

home, research became one. It offered:

- continuity in a life of rupture
- structure in a world of chaos
- purpose when survival dominated everything else
- identity when displacement erased belonging

Through research, I learned that home is not only a geographical space. It can be a practice, a discipline, a commitment. Home can be the act of preserving others' memories while rebuilding your own.

VII. Conclusion: The House Built of Testimonies

For displaced researchers, the work we do is never detached. It is shaped by the homes we lost, the borders we crossed, and the silences we refuse to accept. Through research, I constructed a home that war could not destroy—a home of narratives, testimonies, questions, and truths.

In a world where refugee stories are often simplified, sensationalized, or erased, research becomes an ethical responsibility. It allows us to resist both physical and intellectual displacement. It allows us to hold on to our identities when everything else has been stripped away. Most importantly, it ensures that the stories of those who survived the sea, the desert, the war, the smugglers, and the institutions that failed them are preserved with dignity.

Today, as I work as a licensed property consultant in Dubai, a city that offered me the physical safety and stability my earlier life lacked, and an inverse experience of the instability I documented in my research, I see how closely my current practice remains tied to my earlier inquiries. After years of documenting displacement and the collapse of home, helping others relocate or find a secure place to root their lives feels like a continuation of the same inquiry into belonging and safety.

When no home exists, research becomes one. And in that home, we build rooms for our communities, for our memories, and for the futures we still dare to imagine. **In this sense, research has not only been my method, but the place where my identity could finally inhabit itself.**

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