



HOME IS WHERE THE FAMILIAR IS?



I have never quite understood the saying "Home is where the heart is".

Does it mean where your physical heart is?
Does it mean where your emotional heart is?
Does it mean where your sweetheart is?

Having just returned from a trip a thousand miles away and in length,
I can now describe home as the place where;



Your clothes are not lost (by the airlines)
and do not appear to have been purposely wrinkled on arrival.
Your life is not at risk in the hands of another, AKA the seemingly mad cabby,
You don't take the subway going in the wrong direction
despite the use of maps and clear written directions.
You know where the shifter is on the car.



Finding which key fits, which lock, is not an exercise.
You know the cupboard that contains the right glass, cup or dish.
All your favourite foods are in the fridge.
The right knobs on the stove turn on the right burner.



The buttons on the remote are broken into you favourite channels.
You never run out of all your clean under wear
and if you do, you know how to operate the washing machine.
When your shoelaces break you know where the store is to buy new ones
The buttons on your shirt don't pop before an important meeting
and there isn't a thread and needle to be found.

The cake cutter you receive, as a gift is not treated as
a weapon of mass destruction by a customs officer.
The welcoming committee at the door no longer
resemble miniature terrorists in waiting.
The feel of your bed and the touching of toes
are a giveaway that you are home.



Alas though it may not sound as exotic or romantic
As "home is where the heart is" "Home" is indeed,
that place where all is familiar."

"Home is where the familiar is!"

Andreas Simic

