



She is more beautiful than a starry night, with the bright sparks peeping out of a blue heaven. She is more beautiful than a rainbow, appearing out of a grey, cloudy sky. She is like unto the snow, lying crisp and fresh and pure upon the virgin fields; like the fiery heat of a summer's afternoon; like the first snowdrop of spring and the last rose of autumn.

She is the setting of the sun in a blaze of pink glory, and like unto its dawning. She is the rising of the moon, and like unto its setting. She is every colour of the spectrum; from rich, deep red to the palest violet. She is the cool light of silver, and the glorious blaze of gold. She is the depth of copper and the heaviness of lead.

She is the supple sleekness of a cat, and the nobility and grace of a stag. She is like to every creature - from the stealthiness of a lion to the swiftness of a cheetah, from the brilliance of a bird-of-paradise to the strength of an eagle. All pleasures in these creatures are pleasures in Her, for She is the source of their beauty, all beauty.

She is everything that makes a place into a home; She is everything that makes a dwelling place a refuge. For She is our true home, our only home; and anywhere that we call home in this place is but a faint reminder of Her. Every blazing fire we sit around, telling stories and roasting chestnuts, the comfort and happiness we feel, all is but a faint and dimmed reflection of Her. She is HOME. She is warmth and comfort, a haven after the horrors and terrors of the night, the dark night that we have journeyed through to come home. She is Love, the safety and security we feel when in the arms of one we love. She is belonging, because we belong with Her, we belong to Her.

And She has kept our places by the fire safe for us to return to, for She is like unto the mother whose daughter has run away from home. Every night

she lights the fire in her daughter's room in case she should return that night, and never locks the door so she may always enter. She never lets another child sit in her place, for she is always praying that her daughter will return.

To come to us, She suffered home-sickness that we shall never know, a loneliness of soul too great for us to contemplate. For She is home to us, and we must always feel not quite right in this world because it is not our home. How much more is She Her own home! Yet gladly She tore Herself apart, that we might come back to Her. That the door may always be open, She has vowed not to return until the last child of earth has come back home.

The agony of loneliness, the aching heart, these things She knows to the ultimate degree. Yet She bears them willingly - She did not have to suffer. She broke the Law to save us, and the Law is Herself. She has paid the price for us.

And we are tired of this place, this world. It has promised us happiness, and given us misery. It has offered a handful of promises in exchange for our heavenly birth-right, and the promises have turned to dust in our hands. It tells us to wait, that next week, next month, next year, it will have found a way to happiness for us all. And yet....we know how to find happiness, how to find home, how to find that all-consuming love in which to rejoice. Shall we listen longer, then, to the cries of the world?

No, because we are children who have run from our Mother, we are tired and lonely, and we are going home at last.