**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