

I've wondered away from home.  
I find myself wondering, aimless and hopeful.  
I've been absent in my own life,  
    like a vacation with all of the guilt  
        but none of the relaxing.

I'm not far gone, not really.  
But where did 10:30am go today?  
Who was I then?  
    What was I doing?  
        Was I happy? Content?  
Surely I was something, am someone,  
    but I don't remember...  
        because I've wondered away  
        from the place I belong most.  
Me.

I've let myself watch from the sidelines  
as grief and love, pain and joy  
    go right along by.

I'm ready to be home today.  
    I'm ready to be home.  
        I'm ready to be.  
            I'm ready.

I want to know what I like and don't like at 10:30am.  
I want to remember what I think and feel, who I love and cared for in that moment.  
    And at 10:31am too.  
I want to come home to the grace of love, so much love, that doesn't need to ask  
questions about where I have or haven't been.  
    I just want to go home.  
    I want to be me.

God, help me to be present to all that is — right now. Only this moment. Only you.  
    Be with me and let me be with you.  
        I come wobbling, scratching needy.  
        You give the sacred gift of now, all that I need.  
        You give the sacred bread because I'm holy. I'm home.  
I need and I know I need because I'm right here. Right now. Home. Me. With you.

Grace & Peace,  
Pastor Cole