

# HOME

*Since the beginning of time, when our feet took us to places far from home  
To reach out and touch someone, brought us back, no matter how far we roamed  
Then . . . with quilled pen, signals of smoke, or screams along the valley floor  
Today . . . it is a phone call or computer aided message across our modern door*

*I remember way back in my childhood, when I was just a little dude  
My Mother always told me to call home, when I got to the place I was going to  
Call Home! The message is crystal clear - but a prayer will do just fine  
So this Christmas, let's pray for the love of Christ whom we remember with bread and wine*

*So we call and say "Hey!"; to check out what is happening over there  
But the message is like speaking in foreign tongues . . . it sounds so square  
And especially during the Holidays, when the need to call is great  
It is easy to get . . . "all circuits are busy", and our message gets put off with haste*

*Call Home, I've written down the number by the phone one more time  
With prayers and psalms and poems in perfect metre and rhyme  
Like the Psalmist in the Old Testament, a prophet fortelling the coming of the Lord  
"Only one more time to Call Home, before the heart turns into a sword!"*

*As the New Year rushes on, and our resolutions commence anew  
Perhaps the best gift of all is to Call Home and just think of you  
The circuits will be perfect, and the clarity just fine  
So I'll wish you Merry Christmas & Happy New Year one more time!*