

Molly Presler

Lately

There's just something about the idea of Home
That captures me. Wherever home may be –
The place to which we're always returning
The somewhere for which I always search
But You've been trying to teach me lately
That Home is everywhere – *everywhere* – with You.

This hill holds me up while I talk to You,
Watching the cars below me, going home;
I think You look at them, and me, lately,
And truly see us – we who want to be
Anywhere else but where we are – the search
Is tiresome – always going, never returning.

With You, though, we are *always* returning;
In constant Mercy, welcomed back to You.
But, even so – even though I know – I search
For something stable here, something I can call my Home
Something I can call my own – I know it may be
Crazy, but, it's why my heart's been restless lately.

I said before, I say again, that lately
You're teaching me the secret in returning –
The way we find our way to Home. I'll be
Your faithful student for as long as You
Will teach me, Lord; I know that You will lead me Home –
I know now; *You're* the object of my search.

And You have always been the Home I search
For – always been my rest. Even lately,
Though it seems that I am longing for my home,
In truth, I've simply wanted for returning –
To what I know is true – returning – to You.
Aside from this, what will be will be.

As life moves onward, I pray that I'll be
As hopeful as I am now in my search –
My search for Home, which only comes through You,
As You've made sure to teach me lately.
I pray, Lord, to avoid the going and retain the returning –
So that I may perpetually be returning Home.

My Lord, for You, may all my striving be;
Become my Home, dear object of my search;
You've taught me lately the beauty of returning.