

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Home is green in every window, oriental carpets and two loving cats.

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Home is a content moment.

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Art is my home and my church,
Nature is my home and my cathedral.

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Home is a familiar place somewhere to come back to and feel relaxed. It takes a couple of weeks to make a place your home.

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My home is my safe place, of love & belonging, of caring & sharing & lots of laughter !

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Manly - I can stand on the bay and trace where my grandparents lived, where i visited them, sitting in their home, the windows would rattle when the ferry chugged past.

My family is my gravitational pull, my rising sun and following moon, they are my tidal drag and my first gasp of fresh air.

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Home is wherever you make it, using the memories of the past, the situation of the present and the dreams of the future.

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The notion of 'Home' to me is a place of protection and comfort. My home is a sanctuary I can creatively lose myself within for hours while working on my artworks. My home is not only a place that inspires my creativity but is a place to bring the people I care about together.

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Home is the connection to all those generations that preceded us and onward to those who will follow.

It is who we are in our bones and our DNA.

For me it is the long heritage that goes back to Norway and Scotland and Ireland, and will go forward with all those who carry who we are on their faces, in their blood and in their heart. It is also dogs on the hearth, winter seas, coffee on cold mornings, and laughter.

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Home extends outward from the Snowy Mountains, where platypuses forage in the Snowy River at Dalgety. There, home consists in snowgums, peppermints, and an endless expanse of flaxen speargrass meadow. It's a place populated by mountain pygmy possums, corroboree frogs, and huge bogong moths pattering at a naked 42-watt bulb. Today, home consists in the singular rhythms of Sydney. It's a coursing flight of flying foxes spread out against the evening sky, or chittering at their roosts in the great, waxen grandfather figs of the city. Home today is a sea of red bottlebrush, withering and browning on the stalk to make way for so many purple clouds of jacaranda. It's the alien blooms of grevilleas, Banksias, and wattle, and the distant glow of city lights.

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As a primary instinct we think of home as the immediate comfort and shelter we associate amidst four walls; but rather, home for us all is a much larger and incredibly well balanced, symbiotic environment.

Our true home, is our ecosystem, our climate, our living, breathing, sentient neighbours on this big blue and green celestial ball of beauty we call mother earth.

My interpretation of home in this sense puts forth three iconic Australian species that also call our home, home! The prehistoric and rugged Southern Cassowary, the gentle and uplifting Koala and the regal South-Eastern Red-Tailed Black Cockatoo.

Through expressive, visually vibrant artwork with emotionally charged poetry and narrative, I want to showcase home, as a holistic notion. One created by all the different, little, lovely things that together make it a whole, which make it our home.

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Ontological correctness would have One self thinking about 'home' as where one is in the instant.

Like I text this here and now from home at number 108.

But In consideration of this question, over the last couple of days I have come to the awareness that I spend a vast majority of the time at home thinking about other places elsewhere.

And conversely, almost all of the time, out and about thinking about home at 108.

Home is always now here this Bodysurely. Shelter and comfort is everywhere or not at all forever.

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.....to be continued