

Meanwhile, the birds sing outside my window as I stare up at smiling faces of those who are hundreds of miles away. I make my bed every morning, which I never did before. But it feels important, almost liturgical. When you're flying through the air of uncertainty and adjustment, making the bed is grounding. My feet tread on familiar floorboards that start to creak in the same places. Pulling me back with a sinister and surprising strength. And I don't want to go back.

Back where the corn grows I feel I've left a piece of myself. Nestled in a bin in the basement of the other place that I call home. And now I'm home. But I'm not there. Is that wrong? To feel more at home in a place that I've only slept at for a year and a half. A place where I can't even leave my toothbrush by the sink. Then why does my heart sink when I think of months at home that's not Home?

But he is Home and so is she and so is the green chair and the window with the birds. It's not perfect, but neither is there. There's so much history here to unravel and explore. Trying to see her in a true light and learning to love spaces once overlooked. Growing a tree over a river six hundred ninety-six miles long. It's not impossible when roots run deep, growing with each day.

And every day I close my eyes and sit in the green chair by the door and try. Try to find Him. And with each minute and day, I feel Him closer. My heart finding sanctuary and rest. Ability to breathe and to be. To release and allow it all to be planted. In the earth of an empty tomb. Because He's here now and He is steady and real. Giving an embrace without the distance.

And right now, we all really need a hug.