

“Many people hear voices when no one is there. Some of them are called mad and are shut up in rooms where they stare at the walls all day. Others are called writers and they do pretty much the same thing.”– Margaret Chittenden



After months of intense cold, getting up late, sleeping in late I was left without feeling a sense of yes, I have done

it, I finally today found my day restored. It was as simple as getting back to my physical space that had given me so much comfort before. I have a beautiful office, small compact and well done to suit my writing and reading habits and finally almost after eight months I went back to it. The space enveloped me with total warmth and love. I felt finally that this was I was lacking all this while. I needed to just get back to my most loved space that I had somehow neglected over the months.

All of us I am sure have beautiful spaces in our homes where we find peace, maybe just as simple as a sofa or a comfortable desk. However we often avoid going there feeling that space is redundant and no longer serves the purpose for which it was constructed. Maybe that room gives just so much grief, so we want run away from it, we refuse to enter to enter and try and create new spaces in nameless domains. However we are yet never able to own it and hence we are at a loss. I see this as a blind refusal, a blind negation to create a new routine to back to the old one. I also see this as being thankless and to be harsh enough to say callous to a space maybe created with great love, fostered with warmth and growth of thoughts and ideas.

I would only gently nudge people to get back to disorganised spaces not because I wish them to find the keys to face their grief and remain there to be disheartened but to find new comforts. This time the new joys could be with others who wish to create a magical garden with you, each step together confident and delightful. Dear Readers, I urge you to find your comfortable magic spot at home to claim it back with the same love and care as always done before. Give it that special hug that it needs maybe with a song, maybe with a painting hung or just flowers on the desk that will always smile back at you.