Home

During good times and bad, we often retreat To that very special place in our turbulent lives, A place filled with a lifetime of memories Of events that involve both harmony and strife.

The smell of Mom's hearty breakfast lingers there As the aroma of frying bacon fills the morning air With sausage gravy and scratch made biscuits in the oven Served in a delicious feast to which none can compare.

Like me, a lifetime of strong values was born there, A lasting product of childhood deprivation and toil As we worked the hillside apple orchards and fields And eked out a meager living from the Virginia soil.

Memories of tragedy and triumph linger in the shadows Of loss of family members and burying our favorite pet, Of times of an attitude adjustment with a belt or switch Learning education's value where life's direction was set.

A young life filled with baseball, BB guns, and cowboys Or doll houses, Barbie dolls, and afternoon parties with tea While our siblings and cousins slowly grew and matured And began to set life's goals to be all that they could be.

Adulthood arrives with little advance warning or flourish. We shift all of our attention to managing our adult lives And turn our backs on that magical childhood place While focusing on our roles as husbands and wives.

We return for holidays and special family events
To celebrate life's many milestones and times of joy
Or to introduce new members of our growing family
As our marital union results in the birth of a girl or a boy.

We go back there in times of turmoil and galloping fear When the planes hit the towers and our neighbors died Or our sacred vows with our spouses are tested or tattered Or while seeking refuge from a pandemic and ask why.

During life's long journey, we face almost constant change: We change addresses, jobs, and spouses but still we find The things that never change are the places where we were born And the sheer joy of returning home – if only in our mind.