**I want to go home...**

 And sit under the maple tree

 Watching a sunset speak to me

 Of God’s quiet and mysterious majesty.

**I want to go home…**

 And feel the earth beneath my bare feet

 The warm sunshine on my skin

 And a soft breeze caressing my cheek.

**I want to go home….**

 And see the large grand oak trees

 Happily waving to each other in the wind

 Listening to joyful birds singing praises of a glorious morning.

**I want to go home…**

 And walk the quiet forest trails

 Exploring hidden creeks

 And listening to the Great Horned Owls calling to each other at dusk

**I want to go home…**

 And gaze at the heavens

 Of twinkling, winking stars

 On a gentle and peaceful night.

**I want to go home…**

By Denise A St. Clair