

# 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.