

Going Home

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We retired early, although sleep seemed a waste of time as we were so anxious to start, but rest was needed for the long day ahead. When the soft gray violet light of dawn peeped out of the East, we scrambled out of bed. The first faint call of the redbird floated through the window, and the song of the neighborhood oriole seemed sweeter than ever, because we were so happy. The rest of the world was hushed. It was for the moment ours and ours alone. We were soon ready. Our two dogs danced and pranced and romped upstairs and downstairs, and then hopped into the car first. They knew only too well what all this meant. The motor whirled, started, and we were on our way. We fairly flew over the highway. We passed the cheery milkman with his gray mare jogging on his way to the sleeping city. We waved a friendly "Good Morning," and settled back watching the miles check off. We knew so many of the landmarks. We watched for the double curve and the great sign that said "Goodbye to Indiana and Hello to Ohio." We knew that we would soon pass the "little Church by the side of the road" that would mark the end of the first hundred miles. We also knew the cool shady grove where we would eat our lunch that had been packed with things that would taste better here than any other place. Here, in the quiet of the country, the dogs would romp, and we would rest and relax to make ready for the next few hundred miles.

The hours passed on, the miles in

back of us grew greater, while home grew closer, and as the sun sank, weary from his journey over the sky, we also grew weary from the long day's journey over the land. Suddenly, the first soft blue of the distant lake appeared on the horizon, and we found a new excitement in thoughts of the clean white cabin where we would rest for the night. Probably, it would be the one where we had stayed many times before. We had no desire to drive into the city and stop. We were in the land where the sky would be like a carpet of diamonds. We would sit on the shore and listen to the soft lay of waves and drink in the wonders of that star-decked sky. Again, the world would be hushed and mere words would be out of place in this land which seemed so beyond this world.

The day was over. We sank into our beds weary, but relaxed with thoughts of tomorrow. Tomorrow, we would be in the mountains; we would be where the smell of pine filled the air; where deep blue lakes nestled in pine arms; we would be where the mountain brooks rippled through the brush, where the speckled trout hid behind rocks and boulders; we would be nearing home where our families were waiting; where we would play and live and then return from "whence we came" thankful for this gift of beauty.

"Deep in a pool of a mountain brook

I wrote a little prayer,

And hoped that God in passing by

Would find it nestling there."