

Life Has More Meaning When You Have Home

This is not just a key but this is the beginning of life for me and my daughter. After a long time of worrying about being homeless I finally got my own place.

During my pregnancy it was very difficult to find a place of my own. I was sharing rooms with homeless girls.

Every moment I was thinking about my unborn baby when people were sleeping. I was sleepless.

I always think about where and when I will find a suitable place for me and my baby.

Finally we got the first key to an apartment. My baby and I feel safe.

Life has more meaning when you have a home.



Closed doors

The area where the door is located feels very unsafe.

I constantly fear being attacked, beaten, or robbed.

I often experience panic attacks at the door, just hoping I can get inside quickly without having to wait outside for too long.



Safe...But Not Safe

I took a picture of the sitting room because I feel safer when I'm in here—both on my own and with the girls. It feels like family.

But, I feel unsafe walking in and out of the house.

I get anxiety when there are crowds outside the door.

I have to check the cameras or look out the kitchen window to make sure it's safe before I leave.

Sometimes, I get dropped off at night after meetings, and it would be much safer if the door could be opened straight away—if we could buzz in and out, or enter through a different part of the building.



Peace of Mind

I feel safe when I'm in my room, and the things I've brought into it help make me feel comfortable in my own space and give me peace of mind—something I've never really had before.

The girls around the house also make me feel at ease.

It's a nice place to come back to, to have a chat and a laugh.

