

More Like Home Each Day

Last night I sat on my screen porch engaged in a favorite activity of sketching out some connecting ideas on paper as darkness descended and a soft rain began to fall. Ruby sat perched on the window ledge, overseeing the deer grazing in our backyard. Strains of Joachim's jazzy guitar chords mingled with the low hum of Sebastian's power tools from the garage. This more than anything feels like home. We have each found a space to connect with ourselves.

While family gatherings, meals together, and visits from friends fill our newly built home with love, the fact we are finding ways here to each connect with our authentic selves is what makes it feel more like home each day.

At the end of August, I shared a post on The Meaning of Home. There I questioned the idea of home and whether it was an actual place or a feeling. I came to the conclusion that connecting with my sense of purpose led me to feel that I belonged. This I began to see as necessary for me to feel at home. And the last year, residing in several houses here and in Europe I discovered that sometimes the discovery of that connection was immediate and in other places, it developed over time. There was also a place or two where I was never able to connect. Those structures never felt like home and for me, there was always a faint sense of unease.

There is nothing but ease for me in this house that will be our Texas home for years to come, hosting family celebrations, welcoming friends, and providing refuge when the crazy world we live in is just too much. It will see Sebastian through his college years and through (I am certain) countless creative endeavors in his ever-expanding workshop. It will provide office space for Joachim on the days he can work from home and the privacy he appreciates for playing guitar.

As for me, I'm a bit of a nomad. I've come to love and feel a sense of belonging in several spots in my home. My light-filled office overlooking a tree filled lot is my designated space, But where I spend the delicious early hours of the morning when I have the entire place to myself fluctuates. On days my office is feeling more zen-like, and the piles of papers not distracting I find sitting on my cushion and contemplating my oak close to perfection. Bundling in a quilt on the screen porch, observing how it fills with light while taking in the building chorus of birdsong is also quite divine. And then there are some mornings that I don't make it any further than the sofa with my cup of tea, Lucy, our Great Pyrenees, at my feet and Ruby nestled in my lap and that is heavenly. And those are just the spaces I enjoy before dawn, but that for me may just be the most important time of day. It's time I can connect with myself and my purpose. It's a time for meditation, for jotting my creative thoughts, and for being with whatever comes up.

So for those of you who so kindly ask if I am settling in the answer is yes. Yes in a way I am not sure I've ever allowed myself to settle anywhere else. It's not driven by a frantic need to put everything in its place that I've experienced in earlier chapters of my life because I've learned it's not really about the stuff. It's about me and how I feel.

What about you and your sense of belonging? Do you have a place where you can connect with who you are and your purpose, even if its only for a few minutes each day? If your answer is yes, congratulations. If it's no, why not? What steps can you take to make this happen?

Be sure to follow me **@LaurenHubele** on Instagram for updates.