I am at home in my own heart. I take my heart with me wherever I live. As I begin to love myself, I find myself providing a safe and comfortable home for myself. I begin to feel at home in my own body. My home is a reflection of my mind and what I feel I am worthy of. If my home is a disaster zone and I feel overwhelmed, then I begin cleaning in one corner of one of the rooms. Just like with my mind: I begin with changing one thought at a time. Eventually, the entire place will be tidy. As I work, I remind myself that I am also clearing the rooms of my mind.