



Going home....

Today is very much about going home for me.

The morning was spent at the school whose halls I haunted for 30 years. To me it is a welcoming place. The classrooms and halls, so familiar to me, are populated now by faces that are just as bright as ever but increasingly less familiar.

I packed my bag this morning.

I will travel to be with my parents this weekend. I will sleep tonight in a room I once crawled in as a toddler. The familiar cookie jar will sit on the kitchen counter begging me to look in to see what treat might await. Or not, if brothers have beat me to it...

It will be different; my brothers and I have families and cookie jars of our own, but the feeling of that home lingers and colors my days now.

I've heard it said that once you leave you can never go home. I kind of have a different take on that sentiment. I believe that if a place ever grows in your heart as a home, then you carry it with you in your memories and your heart. It becomes a part of you. Maybe like the rings of a tree layering experience upon experience building the wood that is a lifetime.

Today as I look out the office window, it's rainy and cold. It is the kind of grey weather that moves right through the window and into your bones. My toes are cold - *really*. But my heart is warmed by the blessing of some pretty darn good homes both professional and familial. ...I am lucky.

Soon the road headed south will be in my front windshield.

As I close this note...know that this heart is hoping yours is filled with the joy of a warm home.

Happy Weekend, Math Peeps!

Peter