

A weary traveller passes through the quaint alleyways of the Free-town, greeted by an unforgettably familiar atmosphere. Changed, and yet the same. A long way to go, they feel as if they were peeking into the trading harbor from a dream of theirs . Or a possible future, perhaps. Painfully distant and yet momentarily at reach.

*The trading harbor is a humming, alive place. A haven from a time when the strong divisions between people are a fading history. Big part of our World is underwater and we have moved to intricate floating homes, harvesting power through ingeniously engineered technologies, which are in harmony with our recovering ecosystems.*

*We remember there once were countries and languages, money, grudges and wars. But now there is peace. Humans have dissolved much of their darkness. We have come a long way, only to come a full circle, back to our true nature. Music and high-vibrational chatter sounds from each corner of the street and people let the flow carry them freely, trusting the universe as they share their gifts in various forms. Children run amongst elders, surrounded by happy animals, and colorful birds.*

But for now, this will have to do.

Each time i wander in through life's various phases, a different set of questions in mind, the once invisible realities are letting themselves be known and felt. With time, my backpack grows lighter of unnecessary possessions, as my heart grows heavier and my spirit more longing than ever before for a sense of reaching an ephemeral home, which i still haven't found.

I learned to appreciate home in the moment. The heartwarming pockets of belonging — not to a place nor to any particular un/organized group, but to myself and the deep essential truths that i can hold onto in the tide, unfolding serendipitously on my travels. What connects me to fellow nomads and seekers, are the moments of honesty, of friendship — of sharing hearts and of life's truths we uncovered through the oftentimes painful tests we chose to put ourselves through. Those moments are uniting our galaxies and making us feel as if we walked side by side, even if we were miles apart. Those are the temporary homes i find - reminding me of who i am, where i come from and where i walk towards.

It seems as if those moments, and those places are islands we sail from and to, through our lives' silly detours, between one or another stormy flight. We are forced to move, time and time again. As our ancestors did. When a place no longer provided for us, when the conditions forced us into the unknown, and we joyously accepted the challenge to go and look for a place where we can temporarily rest and reflect on our journeys. To let a place become familiar and listen to each other and the secrets whispered by the wind, until we are called to move again. The reasons for movement may have changed, yet the principle remains the same.

I am led by a call to find that familiar temporary haven. It is clear to me and fellow seekers, that we need community, more than ever. A space to be allowed to create, to dream, to heal and be healed. A place where we can gather, recognizing that it IS here now, that we are forging this future haven of peace. Because we find ourself in a rare occurrence of a place and a time, when the dreamers are allowed to dream. When we are given the chance to be ourselves, together.

But today is one of the days. Sometimes the weariness kicks in. Sometimes i wish to not be on the road anymore. I wish to stop seeking. To drop my bags, and stay for a while and grow roots in a place where i can feel safe for long enough to see the fruits of my labor (or byproducts of my laziness).

The day is closing in. Last rays of fresh february sunlight renders the sky holy, a colourful spectacle - explosion of red and cobalt blue, painting the water on my left and the trees on my right, as i walk by the docks called Fredenshavn.