

A Journey of Heart & Home



by
Shravani Sawant



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A very warm welcome to all the readers' round the globe. This is Shravani, from India, a fond Writer for you all, a Coder for Digital World and an aspiring Forensic Expert who would complete Master's in Cyber Security and Digital Forensics. I welcome you all aboard with me to my fascinating area.

So Namaste, Bonjour, Hola, Ciao, Salve and a huge Hello to everyone.

Life has taken me through unexpected paths, leading to a journey through homes and hearts. I've moved houses twice, but there's one place that holds my heart and soul – Datewadi. This is where my childhood unfolded and where my dad's childhood stories began. It's more than just a house; it's a treasure trove of memories, love, and shared lives.

In the 10th grade, my parents decided we needed a bigger house. With my grandparents living with us, we wanted a space that could accommodate our growing family. My parents and I always cherished having our grandparents with us, and the thought of them staying with us forever was a dream we all shared. Datewadi, the place we lived in, was a charming chawl, filled with warmth and community spirit. Even now, I often find myself drawn back to that place, visiting it and reliving the fond memories.

The people of Datewadi were like an extended family, sharing joys and sorrows, celebrating festivals and birthdays as one big family of 25-30 people. I grew up in a small house there, with just two rooms – a living room and a kitchen with a bathroom. Despite its size, it was a home filled with love, laughter, and countless memories. The scribbles on the walls, the shared meals, and the late-night chats with neighbors are moments I hold dear. This house was a gift from my late great-grandfather to my grandfather on his wedding day, adding layers of nostalgia and legacy to its walls.

I still remember those days when my mum and I used to wash utensils down on the street, spending time together after she came home. We would sit there, with me perched on our two-wheeler, chatting about our day while she washed plates. I was the kind of kid who would tell everything to my dad first and then to my mum, ensuring she heard my stories twice if I wanted something. I remember our Sunday visits to Celebration, a gift shop, where my parents promised me a small gift every weekend if it went well. Those moments still bring a smile to my face.

Our new house is lovely too, but it's only been four years since we moved. While we've created beautiful memories here, I know many more are yet to come. People often see me as a pampered single child

with all the latest gadgets – Apple products and devices I probably don't need. But they don't know the story of the little girl who's seen and done a lot for her family and herself. I've learned that relationships and family ties matter more than gadgets and material things. As I grow older, I feel a sense of responsibility to give my parents the life they dreamed of, just as they did for their parents.

This blog marks the beginning of a new chapter for me. For the first time, I'll be moving out alone, embarking on a journey to the United States to study at Stevens Institute of Technology in New Jersey. It's a bittersweet moment, but I know my family has my back. I'm determined to work hard, achieve good grades, and land a great job. My goal is to make my parents proud and give back to my family – my mumma, baba, aai, and papa. Here's to a new adventure, making the best of my life, and helping others along the way.

Cheers to new beginnings and cherished memories!