

NOT MY HOME

“This world is not my home. . .”
Is many times my song
When faced with worldly struggles,
Whenever things go wrong;
Whenever life is painful,
Whenever feeling blue,
When news is bad or tragic,
“I’m just a-passing through.”

“My treasures are laid up. . .”
Is such a guiding phrase:
It helps my earthly focus,
Directs my daily gaze;
It points me to the values
That last when life is through,
When home at last is Heaven,
“Somewhere beyond the blue.”

“The angels beckon me. . .”
Is true, no matter how
My human sight portrays it,
Or how I hear it now.
The world may overlook me,
Reject me, or ignore.
But I know I’m accepted
“From Heaven’s open door.”

“And I can’t feel at home. . .”
Is not because I know
No echo here of Heaven
In gracious gifts below.
You see, these passing blessings
Are not my treasure-store.
They have no hold to keep me
“In this world anymore.”

— *David L. Hatton, 9/26/1998*