

“A SENSE OF HOME”

by
Prairieknoll Household

**Home is where the Heart is....
It's the smell of my mother's fresh
baking bread as it quickly fills the room;
Or making cut out cookies for special
occasions.
It's my father playing his fiddle for us
children before bedtime;
And family time spent by the phonograph
as we listened to the great Gene Autry or
Sons of the Pioneers.
These were special days!**

**Home is where I hang my hat....
It is where I worked with my family on the
farm milking cows, working in the fields
or helping my mother with house chores.
It's where I raised my children and taught
them right from wrong.
Its where I played games with my siblings
and friends;
Games like Prisoner Base, where we would
try to get a ringer by running the bases;
Or Button Button Whose Got The Button.
Those are times I remember well;
Those are truly my treasured times!**

**Home is a place I can be myself....
It's a place where I can share my feelings,
whether I am up or down.
A place where I can sit down and do as I please,
when I please without feeling bad about it.
It is a place that is filled with love and laughter
and special hugs;
A place filled with family celebrations.
Home is a place to be when there is no place
to be;
Or as the saying goes – “Always a Place at
Home Never to Roam.”**

**Home is where....
As a child I had my home with my parents that
made me feel safe;
Then as an adult I had a home where I raised
my children, and taught them good morals
and standards;
This is my home now, I feel comfortable and safe;
I feel free to make my own decisions and choices;
I now feel that I have come full circle.
And in remembering the words of an old
Judy Garland film, I also say –
“There is No Place Like Home.”**