

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

Home is where I was raised. Where I played, laughed, cried and learned. It is where I grew. Where I become me –strong, confident in myself, in my future and content with my past.

I believe that home is more than four walls and a roof over our heads. Home is our environment. It is the feeling that greets me when I walk through the door. It is the people who wait for me to get home. My home extends out of the walls and windows of my actual house. My home is my rock solid foundation and I will take it with me when I leave.

I believe that home is where individuals become themselves, not primarily physically but mentally. It becomes a mould that forms who they are.

Home for me is made of experiences –moments of my life that helped change me and teach me. For that reason, my home is also the people; and when home takes on a human form, it is called family.

No matter where I go in the future, my foundation will always be in this environment and with these people who have formed me as a person and taught me how to live. I know that I can always come home. After all, home is where the heart is.

TIA VAVH

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Home isn't a house,
home is where my people are.
It's a beautiful place,
where people like to come.
I want to know,
where my home is.

My home is where I am,
my home is where my friends are,
my home is where my heart's flame is,
my home is where my closest are.

So, my home is where my heart is,
and it goes everywhere with me.

Where I am,
there's my home,
And where my home is,
there am I.

Šalek, J.A

Brina Rednjak
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