



For twenty years I made my home in New York. In 2008 I left the city of my heart, packed my memories in tissue paper and carried them across the ocean. I packed up our physical home and watched as it was shoved and crammed into boxes and bound in bubble wrap and rolls of clear, plastic tape. I filled out insurance forms and prayed the ship wouldn't sink.

On the other end we waited. We unwrapped and unwound and unpacked.

All to try to make a home.

-- Dina Honour, THERE'S SOMEPLACE LIKE HOME