



Where we
love is
home –
home that
our feet
may
leave, but
not our
hearts.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr.
(1809 - 1894)
Physician | Poet

Home can describe places, people, or pursuits. Home may be the location at which we reside or the site where we were born. Home can be a group of people who receive us with deep acceptance, or a role in which we experience profound meaning. Home may be our ultimate existence.

Physical or spiritual, home is where we belong.

At home, our identities belong. Who we are – in all of our rich inherent dignity – has a place in our home. We need not mute our individual expression, rather home is where our real volume is heard, our full uniqueness is received, our brave integrity is expected. As we discover more about who God created us to be, home is where that truth is welcomed.

At home, our vocations belong. What we do – to earn a living or express a craft – is appreciated in our home. Our abilities are noticed and nurtured, our interests drawn out and developed. If we don't fully know what will fulfill us, home is where we can wonder and explore in a climate of broad curiosity and discovery. As we uncover more about our work in the world, home is where those gifts are affirmed.

At home, our aspirations belong. What we vision – in every realm of existence – is secure in our home. Our ambitions are known and cultivated. Home is where dreams can be born and hopes can be fed, for home provides safe fences to protect the field in which our yearnings are planted and thrive. As we discover more about where our imaginations may take us, home is where that journey begins.

Within our home, our hearts dwell and flourish.

What do you think of as your true home? Who are the people who create home for you?