

Home

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A home is more than just a physical space. It is a sanctuary where life unfolds - a place where I can rest, dream, and simply be.

Right now, the house my family lives in is rented, and although there are moments of uncertainty about the future, I remember to cherish the present. My friends' families who own their homes don't face the same worries as I do. This leaves me feeling vulnerable and unsure about what lies ahead. Yet this place holds my laughter, tears, and the essence of who I am at this moment. It's not about ownership, it's about finding joy in what I have. Even in this temporary shelter, I feel lucky to have a safe haven where I can embrace life's highs and lows.

Home transcends physical walls. It becomes a tapestry woven by the people I hold dear, no matter where they are. My older brothers, who reside in Canberra and Sydney, bring a sense of belonging whenever I visit them. With them I am home. My father's side of the family, living all the way in America, is another corner of home. Even my uncle aboard a boat in Queensland's docks, creates another pocket of home for me. My beloved guinea pigs were home during their time with me, and though they are now gone, their memory continues to live in my heart even in their absence. Wherever they are now is home. This reminds me I am tethered to love and friendship spanning continents and cultures.

Tasmania is my home. The house I live in stands on lands cared for by the Aboriginal people, the original custodians of Australia and Tasmania. Their connection to this land runs deep, shaped by over 50,000 years of tradition and harmony with nature. By walking in their ancient steps, we respect their heritage and we remember that our home was once theirs - and still is - as they dwell within the landscape of our nation. We embrace a shared home and honour this land: its past, present and future.

My body is my home. It deserves kindness and gratitude for all that it does to keep me alive. I treat it with compassion and care, not judgement. My body isn't who I am but rather how I navigate the world. Everyone is unique and your body is going to be your home for the rest of your life. My body is my home, a reminder to take care of myself.

Home is a harbour that cradles my emotions - a refuge where I can fully experience the flow of my feelings. Some settle heavily my chest, while others demand to be heard. Yet in my emotional home my feelings form a space that is gentle and caring. The performing arts, my true passion, are an integral part of my emotional home. They make me feel empowered and alive. Though there are times where I feel overwhelmed or weighed down, I see inhabiting characters as opportunities to expand my inner and outer worlds, welcoming new experiences. When I sing and act I step into another realm, one where I feel free to express and evolve.

I have a physical home where I find safety and comfort. I find home in the presence of friends and family. I have a place of belonging. I have an emotional home shaped by my feelings and the creative ways I express them. My body is my home deserving kindness. Home in all its forms creates a sense of belonging and is what I rely on through life's changes. Home is what matters to me.