I currently work in Brighton at Rock Clinic, where my primary focus is supporting Ukrainian refugees and displaced individuals.

Additionally, I volunteer with Bramber Bakehouse, an organization that works with survivors of domestic abuse or human trafficking, asylum seekers, and refugees.
At this point, most of my clients are refugees, migrants, and other displaced persons.
So, over time, the topic of migration has become deeply woven into both my professional practice and personal experience.
But to be honest, I was never particularly interested in the topic of immigration. It always felt distant and had nothing to do with my personal or professional interests.
Of course, I had heard about the “culture shock” experienced by newcomers and the different stages of adaptation to a new country. But one way or another, immigration was never something I gave much thought to.
Now, I have been living in England for three years. And yet, I still don’t know who I am—an immigrant, a refugee, a temporarily displaced person, or just an eternal “tourist” .
During this time, I have read countless books and articles on immigration and everything related to it. My main reason for this search was a simple yet persistent question: why do I still feel such deep longing?
Interestingly, I came to terms with the fact of war in my life faster than I accepted that I no longer have a home. So what is “home” after all? And what is this wound inside me that keeps aching and hurting? I find myself in a fascinating position. After three years of living away from my home country, it feels as though I know everything about it- and nothing at all.
And now, in my third year in England, I have started to notice that in one way or another clients bring the theme of Home. Of course, this theme has appeared before. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that it has never disappeared, but now it is becoming more and more painful and I would even say acute and consuming.
So, the subject of Home has come up more and more often. During the therapy my clients started to raise questions like what is Home or what does Home mean for me, where is my Home and how can I acquire a sense of Home. How can I feel at home in England , or how can I make England my home?
On the other hand, some clients' requests for therapy have changed gradually into a deep self-doubt. Why? Because despite some potential future prospects in England,these clients still want to go back to Ukraine. Even if there is a war . They come with the questions: am I all right, am I normal, what's wrong with me.
And in one way or another they all mention that England will never become home for them because emotionally their Home is still in Ukraine.
So, gradually, I began to delve into the subject of Home. I started thinking about what the phenomenon of Home actually means. What is the feeling of home? Why, for instance, do some people still not get this sense of Home, despite having a roof over their head, a job, security. Why do some people decide to return to Ukraine despite the shelling and difficult economic situation in the country?
One day, I came across a writer who became yet another guide on my strange journey called emigration. I believe that books, much like people, can serve as guides through the most difficult hours of our lives. And I have to tell you- I am absolutely captivated and deeply moved by this book.
I’m sure you know this feeling—when you accidentally discover an author, and they suddenly become the missing piece in your inner exploration. A book like this becomes your own wardrobe to Narnia, opening a door that changes you forever. From that moment on, everything you encounter is refracted through the lens of that author’s ideas.
That’s exactly how I discovered Mircea Eliade and his work “The Sacred and the Profane”.

Mircea Eliade (March 9, 1907 – April 22, 1986) is a Romanian historian, philosopher, theorist of religion, literary critic, and novelist notably in the fantasy and autobiographical genres.
For me it's just amazing how this book helps to work in two different ways at the same time. For some clients, it helps them to adapt better to their new environment, and for others, it can bring some understanding of why they want to return home.
My clients talk mostly about the fact that they realise that they are experiencing a kind of inner conflict . Between, so to speak, objective logic and their true feelings.
They ask themselves : “How can I possibly want to take my children back to Ukraine when right now we are in a safe place? What is wrong with me?

And this is what I became interested in. The clash between logic and emotion. that Mircea Eliade has given me several profound ideas to reflect on.
I feel
So, let me introduce some of his assumptions from the book so that you can understand better what I am going to talk about.

Assumptions

1. There are two modalities of experiencing the World: Sacred(religious) and Profane.

2.
" For religious man, space is not homogeneous; he experiences interruptions, breaks in it; some parts of space are qualitatively different from others".
3. The Profane space is homogeneous and amorphous.
" There is, then, a sacred space, and hence a strong, significant space; there are other spaces that are not sacred and so are without structure or consistency, amorphous".
4.
" The sacred always manifests itself as a reality of a wholly different order from " natural" realities".
5.
" Man becomes aware of the sacred because it itself, shows itself, as something wholly different from the profane".
To understand better what a sacred space is for a person, Mircea gives the example of a church.

" To exemplify the non-homogeneity of space as experienced by nonreligious man, we may turn to any religion. We will choose an example that is accessible to everyone - a church in a modern city. For a believer, the church shares in a different space from the street in which it stands. The door that opens on the interior of the church actually signifies a solution of continuity. The threshold that separates the two spaces also indicates the distance between two modes of being, the pro- fane and the religious. The threshold is the limit, the boundary, the frontier that distinguishes and opposes two worlds - and at the same time the paradoxical place where thoseworlds communicate, where passage from the profane to the sacred world becomes possible."

So, let's imagine you are in 2025. You are walking down the street, and you see a church at the corner of a block. For a person with a sacred perception of the world, the sense of space will change as soon as he crosses the threshold of this church. Entering a church, a person symbolically steps into another dimension. Their space becomes non-homogeneous.
In fact, if we apply this concept to our everyday life, unexpectedly we may find such a phenomenon also occurs with us quite often: for instance, when you walk around the park, where you experienced the happiest hours of your parenthood, or your favourite cafe, associated with warm and pleasant memories. Symbolically, these places will never be ordinary for you. They will always be your little sacred places. Thus, in our everyday life, we also have two modes of being, the profane and the sacred.
So, it becomes clear that moving to another country is not just a change of territory or geographical space. It is something more complex and multidimensional. In fact, for some people, forced relocation is a loss of their sacred spaces.
If we follow Eliade further, he leads us to even more specific things, namely, how a person with a religious or sacred perception of the world has chosen his place of Home since ancient times.

1. A person with a religious attitude towards the world has always found or perhaps we should say 'discovered' a sacred place

.**2.**
" 'Sacred place' arises from so-called development or consecration of a new place by a person.

" The Sacred and the Profane or of conquering and occupying a territory already inhabited by "other" human beings, ritual taking possession must always repeat

the cosmogony. For in the view of archaic societies everything that is not “our world” is not yet a world. A territory can be made ours only by creating it anew, that is, by consecrating it.
”

3.Consecration of any territory is equal to its Cosmisation, As long as the territory is not illuminated, it will be Chaos.

“ One of the outstanding characteristics of traditional societies is the opposition that they assume between their inhabited territory and the unknown and indeterminate space that surrounds it. The former is the world (more precisely, our world), the cosmos; everything outside it is no longer a cosmos but a sort of “other world” , a foreign, chaotic space.

So, you see that if we simplify what Mircea says and transfer it to our everyday lives, it becomes clear that the world we live in is something understandable and accessible for us. But everything that goes beyond the limits of this world will be Chaos for us to some extent. Mircea Eliade's idea is that our World, symbolically, is a former Chaos, only sanctified and rebuilt.
According to Mircea Eliade, a traditional man with a religious attitude towards the world leads his life using these rules:
1. The choice of residence or a place for living is one of the most essential events and decisions in a person's life.
2 .Any new territory requires a certain symbolic ritual of consecration in order to transform it from Chaos into Cosmos.
3.A territory becomes ‘your territory or shelter’ only after it has been ‘created anew’ and sanctified.

Conclusion
To summarise all this, I want to highlight the amazing ability of this book to work in two directions at once.
In the case of those clients who want to return to Ukraine despite the war, the phenomenon of the ‘sacred place’ can give them some kind of understanding and take them out of the paradigm of logic and supposed rationality into a stronger belief in themselves and what they really feel.
Of course, the answer is not straight forward , but this point of view definitely brings an additional meaning to the phenomenon of Home.
Namely, that what they're feeling is normal. It's not stupid. It has its place.
Perhaps for these people their sacred place has still remained in Ukraine, and wherever they live will be chaos for them.
Because a sacred place is not just a geographical point on the map. It is something more complicated.On the other hand, if we are talking about clients who want to build their
new life in England, but still experience difficulties, Mircea Eliade is also a kind of help to understand that their new reality, which will become their new world, must be created first .
So, to transform Chaos into Cosmos through its consecration space should be changed from amorphous and homogeneous to sacred and non-homogeneous.
Perhaps, it is like hooks that we use to grab onto things, to make connections and anchor ourselves. You can stay in England and just glide across its surface without clinging to any significant places and creating nothing new in your life.
But what I mean is that our loops in the form of positive emotions and pleasant inspiring memories should be created because we need to anchor ourselves in a new place and find our new hooks, new memorable places or even supportive acquaintances, in order not to slide on the surface of life.
In everyday life these are very simple things, like going somewhere to

study, getting a new profession, learning a language, finding an atmospheric cafe where you feel good enjoying your favourite coffee.
Positive breaks and fractures in Chaos start appearing when we start to fill our personal chaos with new memories, important life events, new achievements, touching moments and new people in our life.As a result we start collecting our new sacred places .
New experiences of happiness, discoveries and new essential memories imprinted into this homogeneous space of a new country help to transform Chaos into Cosmos.
And this is precisely what Mircea Eliade writes about: when you find yourself in a state of chaos, where everything around you feels unfamiliar, you need to transform it into cosmos—your own world. How? By creating new sacred spaces within the unknown—places that become meaningful and significant to you.
And now here are some of my final Thoughts on Mircea Eliade's Concept of the Sacred and the Profane.

1. Silly Grandma Trinkets

First on my list, is what I call "Silly Grandma Trinkets." Now, I'm absolutely certain you know exactly what I mean. You walk into your grandma's or great-aunt's house, and suddenly you're surrounded by an army of ridiculous porcelain figurines, lace doilies, and decorative knick-knacks.
I swear, I used to roll my eyes every single time. I called them dust collectors or just plain bad taste. But then along comes Mircea Eliade, tapping me on the shoulder like, "Excuse me? These might actually be ritual objects used to sanctify space!"
And now? Now I can't roll my eyes anymore. Instead, I've started paying attention. Every time I see how a home is arranged, I can't help but look at it through Eliade's lens.

2. Teenagers and Their Terrifying Caves

If you have—or have ever had—a teenager, you'll get this one instantly. The creepy posters on the walls. The chaos. The bizarre little objects scattered everywhere. A room that looks like a crime scene, but no actual crime has been committed (yet).
And just when you think: What is wrong with this child?, Eliade pops up again: "Hold on. What if your teenager is actually in the process of creating their very first sacred space? Sure, it looks weird to you, but what they're doing is trying to sanctify their territory, turning it into a space that feels uniquely theirs."

3. Renovating During a War

When the war started, my sister decided to renovate her apartment. Yes, in the middle of missile strikes and drone attacks. She even laughed at herself, calling it completely insane. Because logically, doing home improvements during a war? Pretty dumb.
But then there's Mircea Eliade again, waving his hands like, "Wait a minute! Some people live in a sacred relationship with the world. For them, every rupture in space is something they feel and experience deeply."
And suddenly, it made perfect sense. I think my sister was fighting back against the chaos of war in the only way she could—by reclaiming her space. The more unbearable the outside world became, the more determined she was to sanctify her home, to turn it into a place of meaning, a place where she could still perform her rituals of normalcy and resistance.