This semester in Humanities 101 we explored ideas about how home is represented and understood. For our final project we built our own homes. These homes represent our past, our present, and our future. They are reflections of where we have come from, where we are, and where we hope to be.
This is my home that is warm and comfy. I live with my son and we love our home because it is comfy. I call it OUR Home Sweet Home.

There’s a nice bed, a couch here. A nice living room and a medium-sized kitchen. The most important thing is that it is a home that is special for me and my son, and that we can come and go at any time.
My ideal home is simple
Yet cozy as can be
Cause it’s just the best place
For Cheeky dog and me
With a roof top patio
So we can catch some sun
A great place for us to unwind
When our day is done

What home means to me

Home the place where you live
The place where you were born or feel you belong
A place where people are looked after
A place where you share memorable moments with family and friends
The true significant definition for me lies in home is with family, relatives as well as where the heart is
My home is a tranquil, quiet town
Constant evolution of the family members as they grow with interaction from each other

Home is a place of residence and refuge
A place where an individual or family can live and store personal property
A place to provide safety from the elements

A home to me is where I feel a sense of security and belonging.
Growing up in a large family we did not have much, but we had each other to get us through difficult times.
The three homes that I was raised in each hold unique and special memories that shaped me into the person I became.
Home will always be special to me because if I am ever in a gloomy I think back to some pleasant memories growing up, which always seems to cheer me up.
Home
Colours in spring time & rebirth
Built on aspirations,
Built on self-worth

SOLID FOUNDATION OF LOVE & FAITH

Structures with words
Open and safe

One Central image
My view of sunset
Breathless mortality
But no worries
Not yet

Welcome to Great George Street, a Victorian home with the dynamics of a modern conversion.

Home to me
Is a safe place to be
Filled with love
Laughter and happiness
Surrounded by friends
My family and my pets
All of whom
Make my life complete
Home

Home to me might be somewhat different than how you the reader sees home. I’ve always been attracted to mother nature so for me being home is being out in the bush smelling all the smells and taking in the sights. It’s where I feel most comfortable and happy. I do live in an apartment but when things get a little stressed I go home. Mother Nature. My Home.

Structure

Home in the womb
Flesh inside of flesh
Home
The mantra of ultimate relief

Home in my room
Function inside of form
Home
The necessity of comfort

Aspden’s Manor

This house is Aspden Manor, my ideal home.

Aspden Manor brings back many memoires of being a boy and of growing up in North Battleford, Saskatchewan with my grandparents Bobby and Nanny. Bobby and Nanny were wealthy and lived in a beautiful house.

I grew up not realizing how lucky I was to have wealth, no worries, carefree - spoiled rotten.

I have lived in poverty since 1984. Poverty takes some getting used to. It is hard to get used to the struggle. I have had to learn how to take care of myself. My dad went from a millionaire to living in poverty. I watched him lose his life over money.

When you live in a nice home people treat you better. You are treated better when you have money; you get more respect and more opportunity.

I love and hate money.
Wherever I am, whatever I’m doing, as long as I have my kids and family, I am home. I feel at home around First Nations people. In the summer time that’s when we go to a lot of pow-wows, it’s when you see friends and family from far away. You feel welcome.

Every time I am part of a smudge, or even smell smudged sage or sweet grass, I feel immediately at home.

In my mind’s eye

My home would be pink only because my favourite colour right now is pink. It would be filled with love and there would be a full pot of soup on the stove for my kids.

Who would be living with me?
My other kids would be on their way to visit me to enjoy the soup. I would be just finished volunteering my free hours at EIFW – yoga classes for my incarcerated sisters!