

Home is where the heart is.

It is in the middle of February and people are starting to wear more and more clothes to protect themselves from the coldness that attacked the city Malmö. In every corner of every street you can find someone who is using their phone and surfing on the web, laughing at some webvideo or just looking at themselves through the Snapchat-camera.

If we compare our society by the way it looks today and twenty years ago, we will find a big difference. In the past phones did not exist and people used to communicate by sitting with each other and maybe go out on a picnic which is a surprise to see a family or few friends doing nowadays.

Way of helping each other is way behind us and we are in a century where writing a comment that explain how deeply sad you feel about homeless people and how children out there who have lost their parents in different massacres in different countries is a better way than doing some difference to change that. Even if our help is not that much of a guest, a smile is enough to turn a frown upside down and maybe give hope to people who have lost it and are fighting to win it back.

Homelessness is a disease you dive into without knowing that you are in that position. You lose your job, your car, your apartment and your family by coincidence and nothing is left to value. You start your journey to find the comfort in your life and within yourself but no helping hand is reaching out because your situation is frequently the result of an irresponsible person, in the eyes of most people it is like so. A huge amount of organizations and volunteers are working without payment to help people in need and there are still people out there that lives on the street rather than getting help by people, because they refuse to see people feel sorry/bad for them.

Our assignment is to interview a homeless person that is struggling through life to make it better and it was not hard for us to find someone in that situation but it was a challenge to go straight to a person and ask him or her how they feel about themselves and their lives. We already know how they feel, We know that they are not in the right place, but we feel sorry for them for not getting a chance to be understood.

Me and Isabel went to Kontrapunkt to interview two of the volunteers that work there without payment and sacrifice their time to people in need of help. As we enter the hall, the smell of tears corrupt us and we walk silently to the reception to meet up with the two young ladies who wanted to be interviewed.

Is it always like this, full of young men drinking tea/coffee and talking to each other?, said Isabel to one of the women.

- No, not really, but today it is very cold outside so they have to find a warm place to be at and the nearest one is our place here in Sofielund.

She told us to sit here and asked us if we want some coffee and I could not resist the sweet smell of coffee beans and said yes please!

- We work here everyday, from the moment we wake up till it is time to go home and get some rest, said one of the women to Isabel who was writing down each and every word that she said.

- We used to have a “sleep-hall” so people without a bed or place to sleep at could come and sleep and be in a warm place but now there is no longer that possibility and they have to be awake all the time.

We were drinking our coffee peacefully when all of a sudden one of the men who were sitting in the corner came to us.

- I am so happy that young ladies like you two are interested to hear about Kontrapunkt, but I can tell you one thing and you have permission to write it down in the interview. Without organizations like Kontrapunkt and so on, people without homes would think of suicide and lose all hope.

We could see the tears in his dark brown eyes as he went back to his seat and continued talking to his friends while staring at us with a smile.

Kontrapunkt is an organization that helps homeless people get food, a couch to sit on and warm cloth. Volunteers help their visitors also with paper to get welfare or find a job that may get him or her an apartment in the future.

After a long chat and magnificent colombian coffee, we started to get ready to leave when all of a sudden a woman came in and was very hungry. We could see the pain in her eyes as she was ashamed of asking for food.

We thanked the two soulful ladies and went separate ways.

Both me and Isabel took with us a lesson that people in need are not different than us. They have been in a difficult situation that got them to the place they are in and with a small kind of hope they will get back on their feet and be stronger than ever!

By

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