

THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME - by Phil Knox (YFC Britain)

We all know what it is to be lost.

The frustrated kind of lost when there's no one to ask for aid,
time begins to fade and you wish you'd stayed. . .at home.

There's the hopeless kind of lost, where the money has been spurned,
where there is nowhere else to turn and your soul yearns,
your heart burns. . .for home.

Because there is no place like home.

Home. The place our hearts are based, our stories can be traced.

Where our bodies are embraced, our memories interlaced
with the smells and the tastes of home.

When the warmth hits our face entering familiar space
our pulse drops its pace and we breathe.

Because there's no place like home.

And yet we've never been, it seems, in our ontological time machine
so far from the scene of our dwelling.

We're wayward, willful, whimsical and wanton

So far from Eden like we're an orangutan in Sweden.

As a culture we're like vultures consuming media like it's roadkill,
forming sculptures with our homepages that will kill us
til we realise. . .there's no place like home.

And the desire is not lacking, like the prodigal who's packing
because the homing beacon is tracking us. . .home.

Because the journey back has begun, the central heating is on,
your room is being prepared, the relationship has been repaired,
grace is being spoken, the front door is being opened.

Because the call of the apostles, the deep incessant 'God pull',
the cry of the gospel is 'Come Home!'

And there's no place like home.