



Džejlana Šutković

My Heart is My Home

Is it a gift or only a fact that within each and every man there exists something which makes him special and unique in his being? Are we all only a reflection, a silhouette and portraits of each other or just wanderers walking along the cessation of existence? Is that calmness of heart, that serenity and tranquillity of our spirit an expression of our thoughts?

I have always voiced myself through the power of my thoughts, and I have always directed and focused my attention on positive and purposeful realization of their manifestation. Because our thoughts are what we truly and deeply are. Being peacefully calm does not necessarily mean to walk slower or to watch our every step, nor it is visible only through distant and absent looks when evoking past memories and accomplishments. This calmness, arrangement and clear order of our thoughts is deeply forged within our brain cells of our character. They create and form an inherent connection with our heart, and as such are the most beautiful and the most precious jewel of wisdom. Peacefulness enters our mind and is a result of self-control and patience. Its presence is inspired by clear results of our effort, our dedication and by staying true to yourself.

In order to achieve this level of calmness and to be able to walk and step on the ground that is everything but pleasant, fruitful and tame we need to understand ourselves first. Everything is supposed to be easy but it is not. Everything is

supposed to be so straightforward and clear but it is not. Everything is supposed to be organized but it is not.

Humanity surges with uncontrolled passion, is tumultuous with ungoverned grief, is blown about by anxiety and doubt which crawls into the fortress of our hearts through tight and narrow channels. Only the wise man, only he whose thoughts are controlled and purified, makes the winds and the storms of the soul obey him.

To reach these heights which are necessary in order to practise and develop the proper life we need to cherish and look after our realistic visions, ideas and dreams. We should allow our thoughts to be dreamed without allowing them to vanish into air. Let us not walk too small or too high under the stars because our dreams, our deepest desires shall lead us towards our final destination, it being in accordance with our thoughts and our hearts. Dreamers are the savours of humanity. But people either fear dreams or they place them too high under the stars.

Given the fact that physical, real world, whose main actors are human beings, is guided by the invisible presence of force, so men, through their trials and tribulations are nourished by the beautiful visions of their solitary dreamers. Humanity cannot forget its dreamers; it cannot let their ideals fade and die; it lives in them; it knows them as the realities which it shall one day see and know. On this day shall dreamers revive through the maturity of the man into the wise one.

The world is beautiful because it was built and decorated by the steps and traces of dreamers who did not allow their ideas to vanish with the first hint of a stormy cloud above them, without them labouring humanity would perish. Painters, poets, prophets and sculptors are the makers of the after-world, the architects of heaven.

He who cherishes a beautiful vision, a lofty ideal in his heart, will one day realize it. Columbus cherished a vision of another world and he discovered it. Copernicus fostered the vision of a multiplicity of worlds and a wider universe, and he revealed it.

And I believe in Love, I believe it heals us and makes us better people. I believe that without love there is nothing. Without love directing us towards our desires and wisher the world would be deserted place governed and inhabited by plague

and Black Death. But people do exist; their ideas shall live as long as they use their hearts to think and their mind to silently love. Love strengthens our spirit, our spiritual world of pure beauty and perfect peace created for all of us, and we should all enter this sensational feeling of endemic tranquillity.

I will never cease from listening to music and melody played by my heart, I will never stop looking and feeling the beauty of my mind because these emotions and threads of thought are fundamental force in creating congenial environment of heavenly beauty. If we possess enough strength and will power within us, enough faith and hope and love for our ideals and dreams, if we stay true to them all our world will at last be built.

My vision is a promise of what I will one day be and become; my ideals are prophesies of what I shall reveal. Each success, each accomplishment was inspired by someone's dream which was cherished and guided by angels. Dreams are the seedlings of reality and of life for which we are responsible.

If we maintain this attitude, if we believe in all these qualities, if we listen to our hearts we shall find our place under the horizon of life, we shall arrive home. Home represents that undying and everlasting connection with a certain place, with a certain feature of some old town where one might feel the safest and the most secure to be in. A home can also be related to a piece of land, a bench in a park, a metro station, a tree where we feel calm, peacefully enjoying the warm breeze and the smell of fresh leaves piled on the ground. A home may seem as a place where we are alone in being the only portraits of our character, our personality and oneness, but never alone.

But home is non-existent if you are not in agreement with your heart. To have a place you can call your home, first you have to feel it as such, and in order to feel it you have to hear it, and the heart is the only part of your body that hears the beats and impulses of our deepest desires. A heart defines a home, it breathes life to a home with our vivacious or calm personality, a heart ignites our wish to stay, our desire to create, make and keep the home.

But how can we trust the heart in this pursuit for belonging somewhere, be it a home or that final destination which yet again is our final boarding station leading us to home?

The answer is to keep our heart alive by being sincere, honest and true to ourselves. The heart is too sensitive and yet too important muscle within our body to be neglected. Benevolence, goodness and sympathy are fundamental and crucial food substances for a gregariously brave heart which is inevitable and necessary in order to create and build a home for us. And a home is where your heart is. And my home is inside me because my heart is telling me that it has not found its nest yet, where love only resides, but it makes more than only something- it is everything, because love creates, makes and builds dreams, builds life. And each secret desire is inspired by love.

So I can only say that I am living my dream because I am surrounded by everyone and everything I love. I thank Copernicus and Columbus and I thank my heart for forever spreading the most precious and heartfelt symphonies of my life.

Thank you LOVE!

PR

DIOGEN pro kultura
<http://diogen.weebly.com>