

Home

By Sharon Holtz and Solveig Kiss

My home – a big house
Colorful flowers in the garden
Beautiful vegetables growing in the sun
The windows of the house are open
Sounds of laughter everywhere
Children playing with a ball, riding the bike and reaching to the sky on the swing
The smell of a delicious cake fills the rooms of the house
Joyfulness, harmony and warmth surround you, when entering the door
You can feel the care and love, the feeling of togetherness and belonging
Everyone is welcome.

Your home – the houses destroyed
The colors of the flowers are covered with dust
The vegetables in the garden are rotten
The window panes are broken
Sounds of war and sadness everywhere
Children crying
Searching for their parents and a place to hide, close to the earth
Can you smell the emptiness of the streets?
Disillusion, despair and grief surround you while walking along the houses
You can feel the loneliness and frustration, the struggle to survive and the loss of hope
Everyone wants to leave.

And your new home?
A big gym hall or a tent
Rooms without a ceiling
A huge number of young men from many different countries speaking several languages
Everyone with its own history
A mixture of joy and sadness, hope and frustration, belonging and loneliness surround you.
Can you really call this your home?
Where is your family?
Where the warmth and safety of the loving arms of a caring person?
Where are the places that you know so well, the garden for which you cared, the neighbors to whom you talked every day, the community which surrounded and supported you?
How long will it take until you will call this place your home?
Do you then have to leave again and move somewhere else?
How often do you dream from your real home?
Will you ever go back there?
Will it ever be the same again, like the days when you have been lucky there or will you always hear the echo of the children crying in the streets?
Home – what does it really mean?
Does everyone need one or can we maybe find it inside ourselves without being dependent on the outer conditions?
Or can we maybe find a home in the people who we really love and who love us?

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