

# Homeward bound

*“There is plenty of room for you in my Father’s home. I’m on my way to get your room ready.”* (John 14:2)

## **CAUTION: SUICIDE ALERT!**

C. S. Lewis made this observation about human desire: *“The Christian says, ‘Creatures are not born with desires unless satisfaction for those desires exists. If I find in myself a desire which no experience **in this world** can satisfy, the most probable explanation is that **I was made for another world.**’”* Paul agreed: *“The desire to break camp here and be with Christ is powerful. Some days I can think of nothing better.”*

In brokenness the human heart longs for wholeness in **FATHER’S HOME!** For the suicidal the voltage of “going home” is greater than the power to remain on earth. I would not presume to supply a rational explanation for such reasoning! My only proof is this: Jesus arose to prepare a home for the broken! Beyond and outside of that Gospel fact I have nothing to offer!

*“Jesus’ program remains firm. He saves losers and only losers. He raises the dead and only the dead. And He rejoices more over the last, and the least, and the little than over all the winners in the world. The Gospel is the announcement that God finds us not in the garden of improvement but in the desert of death. It’s precisely from death that we are brought home.”*  
–Jason Goroncy, in *Hope And Homecoming*

*“This parable (Luke 15) is about **coming home**. It speaks to us about the nature of **lost-ness**, and about the necessity of experiencing **lost-ness** if we are to experience **homecoming**. As one writer put it, ‘Weary or bitter or bewildered as we may be, God is faithful, He lets us wander so we will know **what it means to come home.**’”* (Goroncy)

*“In Luke 15 we are given a picture of the nature of such a God, an insight into the purpose of history, and a glimpse of how history ends—of how your life ends and of how my life ends, and how the lives of those we love and of those who have made life hell for us, will end—with celebration, with a banquet, with the extravagant joy with which God welcomes the found and eats with the, ... **with homecoming.**” (Goroncy)*

Here’s a song that expresses what I’ve attempted to communicate—

In the quiet misty morning when the moon has gone to bed,  
When the sparrows stop their singing and the sky is clear and  
red,

If you find it’s me you’re missing if you’re hoping I’ll  
return,

To your thoughts I’ll soon be listening and in the road I’ll  
stop and turn.

Then the wind will set me racing as my journey nears its end  
And the path I’ll be retracing when I’m homeward bound again.

Bind me not to the pasture; chain me not to the plow.  
Set me free to find my calling and I’ll return to you somehow.

In the quiet misty morning when the moon has gone to bed,  
When the sparrows stop their singing **I’ll be homeward bound  
again!**