

## Going Home

“Therefore, being always of good courage, and knowing that while we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord— (for we walk by faith and not by sight); we are of good courage, I say, and prefer rather to be absent from the body and to be at home with the Lord.”  
2 Corinthians 5: 6-8 (NASB)

One day as I was in deep thought – ok, it was more like day dreaming - about the daily things of life when the word Home came to mind. As I pondered this word the following phrases came to mind: Home is where the heart is. Home Sweet Home. And the ever-popular: There’s no place like home. No matter what, everything that came to mind was positive, heart-warming, comforting.

After a long day at work – or shopping - sometimes I just can’t wait to get home, to rest, to be at ease. There are many days I jump in the car (ok, so it is more like a crawl sometimes) after work and head for home. Then, when I pull in my driveway I realize I am not sure how I got there. It is automatic. Like auto pilot. I am programmed to go directly home with little thought given to the mechanics of how I get there. Have you ever gotten in the car leaving work, or church, or a friend’s house with the intent of making a side trip somewhere else before going home only to find yourself a block from your humble abode having forgotten to run your errand? This never happens to me of course... but I’ve heard stories of such.

Each of us have made that trip back home so many times it takes little conscious effort to get there. Many thoughts preoccupy our minds (thoughts of the lengthy to do list, worries of our children or parents, a difficult situation we are dealing with...) that we are distracted from the task at hand; yet, we can always find our way home. To a place where we can find comfort and understanding from those who love us most. Isn’t it refreshing just to pull into the driveway? Don’t you breathe a little easier? Focus better? A place where you can take your shoes off, slide into some comfortable PJ pants, and just be.

I imagine this is what our ultimate going home will be like. We often hear talk of passing away as “Going Home” or “Being at home now”. Some memorial services are referred to as a Home Going. Through the unbearable grief of the loss of a friend or family member, I can’t help but consider that person the lucky one. No more pain. No more sorrow. The ultimate eternal celebration. Those of us left behind have the difficult burden of this crazy world to bear.

So in my pondering of the word Home, I came full circle from the day I brought my own children into our home to the conceptualization of my final journey Home. I realize my daily task now is to live my life so that I am creating that well-worn path between me and My Heavenly Father. Starting and ending my day at home with the Bible and prayer. Then, I imagine one day it will be like those days where I have given all that I have at work and jump (or crawl) into my car and head home. Only to find myself wondering how I got there so quickly and not remembering some of the mundane things along the way. Just experiencing that sense of relief and joy of truly being Home.

I can’t imagine a better feeling than that!