

Homeless But Happy (Pt 2 of a Series)



Special to The Auroran

I have to admit these past few months of a homeless lifestyle does take a toll on your strength.

No one wants this lifestyle and I certainly never imagined in a million years that this could ever happen to me, but I'm coping. I'm tired all the time more.

I guess aging with grace has become more of my norm with bigger stress wrinkles. I had a broken heart, now a few broken nails. My former indulgence of manicures and pedicures and occasional facials is now reduced to a nail file, hiding my feet in socks, and using up the remainder of my last really good moisturiser to smooth over my fears, which, to me, I feel anyone can see just by looking at me.

I catch up upon reading the AD Architectural Digest magazine at the Library and a multitude of creative interior design magazines that showcase stunning exteriors and interiors that I dream no longer about, but just enjoy.

Just having a roof over my head for the night is my hope and comfort.

If I close my eyes, I can still remember the smell of fresh sheets hanging on the clothesline and how I would help my mother fold them into the laundry basket.

I appreciated life way back then as I still do now. I pray a lot more, go to mass and enjoy other services in case God couldn't find me. I know my faith has been restored from the abyss I've presently been thrown into.

I'm lucky to hold onto my dreams and ambitions still.

You do know who your friends truly are at this moment.

Some have turned their backs and that's okay.

I never asked for anything but a prayer and maybe the odd car ride to a corner instead of walking thirty minutes just to get a bus.

On my walks I see new things: homes being built, gardens with the remaining colourful flowers clinging to the last moments of sunshine before winter sets in, and all kinds of interesting stuff during my walks to the unknown.

I wave to all and that makes me feel still welcomed in the community and not left alone.

I love the pet caregivers walking their furry friends. I suddenly get attention from them and a brief conversation with their owners that leave me with a feel-good moment, or a family reunion of sorts.

I used to be so strong in mind, body and spirit.

I was always imagining, creating and breathing life. Now it seems this lifestyle demands all of me just to survive against all odds.

I'm still homeless but happy.

Today I'm reinventing myself typing out this story to share and my resume.

I'm hopeful I will find work soon enough as I need to be able to maintain not just a lifestyle but keep my dignity and courage against everything in my fight to just live.