

You Are My Home

Father, the body I inhabit is destined to die, and
probably not without pain.

Sooner or later, I will lose my battle for
comfort,
health, and
physical life.

But as I look up into the clear night sky,
I realize that my home is not this frail body.

Neither is it this tiny, ingrown world
in which my mind lives most of the time.

My home is not
this house,
this neighborhood, or
any of the physical surroundings in which I spend my days.

My home is all eternity.

My home is Your entire reality,
O Omnipotent Father!

My home is everywhere You are!

You are my home!

My home is Your heart.

My walls are Your power.

My roof is Your transcendent magnificence.

My future is the farthest reaches of Your
boundless life and
unfailing love.

O Lord, my God, my world will be filled with
knowing You
completely,
intimately,
constantly.

That is where I want to live.

That is where I *will* live.

And that eternity has already begun.

The Sun of Righteousness
has dawned in me.

The light is growing, and
the darkness is receding.

I stand on the rim of this planet and
lift my hands and say,

“I love You,
Almighty Creator,
Exalted Father,
my Source and
my Goal!

You are my home,
now and
forever!”

Hymn: [Lord, You Are My Home](#)

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