

MYLIFE EPISODE

For Mum & Dad

The Home We Made

A story of the ordinary days that shaped us



A NOTE BEFORE THE STORY

For Mum and Dad - for making an ordinary home feel like our whole world.

You gave us more than a place to grow up. You gave us time, attention, laughter, and the certainty that we could always reach for you. Each game on the living-room floor became its own small world because you entered it with us. We did not know those ordinary afternoons were teaching us how safety feels. This book is for the patience behind the play, the kindness inside every gesture, and the home your love created around us.

With love, for the home that still lives in us.

THE THINGS WORTH KEEPING

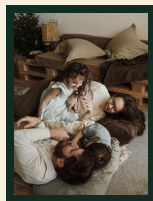
The days that looked ordinary

The memories that stayed were rarely the ones we planned. They were afternoons on the living-room floor, games invented from cushions, and the easy way you joined us without taking over. The room would be untidy, somebody would be laughing too loudly, and every rule would change before the game was finished. You listened anyway. You let our ideas matter. I did not know those small hours were teaching me what safety, trust, and belonging felt like. I only knew I wanted the game to last a little longer. Looking back, I understand that nothing grand was missing. Your attention was the occasion, and being together was enough.



Where the Floor Became a World

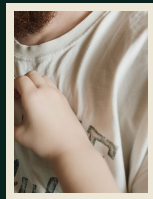
Where the Floor Became a World



Some of my clearest memories begin at floor level. A blanket slipped from the sofa, cushions gathered into a crooked wall, and suddenly the living room belonged to us. You never seemed worried about restoring order too quickly. You let the game become serious in the way only children can make it serious. One minute the rug was an island; the next it was the deck of a ship, and the space between two chairs was water nobody was allowed to touch. What I remember most is not the game itself, but the way you entered it. You listened to the rules even when they changed halfway through. You let us lead, laughed when the plan collapsed, and helped rebuild without taking over. In those afternoons, home felt larger than its rooms. It held every place we could imagine because you gave our small ideas your full attention. Years later, I understand what that attention meant. You were teaching us that joy did not need to be scheduled or expensive. Sometimes it only needed time, a little disorder, and people willing to meet one another exactly where they were.

The Smallest Language

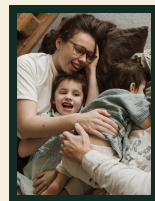
The Smallest Language



Before I had the words for affection, I knew its gestures. A hand around my shoulder when I felt shy. Fingers carefully moving hair away from my face. The heart I tried to shape with both hands because saying everything aloud felt too large. Our family had a quiet language made from those movements. You could ask if I was all right with a glance across the room. I could answer by leaning closer. Nothing about it looked important enough to record, yet those are the details that return first. They taught me that love is often most reliable when it is ordinary. It is the person who notices the untied ribbon, waits through the unfinished sentence, and makes space without demanding an explanation. The photographs keep a few of those gestures still, but the real memory continues beyond their edges: the warmth of an arm, the sound of someone trying not to laugh, the ease of knowing I did not have to perform to be welcomed. That small language followed me into adulthood. I still recognize care in the same ways, and I still think of home whenever kindness arrives without needing to announce itself.

The Trust in Being Lifted

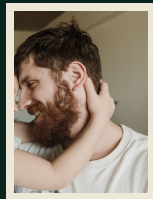
The Trust in Being Lifted



There was a moment in every game when my feet left the floor. I never studied whether your arms were ready. I simply reached up, certain that you would catch me. From above, the familiar room changed: shelves came level with my eyes, the ceiling felt close, and everybody looked smaller for a second. Then I would ask to do it again. That certainty was one of the first forms of trust I knew. It was physical and immediate, but it reached further than the game. I trusted you to steady the difficult beginnings, to stay near while I tried something new, and to let go slowly enough that confidence could replace fear. You did not prevent every fall, and that was never the promise. The promise was that I would not face the landing alone. Looking at these photographs now, I see the effort behind what felt effortless to me: the balance, the attention, the decision to be fully present. Childhood remembers the height and the laughter. Adulthood finally notices the arms. Both are true, and together they explain why courage has always felt less like being fearless and more like knowing there is love beneath you.

The Laugh Between You

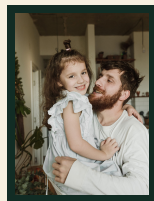
The Laugh Between You



Long before I understood partnership, I watched the two of you find each other across a noisy room. Sometimes it was a smile after one of us said something impossible. Sometimes it was the pause before a joke only you understood. The house could be crowded, untidy and loud, yet that small exchange made it feel steady. You showed us that a family is not held together by perfect days. It is held by repair, patience, and the choice to return to one another after the moment has gone wrong. We saw apologies spoken without drama and tired evenings softened by humor. We also saw delight: the kind that turns an ordinary afternoon into a photograph everybody keeps. As children, we thought the laughter belonged to the game. Now I know it also belonged to the life you were building together around us. You were making room for work, worry, mistakes and still, somehow, play. That balance became part of our idea of home. It taught me that commitment can look warm rather than heavy, and that tenderness is not separate from daily life. It is one of the ways daily life becomes worth remembering.

What We Mean by Home

What We Mean by Home



When I try to explain home, I do not picture a perfect room. I picture the room after we had lived in it all afternoon: a cushion on the floor, someone half out of frame, hair coming loose, and laughter still changing the expression on every face. The photographs are beautiful because they keep the people, but the memory is larger. It includes the weight of being carried, the softness of the rug, the voices overlapping, and the quiet that arrived when the game finally ended. Those ordinary hours gave us a kind of inheritance. You showed us that belonging is something people make through repeated attention. It grows when a child is heard, when affection is visible, when mistakes are allowed to become stories instead of verdicts. I carry that lesson into the rooms I make for others now. I want them to feel what you gave us: permission to be fully present, imperfect, and loved at the same time. A camera can preserve one instant of that feeling. This book keeps a few more. The rest lives in us, in the way we care, and in the meaning we still give to the word home.



THE STORY WE KEEP

Thank you for giving us a home we still carry with us.

The rooms have changed, and we have grown beyond the children in these photographs, but the lesson remains. Love becomes a place through attention, patience, repair, and the ordinary decision to stay close. I recognize your gift whenever I make room for somebody else's unfinished story, whenever laughter softens a difficult day, and whenever home feels less like an address than a promise. What you built around us is still being carried forward.



IN YOUR OWN WORDS

A photograph keeps the instant. A story keeps what surrounded it.

The picture remembers where we stood and the expressions we wore. The story remembers everything outside the frame: the voices overlapping, the warm room, the hand reaching back, and the joke that made us begin laughing again. It keeps the quiet afterward too, when the game was over but nobody hurried away. That is why a photograph can begin a memory without ever containing all of it. The most important part is often the feeling we still carry home.



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The finished book experience.*

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Fictional sample - people shown are not customers - photos: Arina Krasnikova / Pexels