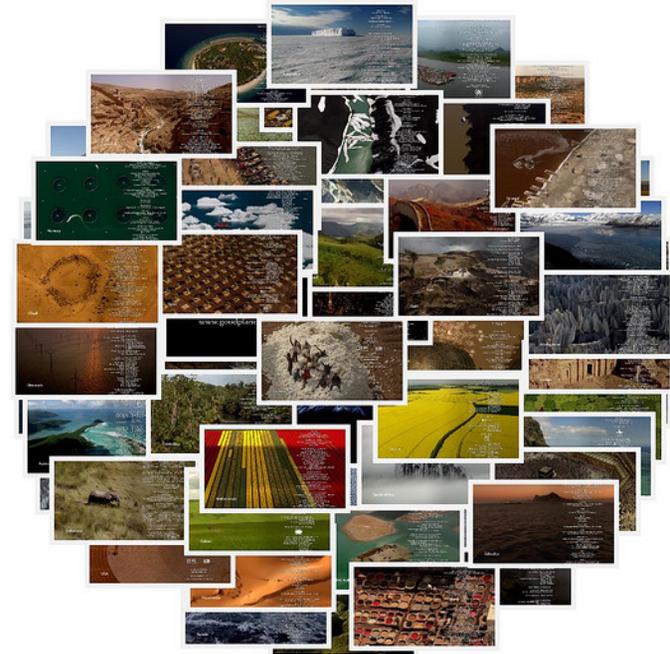
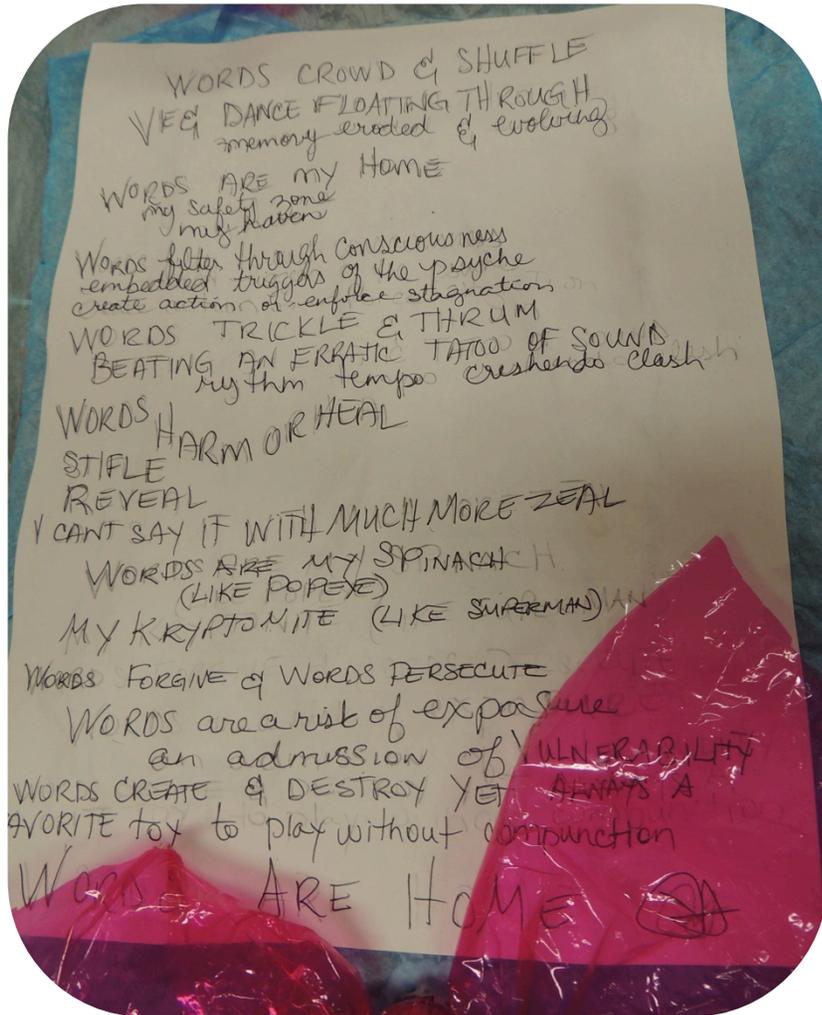


FALL, 2013
HUM 101



Our Homes

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.

Front cover image:

"Home", Yann Arthus-Bertrand (Flickr)

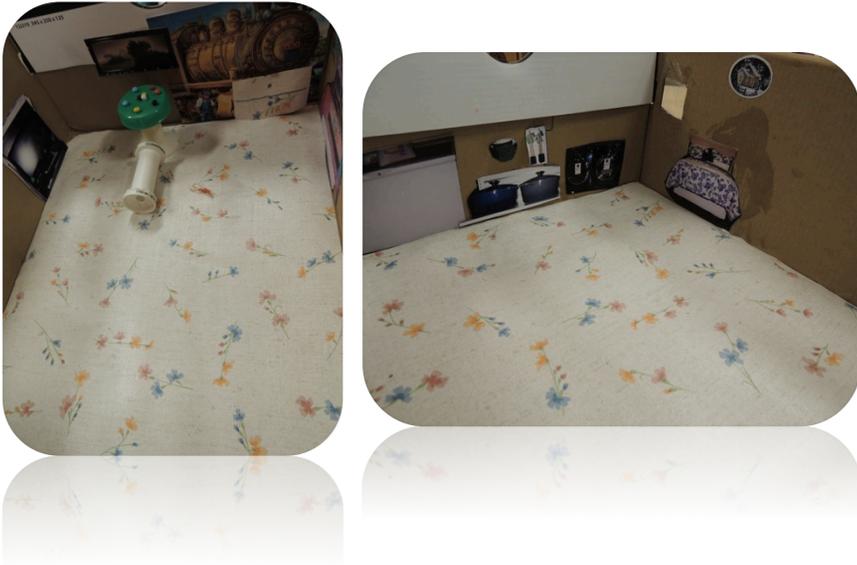
Pot of soup image:

"Steaming Pot of Soup", Paul W. (Flickr)

Both cc license:

<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/2.0/legalcode>

Home



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.



Warm cozy clean
Safe from harm
Snuggled in my nest
Condo or farm
Soothing colours
Familiar smells
Well-stocked cupboards
Comfort, security
God, what else?
Knowing my neighbours
Not feeling alone
Freedom, opportunity, high standard of living
Friendship
Equality for women
Education
Multicultural, diverse

Home is a space in the ether where, caressed by mist the thatched roof of an English cottage is in stark relief to the verdant abundance of unnamed blossoms.

Where sweet peony scented breezes tickle the edges of memory.

Where the slow release of breath that I was surprised to be found holding is let go in a soft whistle of awe.





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



Home
 Home to me is peaceful,
 chaotic, and comfortable. It
 is a place for friends and
 family to come and relax.

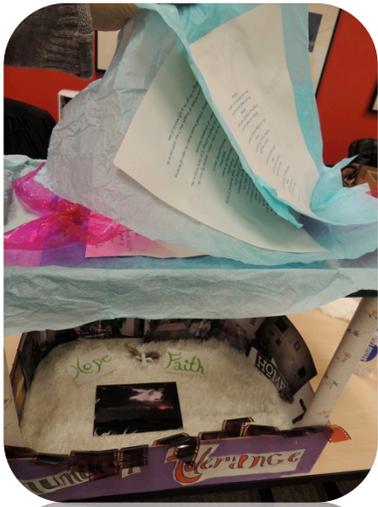


What home means to me

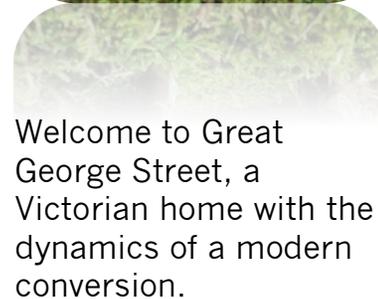
Home the place where you live
 The place where you were born or feel you belong
 A place where people are looked after
 A place where you share memorable moments with family and friends
 The true significant definition for me lies in home is with family,
 relatives as well as where the heart is
 My home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

A 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
Home

A home to me is a place 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 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



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

Home

Colours in spring time & rebirth
 Built on aspirations,
 Built on self-worth

SOLID FOUNDATION OF LOVE & FAITH

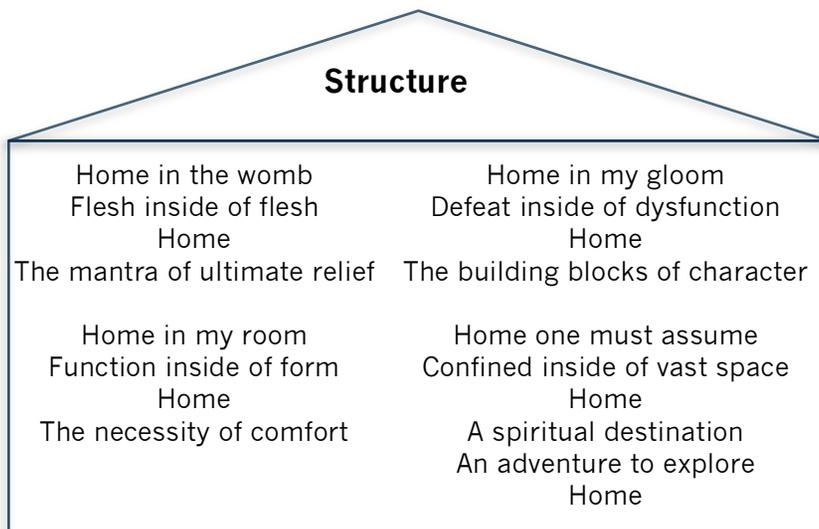
Structures with words
 Open and safe

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



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.



Aspden's Manor

This house is Aspden Manor, my ideal home.

Aspden Manor brings back many memories 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!

