

That my children have a home. So many images of displaced children. Mothers, fathers, carrying them, their most precious possessions, across countless borders, fleeing from oppression and other terrible things. My parents did this for us, but the images I retain in my memory about that time (although indeed hard times) are not nearly as grueling as what I see on the news today. It is heartbreaking. I am thankful my children have a roof over their heads, food in their bellies, a home, a chance at life. I pray those children find the same.

"What is home? My favorite definition is "a safe place," a place where one is free from attack, a place where one experiences secure relationships and affirmation. It's a place where people share and understand each other. Its relationships are nurturing. The people in it do not need to be perfect; instead, they need to be honest, loving, supportive, recognizing a common humanity that makes all of us vulnerable."
~G. Hunt

Share this:

- Share on Facebook (Opens in new window) Facebook
- Share on X (Opens in new window) X
- Share on Pinterest (Opens in new window) Pinterest
- Print (Opens in new window) Print