don't remember much about my earliest years, but certain vivid memories linger: the scorching yet still comforting heat of the African sun, the rich brown color of Kenyan land, adults from backgrounds different than mine helping others with daily needs, and most of all, the carefree laughter and pitter-pattering footsteps from children like myself, never ceasing as we danced in our own little universes.

That was life at Kakuma refugee camp in Kenya, where I spent the majority of my first eight years on earth.

There, I not only developed close bonds with my closest relatives -- my mother and siblings -- but I also had a larger group of people to connect with on a daily basis. They either shared my experiences or empathized with them, and as I ran through the grounds of the camp day after day, I remember being met with smile after smile.

I didn't know it back then, but these people were only the second family I would have in a line of many, many more to come.

Eight years into my life, a new journey and more family awaited me on the other side of the world. A long plane ride landed us in southern Australia, where my aunt, who painstakingly petitioned for our future in this new home called Adelaide, welcomed us with open arms.

And so began our new life in an unfamiliar but generous community, as well as bigger and bigger reunions with relatives from all branches of my family tree. I continue to call many of those in my generation "brothers" and "sisters," even if they are cousins in reality. Our bonds have developed strength beyond mere dictionary definitions.

Another eight years pass, and a new chapter begins -- this time in the world of fashion. My career as a model makes me a nomad by default. My home is now in multiple places around the world, my life is an arrow constantly pointing forward.