

# Editorial Comment

## COMING HOME

By Roger A. Harris

For me, no feeling quite matches the reassuring sameness of the known; of the warm safety that caresses your spirit upon returning home. Familiar streets and friendly faces melt away the contemptuous, gray clouds that had darkened the brow and hastened the step of

your departure. And no matter where you roamed or how comfortable you tried to make your stay there, your heart was weighed and heaved by the real truth of the matter; that though long in stay and comfortable in place, you would not long be there: you were coming home.

The confusion of an adulthood I was forced to accept (high school graduation) and the sobering reality of my oldest brother's murder escorted my departure from

Westover, The Murch, The Spectrum (do ya remember?),...Fayetteville. I ran

(or so I thought), Ugly Home would call. "I haven't seen you in years!" "How's the family?" "Did

winter's chill seemed to hasten. I didn't see the faded people shadow by, cowering like angry, dark clouds just spent of rain. I didn't hear my gone-brother's call, or see the tear fall from my eye.

It was then, in that year-long moment, that it struck me; hit me hard and real like new born knowledge or the Holy Ghost: the calming peace of Home. The Mother-Love, Brother-Hug, Sister-Knew, Nephew-Grownness of Home. The safety of the experience relived, the security in the familiar reborn; discerning the binding, spiritual unity of standing on and knowing common ground. These are the ties that bond all: boys to their mother, men to their motherland, and myself to Home.

All pain will be spent, with Joy steady and by your side, when you enter, through the thatch, and walk the weary path,... coming home. Welcome good friends, both new and those returning, to our Homecoming '94. Enjoy.

## All are distant voices from a long dead past that I could not forget and that would not yet die.

far, fast, and away from the place I'd never again call home; my way and my reason. I'm sure that you, too, had your way and reason for leaving your home (whether standing on sure or shaky ground).

The roads I traveled took me to places I'd never before thought of or dreamed about. Home, for me, was as far away as the next airline ticket or bending highway line would lead: straight gone, far away, and long forgotten.

Though always, it would seem

you hear Rick-The-Kick is dead?" "I saw your old girlfriend Shadonna. She asked about you." All are distant voices from a long dead past that I could not forget and that would not yet die. And no matter the ways or the wheres of my travels, yet could I not answer the whys;...why did I always beckon Her ugly call; why did I always come back home?

It was at my brother's gravesite that I finally knew why. I didn't feel the real pain, cold and lonely, that

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