

Coming Home

Beautiful Brisbane, it is so good to come home.
This is where I belong.
Family and friends, friendly and at ease.

It is so good to return. Brisbane so beautiful
I appreciated you most after my stay at Cabramatta.
The dust – the flatness – the units – resident children only
How refreshing your trees, shrubs and colour.
Always a thing of beauty beginning as one is ending.
I marvel in the freshness and newness every day.

How I took it all for granted living here and growing up.
I praise you Lord for growing things, for life, for colour,
sun, blue skies, fresh air, warmth.

It's good to be home. I enjoyed my year away
It did wonders for my spirit.
But now it's time to share life with those who are so dear

Coming home has a tinge of sadness
My loved ones gone. There is an aloneness, but I am
content to wait my turn for that final Come Home

In the in between time, Lord,
help me to come Home to myself,
to be in touch with my center,
to discover my own heart and its yearnings.

To find You, to be at Home with You,
in the dwelling place of your making.

- Maureen Parker RSC in 1993



~ Joan McPaul 2020

“There is a happy feeling of gratitude over my heart.”

Mary Aikenhead