



Setting free, feeling at home

Description

A few weeks ago I wrote a post about another transition from place to place in our journey. One comment of a marvelous woman who has been in a similar journey with her family ten years ago (pioneer!) mentioned something about “feel at home” which surprised me. And the surprise? That it was also surprising for me. It made me wonder. What is it for me to feel at home? Is it important for me to feel at home? Is it a value for me in this journey? What makes me happy?

And why surprising? Because the first response I had in my heart was “to feel at home. I am not looking for it at all!” and that, even after giving it a lot of thought, indeed doesn’t interest me, feeling at home while moving from one place to another, staying one night here and one night there, or two-three nights and then move on. When we are in those phases of our journey I am not looking for this home feeling.

It’s so irrelevant, it doesn’t belong to my reality that I simply stopped looking for it. Something inside me temporarily lets go of this value, places it on a high shelf or inside a drawer and not deal with looking for it in a place where it’s obviously not.

So I’m not looking for home feeling in traveling phases and frequent transitions.

It’s non issue for me during these phases.

However, I do look for ways to enjoy a place and what it has to offer, even if it is for one night.

Bumped into a splurge hotel with a pool and excellent breakfast? Great! It’s so cool.

After two nights with all that luxury we found ourselves in a small and not very clean hotel in the fourth floor with mattresses too soft and pillows too hard..? Okay, not so cool, but hey “ it had strong wi fi signal and a nice balcony with cool view of a giant wheel and the dragon bridge. And then in the morning we discovered we are right in front of the gates of a new play center opened only a week before with everything children can dream of “ bowling, ice skating, arcade with tons of video games, a pleasant caf  with wi fi for the parents and food court where we ate our lunch. So now we’re okay.

It’s also great to return to one more night to that splurge hotel since tomorrow we fly to Hanoi and that’s the reason why we chose this hotel in the first place.

What’s more is that something inside me can put aside this search for home feeling on a high shelf because it’s very clear that our home is where we are.

Why would I care about hotels and restaurants. Anywhere the five of us are together is home. The rest is just the background set.

Before we left home for this journey even I thought that I am a spoiled girl. I already let go of this. Since apparently I am not.

When settling down in one place for a few weeks it is a totally different story. In this case what most makes me feel home is the kitchen. Once we settle down I unload all the bags. Second, we make a shopping list for the market. Third, we cook a meal.

When settling down for a few weeks I really enjoy feeding the whole family, make some culinary experiments with the local ingredients on one hand and cook home-style meals on the other, even if it means preparing a totally unjustified dish like Pasta Bolognese in Vietnam. Because the wine here is expensive and not very good, parmesan cheese costs a fortune and pasta is an alien with all these noodles around. It's all true. But The Natives asked for Pasta Bolognese and it really made them happy.

I wrote here in the past that the things we feared most before we left turned out to be the things we enjoy most! So I think that this thing of feeling at home is part of those.

I remember lying in my bed half a year ago fearing of what it would be like without "home". Today I can say that it is really a huge release.

I uploaded a new facebook profile picture this week and a lot of people wrote to me that I look happy. One woman wrote to me that I ***always*** look happy and I replied with a total surprise. Me ? Happy? Always? If you asked me half a year or a year ago I would have told you that you don't know me, that I am moody with tendency to be depressive.

But today I can proudly tell you "I'm happy."

Perhaps all I had to do to be happy was to leave my previous life behind me and keep with me only love.



Our tradition of playing Settlers of Catan in exotic locations. In this case â€“ Luang Prabang, Laos



Our home is where we are and wherever we go (sorry for the cliché)

Category

1. Laos
2. Relationships

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