October 28th

Homecoming, by Joyce Rupp

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Something in me is stirring;
I think it's part of me
that waits in lonely exile
and yearns for a homeland.

It's the hidden part of me
that wanders aimlessly,
stumbling in the dark,
crying to be found.

O God of exiles and strangers
find the homeless parts of me;
guide them toward yourself ,
for you are my promised land.

Take the stranger inside of me
and find familiar soil for it.
Keep me mindful of Emmanuel
whose sojourn brought a glimpse of home.