

# Homeless But Happy

## Part 8

Surrounded by volumes of every topic  
imaginable, I'm here in the central hub of our library researching and working  
through my various thoughts by writing.

As my journey, my celebration of life,  
continues, the more I open up to people around me I find I'm not alone, of  
course, and I feel less alone in my homelessness.

I'm no longer afraid of the nights turning  
into days, of being lost, or what to do with my day as it begins. I've rested  
my mind to just accept each day as a reward of life and I must be the best I  
can be to live it.

I have so been blessed in the knowledge of  
sharing my experience with a new network of people and their ideas, thoughts  
and guidance to care for me; is a tremendous uplift.

My homeless but happy memories endure with  
the laughter at this table. We all dine together at the church dinners and  
lunches and not only have we become good acquaintances we have become a group  
of multi diverse thinkers, free spirits, environmentalists, political  
activists, nutritional health and wellness advocates, authors, artists, poets,  
teachers, and friends.

If one of us is missing at the table we  
all grow concerned and look forward to seeing them at their next social visit,  
as if a sister, brother, parent, grandparent, aunt, uncle, or cousin has  
dropped by.

Discussions of life centre on both  
professionals and retired professionals including everyday people of all  
diversities. Everything at the table is celebrated from who is reading a good  
book, a visit from a loved one story, a funny 'oh lord, why me??' moment, a pet  
doing a strange human-like reaction, onward to a great recipe, who is getting  
married and the passing of a lovely soul.

I absorb these interesting conversations  
as a flower wanting water to bloom.

I feel at any moment my turning point, my  
epiphany, and my direction will finally come and I can be free of my burdens  
and release my truer self into the world again.

I've met more homeless people who have  
recovered from homelessness and their stories are equally traumatic, but

finally resolved, with their very own new surroundings.

They have walls to  
hang paintings or posters on, couches to sit on and watch a movie, a kettle to  
boil water for a cup of tea, a closet to hang up their clothes and a restful  
bed to get a good night's sleep.

They have their identity, it has come back  
to them and it's called home.

I want that too, yet I'm very happy for  
them. I'm more sensitive to everything around me.

Sometimes my hardest moments are the  
stories I hear at the library. Without trying to listen, you cannot help but  
listen, as the conversations are right next to me.

Despite its being distracting, it also  
sometimes silently hurts my heart, and tears at times start to well up that I  
try to hide. I hear their travel news of vacations to exotic fun in the sun  
getaways, and I so badly want to go discover some tropical oasis myself. Next  
to me, I hear this lovely couple wanting to move to Niagara-on-the-Lake after retiring  
from successful careers and buying another dream home when I have no home to  
call my own.

There are young parents chasing their  
small children and I hear the laughter of their innocent voices.

I notice their tiny steps holding books  
bigger than themselves and I so want to start over again and be small and not  
make any mistakes. I see the young high school students doing their homework  
and I wonder if I could go back, would I have chosen a different career?

I do realize one day soon I shall have all this again. Regardless, this  
is my chapter of my life's present journey of being Homeless but Happy.